

Chapter 71 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

Nora's cat-like eyes flickered when she heard her. Then, she raised an eyebrow and asked, "Why do you say that?"

By then, Lisa had already continued to speak angrily. Even so, her voice still sounded tender as she said, "Uncle Henry heard that I'm going to New York for my internship, so he came to our house today and told my mother and me to approach you for money! He even said that he won't make life easy for you if you refuse! Is there anyone who would treat their daughter like that?"

Nora chuckled softly and asked, "Are you coming to New York?"

Lisa sounded disappointed as she said, "Yeah... Both Angela and I are going to New York. I'm... going for an internship while she's applying for a postgraduate position at the New York Medical College. The reason why I'm calling is to tell you this."

She was probably worried that Angela would give her trouble after she came to New York.

Nora didn't take it seriously, though. Instead, she asked, "Do you need me to arrange accommodation for you?"

"No, it's alright. I've already made a hotel room reservation."

Nora didn't insist. "Okay."

It was almost time for the interview, so she didn't say anything else after telling her to look for her if she met with any trouble. After hanging up, her expression turned chilly. Her eyes were downcast and her emotions unreadable.

Henry had probably treated her badly because of her stepmother marrying into the family, as well as the fact that she had gradually gained weight, so it was embarrassing to bring her around, right?

However, Lisa's "I suspect you aren't Uncle Henry's daughter" couldn't help but keep echoing in her mind.

It seemed like she should find an opportunity to do a DNA test soon.

Logan walked up to her. He was wearing a set of black sportswear and white limited edition sneakers, and his short hair was tousled. He glared at her with his cat-like eyes that were so similar to hers and asked impatiently, "Are you coming or not?"

Nora took Cherry's hand and followed behind him leisurely. She dragged her feet lazily when she walked, giving off the feeling that she was a very sloppy person.

When the two reached the garage, she found a flashy yellow sports car parked there—it was actually a Ferrari!

Nora raised her eyebrows and subconsciously let out a whistle.

During the past few days at the Andersons, she had already figured out their financial situation.

The Andersons had already fallen into decline during the last two decades. Harmonia Pharmacy's monthly sales volume fluctuated around 1.5 million dollars. To large enterprises that dealt with funds amounting to as much as dozens or hundreds of millions of dollars, it indeed was lacking.

The market value of most of the cars that the Andersons owned also ranged from \$300,000 to \$500,000.

However, Logan's sports car was a limited edition. The value of the car was enough for one to buy a villa.

Neither Simon nor Melissa were people who overindulged their children, so they certainly couldn't be the ones who had bought the Ferrari. Besides, neither could the Andersons afford it, either...

Therefore, this unassuming cousin of hers must be the true hidden big boss of the Andersons, right?

"It's so cool!"

Cherry circled the sports car. She touched the headlights with her little hand, turned to look at Nora, and said, "Mommy, I also wanna buy a sports car when I grow up! I want a pink one!"

Nora smiled and casually replied, "Sure."

When Logan saw how both mother and daughter had the guts to say what they did, he couldn't help but scoff.

He slid into the driver's seat suavely and said, "Come on in."

Nora felt a little speechless. "... Are you taking us there in this car?"

Logan frowned impatiently and said, "Just get in if I tell you to. What's all that superfluous nonsense for?"

If he didn't drive them there in this car, how was she going to suppress those people in the kindergarten?

The car was exactly why Melissa had summoned him back home.

It was his precious treasure.

Even Sheril wasn't allowed to sit in it usually.

He turned to see that both Nora and Cherry had taken a step back. They said in unison:

"No way!"

"No way, yeah!"

Logan raised his chin slightly. The two of them had a pretty good eye for things, huh.

Indeed, not just anyone was qualified enough to sit in this car's passenger seat. It was understandable why they would be nervous or scared.

However, since his mother had made the request, he wasn't such a petty person, either. He was about to say something when Nora said, "This car is too ugly!"

A soft and tender Cherry agreed. "Mommy's right! Cherry hates poop-yellow, yeah!"

Logan was bewildered.

What the heck was 'poop-yellow'?!

He was about to speak when Nora took Cherry's hand and got into the back seat of a Mercedes Benz. Cherry opened the car window and waved her chubby little arm as she called out, "Handsome Uncle Logan, come and drive this instead!"

Logan, "!!"

Those two practically couldn't recognize something good when it was placed right in front of them!

His heart had initially been aching at the thought of someone sitting in Little Yellow, but now that they weren't getting into the car anymore, it just so happened to be exactly what he wanted.

In any case, no matter what car they went there in, they would still fail the kindergarten entrance interview anyway.

Back then, Melissa had been well-known in New York as a lady of talent. Even so, she had failed the interview due to her family background.

Logan got out of the sports car and walked over to the Mercedes. As he opened the car door to the driver's seat, he said, "You made the decision yourself. You'd best not complain that I didn't try making you guys look good!"

Nora found this cousin of hers rather stuck-up in a cute way. She rubbed her chin and stared at Logan.

Going by how old he and Sheril were, they likely just graduated from college. Sheril didn't come home often because she was always at the pharmaceutical laboratory. What was Logan doing, then?

Logan felt a little uncomfortable. He hopped into the car, closed the door, and said, "What are you looking at? Have you never seen a handsome guy before?"

Nora looked up a little at the Ferrari. Suddenly, she asked, "Are you into racing?"

At the mention of racing, Logan's eyes lit up.

He started the car and drove out. "Yeah."

Cherry's eyes widened and she said, "Uncle Logan, Mommy and I like racing, too! Can you take Cherry and Mommy with you when you're participating in a race next time?"

Logan subconsciously wanted to refuse.

Sheril had also begged him to take her to one before, but he had refused. These two, though... He glanced at Nora through the rearview mirror and saw that she was leaning against the seat, seemingly asleep.

Then, he thought of how hungry she had looked when she was eating...

The attitude his mom held toward them was also as if she was afraid that the two of them would be looked down upon, thereby hurting their self-esteem.

It wasn't like he couldn't take them there and let them have a look anyway.

The words at the tip of Logan's tongue ended up becoming "Okay."

Then, he heard Cherry exclaim, "Wow! All those men who drive racing cars are very handsome! They also wear super nice clothes!"

Logan was rendered speechless.

Why did it feel like they weren't going there to broaden their horizons but to check out hunks?

Cherry asked excitedly, "Uncle Logan, what's your placing in the race?"

The corners of Logan's lips curled slightly as he replied, "First place."

He spoke neither arrogantly nor impetuously but with strong self-confidence instead.

Cherry clapped and said, "You're amazing, Uncle Logan!"

This was a subject that interested Logan after all. Thus, he ended up talking a little more than usual. He said, "My achievements are nothing. The international racer Yanci is the one who's truly impressive. He's my idol!"

Cherry glanced at Mommy when she heard what he said. Then, she whispered, "Uncle Logan, I'll tell you a secret. Do you know who Yanci is?"

Logan raised his eyebrows. “Tsk, you make it sound like you’ve seen him before.”

Cherry grinned and said, “Yanci is—”

“Cherry.”

A warning reached Cherry and the words ‘my Mommy’ did a U-turn in her mouth and went back down her throat. In the end, she said weakly, “I’m not allowed to tell anyone.”

Logan was rendered speechless.

His lip corners spasmed and he couldn’t help but think the kid must be bragging.

Never mind, life was already hard for them. He wouldn’t expose her little lies.

Since they didn’t want to embarrass themselves, he would stop talking about it.

The kindergarten was very close to the Andersons’ residence, so it took only ten minutes by car for them to reach.

It certainly lived up to its name of being the top kindergarten in New York. The International Golden Sunshine Kindergarten was like a palace, and the exterior looked magnificent and high-end.

There were parents there who had come early and were waiting to pick up their children. The cars they drove were either worth millions or were ordinary cars with flashy license plates.

When their jeep stopped at the kindergarten, sure enough, the security guard frowned and asked, “What’s the purpose of your visit?”

Logan took a deep breath and replied, “We’re here for an interview.”

The security guard wore an expensive-looking uniform. He said gruffly, “You can’t drive the car in, so enter on foot instead.”

Logan parked the car at the roadside. As soon as they got off the car, they saw the security guard eagerly letting a Rolls-Royce Phantom in.

“ ... ”

Logan's expression darkened. The slim young man was half a head taller than Nora. He lowered his head slightly and said a little unhappily, "Did you see that? Sometimes, a car is a status symbol itself."

However, the young woman instead took Cherry's hand and walked ahead as if she was taking a stroll, seemingly unaffected.

Nora scrutinized the kindergarten.

Although the security guard was judging people by the cars they drove, after one entered the premises, one would realize that the kindergarten had been designed very fastidiously with every detail highly exquisite. In terms of their facilities, they passed with flying colors.

Next to her, a displeased Logan complained, "A place where even the security guards are so judgmental isn't suitable for children at all, much less for your daughter! You don't have to prove yourself this way! There are many outstanding people in our circle who didn't attend this kindergarten!"

Nora knew that Logan was right.

In a place like this where the students were wealthy or of noble background, the children competed more with their family backgrounds instead, so they must already have been classified into different social classes in the school.

While a place like this didn't suit ordinary children, it suited Cherry very well.

Cherry had a high IQ and was someone who couldn't sit still. She was fickle and lost interest in things very quickly. On top of that, she was quick-witted and always found various excuses not to study when she was at home.

It was likely that only stimulation provided by an environment like this would be able to make her focus.

After all, she couldn't really let Cherry play games for her entire lifetime, right?

When Logan saw that the young woman didn't seem to have any intention of changing her mind despite him wording it so clearly, the usually reticent man simply decided not to say any more.

However, he let out a snort inwardly.

Did she really think she could enroll her daughter into the school just because she got an interview spot?

The two went all the way from the security guard post to the kindergarten's main building. The more Nora saw, the more satisfied she became. Before they entered the interview room, she squatted down, looked at Cherry, and said, "Cherry, if you can stay here for the full duration of three months without revealing your identity or using your family's power, Mommy will agree to a request of yours. Can you do it?"

A request...

Cherry's eyes lit up. She nodded and said, "Yes, Okie-Dokie!"

This way, she would be able to have Mommy agree to live with Daddy!

After they came to New York, things were different from when they were staying in a hotel in California. It wasn't convenient for her to switch places with her brother anymore!

Next to them, Logan scoffed softly.

'Without revealing your identity'...? Indeed, they mustn't reveal the fact that she is the child of a woman not from around these parts, lest the other children look down on her.

'Without using your family's power'...? The Andersons couldn't even get an interview spot. What was there for them to make use of?

How exactly did that woman bring herself to say such grandiose things?

Those who didn't know any better would have thought that Cherry was a Hunt or a Smith!

Light flickered in his cat-like eyes that resembled Nora's and he gave them a reminder. "It's time for the interview."

The three of them entered the principal's office together.

Logan frowned and subconsciously straightened his back when he thought of the intense barrage of questions he had experienced when his mother had brought him and Sheril for an interview back then.

However, what happened next was...

“This is Cheryl Smith’s school uniform. You can bring her here for classes tomorrow. Do remember not to be late.”

After the polite exchange, the principal personally sent them out and said, “Miss Smith, I’ll see you off.”

“No, it’s fine.”

After Nora’s calm reply, she left the office with Cherry and Logan, who was feeling a little giddy.

After the three of them left, someone asked, “Sir, who’s that? To think they’re exempted from even the interview!”

The principal shook his head and replied, “The bigwigs specially called to leave instructions, and also said that they’re their friends. I didn’t dare ask about the specifics.”

Logan frowned the whole way home.

Even after he got home, he still felt like he was dreaming.

Nora held Cherry’s hand and entered the living room. As soon as she did, she heard two people inside talking. One of them had a very high-pitched voice and she sounded a little arrogant. She said, “Why didn’t you wait for me, Melissa? I was only an hour and a half late, that’s all. Don’t you even have that bit of patience when you’re asking for help to enroll in a good school?”

Melissa forced a smile and replied, “Sorry about that, Miranda. Nora said that she’s already gotten an interview spot through someone else’s help.”

Nora, Logan, and Cherry entered the living room while the two of them were talking.

Melissa’s sister-in-law was a woman of about fifty years old. Her name was Miranda Wood, and she was Melissa’s elder brother’s wife. A glance at her dressing and demeanor was enough for one to know that she was a wealthy housewife. Her chin was currently raised slightly as she scanned the people who just entered.

Nora was expressionless, so it was hard to tell whether she was happy or sad.

However, Logan, who had followed her in, didn't look so good. This made Melissa sigh inwardly. She stood up, walked over, and said, "It's okay. We can still look at other kindergartens."

Miranda came over. She sounded gloating as she said, "That kindergarten's interview questions actually differ depending on who the interviewee is! For families like mine, the interview is just a procedure. Most of the students are excellent children selected from average families..."

After saying that, she smiled and went on. "Oops, when I say 'average families', I don't really mean actual average families but mid-tier wealthy families. Those who have fallen into decline aren't counted because they won't even get any interview spots..."

She was obviously insinuating things about the Andersons.

Melissa's grip on her handkerchief tightened slightly, and even the smile on her face became somewhat forced.

Miranda smirked and looked at Nora. With a huge sense of superiority, she said, "It's normal that you failed the interview. After all, it's not just anyone who can get in even if they have a letter of recommendation."

As soon as she said that, Cherry looked up and said adorably, "Huh? Are there people who need to go through interviews?"

Miranda was taken aback. "What do you mean?"

Logan hadn't said a word since they left the kindergarten.

He simply couldn't figure out why they hadn't gone through an interview.

When Miranda was speaking just now, the look in his eyes had turned cold. His cat-like eyes were slightly downcast, his long eyelashes hiding the chilly look in them.

He was about to say something when Cherry's childish tender voice rang out. At once, the corners of Logan's lips curled upward.

When he saw Miranda's smug smile freeze, he felt even happier.

At her question, Logan raised his good-looking and delicate eyebrows and replied, "We didn't go through an interview."

“You didn’t?” Miranda quickly reacted and said, “It must be because the recommendation letter you got from someone else didn’t work, right? Well, that makes sense. After all, where is your cousin going to get a recommendation letter from when even the Andersons can’t get an interview spot?”

She turned around, took out a piece of paper from her bag, and handed it to Melissa with one hand. “Here you go, this is the Woods’ recommendation letter. Just go to the interview again tomorrow and it’ll be fine.”

Melissa reached out to take the letter with a look of gratitude. She said, “Miranda, thank yo—”

Before she could touch the recommendation letter, Miranda’s grip loosened and the piece of paper dropped onto the floor.

Miranda immediately covered her mouth and exclaimed, “Oh dear, would you look at that, Melissa! Why did my hand let go in advance? I’ll have to trouble you to pick it up.”

After speaking, she sat on the sofa, crossed her legs, straightened her back, and looked at Melissa with a huge sense of superiority.

The Woods were a big family. Over the years, thanks to them clinging on to the Smiths, they were starting to do better and better.

Back then, Miranda and Melissa were both members of the wealthy circle. Melissa and Yvette were well-known while Miranda was just an ordinary person looking up to them.

The men she liked back then had all revolved around those two women...

But later on, Yvette eloped and ruined her own reputation.

As for Melissa, she was blind enough to fall in love with a man as incompetent as Simon and had disregarded her family’s objections and married him.

On the other hand, Miranda had married Melissa’s elder brother and became the mistress of the Woods.

Miranda was very smug about it. What she loved doing most was watching the person who had once been high up in the air, and whom she had needed to look up to, begging her for help.

Melissa stood there, her hand still stretched out.

She clenched her fingers. She knew very well that Miranda had done it on purpose. Her pride also refused to let her bend over. But when she glanced at Nora...

The young woman was cool and distant. Beautiful and gracious, she bore an 80% resemblance to Yvette.

Her eyes, in particular, were exactly the same as Logan's.

However, that young woman had never had a mother. Her father disliked her, her stepmother abused her, and she had even become pregnant before marriage. How could her heart possibly not ache for a young woman like that?

Melissa retracted her gaze and sighed. She was about to squat and pick up the letter when a fair and slender hand held her wrist.

The young woman's voice was cool as she said, "We don't have any use for that recommendation letter."

The seated Miranda was surprised. "Why is that?"

Logan bent over, picked up the recommendation letter on the floor, and flung it right at Miranda's face. With an awful look on his face, he said stiffly, "Aunt Miranda, you can have the recommendation letter back! That woman... I mean Nora's daughter has been accepted without an interview."

Miranda was originally very angry when Logan flung the recommendation letter onto her face, but upon hearing what he said, she exclaimed sharply, "She was exempted from the interview? How can that be?! In all of New York, apart from the Hunts and the Smiths, the number of families eligible for exemption can be counted on one hand! Who did you ask for a recommendation letter?"

Logan also looked at her curiously.

Nora's indifferent gaze swept across Miranda. Then... She let out a big yawn.

Miranda, "..."

After a moment's hesitation, Melissa asked, "Did you ask Justin to give them a heads-up for you?"

Out of all the families that Nora was acquainted with, the only one who she could think of with that sort of capability was Justin Hunt.

Nora clicked her tongue inwardly at her question.

Of course not.

Getting someone to do things for oneself was the same as using up favors.

She wasn't going to let him return the favor of saving his grandmother and giving him the Carefree Pills so quickly. She was waiting for him to owe her enough favors so that she could ask for her son back in the future!

She had merely talked to the kindergarten's shareholders, that's all.

However, since her aunt had provided an explanation, she couldn't be bothered to say any more.

She gave Melissa a small smile as a response to her guess. Then, she took Cherry's hand lazily and went upstairs.

Starting the next day, Cherry would have to report to school at eight in the morning.

She had to get up at 7:40 am to see her off, so she had to have an early night tonight.

Seeing that the two of them had gone upstairs, Miranda frowned, looked at Melissa, and asked in a low voice, "Who exactly is your niece? How did she get to know Mr. Hunt?"

The few big families in New York were acquainted with one another ever since a few generations ago, so they all knew one another.

Even so, no one had the guts to trouble Justin with trivial matters.

Seeing how Miranda was always looking down upon others, Melissa decided to give her a vague answer and replied, "They met in California."

This way, Miranda, who was sycophantic toward those in power and bullied those who weren't, wouldn't dare to be rude to Nora anymore if they met again in the future.

Seeing that Melissa was disinclined to say more, as well as when she thought of that young lady who was so beautiful that her face was an eyesore to her; Miranda didn't say much anymore.

After Miranda left, a worried Melissa discussed the matter with Logan. "Actually, Nora has given Justin 5,000 Carefree Pills, but he was also already intending to help us out back then... Never mind, maybe I'll call him and thank him again."

Melissa and Simon were Justin's elders, so he had treated them very politely in California. Due to his good upbringing, he was a very polite man.

However, Melissa also understood that this was primarily based on the friendship between those of the previous generation. To be honest, given his status, it would actually make more sense if he ignored them instead.

Upstairs.

Nora washed her hands and changed into her pajamas. She had only just laid down on the soft mattress when she received a call from Justin.

She picked up the call. "Hello, Mr. Hunt."

His voice rang in her ear. "Hello, Miss Smith."

Nora had heard many people addressing her as 'Miss Smith' before, but when his low, subwoofer-like voice uttered the two words, coupled with his clear pronunciation, there was actually a different kind of charm to it.

It made Nora feel like hearing him say a few more words.

She chuckled and asked, "Is something up?"

The man continued to speak seriously. "Oh, Aunt Melissa called just now to say that she wanted to invite me to lunch as thanks for giving you the recommendation letter for Golden Sunshine Kindergarten."

"..."

Nora felt a faint headache coming on.

This was so awkward that she wanted to die!

She opened her eyes and looked at the ceiling in resignation. Just as she was thinking about how she could gloss the incident over, the man's low voice rang out in the cell phone again. "May I know when Miss Smith is planning to invite me to lunch?"

Nora was rendered speechless.

She turned over on the bed and said, "Well, there's no time like the present. How about noon tomorrow?"

"Okay." After Justin finished speaking, he added, "Bring your daughter along."

"Sure." Nora's lips curled up mischievously and she said, "You bring your son, too."

The two settled on a time and place.

When she hung up, Cherry ran in. She stared at her all wide-eyed and asked, "Mommy, are you really taking me to have lunch with Daddy tomorrow?"

Nora rubbed her head and said calmly, "You have classes tomorrow, so how am I going to take you out for lunch?"

"..." Cherry hung her head dejectedly. "I knew it!"

A mischievous look flashed across Nora's eyes.

Pete went to the Quinn School of Martial Arts every Tuesday and Friday. Apart from those two days, he spent the rest of the time studying at home. She hadn't seen her son for three days.

The next day, Nora sent Cherry to the kindergarten.

She stopped the car at the roadside as usual. Then, she took Cherry's hand and led her to the door where a teacher was waiting.

Cherry was wearing a school uniform that the kindergarten had custom-made and carrying a big schoolbag. She looked extremely adorable.

The teacher greeted them. "Are you Cheryl Smith? You're in Class A. I'm your teacher. Shall I bring you in?"

Cherry was about to run in when Nora held her shoulder. Nora said, "I'll say a few words to her first, Miss."

The teacher nodded. She was already accustomed to this.

Parents were generally reluctant to part with their children the first time they sent them to kindergarten, and would say things like "Tell the teacher if someone bullies you", "Don't cry. Mommy will pick you up on time", and so on.

The thought had only just formed when she saw the woman in front of her coolly instruct, "Don't bully the kids, don't pretend to cry, and don't bully the teachers. Do you hear me?"

The teacher was bewildered.

When she looked again, the little girl, who was happy and excited just now, had straightened her back. She grinned and said, "Cherry will take good care of the teachers and the other kiddies, Mommy. Don't worry!"

The teacher felt a chill go down her back. Suddenly, she wondered to herself, 'What if that newly-enrolled little girl's no little princess but a little devil instead?'

Nora watched as Cherry, whose hand the teacher was holding, hopped and skipped into the kindergarten. Before they even went through the school building's entrance, Cherry said something which made the teacher laugh. She picked her up straight away and brought her to the classroom.

Nora was rendered speechless.

The little fellow sure was capable of getting along with everyone.

After dropping her child off, a relaxed Nora stretched and looked at the time. When she saw that it was still early, she decided to go back home and take a nap.

At 11 am, she finally woke up lazily and got ready to head to the restaurant where she was meeting Justin.

Before she left, Melissa stopped her and said, "There's a dance party in a few days, Nora. I'm thinking of taking you there to meet more people..."

Nora answered casually, "Sure."

She left right after that.

Melissa, however, looked hesitant.

Simon asked, "What's wrong?"

Melissa sighed. "A lot of people will be attending the dance party. I'm afraid Nora doesn't know how to dance..."

Simon was a man, so he wasn't concerned about as many things as her. He said, "Just don't dance then. We're just going there to socialize anyway."

Melissa stared at him speechlessly for a moment. If she didn't dance at a dance party... Others would only think that Nora wasn't fit to be seen in public!

Besides, all the ladies of wealthy families were skilled at song and dance, and had no lack of talent. Nora was so pretty; there was no doubt that they would make things difficult for her there.

Worried, she picked up the phone and said, "I'll call Sheril's dance teacher and have her give Nora a crash course! At the very least, she should master the waltz first."

—

Justin had picked the restaurant. After all, New York was his turf.

After turning several corners in a small alley according to the address he gave her, Nora finally saw a courtyard. There was only a small sign at the entrance.

If she hadn't seen the house number, she would probably have never noticed that the place was a restaurant.

The exterior was decorated with blue bricks while the interior was a whole different world on its own.

Past the entrance was a pathway paved with tiles that exuded a rich classical flavor. There was a fountain at the front, and meticulously maintained bushes

lined both sides, making it look like a garden in a palace. The decor was very exquisite.

Nora followed the service staff into the private room.

She had arrived ten minutes early, so she thought that there was no one inside yet. However, when she pushed the door open, she instead saw a tall figure seated at a table in the room.

The man, whose long legs were crossed, wore a black suit. An elegant landscape painting was hanging on the wall behind him, and he was drinking from a coffee cup.

The man didn't appear to be out of place at all even in a room as full of classical flavor as this.

His skin was fair, and the beauty mark at the corner of his eye was alluring and charming. It was as if he had merged with the decor around him, making him seem like a princely young man from olden times.

At the sight of Nora, the man placed the coffee cup down gracefully. He glanced behind her before he gestured to the seat opposite him and motioned her to take a seat. He asked, "Where's your daughter, Miss Smith?"

"Oh, she has classes." An unabashed Nora said without batting even an eyelid. She sat down across from him and asked, "Where's your son, Mr. Hunt?"

There was a smile in Justin's deep-set eyes as he said, "He has classes, too."

"..."

Had she known her son wasn't coming, she might as well have stayed home and slept!

That scumbag!

Nora dissed him silently. She picked up the coffee cup that was just served to her and took a sip. The coffee was very rich and fragrant—it was Geisha coffee. On top of that, it seemed like Hacienda La Esmeralda Geisha coffee?

The coffee required unique cultivating conditions, and only a certain amount was grown every year.

She didn't think that a humble little restaurant like this would actually have it and even serve it to guests.

Unfortunately, in her eyes, good food and good drinks weren't as practical as a night's sleep.

Justin found himself amused at the sight of her finishing the coffee in one gulp as though someone didn't know how to appreciate it. He asked dispassionately, "Miss Smith seems particularly concerned about my son?"

Nora lowered her eyes and replied, "Yes. After all, Pete is smart, cute, and lovable."

Dim light flickered in Justin's eyes when he heard her reply.

The look in his dark eyes was unreadable. It was hard to tell whether he believed her or not.

The service staff knocked on the door at this point and started to serve the food.

The food portion was small but exquisite and varied.

To foodies, it was a great option.

However, to Nora... This was too troublesome!

A single dish wasn't even enough to fill up her mouth. She could've filled her tummy with just a few bites, but in the end, she was forced to spend several times longer than usual to eat.

She felt very frustrated.

She could usually fill her tummy in two minutes, but ten minutes had already passed and yet she still wasn't full.

Nora glanced at the man—he was eating slowly and elegantly. She couldn't help but think that he was doing this on purpose.

Ah, well.

She wasn't really here to eat anyway.

Nora suddenly spoke. She said, "It's so boring, Mr. Hunt. Why don't we play a game?"

Justin asked, "What kind of game?"

Nora's lips curled into a smile. She picked up a wine bottle from the side and replied, "Truth or dare."

She spun the bottle.

Justin, however, reached out and pressed the bottle down gently. He looked at her with a faint smile in his eyes and said, "You can just ask whatever you want to, Miss Smith."

That woman sure was doing everything possible to get to know him better.

As soon as the thought formed, he heard the woman ask, "How did you and Pete's mother come to have him, Mr. Hunt?"

How exactly had she gotten pregnant back then?

Nora was really curious about this, so she looked at Justin eagerly, hoping that he could give her a logical answer.

However, Justin's smile gradually faded.

Pete's mother was something unmentionable to him. No one had ever dared to bring it up all these years.

The moment he thought of all those things she did, he couldn't help but wish he could find her and kill her!

Yet when the person asking about it was the woman in front of him, for some reason, Justin actually found that he couldn't get angry with her.

She must be worried that Pete's biological mother would suddenly appear and end up affecting their life together, right?

Justin cast his deep-set eyes down slightly. Although his tone was mild, his choice of words was strong. "Don't worry, I won't allow Pete's mother to show up in front of me and him again!"

Nora fell silent when she sensed the acute frigidity bursting out of the man.

Hello, she was already right in front of him, though?!

Besides, what was he telling her not to worry about?

She decided to be blunter about it and asked, “What I want to ask is—was Pete conceived naturally?”

“ ... ”

Why were her questions becoming more and more explicit?

Something occurred to Justin and his ears gradually turned a little red. He put down his cutlery, took a sip of water, and chuckled softly. “Is Miss Smith concerned that I may have problems of a particular nature?”

Nora was bewildered.

“I’m a normal man.”

Nora, “!!”

She had only spent five years abroad, but she actually found that she didn’t understand English anymore!

The woman in front of him widened her eyes as a look of surprise came over her palm-sized face. For some reason, this put Justin in a great mood.

He felt a rare urge to tell her the secret hidden in the depths of his heart, but at the thought that it would damage his image, he suppressed the desire to talk and instead asked, “What kind of person is your daughter’s father?”

“Huh?” Nora didn’t expect him to actually ask questions of his own. On top of that, he had even asked about something like that.

Her slender fingers tapped against the table and she chuckled softly. “I’ll tell you if you answer my question.”

Was she talking about whether Pete was naturally conceived or not?

Justin suddenly realized that perhaps what she was concerned about was whether he’d had relationships with other women instead. That was why she was pressing the issue.

He pressed his lips together. With the beauty mark at the corner of his eye exuding a bit of a serious aura, he suddenly said, "If I say that I don't know how Pete came about either, would you believe me?"

He only recalled vaguely that he seemed to be missing a night's memories...

Dark light flickered in his eyes. He reckoned that probably no one would believe him even if he said so, right?

Unexpectedly, the woman nodded seriously and replied, "I believe you."

Justin, "..."

He suddenly felt a little warmth in his heart, as if a ray of sunshine had suddenly shone into a flower on the verge of blooming, making it slowly bloom.

How could Nora possibly not believe him?

The exact same thing had happened to her, too.

Curiosity made her ask another question. "Since you don't know what had happened, what if Pete's mother is also innocent? You—"

Before she could finish, Justin lowered his gaze and said, "She's not worthy of being someone's mother."

Nora's words came to an abrupt end.

The man's tone was full of murderous intent.

As if he had thought of something, Justin said with a cold expression, "Let's not talk about that vicious woman anymore."

He looked back up and changed the subject. "Can you tell me your story, Miss Smith?"

"Oh." Nora gently rested her chin on her hand. In a slightly husky voice, she said casually and calmly, "Cherry's father... has a problem with his brain, so he's an idiot. He goes on and on about fighting and killing people every day, and also thinks that every woman in the world is in love with him. Sigh!"

Since he had called her a vicious woman, it wasn't too much to curse him a little, right?

It's just tit-for-tat!

Justin frowned.

An idiot?

He had always thought that her premarital pregnancy was because she had been young and foolish, and ended up being deceived. He asked, "Isn't Miss Smith the best at resolving problems with the brain?"

Nora waved. "He's very ill. I can't cure him."

Justin felt a little uncomfortable, yet he was also puzzled. "Why did you have a child with an idiot, then?"

Nora, who was trying to suppress her laughter, glanced at him again. "Who knows? Maybe God thinks he shouldn't be left heir-less?"

Justin scoffed and said sarcastically, "You're pretty much just doing charity with that. After all, apart from you, that idiot probably won't be able to find any other woman for the rest of his lifetime."

Tsk.

He sure had a foul mouth.

Nora looked at him with amusement.

Seeing the woman's smile, Justin suddenly realized something—what was the point of him taking an idiot so seriously?

He picked up the cutlery and continued eating.

Inwardly, however, he suddenly became very curious and he couldn't help thinking, 'I wonder what that idiot looks like?'

While he was eating, Nora, who simply found the whole affair very troublesome, said, "I'm full, Mr. Hunt. You—"

"I'm not done yet."

“... Take your time to eat? I’ll leave first?”

Justin, who continued to dine leisurely, said, “Is this how the Andersons treat someone to a meal, Miss Smith?”

“...”

Nora sat back down in silence. She realized that the man really was very particular about his meals. He ate the cold dishes first before going on to the warm ones and even drank a bit of water in between every once in a while.

He carried himself elegantly and beautifully, much like a beast in human clothing.

When Nora, who had always felt that eating was a waste of time, calmed herself down, she couldn’t help but think, ‘So, the act of eating can actually be that beautiful?’

Two hours later, Justin finally put down his cutlery.

Nora heaved a sigh of relief. When she asked for the bill, the service staff said, “Mr. Hunt has already paid.”

Taken aback, Nora looked at him.

There was a small smile on Justin’s handsome countenance. He said, “It’s my treat this time. You can treat me next time.”

“Alright, then.”

She stood up together with him and followed him out of the private room. It was only after they left the restaurant that Nora finally realized what he had said just now.

What the f*ck?

This meal alone was already torturous enough; were they going to do this again?

That scumbag! He was trying to waste her time, wasn’t he?

The corners of her lips spasmed a couple of times. The two of them reached the underground car park. When Nora pressed the car key, the big black jeep

lit up. She was about to walk over when she realized that Justin had walked over one step ahead of her.

What was he doing? Didn't he drive here?

She was just thinking about it when Justin actually walked over to where the driver's seat was, opened the door for her, and gestured politely for her to get in.

“ ... ”

The light in the car park was a little dim, yet when the man stood there, it was as if all the light was shining on him. His actions were gentlemanly and thoughtful. “Be careful not to knock your head.”

Nora felt her throat going dry.

After she got in the car and left, Justin stared at her from the back. He suddenly smiled.

That Mercedes Benz jeep was very big and had a taller chassis. There was no doubt that women who liked driving that car had a wild and feral nature.

Then, he thought of the young woman's lazy appearance—she looked just like a cat.

And on top of being a cat, she was even a wild little one.

Nora drove back to the Andersons.

Midway, however, she suddenly received a call from the kindergarten. “Miss Smith, please hurry to the kindergarten! Something has happened to Cherry!”

Something had happened to Cherry?

Nora's eyes widened. She did an abrupt U-turn, stomped on the accelerator, and raced straight to the kindergarten.

Nora was driving a jeep, but the way she was driving, it was as if she was driving a sports car instead.

Screeeeech!

The car stopped at the school gate. She got out and strode toward the kindergarten.

Ms. Lynn, the teacher who had brought Cherry into the kindergarten earlier that day, was waiting there. She was a young woman in her twenties and was currently in a panic.

How anxious must the parents be, having something go wrong on the first day their child was sent to school?

With that thought in mind, she went forward to Nora and said, “Ms. Smith...”

Nora interrupted her and asked, “Are the children okay?”

Ms. Lynn, “?”

The confused teacher replied, “... Yes, they are.”

As Nora walked in with the teacher, she asked, “Are the teachers also okay?”

“... Yes, they are all fine.”

Nora was taken aback. “In that case, who did Cherry beat up?”

She subconsciously glanced at the school gate. “The security guard?”

Ms. Lynn, “???”

How would Cherry possibly be able to beat such a big and tall security guard, especially when he had even gone through professional martial arts training?!

No, wait, they had digressed too much.

Ms. Lynn said anxiously, “Cherry fainted!”

It was Nora’s turn to be surprised this time. “Surely, she’s just faking it?”

Although Cherry was born a month prematurely, as a doctor, Nora had nursed and taken care of Cherry very well. While she looked a little skinnier than most, she was actually as strong as a young calf!

Faint? Cherry?

Ms. Lynn was so dumbfounded that she couldn't even utter the words of comfort she had originally wanted to say. She said emphatically, "It's true!"

This piqued Nora's curiosity and she said, "I'll go take a look."

Ms. Lynn followed after her and said, "She's in the dance studio. Don't worry, Ms. Smith. I know you aren't in good health, so it must have been hard raising Cherry all these years. Cherry is also a very lovable and obedient girl. We'll definitely hold the culprit accountable!"

Nora was rendered speechless.

Only then did she realize that the teacher was now calling Cherry by her nickname instead of 'Cheryl Smith' like what she had done when Nora sent her to the kindergarten...

So, what exactly happened today?

Despite claiming that it was impossible that Cherry had fainted, Nora nevertheless obviously quickened her pace. Ms. Lynn couldn't catch up to her even when she jogged briskly behind her.

The moment they entered the dance studio, Nora immediately saw Cherry lying on the sofa. A few teachers were gathered around her, and standing next to them was a little girl in a dance practice outfit who was crying loudly. A teacher, who was also wearing a dance practice outfit, was currently trying to coax her.

Was Cherry really hurt?

When Nora walked over, she heard the school doctor say, "Don't worry, Ms. Smith. I've already given her a checkup. Cherry looks totally fine. She probably fainted because she was too aggrieved. Sigh!"

"..."

Yeah, aggrieved, my a*s.

From the moment she held Cherry's wrist and felt a strong pulse, Nora knew immediately that she was just pretending.

She couldn't help but hold her forehead.

She had only just warned her against pretending to cry in the morning, yet she was already pretending to faint?

Even so, the little fellow's eyes were still and motionless. Her acting was pretty good.

She tickled Cherry's palm with a finger: 'Stop acting and wake up.'

Cherry returned a tickle of her own on Nora's palm: 'Mommy, don't expose me!'

Nora was rendered speechless.

She coughed and asked, "What happened?"

By then, Ms. Lynn had also entered the dance studio. Seeing that she looked calm and hadn't started ranting at the teachers as soon as she came in, she immediately felt even more strongly that Cherry's family must be reasonable people.

She said, "The kindergarten is celebrating its 50th anniversary soon, so we're going to hold a huge party and all the parents will be invited. The kindergarten is selecting twenty children for the finale dance. I saw that Cherry is very talented, so I wanted to let her try out for the dance, but as a result, she ended up getting into a conflict with her classmate Sinead Lowe..."

Sinead was probably the crying little girl.

Nora glanced at her. The child's posture was straight and upright. It was obvious from a glance that she had gone through dance training before. It was just that even though so much time had already passed, she was still crying. It was obvious how spoiled she was.

While she was thinking, the dance teacher who was coaxing Sinead stood up. She had an air of elegance around her, though she also had a bit of an arrogant look on her face. She frowned and said, "I am Whitney Lowe, Sinead's mother."

She walked to the side and took out a bag. Then, she took out a wad of cash from within and threw it in Nora's face. "I'll take responsibility for this and pay for Cheryl Smith's medical expenses. This should be enough for you to still

have some left over after that. In that sense, the two of you even profited a little.”

Nora was bewildered.

A cold look appeared on her face. She looked at Ms. Lynn and asked, “What exactly is going on?”

Ms. Lynn glanced at the dance teacher and explained in a low voice, “Sinead’s mother is a dance teacher that the kindergarten specially hired. She was the runner-up in the women’s category for an international dance competition. After that, she married into the Lowes, a wealthy family. She’s now a famous dance teacher in the circle...”

“Cherry’s very smart and learned the dance very quickly, but Sinead kept saying that she wasn’t doing it right. The two children then got into an argument and Mrs. Lowe chided Cherry a little. After that, she passed out from anger...”

As soon as she said that, Sinead yelled, “That’s because everyone keeps looking at her when she’s dancing! I’m the center! Don’t let her go on stage!”

The moment she said that, the teachers became even more embarrassed.

Nora understood now.

Cherry had big eyes and fair skin, and looked very adorable. She was certainly very eye-catching among the group of children in the kindergarten.

Sinead was the center, but Cherry had robbed her of all the limelight, so she became dissatisfied.

Whitney was their dance teacher, so she would definitely be partial toward Sinead.

Cherry had always been clever and was someone who refused to let anyone give her the short end of the stick. As she was at a disadvantage, she had pretended to faint so that Sinead couldn’t say anything even if she wanted to!

Nora couldn’t help yawning.

She had always been someone who fought others head-on and did everything directly and straightforwardly. Just whom did her daughter inherit all these little ideas from? It really was very... silly.

She picked up Cherry and prepared to leave.

However, Whitney stood in front of her as soon as she got up. The cool and standoffish woman said arrogantly, "Ms. Smith, your child is so bad-tempered. All they did was just argue a little, yet she could make herself pass out from anger."

Nora, "?"

She didn't even make a fuss, yet Whitney was kicking up one instead?

She stood still and turned around.

Whitney pointed to Cherry and said to Ms. Lynn, "That girl has a poor physique. I checked her body just now. She's very stiff and isn't suitable to be a dancer. Withdraw her from the upcoming performance and switch to someone else instead."

Sinead immediately clapped happily and said, "Yes, make her withdraw! Don't let her go on stage!"

Ms. Lynn looked livid.

She said hesitantly, "But I think Cherry danced pretty well just now..."

"Which part of that was good?" Whitney reprimanded sternly, "Are you the professional here, or am I? Her movements were stiff and too forceful just now. Neither did she follow the rhythm and ended up missing the beat several times, making her out of sync with the rest of the children. She was born unsuitable for dancing!"

The look in Nora's eyes turned even colder.

Cherry's physique was amazingly good. Otherwise, Quinn wouldn't have begged to take her as his disciple.

That woman named Whitney Lowe... A professional?

Hah.

She asked unhurriedly, “Does this mean that Cherry can be part of the dance if someone more professional than you says that she’s suitable for dancing?”

Someone more professional than her?

Whitney sneered. With a confident and arrogant look in her eyes, she scoffed, “Can you even find someone more professional than me in the States?”

Ms. Lynn tugged on Nora’s sleeve and said, “Ms. Smith, the competition that Mrs. Lowe had participated in was the Blackpool Dance Festival. It’s a world-class international ballroom dancing competition... Mrs. Lowe has founded a dance academy in New York that specializes in teaching students gifted in the art, and there are scores of people who wish for her guidance. She holds great authority in the dancing circle.”

Then, Ms. Lynn lowered her voice and said, “In order to have her teach their children, there are even some wealthy families who treat her very politely. She’s even given the Hunts’ and the Smiths’ children dance lessons before...”

Nora scoffed lightly when she heard Ms. Lynn’s explanation. As it turned out, that woman named Whitney did indeed know what she was doing.

No wonder she had the guts to try resolving the issue with money in a kindergarten like this just now.

People engaged in the arts typically had rather lofty ideals. She must have formed an exaggerated opinion of her abilities, thanks to the other parents’ flattery.

Nora cast her eyes down and slowly said, “Ms. Lynn, I will find someone more professional than her to judge whether Cherry is suitable to dance or not.”

Whitney had exquisite makeup on. By then, she had also already put on her coat and leather shoes, making her seem exceptionally elegant. When she heard what Nora said, she sneered, “We’ll wait and see, then. However, until you find someone more professional than me, Cheryl Smith will not be allowed to attend my dance classes!”

After saying that, she took Sinead’s hand and turned to leave.

However, as soon as she turned, someone grabbed her ponytail. Then, her shoulder was held down and a great force threw her against the wall next to her!

Bam!

In front of Whitney was an icy-cold wall. Her hair was still being pulled and her shoulder held down. She couldn't move at all. Furious, she demanded, "What are you doing?"

A low and mild voice slowly reached from behind. "Mrs. Lowe, shouldn't you apologize to my daughter after bullying her?"

Cherry was mischievous and never allowed anyone to give her the short end of the stick.

Neither would Nora allow her daughter to suffer any grievances for no reason.

Whitney yelled, "No way!"

As soon as she did, Nora yanked her hair downward hard again, making her scalp sting terribly. As though she was simply stating a truth, the woman's voice was calm and peaceful as she said, "Apologize."

There was a murderous look in her frosty eyes.

Whitney shivered. She swallowed hard and clenched her fists tightly. At last, as though humiliated, she said, "I'm sorry."

"Yawn..."

Nora let go of her and yawned again. Only then did she pick up Cherry again and lazily leave the dance studio.

After she left, a furious Whitney yelled hysterically, "I'm calling the police! How dare she assault me! I'm having her thrown in jail!"

Ms. Lynn and the others finally recovered from the sudden turn of events just now.

At this point, the principal also arrived fashionably late. Upon hearing Whitney, he held her arm and said, "Mrs. Lowe, we're all people with respectable

identities here. Moreover, we really have no idea who that lady is. The bigwigs have specially instructed us to treat her with civility...”

The bigwigs...

Whitney clenched her fists tightly and breathed heavily as a look of intense fury came over her face. However, she did stop clamoring about calling the police.

—

In the jeep on the way home.

Cherry sat in the passenger seat and buckled her seat belt. The large seat made her look even smaller than she was. She asked, “Mommy, are you really going to ask Aunt Tanya to come back to the States for my sake?”

Nora raised her eyebrows. “No way.”

Cherry was puzzled.

Aunt Tanya was someone who loved dancing. She had also participated in competitions and emerged as the champion before. She had immediately thought of her when Mommy said that she would find someone more professional just now.

However, Mommy was actually saying that she wasn’t asking her to come back?

Amid Cherry’s puzzlement, Nora chuckled and said, “Your Aunt Tanya is returning to the States next week. She was invited to a dance conference as an examiner.”

Cherry immediately became excited. “So that’s what it is!”

While the two of them were chatting, they had already returned to the Andersons’ residence.

After parking the car and entering the house, Sheril came over with a smile and said, “Nora, I’ve successfully produced the Carefree Pill according to your formula! We can finally start mass production now!”

Nora nodded. “Oh.”

Sheril was about to say more when Melissa walked over with a smile. “Alright, you may have accomplished something big, Sheril, but don’t you forget the trivial matters now.”

Trivial matters?

A puzzled Nora looked at Sheril, who smiled and said, “I have dance class later, Nora. Can you come with me? Let’s have the choreographer choreograph a dance for us. We can perform it together during the dance party!”

Nora didn’t want to go. She wanted to go upstairs and sleep instead, so she replied, “No, it’s...”

“C’mon, let’s go!” Sheril pulled Nora by her arm and called out, “Mom, look after Cherry, okay?”

“...”

An absolutely unwilling Nora was then dragged out of the door!

But before she was dragged out the door, she saw the gentle expression on Melissa’s countenance and she found herself unable to refuse her kindness again.

Forget it, she would just go.

On the way there, Sheril asked, “Can you dance, Nora?”

Nora thought for a moment before she replied, “Just a little, but I don’t dance often.”

Perhaps because she spent more time sleeping than others, she preferred engaging in more stimulating activities when she was awake—such as racing, skiing, and martial arts.

When it came to dancing, the only kind she liked was tango.

However, because she practiced martial arts, her strength was too great. There was basically no man who could suppress her aura, so she stopped dancing.

Sheril smiled and said, "It's fine. We'll just pick up a few moves casually. It's okay even if you don't dance during the party!"

After Nora went out, Cherry obediently went to the study with her cell phone, intending to spend the next two hours gaming and doing a live-stream.

As soon as she started the live stream, she saw that her number one fan, Sponsor Grandpa, was already there. Cherry immediately greeted excitedly, "Hello, Sponsor Grandpa!"

Sponsor Grandpa responded relatively slowly: "Hello."

Cherry said, "I'm playing as the same hero today. Without Chesty making trouble here today, I'm gonna try getting into this season's rankings on the local server!"

She turned on the game after she spoke.

Then, a large number of notifications suddenly scrolled past her screen!

Cherry was taken aback for a moment. Then, she saw that Sponsor Grandpa had tipped her with 9,999 airplanes.

Sponsor Grandpa wrote: 'This is for you to buy candy with, little fellow.'

Cherry smiled sweetly and said, "Thank you, Grandpa!"

After she entered the game and played for a couple of minutes, she noticed that Sponsor Grandpa was arguing with some of the other viewers in the comments.

"Stop pretending to be a kid, sweetcherry. That kiddy voice of yours makes me wanna puke! You're so shameless to try attracting big bosses that way!"

Sponsor Grandpa: "She's a child."

"Haha, which idiot with too much money to spare is that Sponsor Grandpa of hers?"

"There must be something wrong with his brain. Is there any child who plays games so well? sweetcherry is definitely a cross-dresser using a voice changer! Otherwise, why wouldn't they dare to turn on the camera?"

“ ... ”

Cherry became angry. “Who says I don’t dare to turn on the camera?!”

More people started to comment:

“Turn it on, then? You’re a bastard if you don’t!”

“Is sweetcherry going to turn on the camera? I feel like I’m going to go blind later!”

“I smell a fight breaking out. This is a gaming channel. Does it matter whether they turn on the camera or not?”

“Yes, it does! No one goes as far as them as to straight-up pretend to be a five-year-old kid even if they use a voice changer when they play games. Do they think our IQs are very low?”

“Exactly! They even duped others into giving them tips to buy candy with. Tsk, the point here is—there are actually people who are falling for it! The top fan on their list who calls himself Grandpa just gave them another tip worth \$150,000!”

“How does a perverted liar like them find the cheek to do live streams? Is it because their original voice sounds too awful?”

“That kind of tender voice is originally a child’s, which is supposed to sound cute and lovable. How come they have the gall to change their voice into one like that? What an insult to kids!”

Of course, there were also loyal fans of sweetcherry who defended her. It was just that there were only a few of them, so they were all drowned out by the insults.

“Watching sweetcherry pretending to be a kid is exactly what we like. What’s it to you? If you can’t stand it, then why don’t you get out?”

“Exactly. Are they holding a knife to your neck and forcing you to tip them?”

“The hero the live streamer plays as is a little girl who carries a cannon. I think it’s very apt that they use a child’s voice! Why are you being such a busybody?”

“ ... ”

When Cherry saw that even her loyal fans didn't believe that she was a child, she frowned and said huffily and seriously, "I'm not a kid!"

In the comments:

"Hahaha, they've admitted it now!"

"I knew they were lying!"

“ ... ”

A few comments had only just scrolled past the screen when Cherry said huffily, "I'm already five! Which part of me is a kid?"

The comments fell silent for a while. Then, a loyal fan wrote weakly:

"Sweetie, that's enough. Let's not say any more. There's nothing shameful in pretending to be a kid anyway..."

"If you say any more, it'll start to seem a little pretentious. It's enough! Enough!"

As for the antis, they switched on their combat mode.

"Ugh, they're still pretending to be a kid. It's so gross! 'Already five'? More like you're fifty, right? Which five-year-old can read so well?"

"A fifty-year-old probably doesn't have that kind of hand speed and reflexes. They're probably in their twenties or thirties... What I'm seeing in my mind is an ugly, gross, and wretched-looking middle-aged man..."

"Didn't they say they're gonna turn on the camera? What are you still dilly-dallying so much for? Hurry up and turn it on!"

"They must be deliberately saying all that in order to change the subject, right? Turn on the camera! Turn on the camera!"

"It's not like they have the guts to. If they turn it on, they'll expose their own lies!"

“ ... ”

Seeing that no one believed her, Cherry felt as if she had suffered a great injustice. She said quietly, "Okay, I'll turn on the camera now. Wait a minute, okie?"

After finishing the round at hand, she fumbled around for a while and finally turned on the camera.

The moment she did, an uproar went through the comments!

At the same time, Justin ended a busy day of work.

Bored, he glanced at Pete, who was studying next to him, and picked up his cell phone. Suddenly, he thought of the friend whom Chester had posted about the other day.

After downloading the live streaming app, he searched for 'sweetcherry'.

As soon as he entered her live stream, he found that the comments were in a huge uproar.

"F*ck! F*ck, she's really a kid!"

"I can't believe my eyes!"

"sweetcherry is actually really only five?"

"F*ck! I'm actually a lousier player than an elementary school kid? Ah, no, a kindergartener? Self-doubt in progress here right now..."

"Ahhh, she's so cute! She's so cute! To think such a cute little baby who talks so adorably really exists!"

Justin, "?"

When he finally looked at the screen, he saw that the screen, which originally was showing just the game interface, now had a small window at a corner on the right.

Inside the window was a small figure.

She looked like she was about five years old. It was hard to tell whether it was a wig or her real hair, but she had two little braids on each side of her head, which made her look very adorable.

She was also wearing a white feather mask that covered most of her face.

The little fellow said huffily, “There, I’ve turned on the camera! I wasn’t lying, yeah! All of you should apologize to me!”

In the comments:

“She’s really only five? Oh my god! My outlook on life has been shattered!”

“I’m sorry! I was wrong! Please forgive me, big boss!”

All the antis had already disappeared in the background and didn’t dare to speak anymore.

Someone asked:

“Why are you wearing a mask? Are we not worthy of seeing what sweetcherry really looks like?”

“I already find her so cute when she’s just sitting there like that! Can you take off your mask and show us how you look? Don’t worry, there aren’t any ugly children out there!”

Sweetcherry waved and explained seriously, “No, I’m afraid that Daddy will see me!”

“What are you afraid of? It’s nothing bad that you’re making money on live streams. It’s not like your father will smack you, right?”

“Exactly. If I had such a lovely daughter, I’d definitely spoil her like a precious treasure!”

Of course, there were also some who didn’t agree with her actions. They reprimanded her, “Five-year-olds shouldn’t be playing with the cell phone every day. It’s not good for children! Your father is right to discipline you!”

Cherry said seriously, “No, Daddy won’t discipline me, but he’ll take me away and forbid Mommy from ever seeing me again!”

Her top fan, Grandpa, couldn’t help but write: “Your father is such an awful man!”

The rest of the comments agreed with his statement.

“Why would he take her away? Are your parents divorced? Is it because your father would think that your mother isn’t teaching you well if he finds out about the live stream?”

“My goodness, it’s so sad that there are fathers like that in this world. It’s so awful how they always think the world of themselves. My heart aches for sweetcherry.”

“Although it isn’t right that children play games every day, I checked the records just now. Sweetie, your game time is fixed, right? And you only play for two hours a day... I’m sure your mother has put thought into this, right? For some reason, my heart aches for Sweetie. I hate your wicked father!”

After seeing the comments, Cherry waved her hands anxiously and said, “No, no, it’s not like that! It’s not like that! My father doesn’t know that Mommy gave birth to me, so if he finds out, Mommy will be in trouble!”

“Your mother sounds so tragic. Did she raise you by herself?”

When Justin heard what she said, he suddenly thought of Pete...

Even sweetcherry’s mother knew that she should take care of her child, yet Pete’s biological mother was so horrible!

A hint of anger flashed in his eyes.

Cherry was about to say something when she noticed a tip of 9,999 airplanes. Amid the airplane icons scrolling across the screen, her number two fan, ‘JH’, wrote a few big words in bold red text: ‘Your father isn’t worthy of calling himself a man!’

Cherry, “??”

Daddy, is it really okay to insult yourself like that?

She panicked and got up from her chair. “Daddy, you—”

Before she could finish, she lost her balance and almost fell. However, after she steadied herself, the mask on her face instead fell off...

Justin’s heart suddenly stopped beating for a moment. It was only when he saw that she managed to regain her balance that he finally relaxed.

When he wanted to see what she looked like, rows of airplane icons suddenly swept across the screen.

After studying the interface with a frown for a while, he finally turned off the virtual gift visual effects. However, by the time he looked again, he found that sweetcherry had already turned off the camera.

For some reason, he felt a little disappointed.

He shook his head, finding his behavior rather comical.

She was just a child that he had interacted with a few times. Why was he so curious about what she looked like?

He tossed the cell phone aside. The little girl's tender voice rang out in his earphones. "Thank you for the airplanes, Grandpa! Mwah!"

For some reason, Justin felt a little unhappy.

He had gifted her so many airplanes, but why didn't she blow him any flying kisses?

As a result, yet another row of 9999 airplane icons scrolled across the screen.

After sending the gift, he came back to his senses. He felt that he must be out of his mind...

Then, he heard the excited little fellow exclaim, "Wow, Daddy! You're so amazing, too! Mwah!"

Justin's lip corners couldn't help but curl upward.

Two hours later, Cherry stopped playing and got ready for dinner.

After ending the live stream, she sat on the chair with her chin propped on her hands and looked at the two highest-ranking names on the fan list.

Sponsor Grandpa was still in top place with a total of almost \$800,000 in tips.

Daddy was ranked second place with a total of about \$600,000 in tips.

She felt justified and didn't have any qualms about taking money from her father. However, it seemed like Sponsor Grandpa didn't know her at all...

Cherry opened a private chat window and sent him a voice message.

At the Smiths.

Although he had asked for steak the day before, Ian had stopped eating after taking just a bite.

He rested on the bed in a groggy daze all the way until now.

Watching sweetcherry's live stream seemed to have become the only thing he looked forward to every day.

Ian was frowning.

On his attractive visage, there was a contemplative look in his eyes.

He had seen what sweetcherry looked like when her mask dropped off just now, and he found her face vaguely familiar.

It was as if he had seen it somewhere before.

Even though he couldn't recall where he might have seen a face like that before, it nevertheless gave him a sense of kinship.

Ian smiled bitterly.

Perhaps life was just too boring. Or perhaps it was because she simply looked so adorable and clever?

He was about to toss the cell phone aside when he heard a sound notification.

When Ian picked it back up, he found that sweetcherry had sent him a private message: "Sponsor Grandpa, do you wanna play games? I can guide you, yeah!"

Games?

To be honest, Ian wasn't interested, but he didn't have the heart to refuse the little girl's kindness. Thus, he replied: "How are you going to guide me?"

Beep! Another notification rang out.

He tapped on it: "Let's add each other as friends first! Do you have a Facebook account, Sponsor Grandpa? After we add each other as friends, I'll be able to add you into the game from my friends list."

Ian replied: "Yes, I do."

Sweetcherry sent him a link to her Facebook page.

Ian logged in to the Facebook account that he hadn't touched in years. He had only registered the account because of Yvette in the past.

He cast his eyes down, suppressed the discomfort in his heart, and added sweetcherry as a friend.

Her Facebook name was Cherry Smith.

She approved the friend request as soon as he sent it.

After that, Cherry sent him several pictures.

Puzzled, Ian replied with a question mark: ?

Cherry sent him a voice message: "Sponsor Grandpa, you're under my care from today onward. You must remember to log in to Facebook every day and send me messages, okay? We must maintain the sparks of our friendship!"

Sparks?

Ian was confused.

Cherry sent another message: "We mustn't let the sparks of our friendship extinguish! Once we send each other messages for seven days, our sparks of friendship will burn strongly! After another few days, our little boat of friendship will sail off and eventually become a giant ferry!"

"..."

Ian fell silent. He couldn't help but feel that children came up with some pretty ridiculous things these days.

However, when he thought of what she said again, he replied: "Okay."

After he replied, it was time for dinner. The caretaker came in and asked, "Sir, how about having some oatmeal?"

Ian clenched his jaw.

He didn't have any appetite, but when he thought of his promise with the little girl... He would drag his life on for a few more days, he supposed. If he passed the next day, the little girl would probably be sad.

He said dispassionately, "Okay."

—

Elsewhere, Nora had reached the dance studio after being dragged there by Sheril.

The classroom was very big and featured mirrors on all four sides.

The moment she walked in, she saw that there were a few young men and women there. They were currently standing around a girl in the corner and chatting.

At the sight of Sheril, a thin man came over and smiled bashfully at her. He said, "Sheril, you're here!"

Sheril blushed and nodded. Then, she introduced him to Nora. "Nora, this is my boyfriend, Caden Hayes."

Her boyfriend?

Nora sized him up carefully. She couldn't help but feel like the man made people feel a little uncomfortable.

However, she didn't say much.

Sheril introduced Nora to Caden and the two of them said hi to each other.

At this point, the chatter from a distance away reached them.

"Really? Your family is so amazing!"

"Wow, Rachel, are you going to meet Tanya Turner? I'm so envious!"

“ ... ”

Caden was taken aback for a moment. Then, he asked with a smile, “Tanya Turner? What are you guys talking about?”

Someone answered, “It’s Rachel! Her mother heard that Ms. Turner will be coming back to the States in a few days, so she specially invited her to go to their place to hold a few dance lessons for her!”

After answering him, the group of youngsters gathered around Rachel and asked, “Can we also join the class, Rachel?”

At the sight of everyone swarming over there, Caden looked at Sheril and said, “Sheril, Rachel is your cousin, right? Can you ask her to let us join the class?”

Sheril’s expression immediately changed and she looked as if she had been put in a spot.

Nora, on the other hand, was taken aback. “She’s your cousin?”

“Yes, Rachel is Sheril’s uncle’s daughter from the maternal side of the family. I’m sure she’ll agree if Sheril asks her!”

Nora looked at Rachel Wood, who was surrounded by everyone and basking in the limelight.

She had wavy hair, a slim and graceful figure, and a delicate aura around her. The scholarly aura around her was a little similar to the one that Melissa had.

It was just that even though Melissa looked delicate, she also had a very dignified aura around her.

On the other hand, Rachel’s imitation was lacking and it fell flat, making her seem somewhat chintzy.

With the wall of people in between, she spoke with a great sense of superiority and said, “It’s very difficult to get Ms. Turner to open a class. It’s not about money at all. My mother only managed to ask her to open a class for me after asking a lot of people for favors.”

Someone who was trying to flatter her said, "It's rare for Tanya Turner to come back to the States, so I heard that her schedule is totally packed. It's really amazing that your family could get her over!"

Rachel suddenly looked at Sheril. "There are already a lot of people in the class, Sheril. I may not be able to let you join this time..."

As soon as she said that, everyone looked over.

Sheril immediately felt her face flush in embarrassment as though she was living on someone's charity.

Rachel, however, didn't let her off. She continued and said, "You can ask your mother to make an appointment for you, though. That way, you'll also be able to attend her classes! By the way, does your mother have any connections? Do you want my mother to hook her up with the relevant people?"

After the Andersons fell into decline, as Simon's wife, Melissa's status had also dropped.

However, not only did her family, the Woods, not help her in any way, but they even rubbed it in.

Take, for example, what was currently happening. What Rachel said had in no uncertain terms told everyone that even though Melissa had been part of the Woods in the past, her current authority and connections were actually not as good as the Woods'.

Sheril clenched her fists and tried her best to make herself look calm as she replied, "No, it's fine. I'm not very interested in dancing anyway..."

Rachel curled her lip. "Is that so?"

She glanced at Caden. Then, as though she was talking about Sheril yet also as insinuating something else, she said, "What a shame."

After that, she turned and looked at the other people there.

However, when she did, she saw that everyone who had been circling around her and asking about Tanya just now was instead now staring curiously at Nora.

The young woman, who was dressed simply, easily became the focus of the crowd just by gracefully standing there.

Rachel frowned. She took the initiative to walk over, held Sheril's hand with a smile, and asked gently, "Who's this, Sheril?"

Sheril suppressed her awkwardness and embarrassment and naturally made the introductions. "This is Nora, my eldest aunt's daughter."

A surprised Rachel immediately exclaimed rather loudly, "Huh? So that's who you are! I totally couldn't tell from your figure that you've given birth before!"

The words "you've given birth before" astonished everyone there.

Rachel covered her mouth and looked at the two of them apologetically. She said, "S-sorry, I accidentally spoke without thinking for a moment there. Nora, you don't mind, right?"

To outsiders, premarital pregnancies were seen as immoral behavior. Under normal circumstances, even if one's family didn't help them to hide it, they wouldn't publicize it like that, either.

However, Rachel had mentioned it the moment she came over. This made everyone instantly look at her in a different way.

Nora could hear someone nearby whisper, "Tsk, she looks pretty pure and innocent. I didn't expect that she already has kids."

"Why is someone like her here to dance? Is she trying to hook up with someone?"

Sheril frowned. She stood in front of Nora and said, "Don't spout nonsense, Rachel. Nora's just here to learn how to dance!"

Rachel cast her eyes down and smirked. "In that case, does she have a dance partner yet?"

Sheril looked at the other people there.

Most people who came here to dance didn't come at fixed intervals. Neither did they have fixed dance partners. She had originally thought that it would be very easy to find Nora a dance partner since she was so pretty.

However, Rachel's words just now had obviously made everyone averse to Nora.

She was about to say something when Nora smiled and said, "It's okay, Sheril. I'll just watch you dance."

Sheril said, "Nora, you..."

Nora cast her eyes down. "It's fine, really."

Sheril knew that trying to comfort her further now would only result in the opposite effect, so she could only give her a resigned nod.

When the dance teacher arrived, everyone split into pairs and started to dance.

A bored Nora leaned against the wall and played with her cell phone while she watched Sheril out of the corner of her eye.

Caden was unexpectedly a pretty good dancer.

International ballroom dancing was performed in pairs of men and women. In particular, if the men were strong enough, their dancing would be very exciting to watch when they led the woman.

Caden was likely a professional. He held Sheril by her waist and danced, the two of them forming a dazzling sight. Gradually, they became the center of all the dancers in the room.

While they were dancing, Sheril was also constantly looking at Nora.

She suddenly suggested, "Caden, why don't you dance with Nora later?"

Caden was a little reluctant. He replied, "I wanted to say this just now, but someone like her who became pregnant before marriage must have a very profligate lifestyle in private. Sheril, you shouldn't associate too much with her."

An unhappy-looking Sheril said, "You don't even know what Nora is like or anything about her past. Why would you say that?"

Caden frowned. "Okay, okay, I won't say any more. She doesn't look like she's danced before, though. I'm a professional; it may not be appropriate to have me lead her in a dance."

His eyes were downcast and he looked obviously reluctant.

After the dance, Sheril cast Caden aside and went to Nora.

Next to them, Rachel clenched her fists when she saw what she did.

Although her dance partner was also pretty good, he ultimately still couldn't compare with Caden.

Sheril obviously didn't dance as well as her, yet because Caden was the one leading her, she had actually danced better than her!

Furious, Rachel narrowed her eyes. Then, she suddenly walked toward Caden...

Sheril had a good temper and a cheerful personality.

Although she found Caden's words unpleasant, she knew that he ultimately wasn't aware of her cousin's circumstances, so it was understandable that he would misunderstand. Thus, after she counseled herself a little, she decided to explain to Caden what had happened to Nora.

She didn't have a profligate lifestyle. Rather, she had been deceived.

But as soon as she turned around, she instead saw Caden and Rachel walking toward her together.

The two of them behaved intimately, which made Sheril frown.

Caden seemed a little awkward, but he nevertheless bit the bullet and said, "I'm having the next dance with Rachel, Sheril."

Sheril's eyes widened. "What?"

Rachel smiled and took Caden's arm. She said, "Sorry about that, Sheril. My partner and I don't fit quite well together. Caden's the best dancer in our class, so I thought that if we dance together, I could have Ms. Turner give him a few pointers, too. It's mutually beneficial for both of us after all! You won't mind, right?"

Sheril was so angry that her hands were shaking.

She looked at Caden with her eyes red.

He had refused to dance with her cousin when she asked him just now, yet he was going to dance with Rachel now?

He clearly knew that she and Rachel were at loggerheads! And that she was always looking for opportunities to bully her!

Sheril felt her throat going tight and she felt like she had been betrayed. She asked, "Are you sure you want to do that, Caden?"

Caden replied in a low voice, "You know I major in dance, so I'll have to participate in international ballroom dancing competitions. If I can get some pointers from Ms. Turner, I'll definitely benefit a lot from it!"

Sheril clenched her fists and said, "Caden, I'll let you choose—either you dance with me or we break up, in which case you're free to dance with whomever you want!"

Caden frowned and said, "You're being unreasonable, Sheril!"

Rachel also said calmly, "Sheril, I'm just asking Caden to dance with me. Why are you making such a huge fuss? How can you hold Caden back like that?"

She sneered, "It's the Andersons who can't get Ms. Turner as a dance teacher, yet you're forbidding me from helping him? If you were able to get her as a teacher and have her give Caden some pointers, he wouldn't have chosen to dance with me, either!"

Sheril turned pale and she tried to hold her tears back.

At this point, an extremely cold and indifferent voice reached them. "Who says the Andersons can't get Tanya to teach us how to dance?"

Chapter 72 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

Logan raised his eyebrows. "Tsk, you make it sound like you've seen him before."

Cherry grinned and said, “Yanci is—”

“Cherry.”

A warning reached Cherry and the words ‘my Mommy’ did a U-turn in her mouth and went back down her throat. In the end, she said weakly, “I’m not allowed to tell anyone.”

Logan was rendered speechless.

His lip corners spasmed and he couldn’t help but think the kid must be bragging.

Never mind, life was already hard for them. He wouldn’t expose her little lies.

Since they didn’t want to embarrass themselves, he would stop talking about it.

The kindergarten was very close to the Andersons’ residence, so it took only ten minutes by car for them to reach.

It certainly lived up to its name of being the top kindergarten in New York. The International Golden Sunshine Kindergarten was like a palace, and the exterior looked magnificent and high-end.

There were parents there who had come early and were waiting to pick up their children. The cars they drove were either worth millions or were ordinary cars with flashy license plates.

When their jeep stopped at the kindergarten, sure enough, the security guard frowned and asked, “What’s the purpose of your visit?”

Logan took a deep breath and replied, “We’re here for an interview.”

The security guard wore an expensive-looking uniform. He said gruffly, “You can’t drive the car in, so enter on foot instead.”

Logan parked the car at the roadside. As soon as they got off the car, they saw the security guard eagerly letting a Rolls-Royce Phantom in.

“ ... ”

Logan's expression darkened. The slim young man was half a head taller than Nora. He lowered his head slightly and said a little unhappily, "Did you see that? Sometimes, a car is a status symbol itself."

However, the young woman instead took Cherry's hand and walked ahead as if she was taking a stroll, seemingly unaffected.

Nora scrutinized the kindergarten.

Although the security guard was judging people by the cars they drove, after one entered the premises, one would realize that the kindergarten had been designed very fastidiously with every detail highly exquisite. In terms of their facilities, they passed with flying colors.

Next to her, a displeased Logan complained, "A place where even the security guards are so judgmental isn't suitable for children at all, much less for your daughter! You don't have to prove yourself this way! There are many outstanding people in our circle who didn't attend this kindergarten!"

Nora knew that Logan was right.

In a place like this where the students were wealthy or of noble background, the children competed more with their family backgrounds instead, so they must already have been classified into different social classes in the school.

While a place like this didn't suit ordinary children, it suited Cherry very well.

Cherry had a high IQ and was someone who couldn't sit still. She was fickle and lost interest in things very quickly. On top of that, she was quick-witted and always found various excuses not to study when she was at home.

It was likely that only stimulation provided by an environment like this would be able to make her focus.

After all, she couldn't really let Cherry play games for her entire lifetime, right?

When Logan saw that the young woman didn't seem to have any intention of changing her mind despite him wording it so clearly, the usually reticent man simply decided not to say any more.

However, he let out a snort inwardly.

Did she really think she could enroll her daughter into the school just because she got an interview spot?

The two went all the way from the security guard post to the kindergarten's main building. The more Nora saw, the more satisfied she became. Before they entered the interview room, she squatted down, looked at Cherry, and said, "Cherry, if you can stay here for the full duration of three months without revealing your identity or using your family's power, Mommy will agree to a request of yours. Can you do it?"

A request...

Cherry's eyes lit up. She nodded and said, "Yes, Okie-Dokie!"

This way, she would be able to have Mommy agree to live with Daddy!

After they came to New York, things were different from when they were staying in a hotel in California. It wasn't convenient for her to switch places with her brother anymore!

Next to them, Logan scoffed softly.

'Without revealing your identity'...? Indeed, they mustn't reveal the fact that she is the child of a woman not from around these parts, lest the other children look down on her.

'Without using your family's power'...? The Andersons couldn't even get an interview spot. What was there for them to make use of?

How exactly did that woman bring herself to say such grandiose things?

Those who didn't know any better would have thought that Cherry was a Hunt or a Smith!

Light flickered in his cat-like eyes that resembled Nora's and he gave them a reminder. "It's time for the interview."

The three of them entered the principal's office together.

Logan frowned and subconsciously straightened his back when he thought of the intense barrage of questions he had experienced when his mother had brought him and Sheril for an interview back then.

However, what happened next was...

“This is Cheryl Smith’s school uniform. You can bring her here for classes tomorrow. Do remember not to be late.”

After the polite exchange, the principal personally sent them out and said, “Miss Smith, I’ll see you off.”

“No, it’s fine.”

After Nora’s calm reply, she left the office with Cherry and Logan, who was feeling a little giddy.

After the three of them left, someone asked, “Sir, who’s that? To think they’re exempted from even the interview!”

The principal shook his head and replied, “The bigwigs specially called to leave instructions, and also said that they’re their friends. I didn’t dare ask about the specifics.”

Logan frowned the whole way home.

Even after he got home, he still felt like he was dreaming.

Nora held Cherry’s hand and entered the living room. As soon as she did, she heard two people inside talking. One of them had a very high-pitched voice and she sounded a little arrogant. She said, “Why didn’t you wait for me, Melissa? I was only an hour and a half late, that’s all. Don’t you even have that bit of patience when you’re asking for help to enroll in a good school?”

Melissa forced a smile and replied, “Sorry about that, Miranda. Nora said that she’s already gotten an interview spot through someone else’s help.”

Nora, Logan, and Cherry entered the living room while the two of them were talking.

Melissa’s sister-in-law was a woman of about fifty years old. Her name was Miranda Wood, and she was Melissa’s elder brother’s wife. A glance at her dressing and demeanor was enough for one to know that she was a wealthy housewife. Her chin was currently raised slightly as she scanned the people who just entered.

Nora was expressionless, so it was hard to tell whether she was happy or sad.

However, Logan, who had followed her in, didn't look so good. This made Melissa sigh inwardly. She stood up, walked over, and said, "It's okay. We can still look at other kindergartens."

Miranda came over. She sounded gloating as she said, "That kindergarten's interview questions actually differ depending on who the interviewee is! For families like mine, the interview is just a procedure. Most of the students are excellent children selected from average families..."

After saying that, she smiled and went on. "Oops, when I say 'average families', I don't really mean actual average families but mid-tier wealthy families. Those who have fallen into decline aren't counted because they won't even get any interview spots..."

She was obviously insinuating things about the Andersons.

Melissa's grip on her handkerchief tightened slightly, and even the smile on her face became somewhat forced.

Miranda smirked and looked at Nora. With a huge sense of superiority, she said, "It's normal that you failed the interview. After all, it's not just anyone who can get in even if they have a letter of recommendation."

As soon as she said that, Cherry looked up and said adorably, "Huh? Are there people who need to go through interviews?"

Miranda was taken aback. "What do you mean?"

Logan hadn't said a word since they left the kindergarten.

He simply couldn't figure out why they hadn't gone through an interview.

When Miranda was speaking just now, the look in his eyes had turned cold. His cat-like eyes were slightly downcast, his long eyelashes hiding the chilly look in them.

He was about to say something when Cherry's childish tender voice rang out. At once, the corners of Logan's lips curled upward.

When he saw Miranda's smug smile freeze, he felt even happier.

At her question, Logan raised his good-looking and delicate eyebrows and replied, "We didn't go through an interview."

“You didn’t?” Miranda quickly reacted and said, “It must be because the recommendation letter you got from someone else didn’t work, right? Well, that makes sense. After all, where is your cousin going to get a recommendation letter from when even the Andersons can’t get an interview spot?”

She turned around, took out a piece of paper from her bag, and handed it to Melissa with one hand. “Here you go, this is the Woods’ recommendation letter. Just go to the interview again tomorrow and it’ll be fine.”

Melissa reached out to take the letter with a look of gratitude. She said, “Miranda, thank yo—”

Before she could touch the recommendation letter, Miranda’s grip loosened and the piece of paper dropped onto the floor.

Miranda immediately covered her mouth and exclaimed, “Oh dear, would you look at that, Melissa! Why did my hand let go in advance? I’ll have to trouble you to pick it up.”

After speaking, she sat on the sofa, crossed her legs, straightened her back, and looked at Melissa with a huge sense of superiority.

The Woods were a big family. Over the years, thanks to them clinging on to the Smiths, they were starting to do better and better.

Back then, Miranda and Melissa were both members of the wealthy circle. Melissa and Yvette were well-known while Miranda was just an ordinary person looking up to them.

The men she liked back then had all revolved around those two women...

But later on, Yvette eloped and ruined her own reputation.

As for Melissa, she was blind enough to fall in love with a man as incompetent as Simon and had disregarded her family’s objections and married him.

On the other hand, Miranda had married Melissa’s elder brother and became the mistress of the Woods.

Miranda was very smug about it. What she loved doing most was watching the person who had once been high up in the air, and whom she had needed to look up to, begging her for help.

Melissa stood there, her hand still stretched out.

She clenched her fingers. She knew very well that Miranda had done it on purpose. Her pride also refused to let her bend over. But when she glanced at Nora...

The young woman was cool and distant. Beautiful and gracious, she bore an 80% resemblance to Yvette.

Her eyes, in particular, were exactly the same as Logan's.

However, that young woman had never had a mother. Her father disliked her, her stepmother abused her, and she had even become pregnant before marriage. How could her heart possibly not ache for a young woman like that?

Melissa retracted her gaze and sighed. She was about to squat and pick up the letter when a fair and slender hand held her wrist.

The young woman's voice was cool as she said, "We don't have any use for that recommendation letter."

The seated Miranda was surprised. "Why is that?"

Logan bent over, picked up the recommendation letter on the floor, and flung it right at Miranda's face. With an awful look on his face, he said stiffly, "Aunt Miranda, you can have the recommendation letter back! That woman... I mean Nora's daughter has been accepted without an interview."

Miranda was originally very angry when Logan flung the recommendation letter onto her face, but upon hearing what he said, she exclaimed sharply, "She was exempted from the interview? How can that be?! In all of New York, apart from the Hunts and the Smiths, the number of families eligible for exemption can be counted on one hand! Who did you ask for a recommendation letter?"

Logan also looked at her curiously.

Nora's indifferent gaze swept across Miranda. Then... She let out a big yawn.

Miranda, "..."

After a moment's hesitation, Melissa asked, "Did you ask Justin to give them a heads-up for you?"

Out of all the families that Nora was acquainted with, the only one who she could think of with that sort of capability was Justin Hunt.

Nora clicked her tongue inwardly at her question.

Of course not.

Getting someone to do things for oneself was the same as using up favors.

She wasn't going to let him return the favor of saving his grandmother and giving him the Carefree Pills so quickly. She was waiting for him to owe her enough favors so that she could ask for her son back in the future!

She had merely talked to the kindergarten's shareholders, that's all.

However, since her aunt had provided an explanation, she couldn't be bothered to say any more.

She gave Melissa a small smile as a response to her guess. Then, she took Cherry's hand lazily and went upstairs.

Starting the next day, Cherry would have to report to school at eight in the morning.

She had to get up at 7:40 am to see her off, so she had to have an early night tonight.

Seeing that the two of them had gone upstairs, Miranda frowned, looked at Melissa, and asked in a low voice, "Who exactly is your niece? How did she get to know Mr. Hunt?"

The few big families in New York were acquainted with one another ever since a few generations ago, so they all knew one another.

Even so, no one had the guts to trouble Justin with trivial matters.

Seeing how Miranda was always looking down upon others, Melissa decided to give her a vague answer and replied, "They met in California."

This way, Miranda, who was sycophantic toward those in power and bullied those who weren't, wouldn't dare to be rude to Nora anymore if they met again in the future.

Seeing that Melissa was disinclined to say more, as well as when she thought of that young lady who was so beautiful that her face was an eyesore to her; Miranda didn't say much anymore.

After Miranda left, a worried Melissa discussed the matter with Logan. "Actually, Nora has given Justin 5,000 Carefree Pills, but he was also already intending to help us out back then... Never mind, maybe I'll call him and thank him again."

Melissa and Simon were Justin's elders, so he had treated them very politely in California. Due to his good upbringing, he was a very polite man.

However, Melissa also understood that this was primarily based on the friendship between those of the previous generation. To be honest, given his status, it would actually make more sense if he ignored them instead.

Upstairs.

Nora washed her hands and changed into her pajamas. She had only just laid down on the soft mattress when she received a call from Justin.

She picked up the call. "Hello, Mr. Hunt."

His voice rang in her ear. "Hello, Miss Smith."

Nora had heard many people addressing her as 'Miss Smith' before, but when his low, subwoofer-like voice uttered the two words, coupled with his clear pronunciation, there was actually a different kind of charm to it.

It made Nora feel like hearing him say a few more words.

She chuckled and asked, "Is something up?"

The man continued to speak seriously. "Oh, Aunt Melissa called just now to say that she wanted to invite me to lunch as thanks for giving you the recommendation letter for Golden Sunshine Kindergarten."

"..."

Nora felt a faint headache coming on.

This was so awkward that she wanted to die!

She opened her eyes and looked at the ceiling in resignation. Just as she was thinking about how she could gloss the incident over, the man's low voice rang out in the cell phone again. "May I know when Miss Smith is planning to invite me to lunch?"

Nora was rendered speechless.

She turned over on the bed and said, "Well, there's no time like the present. How about noon tomorrow?"

"Okay." After Justin finished speaking, he added, "Bring your daughter along."

"Sure." Nora's lips curled up mischievously and she said, "You bring your son, too."

The two settled on a time and place.

When she hung up, Cherry ran in. She stared at her all wide-eyed and asked, "Mommy, are you really taking me to have lunch with Daddy tomorrow?"

Nora rubbed her head and said calmly, "You have classes tomorrow, so how am I going to take you out for lunch?"

"..." Cherry hung her head dejectedly. "I knew it!"

A mischievous look flashed across Nora's eyes.

Pete went to the Quinn School of Martial Arts every Tuesday and Friday. Apart from those two days, he spent the rest of the time studying at home. She hadn't seen her son for three days.

The next day, Nora sent Cherry to the kindergarten.

She stopped the car at the roadside as usual. Then, she took Cherry's hand and led her to the door where a teacher was waiting.

Cherry was wearing a school uniform that the kindergarten had custom-made and carrying a big schoolbag. She looked extremely adorable.

The teacher greeted them. "Are you Cheryl Smith? You're in Class A. I'm your teacher. Shall I bring you in?"

Cherry was about to run in when Nora held her shoulder. Nora said, "I'll say a few words to her first, Miss."

The teacher nodded. She was already accustomed to this.

Parents were generally reluctant to part with their children the first time they sent them to kindergarten, and would say things like "Tell the teacher if someone bullies you", "Don't cry. Mommy will pick you up on time", and so on.

The thought had only just formed when she saw the woman in front of her coolly instruct, "Don't bully the kids, don't pretend to cry, and don't bully the teachers. Do you hear me?"

The teacher was bewildered.

When she looked again, the little girl, who was happy and excited just now, had straightened her back. She grinned and said, "Cherry will take good care of the teachers and the other kiddies, Mommy. Don't worry!"

The teacher felt a chill go down her back. Suddenly, she wondered to herself, 'What if that newly-enrolled little girl's no little princess but a little devil instead?'

Nora watched as Cherry, whose hand the teacher was holding, hopped and skipped into the kindergarten. Before they even went through the school building's entrance, Cherry said something which made the teacher laugh. She picked her up straight away and brought her to the classroom.

Nora was rendered speechless.

The little fellow sure was capable of getting along with everyone.

After dropping her child off, a relaxed Nora stretched and looked at the time. When she saw that it was still early, she decided to go back home and take a nap.

At 11 am, she finally woke up lazily and got ready to head to the restaurant where she was meeting Justin.

Before she left, Melissa stopped her and said, "There's a dance party in a few days, Nora. I'm thinking of taking you there to meet more people..."

Nora answered casually, "Sure."

She left right after that.

Melissa, however, looked hesitant.

Simon asked, "What's wrong?"

Melissa sighed. "A lot of people will be attending the dance party. I'm afraid Nora doesn't know how to dance..."

Simon was a man, so he wasn't concerned about as many things as her. He said, "Just don't dance then. We're just going there to socialize anyway."

Melissa stared at him speechlessly for a moment. If she didn't dance at a dance party... Others would only think that Nora wasn't fit to be seen in public!

Besides, all the ladies of wealthy families were skilled at song and dance, and had no lack of talent. Nora was so pretty; there was no doubt that they would make things difficult for her there.

Worried, she picked up the phone and said, "I'll call Sheril's dance teacher and have her give Nora a crash course! At the very least, she should master the waltz first."

—

Justin had picked the restaurant. After all, New York was his turf.

After turning several corners in a small alley according to the address he gave her, Nora finally saw a courtyard. There was only a small sign at the entrance.

If she hadn't seen the house number, she would probably have never noticed that the place was a restaurant.

The exterior was decorated with blue bricks while the interior was a whole different world on its own.

Past the entrance was a pathway paved with tiles that exuded a rich classical flavor. There was a fountain at the front, and meticulously maintained bushes

lined both sides, making it look like a garden in a palace. The decor was very exquisite.

Nora followed the service staff into the private room.

She had arrived ten minutes early, so she thought that there was no one inside yet. However, when she pushed the door open, she instead saw a tall figure seated at a table in the room.

The man, whose long legs were crossed, wore a black suit. An elegant landscape painting was hanging on the wall behind him, and he was drinking from a coffee cup.

The man didn't appear to be out of place at all even in a room as full of classical flavor as this.

His skin was fair, and the beauty mark at the corner of his eye was alluring and charming. It was as if he had merged with the decor around him, making him seem like a princely young man from olden times.

At the sight of Nora, the man placed the coffee cup down gracefully. He glanced behind her before he gestured to the seat opposite him and motioned her to take a seat. He asked, "Where's your daughter, Miss Smith?"

"Oh, she has classes." An unabashed Nora said without batting even an eyelid. She sat down across from him and asked, "Where's your son, Mr. Hunt?"

There was a smile in Justin's deep-set eyes as he said, "He has classes, too."

"..."

Had she known her son wasn't coming, she might as well have stayed home and slept!

That scumbag!

Nora dissed him silently. She picked up the coffee cup that was just served to her and took a sip. The coffee was very rich and fragrant—it was Geisha coffee. On top of that, it seemed like Hacienda La Esmeralda Geisha coffee?

The coffee required unique cultivating conditions, and only a certain amount was grown every year.

She didn't think that a humble little restaurant like this would actually have it and even serve it to guests.

Unfortunately, in her eyes, good food and good drinks weren't as practical as a night's sleep.

Justin found himself amused at the sight of her finishing the coffee in one gulp as though someone didn't know how to appreciate it. He asked dispassionately, "Miss Smith seems particularly concerned about my son?"

Nora lowered her eyes and replied, "Yes. After all, Pete is smart, cute, and lovable."

Dim light flickered in Justin's eyes when he heard her reply.

The look in his dark eyes was unreadable. It was hard to tell whether he believed her or not.

The service staff knocked on the door at this point and started to serve the food.

The food portion was small but exquisite and varied.

To foodies, it was a great option.

However, to Nora... This was too troublesome!

A single dish wasn't even enough to fill up her mouth. She could've filled her tummy with just a few bites, but in the end, she was forced to spend several times longer than usual to eat.

She felt very frustrated.

She could usually fill her tummy in two minutes, but ten minutes had already passed and yet she still wasn't full.

Nora glanced at the man—he was eating slowly and elegantly. She couldn't help but think that he was doing this on purpose.

Ah, well.

She wasn't really here to eat anyway.

Nora suddenly spoke. She said, "It's so boring, Mr. Hunt. Why don't we play a game?"

Justin asked, "What kind of game?"

Nora's lips curled into a smile. She picked up a wine bottle from the side and replied, "Truth or dare."

She spun the bottle.

Justin, however, reached out and pressed the bottle down gently. He looked at her with a faint smile in his eyes and said, "You can just ask whatever you want to, Miss Smith."

That woman sure was doing everything possible to get to know him better.

As soon as the thought formed, he heard the woman ask, "How did you and Pete's mother come to have him, Mr. Hunt?"

How exactly had she gotten pregnant back then?

Nora was really curious about this, so she looked at Justin eagerly, hoping that he could give her a logical answer.

However, Justin's smile gradually faded.

Pete's mother was something unmentionable to him. No one had ever dared to bring it up all these years.

The moment he thought of all those things she did, he couldn't help but wish he could find her and kill her!

Yet when the person asking about it was the woman in front of him, for some reason, Justin actually found that he couldn't get angry with her.

She must be worried that Pete's biological mother would suddenly appear and end up affecting their life together, right?

Justin cast his deep-set eyes down slightly. Although his tone was mild, his choice of words was strong. "Don't worry, I won't allow Pete's mother to show up in front of me and him again!"

Nora fell silent when she sensed the acute frigidity bursting out of the man.

Hello, she was already right in front of him, though?!

Besides, what was he telling her not to worry about?

She decided to be blunter about it and asked, “What I want to ask is—was Pete conceived naturally?”

“ ... ”

Why were her questions becoming more and more explicit?

Something occurred to Justin and his ears gradually turned a little red. He put down his cutlery, took a sip of water, and chuckled softly. “Is Miss Smith concerned that I may have problems of a particular nature?”

Nora was bewildered.

“I’m a normal man.”

Nora, “!!”

She had only spent five years abroad, but she actually found that she didn’t understand English anymore!

The woman in front of him widened her eyes as a look of surprise came over her palm-sized face. For some reason, this put Justin in a great mood.

He felt a rare urge to tell her the secret hidden in the depths of his heart, but at the thought that it would damage his image, he suppressed the desire to talk and instead asked, “What kind of person is your daughter’s father?”

“Huh?” Nora didn’t expect him to actually ask questions of his own. On top of that, he had even asked about something like that.

Her slender fingers tapped against the table and she chuckled softly. “I’ll tell you if you answer my question.”

Was she talking about whether Pete was naturally conceived or not?

Justin suddenly realized that perhaps what she was concerned about was whether he’d had relationships with other women instead. That was why she was pressing the issue.

He pressed his lips together. With the beauty mark at the corner of his eye exuding a bit of a serious aura, he suddenly said, "If I say that I don't know how Pete came about either, would you believe me?"

He only recalled vaguely that he seemed to be missing a night's memories...

Dark light flickered in his eyes. He reckoned that probably no one would believe him even if he said so, right?

Unexpectedly, the woman nodded seriously and replied, "I believe you."

Justin, "..."

He suddenly felt a little warmth in his heart, as if a ray of sunshine had suddenly shone into a flower on the verge of blooming, making it slowly bloom.

How could Nora possibly not believe him?

The exact same thing had happened to her, too.

Curiosity made her ask another question. "Since you don't know what had happened, what if Pete's mother is also innocent? You—"

Before she could finish, Justin lowered his gaze and said, "She's not worthy of being someone's mother."

Nora's words came to an abrupt end.

The man's tone was full of murderous intent.

As if he had thought of something, Justin said with a cold expression, "Let's not talk about that vicious woman anymore."

He looked back up and changed the subject. "Can you tell me your story, Miss Smith?"

"Oh." Nora gently rested her chin on her hand. In a slightly husky voice, she said casually and calmly, "Cherry's father... has a problem with his brain, so he's an idiot. He goes on and on about fighting and killing people every day, and also thinks that every woman in the world is in love with him. Sigh!"

Since he had called her a vicious woman, it wasn't too much to curse him a little, right?

It's just tit-for-tat!

Justin frowned.

An idiot?

He had always thought that her premarital pregnancy was because she had been young and foolish, and ended up being deceived. He asked, "Isn't Miss Smith the best at resolving problems with the brain?"

Nora waved. "He's very ill. I can't cure him."

Justin felt a little uncomfortable, yet he was also puzzled. "Why did you have a child with an idiot, then?"

Nora, who was trying to suppress her laughter, glanced at him again. "Who knows? Maybe God thinks he shouldn't be left heir-less?"

Justin scoffed and said sarcastically, "You're pretty much just doing charity with that. After all, apart from you, that idiot probably won't be able to find any other woman for the rest of his lifetime."

Tsk.

He sure had a foul mouth.

Nora looked at him with amusement.

Seeing the woman's smile, Justin suddenly realized something—what was the point of him taking an idiot so seriously?

He picked up the cutlery and continued eating.

Inwardly, however, he suddenly became very curious and he couldn't help thinking, 'I wonder what that idiot looks like?'

While he was eating, Nora, who simply found the whole affair very troublesome, said, "I'm full, Mr. Hunt. You—"

"I'm not done yet."

“... Take your time to eat? I’ll leave first?”

Justin, who continued to dine leisurely, said, “Is this how the Andersons treat someone to a meal, Miss Smith?”

“ ... ”

Nora sat back down in silence. She realized that the man really was very particular about his meals. He ate the cold dishes first before going on to the warm ones and even drank a bit of water in between every once in a while.

He carried himself elegantly and beautifully, much like a beast in human clothing.

When Nora, who had always felt that eating was a waste of time, calmed herself down, she couldn’t help but think, ‘So, the act of eating can actually be that beautiful?’

Two hours later, Justin finally put down his cutlery.

Nora heaved a sigh of relief. When she asked for the bill, the service staff said, “Mr. Hunt has already paid.”

Taken aback, Nora looked at him.

There was a small smile on Justin’s handsome countenance. He said, “It’s my treat this time. You can treat me next time.”

“Alright, then.”

She stood up together with him and followed him out of the private room. It was only after they left the restaurant that Nora finally realized what he had said just now.

What the f*ck?

This meal alone was already torturous enough; were they going to do this again?

That scumbag! He was trying to waste her time, wasn’t he?

The corners of her lips spasmed a couple of times. The two of them reached the underground car park. When Nora pressed the car key, the big black jeep

lit up. She was about to walk over when she realized that Justin had walked over one step ahead of her.

What was he doing? Didn't he drive here?

She was just thinking about it when Justin actually walked over to where the driver's seat was, opened the door for her, and gestured politely for her to get in.

“ ... ”

The light in the car park was a little dim, yet when the man stood there, it was as if all the light was shining on him. His actions were gentlemanly and thoughtful. “Be careful not to knock your head.”

Nora felt her throat going dry.

After she got in the car and left, Justin stared at her from the back. He suddenly smiled.

That Mercedes Benz jeep was very big and had a taller chassis. There was no doubt that women who liked driving that car had a wild and feral nature.

Then, he thought of the young woman's lazy appearance—she looked just like a cat.

And on top of being a cat, she was even a wild little one.

Nora drove back to the Andersons.

Midway, however, she suddenly received a call from the kindergarten. “Miss Smith, please hurry to the kindergarten! Something has happened to Cherry!”

Something had happened to Cherry?

Nora's eyes widened. She did an abrupt U-turn, stomped on the accelerator, and raced straight to the kindergarten.

Nora was driving a jeep, but the way she was driving, it was as if she was driving a sports car instead.

Screeeeech!

The car stopped at the school gate. She got out and strode toward the kindergarten.

Ms. Lynn, the teacher who had brought Cherry into the kindergarten earlier that day, was waiting there. She was a young woman in her twenties and was currently in a panic.

How anxious must the parents be, having something go wrong on the first day their child was sent to school?

With that thought in mind, she went forward to Nora and said, “Ms. Smith...”

Nora interrupted her and asked, “Are the children okay?”

Ms. Lynn, “?”

The confused teacher replied, “... Yes, they are.”

As Nora walked in with the teacher, she asked, “Are the teachers also okay?”

“... Yes, they are all fine.”

Nora was taken aback. “In that case, who did Cherry beat up?”

She subconsciously glanced at the school gate. “The security guard?”

Ms. Lynn, “???”

How would Cherry possibly be able to beat such a big and tall security guard, especially when he had even gone through professional martial arts training?!

No, wait, they had digressed too much.

Ms. Lynn said anxiously, “Cherry fainted!”

It was Nora’s turn to be surprised this time. “Surely, she’s just faking it?”

Although Cherry was born a month prematurely, as a doctor, Nora had nursed and taken care of Cherry very well. While she looked a little skinnier than most, she was actually as strong as a young calf!

Faint? Cherry?

Ms. Lynn was so dumbfounded that she couldn't even utter the words of comfort she had originally wanted to say. She said emphatically, "It's true!"

This piqued Nora's curiosity and she said, "I'll go take a look."

Ms. Lynn followed after her and said, "She's in the dance studio. Don't worry, Ms. Smith. I know you aren't in good health, so it must have been hard raising Cherry all these years. Cherry is also a very lovable and obedient girl. We'll definitely hold the culprit accountable!"

Nora was rendered speechless.

Only then did she realize that the teacher was now calling Cherry by her nickname instead of 'Cheryl Smith' like what she had done when Nora sent her to the kindergarten...

So, what exactly happened today?

Despite claiming that it was impossible that Cherry had fainted, Nora nevertheless obviously quickened her pace. Ms. Lynn couldn't catch up to her even when she jogged briskly behind her.

The moment they entered the dance studio, Nora immediately saw Cherry lying on the sofa. A few teachers were gathered around her, and standing next to them was a little girl in a dance practice outfit who was crying loudly. A teacher, who was also wearing a dance practice outfit, was currently trying to coax her.

Was Cherry really hurt?

When Nora walked over, she heard the school doctor say, "Don't worry, Ms. Smith. I've already given her a checkup. Cherry looks totally fine. She probably fainted because she was too aggrieved. Sigh!"

"..."

Yeah, aggrieved, my a*s.

From the moment she held Cherry's wrist and felt a strong pulse, Nora knew immediately that she was just pretending.

She couldn't help but hold her forehead.

She had only just warned her against pretending to cry in the morning, yet she was already pretending to faint?

Even so, the little fellow's eyes were still and motionless. Her acting was pretty good.

She tickled Cherry's palm with a finger: 'Stop acting and wake up.'

Cherry returned a tickle of her own on Nora's palm: 'Mommy, don't expose me!'

Nora was rendered speechless.

She coughed and asked, "What happened?"

By then, Ms. Lynn had also entered the dance studio. Seeing that she looked calm and hadn't started ranting at the teachers as soon as she came in, she immediately felt even more strongly that Cherry's family must be reasonable people.

She said, "The kindergarten is celebrating its 50th anniversary soon, so we're going to hold a huge party and all the parents will be invited. The kindergarten is selecting twenty children for the finale dance. I saw that Cherry is very talented, so I wanted to let her try out for the dance, but as a result, she ended up getting into a conflict with her classmate Sinead Lowe..."

Sinead was probably the crying little girl.

Nora glanced at her. The child's posture was straight and upright. It was obvious from a glance that she had gone through dance training before. It was just that even though so much time had already passed, she was still crying. It was obvious how spoiled she was.

While she was thinking, the dance teacher who was coaxing Sinead stood up. She had an air of elegance around her, though she also had a bit of an arrogant look on her face. She frowned and said, "I am Whitney Lowe, Sinead's mother."

She walked to the side and took out a bag. Then, she took out a wad of cash from within and threw it in Nora's face. "I'll take responsibility for this and pay for Cheryl Smith's medical expenses. This should be enough for you to still

have some left over after that. In that sense, the two of you even profited a little.”

Nora was bewildered.

A cold look appeared on her face. She looked at Ms. Lynn and asked, “What exactly is going on?”

Ms. Lynn glanced at the dance teacher and explained in a low voice, “Sinead’s mother is a dance teacher that the kindergarten specially hired. She was the runner-up in the women’s category for an international dance competition. After that, she married into the Lowes, a wealthy family. She’s now a famous dance teacher in the circle...”

“Cherry’s very smart and learned the dance very quickly, but Sinead kept saying that she wasn’t doing it right. The two children then got into an argument and Mrs. Lowe chided Cherry a little. After that, she passed out from anger...”

As soon as she said that, Sinead yelled, “That’s because everyone keeps looking at her when she’s dancing! I’m the center! Don’t let her go on stage!”

The moment she said that, the teachers became even more embarrassed.

Nora understood now.

Cherry had big eyes and fair skin, and looked very adorable. She was certainly very eye-catching among the group of children in the kindergarten.

Sinead was the center, but Cherry had robbed her of all the limelight, so she became dissatisfied.

Whitney was their dance teacher, so she would definitely be partial toward Sinead.

Cherry had always been clever and was someone who refused to let anyone give her the short end of the stick. As she was at a disadvantage, she had pretended to faint so that Sinead couldn’t say anything even if she wanted to!

Nora couldn’t help yawning.

She had always been someone who fought others head-on and did everything directly and straightforwardly. Just whom did her daughter inherit all these little ideas from? It really was very... silly.

She picked up Cherry and prepared to leave.

However, Whitney stood in front of her as soon as she got up. The cool and standoffish woman said arrogantly, "Ms. Smith, your child is so bad-tempered. All they did was just argue a little, yet she could make herself pass out from anger."

Nora, "?"

She didn't even make a fuss, yet Whitney was kicking up one instead?

She stood still and turned around.

Whitney pointed to Cherry and said to Ms. Lynn, "That girl has a poor physique. I checked her body just now. She's very stiff and isn't suitable to be a dancer. Withdraw her from the upcoming performance and switch to someone else instead."

Sinead immediately clapped happily and said, "Yes, make her withdraw! Don't let her go on stage!"

Ms. Lynn looked livid.

She said hesitantly, "But I think Cherry danced pretty well just now..."

"Which part of that was good?" Whitney reprimanded sternly, "Are you the professional here, or am I? Her movements were stiff and too forceful just now. Neither did she follow the rhythm and ended up missing the beat several times, making her out of sync with the rest of the children. She was born unsuitable for dancing!"

The look in Nora's eyes turned even colder.

Cherry's physique was amazingly good. Otherwise, Quinn wouldn't have begged to take her as his disciple.

That woman named Whitney Lowe... A professional?

Hah.

She asked unhurriedly, “Does this mean that Cherry can be part of the dance if someone more professional than you says that she’s suitable for dancing?”

Someone more professional than her?

Whitney sneered. With a confident and arrogant look in her eyes, she scoffed, “Can you even find someone more professional than me in the States?”

Ms. Lynn tugged on Nora’s sleeve and said, “Ms. Smith, the competition that Mrs. Lowe had participated in was the Blackpool Dance Festival. It’s a world-class international ballroom dancing competition... Mrs. Lowe has founded a dance academy in New York that specializes in teaching students gifted in the art, and there are scores of people who wish for her guidance. She holds great authority in the dancing circle.”

Then, Ms. Lynn lowered her voice and said, “In order to have her teach their children, there are even some wealthy families who treat her very politely. She’s even given the Hunts’ and the Smiths’ children dance lessons before...”

Nora scoffed lightly when she heard Ms. Lynn’s explanation. As it turned out, that woman named Whitney did indeed know what she was doing.

No wonder she had the guts to try resolving the issue with money in a kindergarten like this just now.

People engaged in the arts typically had rather lofty ideals. She must have formed an exaggerated opinion of her abilities, thanks to the other parents’ flattery.

Nora cast her eyes down and slowly said, “Ms. Lynn, I will find someone more professional than her to judge whether Cherry is suitable to dance or not.”

Whitney had exquisite makeup on. By then, she had also already put on her coat and leather shoes, making her seem exceptionally elegant. When she heard what Nora said, she sneered, “We’ll wait and see, then. However, until you find someone more professional than me, Cheryl Smith will not be allowed to attend my dance classes!”

After saying that, she took Sinead’s hand and turned to leave.

However, as soon as she turned, someone grabbed her ponytail. Then, her shoulder was held down and a great force threw her against the wall next to her!

Bam!

In front of Whitney was an icy-cold wall. Her hair was still being pulled and her shoulder held down. She couldn't move at all. Furious, she demanded, "What are you doing?"

A low and mild voice slowly reached from behind. "Mrs. Lowe, shouldn't you apologize to my daughter after bullying her?"

Cherry was mischievous and never allowed anyone to give her the short end of the stick.

Neither would Nora allow her daughter to suffer any grievances for no reason.

Whitney yelled, "No way!"

As soon as she did, Nora yanked her hair downward hard again, making her scalp sting terribly. As though she was simply stating a truth, the woman's voice was calm and peaceful as she said, "Apologize."

There was a murderous look in her frosty eyes.

Whitney shivered. She swallowed hard and clenched her fists tightly. At last, as though humiliated, she said, "I'm sorry."

"Yawn..."

Nora let go of her and yawned again. Only then did she pick up Cherry again and lazily leave the dance studio.

After she left, a furious Whitney yelled hysterically, "I'm calling the police! How dare she assault me! I'm having her thrown in jail!"

Ms. Lynn and the others finally recovered from the sudden turn of events just now.

At this point, the principal also arrived fashionably late. Upon hearing Whitney, he held her arm and said, "Mrs. Lowe, we're all people with respectable

identities here. Moreover, we really have no idea who that lady is. The bigwigs have specially instructed us to treat her with civility...”

The bigwigs...

Whitney clenched her fists tightly and breathed heavily as a look of intense fury came over her face. However, she did stop clamoring about calling the police.

—

In the jeep on the way home.

Cherry sat in the passenger seat and buckled her seat belt. The large seat made her look even smaller than she was. She asked, “Mommy, are you really going to ask Aunt Tanya to come back to the States for my sake?”

Nora raised her eyebrows. “No way.”

Cherry was puzzled.

Aunt Tanya was someone who loved dancing. She had also participated in competitions and emerged as the champion before. She had immediately thought of her when Mommy said that she would find someone more professional just now.

However, Mommy was actually saying that she wasn’t asking her to come back?

Amid Cherry’s puzzlement, Nora chuckled and said, “Your Aunt Tanya is returning to the States next week. She was invited to a dance conference as an examiner.”

Cherry immediately became excited. “So that’s what it is!”

While the two of them were chatting, they had already returned to the Andersons’ residence.

After parking the car and entering the house, Sheril came over with a smile and said, “Nora, I’ve successfully produced the Carefree Pill according to your formula! We can finally start mass production now!”

Nora nodded. “Oh.”

Sheril was about to say more when Melissa walked over with a smile. “Alright, you may have accomplished something big, Sheril, but don’t you forget the trivial matters now.”

Trivial matters?

A puzzled Nora looked at Sheril, who smiled and said, “I have dance class later, Nora. Can you come with me? Let’s have the choreographer choreograph a dance for us. We can perform it together during the dance party!”

Nora didn’t want to go. She wanted to go upstairs and sleep instead, so she replied, “No, it’s…”

“C’mon, let’s go!” Sheril pulled Nora by her arm and called out, “Mom, look after Cherry, okay?”

“…”

An absolutely unwilling Nora was then dragged out of the door!

But before she was dragged out the door, she saw the gentle expression on Melissa’s countenance and she found herself unable to refuse her kindness again.

Forget it, she would just go.

On the way there, Sheril asked, “Can you dance, Nora?”

Nora thought for a moment before she replied, “Just a little, but I don’t dance often.”

Perhaps because she spent more time sleeping than others, she preferred engaging in more stimulating activities when she was awake—such as racing, skiing, and martial arts.

When it came to dancing, the only kind she liked was tango.

However, because she practiced martial arts, her strength was too great. There was basically no man who could suppress her aura, so she stopped dancing.

Sheril smiled and said, "It's fine. We'll just pick up a few moves casually. It's okay even if you don't dance during the party!"

After Nora went out, Cherry obediently went to the study with her cell phone, intending to spend the next two hours gaming and doing a live-stream.

As soon as she started the live stream, she saw that her number one fan, Sponsor Grandpa, was already there. Cherry immediately greeted excitedly, "Hello, Sponsor Grandpa!"

Sponsor Grandpa responded relatively slowly: "Hello."

Cherry said, "I'm playing as the same hero today. Without Chesty making trouble here today, I'm gonna try getting into this season's rankings on the local server!"

She turned on the game after she spoke.

Then, a large number of notifications suddenly scrolled past her screen!

Cherry was taken aback for a moment. Then, she saw that Sponsor Grandpa had tipped her with 9,999 airplanes.

Sponsor Grandpa wrote: 'This is for you to buy candy with, little fellow.'

Cherry smiled sweetly and said, "Thank you, Grandpa!"

After she entered the game and played for a couple of minutes, she noticed that Sponsor Grandpa was arguing with some of the other viewers in the comments.

"Stop pretending to be a kid, sweetcherry. That kiddy voice of yours makes me wanna puke! You're so shameless to try attracting big bosses that way!"

Sponsor Grandpa: "She's a child."

"Haha, which idiot with too much money to spare is that Sponsor Grandpa of hers?"

"There must be something wrong with his brain. Is there any child who plays games so well? sweetcherry is definitely a cross-dresser using a voice changer! Otherwise, why wouldn't they dare to turn on the camera?"

“ ... ”

Cherry became angry. “Who says I don’t dare to turn on the camera?!”

More people started to comment:

“Turn it on, then? You’re a bastard if you don’t!”

“Is sweetcherry going to turn on the camera? I feel like I’m going to go blind later!”

“I smell a fight breaking out. This is a gaming channel. Does it matter whether they turn on the camera or not?”

“Yes, it does! No one goes as far as them as to straight-up pretend to be a five-year-old kid even if they use a voice changer when they play games. Do they think our IQs are very low?”

“Exactly! They even duped others into giving them tips to buy candy with. Tsk, the point here is—there are actually people who are falling for it! The top fan on their list who calls himself Grandpa just gave them another tip worth \$150,000!”

“How does a perverted liar like them find the cheek to do live streams? Is it because their original voice sounds too awful?”

“That kind of tender voice is originally a child’s, which is supposed to sound cute and lovable. How come they have the gall to change their voice into one like that? What an insult to kids!”

Of course, there were also loyal fans of sweetcherry who defended her. It was just that there were only a few of them, so they were all drowned out by the insults.

“Watching sweetcherry pretending to be a kid is exactly what we like. What’s it to you? If you can’t stand it, then why don’t you get out?”

“Exactly. Are they holding a knife to your neck and forcing you to tip them?”

“The hero the live streamer plays as is a little girl who carries a cannon. I think it’s very apt that they use a child’s voice! Why are you being such a busybody?”

“ ... ”

When Cherry saw that even her loyal fans didn't believe that she was a child, she frowned and said huffily and seriously, "I'm not a kid!"

In the comments:

"Hahaha, they've admitted it now!"

"I knew they were lying!"

“ ... ”

A few comments had only just scrolled past the screen when Cherry said huffily, "I'm already five! Which part of me is a kid?"

The comments fell silent for a while. Then, a loyal fan wrote weakly:

"Sweetie, that's enough. Let's not say any more. There's nothing shameful in pretending to be a kid anyway..."

"If you say any more, it'll start to seem a little pretentious. It's enough! Enough!"

As for the antis, they switched on their combat mode.

"Ugh, they're still pretending to be a kid. It's so gross! 'Already five'? More like you're fifty, right? Which five-year-old can read so well?"

"A fifty-year-old probably doesn't have that kind of hand speed and reflexes. They're probably in their twenties or thirties... What I'm seeing in my mind is an ugly, gross, and wretched-looking middle-aged man..."

"Didn't they say they're gonna turn on the camera? What are you still dilly-dallying so much for? Hurry up and turn it on!"

"They must be deliberately saying all that in order to change the subject, right? Turn on the camera! Turn on the camera!"

"It's not like they have the guts to. If they turn it on, they'll expose their own lies!"

“ ... ”

Seeing that no one believed her, Cherry felt as if she had suffered a great injustice. She said quietly, "Okay, I'll turn on the camera now. Wait a minute, okie?"

After finishing the round at hand, she fumbled around for a while and finally turned on the camera.

The moment she did, an uproar went through the comments!

At the same time, Justin ended a busy day of work.

Bored, he glanced at Pete, who was studying next to him, and picked up his cell phone. Suddenly, he thought of the friend whom Chester had posted about the other day.

After downloading the live streaming app, he searched for 'sweetcherry'.

As soon as he entered her live stream, he found that the comments were in a huge uproar.

"F*ck! F*ck, she's really a kid!"

"I can't believe my eyes!"

"sweetcherry is actually really only five?"

"F*ck! I'm actually a lousier player than an elementary school kid? Ah, no, a kindergartener? Self-doubt in progress here right now..."

"Ahhh, she's so cute! She's so cute! To think such a cute little baby who talks so adorably really exists!"

Justin, "?"

When he finally looked at the screen, he saw that the screen, which originally was showing just the game interface, now had a small window at a corner on the right.

Inside the window was a small figure.

She looked like she was about five years old. It was hard to tell whether it was a wig or her real hair, but she had two little braids on each side of her head, which made her look very adorable.

She was also wearing a white feather mask that covered most of her face.

The little fellow said huffily, “There, I’ve turned on the camera! I wasn’t lying, yeah! All of you should apologize to me!”

In the comments:

“She’s really only five? Oh my god! My outlook on life has been shattered!”

“I’m sorry! I was wrong! Please forgive me, big boss!”

All the antis had already disappeared in the background and didn’t dare to speak anymore.

Someone asked:

“Why are you wearing a mask? Are we not worthy of seeing what sweetcherry really looks like?”

“I already find her so cute when she’s just sitting there like that! Can you take off your mask and show us how you look? Don’t worry, there aren’t any ugly children out there!”

Sweetcherry waved and explained seriously, “No, I’m afraid that Daddy will see me!”

“What are you afraid of? It’s nothing bad that you’re making money on live streams. It’s not like your father will smack you, right?”

“Exactly. If I had such a lovely daughter, I’d definitely spoil her like a precious treasure!”

Of course, there were also some who didn’t agree with her actions. They reprimanded her, “Five-year-olds shouldn’t be playing with the cell phone every day. It’s not good for children! Your father is right to discipline you!”

Cherry said seriously, “No, Daddy won’t discipline me, but he’ll take me away and forbid Mommy from ever seeing me again!”

Her top fan, Grandpa, couldn’t help but write: “Your father is such an awful man!”

The rest of the comments agreed with his statement.

“Why would he take her away? Are your parents divorced? Is it because your father would think that your mother isn’t teaching you well if he finds out about the live stream?”

“My goodness, it’s so sad that there are fathers like that in this world. It’s so awful how they always think the world of themselves. My heart aches for sweetcherry.”

“Although it isn’t right that children play games every day, I checked the records just now. Sweetie, your game time is fixed, right? And you only play for two hours a day... I’m sure your mother has put thought into this, right? For some reason, my heart aches for Sweetie. I hate your wicked father!”

After seeing the comments, Cherry waved her hands anxiously and said, “No, no, it’s not like that! It’s not like that! My father doesn’t know that Mommy gave birth to me, so if he finds out, Mommy will be in trouble!”

“Your mother sounds so tragic. Did she raise you by herself?”

When Justin heard what she said, he suddenly thought of Pete...

Even sweetcherry’s mother knew that she should take care of her child, yet Pete’s biological mother was so horrible!

A hint of anger flashed in his eyes.

Cherry was about to say something when she noticed a tip of 9,999 airplanes. Amid the airplane icons scrolling across the screen, her number two fan, ‘JH’, wrote a few big words in bold red text: ‘Your father isn’t worthy of calling himself a man!’

Cherry, “??”

Daddy, is it really okay to insult yourself like that?

She panicked and got up from her chair. “Daddy, you—”

Before she could finish, she lost her balance and almost fell. However, after she steadied herself, the mask on her face instead fell off...

Justin’s heart suddenly stopped beating for a moment. It was only when he saw that she managed to regain her balance that he finally relaxed.

When he wanted to see what she looked like, rows of airplane icons suddenly swept across the screen.

After studying the interface with a frown for a while, he finally turned off the virtual gift visual effects. However, by the time he looked again, he found that sweetcherry had already turned off the camera.

For some reason, he felt a little disappointed.

He shook his head, finding his behavior rather comical.

She was just a child that he had interacted with a few times. Why was he so curious about what she looked like?

He tossed the cell phone aside. The little girl's tender voice rang out in his earphones. "Thank you for the airplanes, Grandpa! Mwah!"

For some reason, Justin felt a little unhappy.

He had gifted her so many airplanes, but why didn't she blow him any flying kisses?

As a result, yet another row of 9999 airplane icons scrolled across the screen.

After sending the gift, he came back to his senses. He felt that he must be out of his mind...

Then, he heard the excited little fellow exclaim, "Wow, Daddy! You're so amazing, too! Mwah!"

Justin's lip corners couldn't help but curl upward.

Two hours later, Cherry stopped playing and got ready for dinner.

After ending the live stream, she sat on the chair with her chin propped on her hands and looked at the two highest-ranking names on the fan list.

Sponsor Grandpa was still in top place with a total of almost \$800,000 in tips.

Daddy was ranked second place with a total of about \$600,000 in tips.

She felt justified and didn't have any qualms about taking money from her father. However, it seemed like Sponsor Grandpa didn't know her at all...

Cherry opened a private chat window and sent him a voice message.

At the Smiths.

Although he had asked for steak the day before, Ian had stopped eating after taking just a bite.

He rested on the bed in a groggy daze all the way until now.

Watching sweetcherry's live stream seemed to have become the only thing he looked forward to every day.

Ian was frowning.

On his attractive visage, there was a contemplative look in his eyes.

He had seen what sweetcherry looked like when her mask dropped off just now, and he found her face vaguely familiar.

It was as if he had seen it somewhere before.

Even though he couldn't recall where he might have seen a face like that before, it nevertheless gave him a sense of kinship.

Ian smiled bitterly.

Perhaps life was just too boring. Or perhaps it was because she simply looked so adorable and clever?

He was about to toss the cell phone aside when he heard a sound notification.

When Ian picked it back up, he found that sweetcherry had sent him a private message: "Sponsor Grandpa, do you wanna play games? I can guide you, yeah!"

Games?

To be honest, Ian wasn't interested, but he didn't have the heart to refuse the little girl's kindness. Thus, he replied: "How are you going to guide me?"

Beep! Another notification rang out.

He tapped on it: "Let's add each other as friends first! Do you have a Facebook account, Sponsor Grandpa? After we add each other as friends, I'll be able to add you into the game from my friends list."

Ian replied: "Yes, I do."

Sweetcherry sent him a link to her Facebook page.

Ian logged in to the Facebook account that he hadn't touched in years. He had only registered the account because of Yvette in the past.

He cast his eyes down, suppressed the discomfort in his heart, and added sweetcherry as a friend.

Her Facebook name was Cherry Smith.

She approved the friend request as soon as he sent it.

After that, Cherry sent him several pictures.

Puzzled, Ian replied with a question mark: ?

Cherry sent him a voice message: "Sponsor Grandpa, you're under my care from today onward. You must remember to log in to Facebook every day and send me messages, okay? We must maintain the sparks of our friendship!"

Sparks?

Ian was confused.

Cherry sent another message: "We mustn't let the sparks of our friendship extinguish! Once we send each other messages for seven days, our sparks of friendship will burn strongly! After another few days, our little boat of friendship will sail off and eventually become a giant ferry!"

"..."

Ian fell silent. He couldn't help but feel that children came up with some pretty ridiculous things these days.

However, when he thought of what she said again, he replied: "Okay."

After he replied, it was time for dinner. The caretaker came in and asked, "Sir, how about having some oatmeal?"

Ian clenched his jaw.

He didn't have any appetite, but when he thought of his promise with the little girl... He would drag his life on for a few more days, he supposed. If he passed the next day, the little girl would probably be sad.

He said dispassionately, "Okay."

—

Elsewhere, Nora had reached the dance studio after being dragged there by Sheril.

The classroom was very big and featured mirrors on all four sides.

The moment she walked in, she saw that there were a few young men and women there. They were currently standing around a girl in the corner and chatting.

At the sight of Sheril, a thin man came over and smiled bashfully at her. He said, "Sheril, you're here!"

Sheril blushed and nodded. Then, she introduced him to Nora. "Nora, this is my boyfriend, Caden Hayes."

Her boyfriend?

Nora sized him up carefully. She couldn't help but feel like the man made people feel a little uncomfortable.

However, she didn't say much.

Sheril introduced Nora to Caden and the two of them said hi to each other.

At this point, the chatter from a distance away reached them.

"Really? Your family is so amazing!"

"Wow, Rachel, are you going to meet Tanya Turner? I'm so envious!"

“ ... ”

Caden was taken aback for a moment. Then, he asked with a smile, “Tanya Turner? What are you guys talking about?”

Someone answered, “It’s Rachel! Her mother heard that Ms. Turner will be coming back to the States in a few days, so she specially invited her to go to their place to hold a few dance lessons for her!”

After answering him, the group of youngsters gathered around Rachel and asked, “Can we also join the class, Rachel?”

At the sight of everyone swarming over there, Caden looked at Sheril and said, “Sheril, Rachel is your cousin, right? Can you ask her to let us join the class?”

Sheril’s expression immediately changed and she looked as if she had been put in a spot.

Nora, on the other hand, was taken aback. “She’s your cousin?”

“Yes, Rachel is Sheril’s uncle’s daughter from the maternal side of the family. I’m sure she’ll agree if Sheril asks her!”

Nora looked at Rachel Wood, who was surrounded by everyone and basking in the limelight.

She had wavy hair, a slim and graceful figure, and a delicate aura around her. The scholarly aura around her was a little similar to the one that Melissa had.

It was just that even though Melissa looked delicate, she also had a very dignified aura around her.

On the other hand, Rachel’s imitation was lacking and it fell flat, making her seem somewhat chintzy.

With the wall of people in between, she spoke with a great sense of superiority and said, “It’s very difficult to get Ms. Turner to open a class. It’s not about money at all. My mother only managed to ask her to open a class for me after asking a lot of people for favors.”

Someone who was trying to flatter her said, "It's rare for Tanya Turner to come back to the States, so I heard that her schedule is totally packed. It's really amazing that your family could get her over!"

Rachel suddenly looked at Sheril. "There are already a lot of people in the class, Sheril. I may not be able to let you join this time..."

As soon as she said that, everyone looked over.

Sheril immediately felt her face flush in embarrassment as though she was living on someone's charity.

Rachel, however, didn't let her off. She continued and said, "You can ask your mother to make an appointment for you, though. That way, you'll also be able to attend her classes! By the way, does your mother have any connections? Do you want my mother to hook her up with the relevant people?"

After the Andersons fell into decline, as Simon's wife, Melissa's status had also dropped.

However, not only did her family, the Woods, not help her in any way, but they even rubbed it in.

Take, for example, what was currently happening. What Rachel said had in no uncertain terms told everyone that even though Melissa had been part of the Woods in the past, her current authority and connections were actually not as good as the Woods'.

Sheril clenched her fists and tried her best to make herself look calm as she replied, "No, it's fine. I'm not very interested in dancing anyway..."

Rachel curled her lip. "Is that so?"

She glanced at Caden. Then, as though she was talking about Sheril yet also as insinuating something else, she said, "What a shame."

After that, she turned and looked at the other people there.

However, when she did, she saw that everyone who had been circling around her and asking about Tanya just now was instead now staring curiously at Nora.

The young woman, who was dressed simply, easily became the focus of the crowd just by gracefully standing there.

Rachel frowned. She took the initiative to walk over, held Sheril's hand with a smile, and asked gently, "Who's this, Sheril?"

Sheril suppressed her awkwardness and embarrassment and naturally made the introductions. "This is Nora, my eldest aunt's daughter."

A surprised Rachel immediately exclaimed rather loudly, "Huh? So that's who you are! I totally couldn't tell from your figure that you've given birth before!"

The words "you've given birth before" astonished everyone there.

Rachel covered her mouth and looked at the two of them apologetically. She said, "S-sorry, I accidentally spoke without thinking for a moment there. Nora, you don't mind, right?"

To outsiders, premarital pregnancies were seen as immoral behavior. Under normal circumstances, even if one's family didn't help them to hide it, they wouldn't publicize it like that, either.

However, Rachel had mentioned it the moment she came over. This made everyone instantly look at her in a different way.

Nora could hear someone nearby whisper, "Tsk, she looks pretty pure and innocent. I didn't expect that she already has kids."

"Why is someone like her here to dance? Is she trying to hook up with someone?"

Sheril frowned. She stood in front of Nora and said, "Don't spout nonsense, Rachel. Nora's just here to learn how to dance!"

Rachel cast her eyes down and smirked. "In that case, does she have a dance partner yet?"

Sheril looked at the other people there.

Most people who came here to dance didn't come at fixed intervals. Neither did they have fixed dance partners. She had originally thought that it would be very easy to find Nora a dance partner since she was so pretty.

However, Rachel's words just now had obviously made everyone averse to Nora.

She was about to say something when Nora smiled and said, "It's okay, Sheril. I'll just watch you dance."

Sheril said, "Nora, you..."

Nora cast her eyes down. "It's fine, really."

Sheril knew that trying to comfort her further now would only result in the opposite effect, so she could only give her a resigned nod.

When the dance teacher arrived, everyone split into pairs and started to dance.

A bored Nora leaned against the wall and played with her cell phone while she watched Sheril out of the corner of her eye.

Caden was unexpectedly a pretty good dancer.

International ballroom dancing was performed in pairs of men and women. In particular, if the men were strong enough, their dancing would be very exciting to watch when they led the woman.

Caden was likely a professional. He held Sheril by her waist and danced, the two of them forming a dazzling sight. Gradually, they became the center of all the dancers in the room.

While they were dancing, Sheril was also constantly looking at Nora.

She suddenly suggested, "Caden, why don't you dance with Nora later?"

Caden was a little reluctant. He replied, "I wanted to say this just now, but someone like her who became pregnant before marriage must have a very profligate lifestyle in private. Sheril, you shouldn't associate too much with her."

An unhappy-looking Sheril said, "You don't even know what Nora is like or anything about her past. Why would you say that?"

Caden frowned. "Okay, okay, I won't say any more. She doesn't look like she's danced before, though. I'm a professional; it may not be appropriate to have me lead her in a dance."

His eyes were downcast and he looked obviously reluctant.

After the dance, Sheril cast Caden aside and went to Nora.

Next to them, Rachel clenched her fists when she saw what she did.

Although her dance partner was also pretty good, he ultimately still couldn't compare with Caden.

Sheril obviously didn't dance as well as her, yet because Caden was the one leading her, she had actually danced better than her!

Furious, Rachel narrowed her eyes. Then, she suddenly walked toward Caden...

Sheril had a good temper and a cheerful personality.

Although she found Caden's words unpleasant, she knew that he ultimately wasn't aware of her cousin's circumstances, so it was understandable that he would misunderstand. Thus, after she counseled herself a little, she decided to explain to Caden what had happened to Nora.

She didn't have a profligate lifestyle. Rather, she had been deceived.

But as soon as she turned around, she instead saw Caden and Rachel walking toward her together.

The two of them behaved intimately, which made Sheril frown.

Caden seemed a little awkward, but he nevertheless bit the bullet and said, "I'm having the next dance with Rachel, Sheril."

Sheril's eyes widened. "What?"

Rachel smiled and took Caden's arm. She said, "Sorry about that, Sheril. My partner and I don't fit quite well together. Caden's the best dancer in our class, so I thought that if we dance together, I could have Ms. Turner give him a few pointers, too. It's mutually beneficial for both of us after all! You won't mind, right?"

Sheril was so angry that her hands were shaking.

She looked at Caden with her eyes red.

He had refused to dance with her cousin when she asked him just now, yet he was going to dance with Rachel now?

He clearly knew that she and Rachel were at loggerheads! And that she was always looking for opportunities to bully her!

Sheril felt her throat going tight and she felt like she had been betrayed. She asked, "Are you sure you want to do that, Caden?"

Caden replied in a low voice, "You know I major in dance, so I'll have to participate in international ballroom dancing competitions. If I can get some pointers from Ms. Turner, I'll definitely benefit a lot from it!"

Sheril clenched her fists and said, "Caden, I'll let you choose—either you dance with me or we break up, in which case you're free to dance with whomever you want!"

Caden frowned and said, "You're being unreasonable, Sheril!"

Rachel also said calmly, "Sheril, I'm just asking Caden to dance with me. Why are you making such a huge fuss? How can you hold Caden back like that?"

She sneered, "It's the Andersons who can't get Ms. Turner as a dance teacher, yet you're forbidding me from helping him? If you were able to get her as a teacher and have her give Caden some pointers, he wouldn't have chosen to dance with me, either!"

Sheril turned pale and she tried to hold her tears back.

At this point, an extremely cold and indifferent voice reached them. "Who says the Andersons can't get Tanya to teach us how to dance?"

Chapter 73 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

Logan hadn't said a word since they left the kindergarten.

He simply couldn't figure out why they hadn't gone through an interview.

When Miranda was speaking just now, the look in his eyes had turned cold. His cat-like eyes were slightly downcast, his long eyelashes hiding the chilly look in them.

He was about to say something when Cherry's childish tender voice rang out. At once, the corners of Logan's lips curled upward.

When he saw Miranda's smug smile freeze, he felt even happier.

At her question, Logan raised his good-looking and delicate eyebrows and replied, "We didn't go through an interview."

"You didn't?" Miranda quickly reacted and said, "It must be because the recommendation letter you got from someone else didn't work, right? Well, that makes sense. After all, where is your cousin going to get a recommendation letter from when even the Andersons can't get an interview spot?"

She turned around, took out a piece of paper from her bag, and handed it to Melissa with one hand. "Here you go, this is the Woods' recommendation letter. Just go to the interview again tomorrow and it'll be fine."

Melissa reached out to take the letter with a look of gratitude. She said, "Miranda, thank yo—"

Before she could touch the recommendation letter, Miranda's grip loosened and the piece of paper dropped onto the floor.

Miranda immediately covered her mouth and exclaimed, "Oh dear, would you look at that, Melissa! Why did my hand let go in advance? I'll have to trouble you to pick it up."

After speaking, she sat on the sofa, crossed her legs, straightened her back, and looked at Melissa with a huge sense of superiority.

The Woods were a big family. Over the years, thanks to them clinging on to the Smiths, they were starting to do better and better.

Back then, Miranda and Melissa were both members of the wealthy circle. Melissa and Yvette were well-known while Miranda was just an ordinary person looking up to them.

The men she liked back then had all revolved around those two women...

But later on, Yvette eloped and ruined her own reputation.

As for Melissa, she was blind enough to fall in love with a man as incompetent as Simon and had disregarded her family's objections and married him.

On the other hand, Miranda had married Melissa's elder brother and became the mistress of the Woods.

Miranda was very smug about it. What she loved doing most was watching the person who had once been high up in the air, and whom she had needed to look up to, begging her for help.

Melissa stood there, her hand still stretched out.

She clenched her fingers. She knew very well that Miranda had done it on purpose. Her pride also refused to let her bend over. But when she glanced at Nora...

The young woman was cool and distant. Beautiful and gracious, she bore an 80% resemblance to Yvette.

Her eyes, in particular, were exactly the same as Logan's.

However, that young woman had never had a mother. Her father disliked her, her stepmother abused her, and she had even become pregnant before marriage. How could her heart possibly not ache for a young woman like that?

Melissa retracted her gaze and sighed. She was about to squat and pick up the letter when a fair and slender hand held her wrist.

The young woman's voice was cool as she said, "We don't have any use for that recommendation letter."

The seated Miranda was surprised. "Why is that?"

Logan bent over, picked up the recommendation letter on the floor, and flung it right at Miranda's face. With an awful look on his face, he said stiffly, "Aunt Miranda, you can have the recommendation letter back! That woman... I mean Nora's daughter has been accepted without an interview."

Miranda was originally very angry when Logan flung the recommendation letter onto her face, but upon hearing what he said, she exclaimed sharply, “She was exempted from the interview? How can that be?! In all of New York, apart from the Hunts and the Smiths, the number of families eligible for exemption can be counted on one hand! Who did you ask for a recommendation letter?”

Logan also looked at her curiously.

Nora’s indifferent gaze swept across Miranda. Then... She let out a big yawn.

Miranda, “...”

After a moment’s hesitation, Melissa asked, “Did you ask Justin to give them a heads-up for you?”

Out of all the families that Nora was acquainted with, the only one who she could think of with that sort of capability was Justin Hunt.

Nora clicked her tongue inwardly at her question.

Of course not.

Getting someone to do things for oneself was the same as using up favors.

She wasn’t going to let him return the favor of saving his grandmother and giving him the Carefree Pills so quickly. She was waiting for him to owe her enough favors so that she could ask for her son back in the future!

She had merely talked to the kindergarten’s shareholders, that’s all.

However, since her aunt had provided an explanation, she couldn’t be bothered to say any more.

She gave Melissa a small smile as a response to her guess. Then, she took Cherry’s hand lazily and went upstairs.

Starting the next day, Cherry would have to report to school at eight in the morning.

She had to get up at 7:40 am to see her off, so she had to have an early night tonight.

Seeing that the two of them had gone upstairs, Miranda frowned, looked at Melissa, and asked in a low voice, “Who exactly is your niece? How did she get to know Mr. Hunt?”

The few big families in New York were acquainted with one another ever since a few generations ago, so they all knew one another.

Even so, no one had the guts to trouble Justin with trivial matters.

Seeing how Miranda was always looking down upon others, Melissa decided to give her a vague answer and replied, “They met in California.”

This way, Miranda, who was sycophantic toward those in power and bullied those who weren't, wouldn't dare to be rude to Nora anymore if they met again in the future.

Seeing that Melissa was disinclined to say more, as well as when she thought of that young lady who was so beautiful that her face was an eyesore to her; Miranda didn't say much anymore.

After Miranda left, a worried Melissa discussed the matter with Logan. “Actually, Nora has given Justin 5,000 Carefree Pills, but he was also already intending to help us out back then... Never mind, maybe I'll call him and thank him again.”

Melissa and Simon were Justin's elders, so he had treated them very politely in California. Due to his good upbringing, he was a very polite man.

However, Melissa also understood that this was primarily based on the friendship between those of the previous generation. To be honest, given his status, it would actually make more sense if he ignored them instead.

Upstairs.

Nora washed her hands and changed into her pajamas. She had only just laid down on the soft mattress when she received a call from Justin.

She picked up the call. “Hello, Mr. Hunt.”

His voice rang in her ear. “Hello, Miss Smith.”

Nora had heard many people addressing her as 'Miss Smith' before, but when his low, subwoofer-like voice uttered the two words, coupled with his clear pronunciation, there was actually a different kind of charm to it.

It made Nora feel like hearing him say a few more words.

She chuckled and asked, "Is something up?"

The man continued to speak seriously. "Oh, Aunt Melissa called just now to say that she wanted to invite me to lunch as thanks for giving you the recommendation letter for Golden Sunshine Kindergarten."

"..."

Nora felt a faint headache coming on.

This was so awkward that she wanted to die!

She opened her eyes and looked at the ceiling in resignation. Just as she was thinking about how she could gloss the incident over, the man's low voice rang out in the cell phone again. "May I know when Miss Smith is planning to invite me to lunch?"

Nora was rendered speechless.

She turned over on the bed and said, "Well, there's no time like the present. How about noon tomorrow?"

"Okay." After Justin finished speaking, he added, "Bring your daughter along."

"Sure." Nora's lips curled up mischievously and she said, "You bring your son, too."

The two settled on a time and place.

When she hung up, Cherry ran in. She stared at her all wide-eyed and asked, "Mommy, are you really taking me to have lunch with Daddy tomorrow?"

Nora rubbed her head and said calmly, "You have classes tomorrow, so how am I going to take you out for lunch?"

"..." Cherry hung her head dejectedly. "I knew it!"

A mischievous look flashed across Nora's eyes.

Pete went to the Quinn School of Martial Arts every Tuesday and Friday. Apart from those two days, he spent the rest of the time studying at home. She hadn't seen her son for three days.

The next day, Nora sent Cherry to the kindergarten.

She stopped the car at the roadside as usual. Then, she took Cherry's hand and led her to the door where a teacher was waiting.

Cherry was wearing a school uniform that the kindergarten had custom-made and carrying a big schoolbag. She looked extremely adorable.

The teacher greeted them. "Are you Cheryl Smith? You're in Class A. I'm your teacher. Shall I bring you in?"

Cherry was about to run in when Nora held her shoulder. Nora said, "I'll say a few words to her first, Miss."

The teacher nodded. She was already accustomed to this.

Parents were generally reluctant to part with their children the first time they sent them to kindergarten, and would say things like "Tell the teacher if someone bullies you", "Don't cry. Mommy will pick you up on time", and so on.

The thought had only just formed when she saw the woman in front of her coolly instruct, "Don't bully the kids, don't pretend to cry, and don't bully the teachers. Do you hear me?"

The teacher was bewildered.

When she looked again, the little girl, who was happy and excited just now, had straightened her back. She grinned and said, "Cherry will take good care of the teachers and the other kiddies, Mommy. Don't worry!"

The teacher felt a chill go down her back. Suddenly, she wondered to herself, 'What if that newly-enrolled little girl's no little princess but a little devil instead?'

Nora watched as Cherry, whose hand the teacher was holding, hopped and skipped into the kindergarten. Before they even went through the school

building's entrance, Cherry said something which made the teacher laugh. She picked her up straight away and brought her to the classroom.

Nora was rendered speechless.

The little fellow sure was capable of getting along with everyone.

After dropping her child off, a relaxed Nora stretched and looked at the time. When she saw that it was still early, she decided to go back home and take a nap.

At 11 am, she finally woke up lazily and got ready to head to the restaurant where she was meeting Justin.

Before she left, Melissa stopped her and said, "There's a dance party in a few days, Nora. I'm thinking of taking you there to meet more people..."

Nora answered casually, "Sure."

She left right after that.

Melissa, however, looked hesitant.

Simon asked, "What's wrong?"

Melissa sighed. "A lot of people will be attending the dance party. I'm afraid Nora doesn't know how to dance..."

Simon was a man, so he wasn't concerned about as many things as her. He said, "Just don't dance then. We're just going there to socialize anyway."

Melissa stared at him speechlessly for a moment. If she didn't dance at a dance party... Others would only think that Nora wasn't fit to be seen in public!

Besides, all the ladies of wealthy families were skilled at song and dance, and had no lack of talent. Nora was so pretty; there was no doubt that they would make things difficult for her there.

Worried, she picked up the phone and said, "I'll call Sheril's dance teacher and have her give Nora a crash course! At the very least, she should master the waltz first."

—

Justin had picked the restaurant. After all, New York was his turf.

After turning several corners in a small alley according to the address he gave her, Nora finally saw a courtyard. There was only a small sign at the entrance.

If she hadn't seen the house number, she would probably have never noticed that the place was a restaurant.

The exterior was decorated with blue bricks while the interior was a whole different world on its own.

Past the entrance was a pathway paved with tiles that exuded a rich classical flavor. There was a fountain at the front, and meticulously maintained bushes lined both sides, making it look like a garden in a palace. The decor was very exquisite.

Nora followed the service staff into the private room.

She had arrived ten minutes early, so she thought that there was no one inside yet. However, when she pushed the door open, she instead saw a tall figure seated at a table in the room.

The man, whose long legs were crossed, wore a black suit. An elegant landscape painting was hanging on the wall behind him, and he was drinking from a coffee cup.

The man didn't appear to be out of place at all even in a room as full of classical flavor as this.

His skin was fair, and the beauty mark at the corner of his eye was alluring and charming. It was as if he had merged with the decor around him, making him seem like a princely young man from olden times.

At the sight of Nora, the man placed the coffee cup down gracefully. He glanced behind her before he gestured to the seat opposite him and motioned her to take a seat. He asked, "Where's your daughter, Miss Smith?"

"Oh, she has classes." An unabashed Nora said without batting even an eyelid. She sat down across from him and asked, "Where's your son, Mr. Hunt?"

There was a smile in Justin's deep-set eyes as he said, "He has classes, too."

“ ... ”

Had she known her son wasn't coming, she might as well have stayed home and slept!

That scumbag!

Nora dissed him silently. She picked up the coffee cup that was just served to her and took a sip. The coffee was very rich and fragrant—it was Geisha coffee. On top of that, it seemed like Hacienda La Esmeralda Geisha coffee?

The coffee required unique cultivating conditions, and only a certain amount was grown every year.

She didn't think that a humble little restaurant like this would actually have it and even serve it to guests.

Unfortunately, in her eyes, good food and good drinks weren't as practical as a night's sleep.

Justin found himself amused at the sight of her finishing the coffee in one gulp as though someone didn't know how to appreciate it. He asked dispassionately, “Miss Smith seems particularly concerned about my son?”

Nora lowered her eyes and replied, “Yes. After all, Pete is smart, cute, and lovable.”

Dim light flickered in Justin's eyes when he heard her reply.

The look in his dark eyes was unreadable. It was hard to tell whether he believed her or not.

The service staff knocked on the door at this point and started to serve the food.

The food portion was small but exquisite and varied.

To foodies, it was a great option.

However, to Nora... This was too troublesome!

A single dish wasn't even enough to fill up her mouth. She could've filled her tummy with just a few bites, but in the end, she was forced to spend several times longer than usual to eat.

She felt very frustrated.

She could usually fill her tummy in two minutes, but ten minutes had already passed and yet she still wasn't full.

Nora glanced at the man—he was eating slowly and elegantly. She couldn't help but think that he was doing this on purpose.

Ah, well.

She wasn't really here to eat anyway.

Nora suddenly spoke. She said, "It's so boring, Mr. Hunt. Why don't we play a game?"

Justin asked, "What kind of game?"

Nora's lips curled into a smile. She picked up a wine bottle from the side and replied, "Truth or dare."

She spun the bottle.

Justin, however, reached out and pressed the bottle down gently. He looked at her with a faint smile in his eyes and said, "You can just ask whatever you want to, Miss Smith."

That woman sure was doing everything possible to get to know him better.

As soon as the thought formed, he heard the woman ask, "How did you and Pete's mother come to have him, Mr. Hunt?"

How exactly had she gotten pregnant back then?

Nora was really curious about this, so she looked at Justin eagerly, hoping that he could give her a logical answer.

However, Justin's smile gradually faded.

Pete's mother was something unmentionable to him. No one had ever dared to bring it up all these years.

The moment he thought of all those things she did, he couldn't help but wish he could find her and kill her!

Yet when the person asking about it was the woman in front of him, for some reason, Justin actually found that he couldn't get angry with her.

She must be worried that Pete's biological mother would suddenly appear and end up affecting their life together, right?

Justin cast his deep-set eyes down slightly. Although his tone was mild, his choice of words was strong. "Don't worry, I won't allow Pete's mother to show up in front of me and him again!"

Nora fell silent when she sensed the acute frigidity bursting out of the man.

Hello, she was already right in front of him, though?!

Besides, what was he telling her not to worry about?

She decided to be blunter about it and asked, "What I want to ask is—was Pete conceived naturally?"

"..."

Why were her questions becoming more and more explicit?

Something occurred to Justin and his ears gradually turned a little red. He put down his cutlery, took a sip of water, and chuckled softly. "Is Miss Smith concerned that I may have problems of a particular nature?"

Nora was bewildered.

"I'm a normal man."

Nora, "!!"

She had only spent five years abroad, but she actually found that she didn't understand English anymore!

The woman in front of him widened her eyes as a look of surprise came over her palm-sized face. For some reason, this put Justin in a great mood.

He felt a rare urge to tell her the secret hidden in the depths of his heart, but at the thought that it would damage his image, he suppressed the desire to talk and instead asked, "What kind of person is your daughter's father?"

"Huh?" Nora didn't expect him to actually ask questions of his own. On top of that, he had even asked about something like that.

Her slender fingers tapped against the table and she chuckled softly. "I'll tell you if you answer my question."

Was she talking about whether Pete was naturally conceived or not?

Justin suddenly realized that perhaps what she was concerned about was whether he'd had relationships with other women instead. That was why she was pressing the issue.

He pressed his lips together. With the beauty mark at the corner of his eye exuding a bit of a serious aura, he suddenly said, "If I say that I don't know how Pete came about either, would you believe me?"

He only recalled vaguely that he seemed to be missing a night's memories...

Dark light flickered in his eyes. He reckoned that probably no one would believe him even if he said so, right?

Unexpectedly, the woman nodded seriously and replied, "I believe you."

Justin, "..."

He suddenly felt a little warmth in his heart, as if a ray of sunshine had suddenly shone into a flower on the verge of blooming, making it slowly bloom.

How could Nora possibly not believe him?

The exact same thing had happened to her, too.

Curiosity made her ask another question. "Since you don't know what had happened, what if Pete's mother is also innocent? You—"

Before she could finish, Justin lowered his gaze and said, “She’s not worthy of being someone’s mother.”

Nora’s words came to an abrupt end.

The man’s tone was full of murderous intent.

As if he had thought of something, Justin said with a cold expression, “Let’s not talk about that vicious woman anymore.”

He looked back up and changed the subject. “Can you tell me your story, Miss Smith?”

“Oh.” Nora gently rested her chin on her hand. In a slightly husky voice, she said casually and calmly, “Cherry’s father... has a problem with his brain, so he’s an idiot. He goes on and on about fighting and killing people every day, and also thinks that every woman in the world is in love with him. Sigh!”

Since he had called her a vicious woman, it wasn’t too much to curse him a little, right?

It’s just tit-for-tat!

Justin frowned.

An idiot?

He had always thought that her premarital pregnancy was because she had been young and foolish, and ended up being deceived. He asked, “Isn’t Miss Smith the best at resolving problems with the brain?”

Nora waved. “He’s very ill. I can’t cure him.”

Justin felt a little uncomfortable, yet he was also puzzled. “Why did you have a child with an idiot, then?”

Nora, who was trying to suppress her laughter, glanced at him again. “Who knows? Maybe God thinks he shouldn’t be left heir-less?”

Justin scoffed and said sarcastically, “You’re pretty much just doing charity with that. After all, apart from you, that idiot probably won’t be able to find any other woman for the rest of his lifetime.”

Tsk.

He sure had a foul mouth.

Nora looked at him with amusement.

Seeing the woman's smile, Justin suddenly realized something—what was the point of him taking an idiot so seriously?

He picked up the cutlery and continued eating.

Inwardly, however, he suddenly became very curious and he couldn't help thinking, 'I wonder what that idiot looks like?'

While he was eating, Nora, who simply found the whole affair very troublesome, said, "I'm full, Mr. Hunt. You—"

"I'm not done yet."

"... Take your time to eat? I'll leave first?"

Justin, who continued to dine leisurely, said, "Is this how the Andersons treat someone to a meal, Miss Smith?"

"..."

Nora sat back down in silence. She realized that the man really was very particular about his meals. He ate the cold dishes first before going on to the warm ones and even drank a bit of water in between every once in a while.

He carried himself elegantly and beautifully, much like a beast in human clothing.

When Nora, who had always felt that eating was a waste of time, calmed herself down, she couldn't help but think, 'So, the act of eating can actually be that beautiful?'

Two hours later, Justin finally put down his cutlery.

Nora heaved a sigh of relief. When she asked for the bill, the service staff said, "Mr. Hunt has already paid."

Taken aback, Nora looked at him.

There was a small smile on Justin's handsome countenance. He said, "It's my treat this time. You can treat me next time."

"Alright, then."

She stood up together with him and followed him out of the private room. It was only after they left the restaurant that Nora finally realized what he had said just now.

What the f*ck?

This meal alone was already torturous enough; were they going to do this again?

That scumbag! He was trying to waste her time, wasn't he?

The corners of her lips spasmed a couple of times. The two of them reached the underground car park. When Nora pressed the car key, the big black jeep lit up. She was about to walk over when she realized that Justin had walked over one step ahead of her.

What was he doing? Didn't he drive here?

She was just thinking about it when Justin actually walked over to where the driver's seat was, opened the door for her, and gestured politely for her to get in.

"..."

The light in the car park was a little dim, yet when the man stood there, it was as if all the light was shining on him. His actions were gentlemanly and thoughtful. "Be careful not to knock your head."

Nora felt her throat going dry.

After she got in the car and left, Justin stared at her from the back. He suddenly smiled.

That Mercedes Benz jeep was very big and had a taller chassis. There was no doubt that women who liked driving that car had a wild and feral nature.

Then, he thought of the young woman's lazy appearance—she looked just like a cat.

And on top of being a cat, she was even a wild little one.

Nora drove back to the Andersons.

Midway, however, she suddenly received a call from the kindergarten. “Miss Smith, please hurry to the kindergarten! Something has happened to Cherry!”

Something had happened to Cherry?

Nora’s eyes widened. She did an abrupt U-turn, stomped on the accelerator, and raced straight to the kindergarten.

Nora was driving a jeep, but the way she was driving, it was as if she was driving a sports car instead.

Screeeeech!

The car stopped at the school gate. She got out and strode toward the kindergarten.

Ms. Lynn, the teacher who had brought Cherry into the kindergarten earlier that day, was waiting there. She was a young woman in her twenties and was currently in a panic.

How anxious must the parents be, having something go wrong on the first day their child was sent to school?

With that thought in mind, she went forward to Nora and said, “Ms. Smith...”

Nora interrupted her and asked, “Are the children okay?”

Ms. Lynn, “?”

The confused teacher replied, “... Yes, they are.”

As Nora walked in with the teacher, she asked, “Are the teachers also okay?”

“... Yes, they are all fine.”

Nora was taken aback. “In that case, who did Cherry beat up?”

She subconsciously glanced at the school gate. “The security guard?”

Ms. Lynn, “???”

How would Cherry possibly be able to beat such a big and tall security guard, especially when he had even gone through professional martial arts training?!

No, wait, they had digressed too much.

Ms. Lynn said anxiously, “Cherry fainted!”

It was Nora’s turn to be surprised this time. “Surely, she’s just faking it?”

Although Cherry was born a month prematurely, as a doctor, Nora had nursed and taken care of Cherry very well. While she looked a little skinnier than most, she was actually as strong as a young calf!

Faint? Cherry?

Ms. Lynn was so dumbfounded that she couldn’t even utter the words of comfort she had originally wanted to say. She said emphatically, “It’s true!”

This piqued Nora’s curiosity and she said, “I’ll go take a look.”

Ms. Lynn followed after her and said, “She’s in the dance studio. Don’t worry, Ms. Smith. I know you aren’t in good health, so it must have been hard raising Cherry all these years. Cherry is also a very lovable and obedient girl. We’ll definitely hold the culprit accountable!”

Nora was rendered speechless.

Only then did she realize that the teacher was now calling Cherry by her nickname instead of ‘Cheryl Smith’ like what she had done when Nora sent her to the kindergarten...

So, what exactly happened today?

Despite claiming that it was impossible that Cherry had fainted, Nora nevertheless obviously quickened her pace. Ms. Lynn couldn’t catch up to her even when she jogged briskly behind her.

The moment they entered the dance studio, Nora immediately saw Cherry lying on the sofa. A few teachers were gathered around her, and standing next to them was a little girl in a dance practice outfit who was crying loudly. A

teacher, who was also wearing a dance practice outfit, was currently trying to coax her.

Was Cherry really hurt?

When Nora walked over, she heard the school doctor say, “Don’t worry, Ms. Smith. I’ve already given her a checkup. Cherry looks totally fine. She probably fainted because she was too aggrieved. Sigh!”

“ ... ”

Yeah, aggrieved, my a*s.

From the moment she held Cherry’s wrist and felt a strong pulse, Nora knew immediately that she was just pretending.

She couldn’t help but hold her forehead.

She had only just warned her against pretending to cry in the morning, yet she was already pretending to faint?

Even so, the little fellow’s eyes were still and motionless. Her acting was pretty good.

She tickled Cherry’s palm with a finger: ‘Stop acting and wake up.’

Cherry returned a tickle of her own on Nora’s palm: ‘Mommy, don’t expose me!’

Nora was rendered speechless.

She coughed and asked, “What happened?”

By then, Ms. Lynn had also entered the dance studio. Seeing that she looked calm and hadn’t started ranting at the teachers as soon as she came in, she immediately felt even more strongly that Cherry’s family must be reasonable people.

She said, “The kindergarten is celebrating its 50th anniversary soon, so we’re going to hold a huge party and all the parents will be invited. The kindergarten is selecting twenty children for the finale dance. I saw that Cherry is very talented, so I wanted to let her try out for the dance, but as a result, she ended up getting into a conflict with her classmate Sinead Lowe...”

Sinead was probably the crying little girl.

Nora glanced at her. The child's posture was straight and upright. It was obvious from a glance that she had gone through dance training before. It was just that even though so much time had already passed, she was still crying. It was obvious how spoiled she was.

While she was thinking, the dance teacher who was coaxing Sinead stood up. She had an air of elegance around her, though she also had a bit of an arrogant look on her face. She frowned and said, "I am Whitney Lowe, Sinead's mother."

She walked to the side and took out a bag. Then, she took out a wad of cash from within and threw it in Nora's face. "I'll take responsibility for this and pay for Cheryl Smith's medical expenses. This should be enough for you to still have some left over after that. In that sense, the two of you even profited a little."

Nora was bewildered.

A cold look appeared on her face. She looked at Ms. Lynn and asked, "What exactly is going on?"

Ms. Lynn glanced at the dance teacher and explained in a low voice, "Sinead's mother is a dance teacher that the kindergarten specially hired. She was the runner-up in the women's category for an international dance competition. After that, she married into the Lowes, a wealthy family. She's now a famous dance teacher in the circle..."

"Cherry's very smart and learned the dance very quickly, but Sinead kept saying that she wasn't doing it right. The two children then got into an argument and Mrs. Lowe chided Cherry a little. After that, she passed out from anger..."

As soon as she said that, Sinead yelled, "That's because everyone keeps looking at her when she's dancing! I'm the center! Don't let her go on stage!"

The moment she said that, the teachers became even more embarrassed.

Nora understood now.

Cherry had big eyes and fair skin, and looked very adorable. She was certainly very eye-catching among the group of children in the kindergarten.

Sinead was the center, but Cherry had robbed her of all the limelight, so she became dissatisfied.

Whitney was their dance teacher, so she would definitely be partial toward Sinead.

Cherry had always been clever and was someone who refused to let anyone give her the short end of the stick. As she was at a disadvantage, she had pretended to faint so that Sinead couldn't say anything even if she wanted to!

Nora couldn't help yawning.

She had always been someone who fought others head-on and did everything directly and straightforwardly. Just whom did her daughter inherit all these little ideas from? It really was very... silly.

She picked up Cherry and prepared to leave.

However, Whitney stood in front of her as soon as she got up. The cool and standoffish woman said arrogantly, "Ms. Smith, your child is so bad-tempered. All they did was just argue a little, yet she could make herself pass out from anger."

Nora, "?"

She didn't even make a fuss, yet Whitney was kicking up one instead?

She stood still and turned around.

Whitney pointed to Cherry and said to Ms. Lynn, "That girl has a poor physique. I checked her body just now. She's very stiff and isn't suitable to be a dancer. Withdraw her from the upcoming performance and switch to someone else instead."

Sinead immediately clapped happily and said, "Yes, make her withdraw! Don't let her go on stage!"

Ms. Lynn looked livid.

She said hesitantly, "But I think Cherry danced pretty well just now..."

“Which part of that was good?” Whitney reprimanded sternly, “Are you the professional here, or am I? Her movements were stiff and too forceful just now. Neither did she follow the rhythm and ended up missing the beat several times, making her out of sync with the rest of the children. She was born unsuitable for dancing!”

The look in Nora’s eyes turned even colder.

Cherry’s physique was amazingly good. Otherwise, Quinn wouldn’t have begged to take her as his disciple.

That woman named Whitney Lowe... A professional?

Hah.

She asked unhurriedly, “Does this mean that Cherry can be part of the dance if someone more professional than you says that she’s suitable for dancing?”

Someone more professional than her?

Whitney sneered. With a confident and arrogant look in her eyes, she scoffed, “Can you even find someone more professional than me in the States?”

Ms. Lynn tugged on Nora’s sleeve and said, “Ms. Smith, the competition that Mrs. Lowe had participated in was the Blackpool Dance Festival. It’s a world-class international ballroom dancing competition... Mrs. Lowe has founded a dance academy in New York that specializes in teaching students gifted in the art, and there are scores of people who wish for her guidance. She holds great authority in the dancing circle.”

Then, Ms. Lynn lowered her voice and said, “In order to have her teach their children, there are even some wealthy families who treat her very politely. She’s even given the Hunts’ and the Smiths’ children dance lessons before...”

Nora scoffed lightly when she heard Ms. Lynn’s explanation. As it turned out, that woman named Whitney did indeed know what she was doing.

No wonder she had the guts to try resolving the issue with money in a kindergarten like this just now.

People engaged in the arts typically had rather lofty ideals. She must have formed an exaggerated opinion of her abilities, thanks to the other parents' flattery.

Nora cast her eyes down and slowly said, "Ms. Lynn, I will find someone more professional than her to judge whether Cherry is suitable to dance or not."

Whitney had exquisite makeup on. By then, she had also already put on her coat and leather shoes, making her seem exceptionally elegant. When she heard what Nora said, she sneered, "We'll wait and see, then. However, until you find someone more professional than me, Cheryl Smith will not be allowed to attend my dance classes!"

After saying that, she took Sinead's hand and turned to leave.

However, as soon as she turned, someone grabbed her ponytail. Then, her shoulder was held down and a great force threw her against the wall next to her!

Bam!

In front of Whitney was an icy-cold wall. Her hair was still being pulled and her shoulder held down. She couldn't move at all. Furious, she demanded, "What are you doing?"

A low and mild voice slowly reached from behind. "Mrs. Lowe, shouldn't you apologize to my daughter after bullying her?"

Cherry was mischievous and never allowed anyone to give her the short end of the stick.

Neither would Nora allow her daughter to suffer any grievances for no reason.

Whitney yelled, "No way!"

As soon as she did, Nora yanked her hair downward hard again, making her scalp sting terribly. As though she was simply stating a truth, the woman's voice was calm and peaceful as she said, "Apologize."

There was a murderous look in her frosty eyes.

Whitney shivered. She swallowed hard and clenched her fists tightly. At last, as though humiliated, she said, "I'm sorry."

“Yawn...”

Nora let go of her and yawned again. Only then did she pick up Cherry again and lazily leave the dance studio.

After she left, a furious Whitney yelled hysterically, “I’m calling the police! How dare she assault me! I’m having her thrown in jail!”

Ms. Lynn and the others finally recovered from the sudden turn of events just now.

At this point, the principal also arrived fashionably late. Upon hearing Whitney, he held her arm and said, “Mrs. Lowe, we’re all people with respectable identities here. Moreover, we really have no idea who that lady is. The bigwigs have specially instructed us to treat her with civility...”

The bigwigs...

Whitney clenched her fists tightly and breathed heavily as a look of intense fury came over her face. However, she did stop clamoring about calling the police.

—

In the jeep on the way home.

Cherry sat in the passenger seat and buckled her seat belt. The large seat made her look even smaller than she was. She asked, “Mommy, are you really going to ask Aunt Tanya to come back to the States for my sake?”

Nora raised her eyebrows. “No way.”

Cherry was puzzled.

Aunt Tanya was someone who loved dancing. She had also participated in competitions and emerged as the champion before. She had immediately thought of her when Mommy said that she would find someone more professional just now.

However, Mommy was actually saying that she wasn’t asking her to come back?

Amid Cherry's puzzlement, Nora chuckled and said, "Your Aunt Tanya is returning to the States next week. She was invited to a dance conference as an examiner."

Cherry immediately became excited. "So that's what it is!"

While the two of them were chatting, they had already returned to the Andersons' residence.

After parking the car and entering the house, Sheril came over with a smile and said, "Nora, I've successfully produced the Carefree Pill according to your formula! We can finally start mass production now!"

Nora nodded. "Oh."

Sheril was about to say more when Melissa walked over with a smile. "Alright, you may have accomplished something big, Sheril, but don't you forget the trivial matters now."

Trivial matters?

A puzzled Nora looked at Sheril, who smiled and said, "I have dance class later, Nora. Can you come with me? Let's have the choreographer choreograph a dance for us. We can perform it together during the dance party!"

Nora didn't want to go. She wanted to go upstairs and sleep instead, so she replied, "No, it's..."

"C'mon, let's go!" Sheril pulled Nora by her arm and called out, "Mom, look after Cherry, okay?"

"..."

An absolutely unwilling Nora was then dragged out of the door!

But before she was dragged out the door, she saw the gentle expression on Melissa's countenance and she found herself unable to refuse her kindness again.

Forget it, she would just go.

On the way there, Sheril asked, "Can you dance, Nora?"

Nora thought for a moment before she replied, “Just a little, but I don’t dance often.”

Perhaps because she spent more time sleeping than others, she preferred engaging in more stimulating activities when she was awake—such as racing, skiing, and martial arts.

When it came to dancing, the only kind she liked was tango.

However, because she practiced martial arts, her strength was too great. There was basically no man who could suppress her aura, so she stopped dancing.

Sheril smiled and said, “It’s fine. We’ll just pick up a few moves casually. It’s okay even if you don’t dance during the party!”

After Nora went out, Cherry obediently went to the study with her cell phone, intending to spend the next two hours gaming and doing a live-stream.

As soon as she started the live stream, she saw that her number one fan, Sponsor Grandpa, was already there. Cherry immediately greeted excitedly, “Hello, Sponsor Grandpa!”

Sponsor Grandpa responded relatively slowly: “Hello.”

Cherry said, “I’m playing as the same hero today. Without Chesty making trouble here today, I’m gonna try getting into this season’s rankings on the local server!”

She turned on the game after she spoke.

Then, a large number of notifications suddenly scrolled past her screen!

Cherry was taken aback for a moment. Then, she saw that Sponsor Grandpa had tipped her with 9,999 airplanes.

Sponsor Grandpa wrote: ‘This is for you to buy candy with, little fellow.’

Cherry smiled sweetly and said, “Thank you, Grandpa!”

After she entered the game and played for a couple of minutes, she noticed that Sponsor Grandpa was arguing with some of the other viewers in the comments.

“Stop pretending to be a kid, sweetcherry. That kiddy voice of yours makes me wanna puke! You’re so shameless to try attracting big bosses that way!”

Sponsor Grandpa: “She’s a child.”

“Haha, which idiot with too much money to spare is that Sponsor Grandpa of hers?”

“There must be something wrong with his brain. Is there any child who plays games so well? sweetcherry is definitely a cross-dresser using a voice changer! Otherwise, why wouldn’t they dare to turn on the camera?”

“ ... ”

Cherry became angry. “Who says I don’t dare to turn on the camera?!”

More people started to comment:

“Turn it on, then? You’re a bastard if you don’t!”

“Is sweetcherry going to turn on the camera? I feel like I’m going to go blind later!”

“I smell a fight breaking out. This is a gaming channel. Does it matter whether they turn on the camera or not?”

“Yes, it does! No one goes as far as them as to straight-up pretend to be a five-year-old kid even if they use a voice changer when they play games. Do they think our IQs are very low?”

“Exactly! They even duped others into giving them tips to buy candy with. Tsk, the point here is—there are actually people who are falling for it! The top fan on their list who calls himself Grandpa just gave them another tip worth \$150,000!”

“How does a perverted liar like them find the cheek to do live streams? Is it because their original voice sounds too awful?”

“That kind of tender voice is originally a child’s, which is supposed to sound cute and lovable. How come they have the gall to change their voice into one like that? What an insult to kids!”

Of course, there were also loyal fans of sweetcherry who defended her. It was just that there were only a few of them, so they were all drowned out by the insults.

“Watching sweetcherry pretending to be a kid is exactly what we like. What’s it to you? If you can’t stand it, then why don’t you get out?”

“Exactly. Are they holding a knife to your neck and forcing you to tip them?”

“The hero the live streamer plays as is a little girl who carries a cannon. I think it’s very apt that they use a child’s voice! Why are you being such a busybody?”

“ ... ”

When Cherry saw that even her loyal fans didn’t believe that she was a child, she frowned and said huffily and seriously, “I’m not a kid!”

In the comments:

“Hahaha, they’ve admitted it now!”

“I knew they were lying!”

“ ... ”

A few comments had only just scrolled past the screen when Cherry said huffily, “I’m already five! Which part of me is a kid?”

The comments fell silent for a while. Then, a loyal fan wrote weakly:

“Sweetie, that’s enough. Let’s not say any more. There’s nothing shameful in pretending to be a kid anyway...”

“If you say any more, it’ll start to seem a little pretentious. It’s enough! Enough!”

As for the antis, they switched on their combat mode.

“Ugh, they’re still pretending to be a kid. It’s so gross! ‘Already five’? More like you’re fifty, right? Which five-year-old can read so well?”

“A fifty-year-old probably doesn’t have that kind of hand speed and reflexes. They’re probably in their twenties or thirties... What I’m seeing in my mind is an ugly, gross, and wretched-looking middle-aged man...”

“Didn’t they say they’re gonna turn on the camera? What are you still dilly-dallying so much for? Hurry up and turn it on!”

“They must be deliberately saying all that in order to change the subject, right? Turn on the camera! Turn on the camera!”

“It’s not like they have the guts to. If they turn it on, they’ll expose their own lies!”

“ ... ”

Seeing that no one believed her, Cherry felt as if she had suffered a great injustice. She said quietly, “Okay, I’ll turn on the camera now. Wait a minute, okie?”

After finishing the round at hand, she fumbled around for a while and finally turned on the camera.

The moment she did, an uproar went through the comments!

At the same time, Justin ended a busy day of work.

Bored, he glanced at Pete, who was studying next to him, and picked up his cell phone. Suddenly, he thought of the friend whom Chester had posted about the other day.

After downloading the live streaming app, he searched for ‘sweetcherry’.

As soon as he entered her live stream, he found that the comments were in a huge uproar.

“F*ck! F*ck, she’s really a kid!”

“I can’t believe my eyes!”

“sweetcherry is actually really only five?”

“F*ck! I’m actually a lousier player than an elementary school kid? Ah, no, a kindergartener? Self-doubt in progress here right now...”

“Ahhh, she’s so cute! She’s so cute! To think such a cute little baby who talks so adorably really exists!”

Justin, “?”

When he finally looked at the screen, he saw that the screen, which originally was showing just the game interface, now had a small window at a corner on the right.

Inside the window was a small figure.

She looked like she was about five years old. It was hard to tell whether it was a wig or her real hair, but she had two little braids on each side of her head, which made her look very adorable.

She was also wearing a white feather mask that covered most of her face.

The little fellow said huffily, “There, I’ve turned on the camera! I wasn’t lying, yeah! All of you should apologize to me!”

In the comments:

“She’s really only five? Oh my god! My outlook on life has been shattered!”

“I’m sorry! I was wrong! Please forgive me, big boss!”

All the antis had already disappeared in the background and didn’t dare to speak anymore.

Someone asked:

“Why are you wearing a mask? Are we not worthy of seeing what sweetcherry really looks like?”

“I already find her so cute when she’s just sitting there like that! Can you take off your mask and show us how you look? Don’t worry, there aren’t any ugly children out there!”

Sweetcherry waved and explained seriously, “No, I’m afraid that Daddy will see me!”

“What are you afraid of? It’s nothing bad that you’re making money on live streams. It’s not like your father will smack you, right?”

“Exactly. If I had such a lovely daughter, I’d definitely spoil her like a precious treasure!”

Of course, there were also some who didn’t agree with her actions. They reprimanded her, “Five-year-olds shouldn’t be playing with the cell phone every day. It’s not good for children! Your father is right to discipline you!”

Cherry said seriously, “No, Daddy won’t discipline me, but he’ll take me away and forbid Mommy from ever seeing me again!”

Her top fan, Grandpa, couldn’t help but write: “Your father is such an awful man!”

The rest of the comments agreed with his statement.

“Why would he take her away? Are your parents divorced? Is it because your father would think that your mother isn’t teaching you well if he finds out about the live stream?”

“My goodness, it’s so sad that there are fathers like that in this world. It’s so awful how they always think the world of themselves. My heart aches for sweetcherry.”

“Although it isn’t right that children play games every day, I checked the records just now. Sweetie, your game time is fixed, right? And you only play for two hours a day... I’m sure your mother has put thought into this, right? For some reason, my heart aches for Sweetie. I hate your wicked father!”

After seeing the comments, Cherry waved her hands anxiously and said, “No, no, it’s not like that! It’s not like that! My father doesn’t know that Mommy gave birth to me, so if he finds out, Mommy will be in trouble!”

“Your mother sounds so tragic. Did she raise you by herself?”

When Justin heard what she said, he suddenly thought of Pete...

Even sweetcherry’s mother knew that she should take care of her child, yet Pete’s biological mother was so horrible!

A hint of anger flashed in his eyes.

Cherry was about to say something when she noticed a tip of 9,999 airplanes. Amid the airplane icons scrolling across the screen, her number two fan, ‘JH’,

wrote a few big words in bold red text: 'Your father isn't worthy of calling himself a man!'

Cherry, "??"

Daddy, is it really okay to insult yourself like that?

She panicked and got up from her chair. "Daddy, you—"

Before she could finish, she lost her balance and almost fell. However, after she steadied herself, the mask on her face instead fell off...

Justin's heart suddenly stopped beating for a moment. It was only when he saw that she managed to regain her balance that he finally relaxed.

When he wanted to see what she looked like, rows of airplane icons suddenly swept across the screen.

After studying the interface with a frown for a while, he finally turned off the virtual gift visual effects. However, by the time he looked again, he found that sweetcherry had already turned off the camera.

For some reason, he felt a little disappointed.

He shook his head, finding his behavior rather comical.

She was just a child that he had interacted with a few times. Why was he so curious about what she looked like?

He tossed the cell phone aside. The little girl's tender voice rang out in his earphones. "Thank you for the airplanes, Grandpa! Mwah!"

For some reason, Justin felt a little unhappy.

He had gifted her so many airplanes, but why didn't she blow him any flying kisses?

As a result, yet another row of 9999 airplane icons scrolled across the screen.

After sending the gift, he came back to his senses. He felt that he must be out of his mind...

Then, he heard the excited little fellow exclaim, “Wow, Daddy! You’re so amazing, too! Mwah!”

Justin’s lip corners couldn’t help but curl upward.

Two hours later, Cherry stopped playing and got ready for dinner.

After ending the live stream, she sat on the chair with her chin propped on her hands and looked at the two highest-ranking names on the fan list.

Sponsor Grandpa was still in top place with a total of almost \$800,000 in tips.

Daddy was ranked second place with a total of about \$600,000 in tips.

She felt justified and didn’t have any qualms about taking money from her father. However, it seemed like Sponsor Grandpa didn’t know her at all...

Cherry opened a private chat window and sent him a voice message.

At the Smiths.

Although he had asked for steak the day before, Ian had stopped eating after taking just a bite.

He rested on the bed in a groggy daze all the way until now.

Watching sweetcherry’s live stream seemed to have become the only thing he looked forward to every day.

Ian was frowning.

On his attractive visage, there was a contemplative look in his eyes.

He had seen what sweetcherry looked like when her mask dropped off just now, and he found her face vaguely familiar.

It was as if he had seen it somewhere before.

Even though he couldn’t recall where he might have seen a face like that before, it nevertheless gave him a sense of kinship.

Ian smiled bitterly.

Perhaps life was just too boring. Or perhaps it was because she simply looked so adorable and clever?

He was about to toss the cell phone aside when he heard a sound notification.

When Ian picked it back up, he found that sweetcherry had sent him a private message: "Sponsor Grandpa, do you wanna play games? I can guide you, yeah!"

Games?

To be honest, Ian wasn't interested, but he didn't have the heart to refuse the little girl's kindness. Thus, he replied: "How are you going to guide me?"

Beep! Another notification rang out.

He tapped on it: "Let's add each other as friends first! Do you have a Facebook account, Sponsor Grandpa? After we add each other as friends, I'll be able to add you into the game from my friends list."

Ian replied: "Yes, I do."

Sweetcherry sent him a link to her Facebook page.

Ian logged in to the Facebook account that he hadn't touched in years. He had only registered the account because of Yvette in the past.

He cast his eyes down, suppressed the discomfort in his heart, and added sweetcherry as a friend.

Her Facebook name was Cherry Smith.

She approved the friend request as soon as he sent it.

After that, Cherry sent him several pictures.

Puzzled, Ian replied with a question mark: ?

Cherry sent him a voice message: "Sponsor Grandpa, you're under my care from today onward. You must remember to log in to Facebook every day and send me messages, okay? We must maintain the sparks of our friendship!"

Sparks?

Ian was confused.

Cherry sent another message: “We mustn’t let the sparks of our friendship extinguish! Once we send each other messages for seven days, our sparks of friendship will burn strongly! After another few days, our little boat of friendship will sail off and eventually become a giant ferry!”

“ ... ”

Ian fell silent. He couldn’t help but feel that children came up with some pretty ridiculous things these days.

However, when he thought of what she said again, he replied: “Okay.”

After he replied, it was time for dinner. The caretaker came in and asked, “Sir, how about having some oatmeal?”

Ian clenched his jaw.

He didn’t have any appetite, but when he thought of his promise with the little girl... He would drag his life on for a few more days, he supposed. If he passed the next day, the little girl would probably be sad.

He said dispassionately, “Okay.”

—

Elsewhere, Nora had reached the dance studio after being dragged there by Sheril.

The classroom was very big and featured mirrors on all four sides.

The moment she walked in, she saw that there were a few young men and women there. They were currently standing around a girl in the corner and chatting.

At the sight of Sheril, a thin man came over and smiled bashfully at her. He said, “Sheril, you’re here!”

Sheril blushed and nodded. Then, she introduced him to Nora. “Nora, this is my boyfriend, Caden Hayes.”

Her boyfriend?

Nora sized him up carefully. She couldn't help but feel like the man made people feel a little uncomfortable.

However, she didn't say much.

Sheril introduced Nora to Caden and the two of them said hi to each other.

At this point, the chatter from a distance away reached them.

"Really? Your family is so amazing!"

"Wow, Rachel, are you going to meet Tanya Turner? I'm so envious!"

"..."

Caden was taken aback for a moment. Then, he asked with a smile, "Tanya Turner? What are you guys talking about?"

Someone answered, "It's Rachel! Her mother heard that Ms. Turner will be coming back to the States in a few days, so she specially invited her to go to their place to hold a few dance lessons for her!"

After answering him, the group of youngsters gathered around Rachel and asked, "Can we also join the class, Rachel?"

At the sight of everyone swarming over there, Caden looked at Sheril and said, "Sheril, Rachel is your cousin, right? Can you ask her to let us join the class?"

Sheril's expression immediately changed and she looked as if she had been put in a spot.

Nora, on the other hand, was taken aback. "She's your cousin?"

"Yes, Rachel is Sheril's uncle's daughter from the maternal side of the family. I'm sure she'll agree if Sheril asks her!"

Nora looked at Rachel Wood, who was surrounded by everyone and basking in the limelight.

She had wavy hair, a slim and graceful figure, and a delicate aura around her. The scholarly aura around her was a little similar to the one that Melissa had.

It was just that even though Melissa looked delicate, she also had a very dignified aura around her.

On the other hand, Rachel's imitation was lacking and it fell flat, making her seem somewhat chintzy.

With the wall of people in between, she spoke with a great sense of superiority and said, "It's very difficult to get Ms. Turner to open a class. It's not about money at all. My mother only managed to ask her to open a class for me after asking a lot of people for favors."

Someone who was trying to flatter her said, "It's rare for Tanya Turner to come back to the States, so I heard that her schedule is totally packed. It's really amazing that your family could get her over!"

Rachel suddenly looked at Sheril. "There are already a lot of people in the class, Sheril. I may not be able to let you join this time..."

As soon as she said that, everyone looked over.

Sheril immediately felt her face flush in embarrassment as though she was living on someone's charity.

Rachel, however, didn't let her off. She continued and said, "You can ask your mother to make an appointment for you, though. That way, you'll also be able to attend her classes! By the way, does your mother have any connections? Do you want my mother to hook her up with the relevant people?"

After the Andersons fell into decline, as Simon's wife, Melissa's status had also dropped.

However, not only did her family, the Woods, not help her in any way, but they even rubbed it in.

Take, for example, what was currently happening. What Rachel said had in no uncertain terms told everyone that even though Melissa had been part of the Woods in the past, her current authority and connections were actually not as good as the Woods'.

Sheril clenched her fists and tried her best to make herself look calm as she replied, "No, it's fine. I'm not very interested in dancing anyway..."

Rachel curled her lip. "Is that so?"

She glanced at Caden. Then, as though she was talking about Sheril yet also as insinuating something else, she said, "What a shame."

After that, she turned and looked at the other people there.

However, when she did, she saw that everyone who had been circling around her and asking about Tanya just now was instead now staring curiously at Nora.

The young woman, who was dressed simply, easily became the focus of the crowd just by gracefully standing there.

Rachel frowned. She took the initiative to walk over, held Sheril's hand with a smile, and asked gently, "Who's this, Sheril?"

Sheril suppressed her awkwardness and embarrassment and naturally made the introductions. "This is Nora, my eldest aunt's daughter."

A surprised Rachel immediately exclaimed rather loudly, "Huh? So that's who you are! I totally couldn't tell from your figure that you've given birth before!"

The words "you've given birth before" astonished everyone there.

Rachel covered her mouth and looked at the two of them apologetically. She said, "S-sorry, I accidentally spoke without thinking for a moment there. Nora, you don't mind, right?"

To outsiders, premarital pregnancies were seen as immoral behavior. Under normal circumstances, even if one's family didn't help them to hide it, they wouldn't publicize it like that, either.

However, Rachel had mentioned it the moment she came over. This made everyone instantly look at her in a different way.

Nora could hear someone nearby whisper, "Tsk, she looks pretty pure and innocent. I didn't expect that she already has kids."

"Why is someone like her here to dance? Is she trying to hook up with someone?"

Sheril frowned. She stood in front of Nora and said, "Don't spout nonsense, Rachel. Nora's just here to learn how to dance!"

Rachel cast her eyes down and smirked. "In that case, does she have a dance partner yet?"

Sheril looked at the other people there.

Most people who came here to dance didn't come at fixed intervals. Neither did they have fixed dance partners. She had originally thought that it would be very easy to find Nora a dance partner since she was so pretty.

However, Rachel's words just now had obviously made everyone averse to Nora.

She was about to say something when Nora smiled and said, "It's okay, Sheril. I'll just watch you dance."

Sheril said, "Nora, you..."

Nora cast her eyes down. "It's fine, really."

Sheril knew that trying to comfort her further now would only result in the opposite effect, so she could only give her a resigned nod.

When the dance teacher arrived, everyone split into pairs and started to dance.

A bored Nora leaned against the wall and played with her cell phone while she watched Sheril out of the corner of her eye.

Caden was unexpectedly a pretty good dancer.

International ballroom dancing was performed in pairs of men and women. In particular, if the men were strong enough, their dancing would be very exciting to watch when they led the woman.

Caden was likely a professional. He held Sheril by her waist and danced, the two of them forming a dazzling sight. Gradually, they became the center of all the dancers in the room.

While they were dancing, Sheril was also constantly looking at Nora.

She suddenly suggested, “Caden, why don’t you dance with Nora later?”

Caden was a little reluctant. He replied, “I wanted to say this just now, but someone like her who became pregnant before marriage must have a very profligate lifestyle in private. Sheril, you shouldn’t associate too much with her.”

An unhappy-looking Sheril said, “You don’t even know what Nora is like or anything about her past. Why would you say that?”

Caden frowned. “Okay, okay, I won’t say any more. She doesn’t look like she’s danced before, though. I’m a professional; it may not be appropriate to have me lead her in a dance.”

His eyes were downcast and he looked obviously reluctant.

After the dance, Sheril cast Caden aside and went to Nora.

Next to them, Rachel clenched her fists when she saw what she did.

Although her dance partner was also pretty good, he ultimately still couldn’t compare with Caden.

Sheril obviously didn’t dance as well as her, yet because Caden was the one leading her, she had actually danced better than her!

Furious, Rachel narrowed her eyes. Then, she suddenly walked toward Caden...

Sheril had a good temper and a cheerful personality.

Although she found Caden’s words unpleasant, she knew that he ultimately wasn’t aware of her cousin’s circumstances, so it was understandable that he would misunderstand. Thus, after she counseled herself a little, she decided to explain to Caden what had happened to Nora.

She didn’t have a profligate lifestyle. Rather, she had been deceived.

But as soon as she turned around, she instead saw Caden and Rachel walking toward her together.

The two of them behaved intimately, which made Sheril frown.

Caden seemed a little awkward, but he nevertheless bit the bullet and said, "I'm having the next dance with Rachel, Sheril."

Sheril's eyes widened. "What?"

Rachel smiled and took Caden's arm. She said, "Sorry about that, Sheril. My partner and I don't fit quite well together. Caden's the best dancer in our class, so I thought that if we dance together, I could have Ms. Turner give him a few pointers, too. It's mutually beneficial for both of us after all! You won't mind, right?"

Sheril was so angry that her hands were shaking.

She looked at Caden with her eyes red.

He had refused to dance with her cousin when she asked him just now, yet he was going to dance with Rachel now?

He clearly knew that she and Rachel were at loggerheads! And that she was always looking for opportunities to bully her!

Sheril felt her throat going tight and she felt like she had been betrayed. She asked, "Are you sure you want to do that, Caden?"

Caden replied in a low voice, "You know I major in dance, so I'll have to participate in international ballroom dancing competitions. If I can get some pointers from Ms. Turner, I'll definitely benefit a lot from it!"

Sheril clenched her fists and said, "Caden, I'll let you choose—either you dance with me or we break up, in which case you're free to dance with whomever you want!"

Caden frowned and said, "You're being unreasonable, Sheril!"

Rachel also said calmly, "Sheril, I'm just asking Caden to dance with me. Why are you making such a huge fuss? How can you hold Caden back like that?"

She sneered, "It's the Andersons who can't get Ms. Turner as a dance teacher, yet you're forbidding me from helping him? If you were able to get her as a teacher and have her give Caden some pointers, he wouldn't have chosen to dance with me, either!"

Sheril turned pale and she tried to hold her tears back.

At this point, an extremely cold and indifferent voice reached them. “Who says the Andersons can’t get Tanya to teach us how to dance?”

Chapter 74 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

The two settled on a time and place.

When she hung up, Cherry ran in. She stared at her all wide-eyed and asked, “Mommy, are you really taking me to have lunch with Daddy tomorrow?”

Nora rubbed her head and said calmly, “You have classes tomorrow, so how am I going to take you out for lunch?”

“...” Cherry hung her head dejectedly. “I knew it!”

A mischievous look flashed across Nora’s eyes.

Pete went to the Quinn School of Martial Arts every Tuesday and Friday. Apart from those two days, he spent the rest of the time studying at home. She hadn’t seen her son for three days.

The next day, Nora sent Cherry to the kindergarten.

She stopped the car at the roadside as usual. Then, she took Cherry’s hand and led her to the door where a teacher was waiting.

Cherry was wearing a school uniform that the kindergarten had custom-made and carrying a big schoolbag. She looked extremely adorable.

The teacher greeted them. “Are you Cheryl Smith? You’re in Class A. I’m your teacher. Shall I bring you in?”

Cherry was about to run in when Nora held her shoulder. Nora said, “I’ll say a few words to her first, Miss.”

The teacher nodded. She was already accustomed to this.

Parents were generally reluctant to part with their children the first time they sent them to kindergarten, and would say things like “Tell the teacher if someone bullies you”, “Don’t cry. Mommy will pick you up on time”, and so on.

The thought had only just formed when she saw the woman in front of her coolly instruct, "Don't bully the kids, don't pretend to cry, and don't bully the teachers. Do you hear me?"

The teacher was bewildered.

When she looked again, the little girl, who was happy and excited just now, had straightened her back. She grinned and said, "Cherry will take good care of the teachers and the other kiddies, Mommy. Don't worry!"

The teacher felt a chill go down her back. Suddenly, she wondered to herself, 'What if that newly-enrolled little girl's no little princess but a little devil instead?'

Nora watched as Cherry, whose hand the teacher was holding, hopped and skipped into the kindergarten. Before they even went through the school building's entrance, Cherry said something which made the teacher laugh. She picked her up straight away and brought her to the classroom.

Nora was rendered speechless.

The little fellow sure was capable of getting along with everyone.

After dropping her child off, a relaxed Nora stretched and looked at the time. When she saw that it was still early, she decided to go back home and take a nap.

At 11 am, she finally woke up lazily and got ready to head to the restaurant where she was meeting Justin.

Before she left, Melissa stopped her and said, "There's a dance party in a few days, Nora. I'm thinking of taking you there to meet more people..."

Nora answered casually, "Sure."

She left right after that.

Melissa, however, looked hesitant.

Simon asked, "What's wrong?"

Melissa sighed. "A lot of people will be attending the dance party. I'm afraid Nora doesn't know how to dance..."

Simon was a man, so he wasn't concerned about as many things as her. He said, "Just don't dance then. We're just going there to socialize anyway."

Melissa stared at him speechlessly for a moment. If she didn't dance at a dance party... Others would only think that Nora wasn't fit to be seen in public!

Besides, all the ladies of wealthy families were skilled at song and dance, and had no lack of talent. Nora was so pretty; there was no doubt that they would make things difficult for her there.

Worried, she picked up the phone and said, "I'll call Sheril's dance teacher and have her give Nora a crash course! At the very least, she should master the waltz first."

—

Justin had picked the restaurant. After all, New York was his turf.

After turning several corners in a small alley according to the address he gave her, Nora finally saw a courtyard. There was only a small sign at the entrance.

If she hadn't seen the house number, she would probably have never noticed that the place was a restaurant.

The exterior was decorated with blue bricks while the interior was a whole different world on its own.

Past the entrance was a pathway paved with tiles that exuded a rich classical flavor. There was a fountain at the front, and meticulously maintained bushes lined both sides, making it look like a garden in a palace. The decor was very exquisite.

Nora followed the service staff into the private room.

She had arrived ten minutes early, so she thought that there was no one inside yet. However, when she pushed the door open, she instead saw a tall figure seated at a table in the room.

The man, whose long legs were crossed, wore a black suit. An elegant landscape painting was hanging on the wall behind him, and he was drinking from a coffee cup.

The man didn't appear to be out of place at all even in a room as full of classical flavor as this.

His skin was fair, and the beauty mark at the corner of his eye was alluring and charming. It was as if he had merged with the decor around him, making him seem like a princely young man from olden times.

At the sight of Nora, the man placed the coffee cup down gracefully. He glanced behind her before he gestured to the seat opposite him and motioned her to take a seat. He asked, "Where's your daughter, Miss Smith?"

"Oh, she has classes." An unabashed Nora said without batting even an eyelid. She sat down across from him and asked, "Where's your son, Mr. Hunt?"

There was a smile in Justin's deep-set eyes as he said, "He has classes, too."

"..."

Had she known her son wasn't coming, she might as well have stayed home and slept!

That scumbag!

Nora dissed him silently. She picked up the coffee cup that was just served to her and took a sip. The coffee was very rich and fragrant—it was Geisha coffee. On top of that, it seemed like Hacienda La Esmeralda Geisha coffee?

The coffee required unique cultivating conditions, and only a certain amount was grown every year.

She didn't think that a humble little restaurant like this would actually have it and even serve it to guests.

Unfortunately, in her eyes, good food and good drinks weren't as practical as a night's sleep.

Justin found himself amused at the sight of her finishing the coffee in one gulp as though someone didn't know how to appreciate it. He asked dispassionately, "Miss Smith seems particularly concerned about my son?"

Nora lowered her eyes and replied, "Yes. After all, Pete is smart, cute, and lovable."

Dim light flickered in Justin's eyes when he heard her reply.

The look in his dark eyes was unreadable. It was hard to tell whether he believed her or not.

The service staff knocked on the door at this point and started to serve the food.

The food portion was small but exquisite and varied.

To foodies, it was a great option.

However, to Nora... This was too troublesome!

A single dish wasn't even enough to fill up her mouth. She could've filled her tummy with just a few bites, but in the end, she was forced to spend several times longer than usual to eat.

She felt very frustrated.

She could usually fill her tummy in two minutes, but ten minutes had already passed and yet she still wasn't full.

Nora glanced at the man—he was eating slowly and elegantly. She couldn't help but think that he was doing this on purpose.

Ah, well.

She wasn't really here to eat anyway.

Nora suddenly spoke. She said, "It's so boring, Mr. Hunt. Why don't we play a game?"

Justin asked, "What kind of game?"

Nora's lips curled into a smile. She picked up a wine bottle from the side and replied, "Truth or dare."

She spun the bottle.

Justin, however, reached out and pressed the bottle down gently. He looked at her with a faint smile in his eyes and said, "You can just ask whatever you want to, Miss Smith."

That woman sure was doing everything possible to get to know him better.

As soon as the thought formed, he heard the woman ask, “How did you and Pete’s mother come to have him, Mr. Hunt?”

How exactly had she gotten pregnant back then?

Nora was really curious about this, so she looked at Justin eagerly, hoping that he could give her a logical answer.

However, Justin’s smile gradually faded.

Pete’s mother was something unmentionable to him. No one had ever dared to bring it up all these years.

The moment he thought of all those things she did, he couldn’t help but wish he could find her and kill her!

Yet when the person asking about it was the woman in front of him, for some reason, Justin actually found that he couldn’t get angry with her.

She must be worried that Pete’s biological mother would suddenly appear and end up affecting their life together, right?

Justin cast his deep-set eyes down slightly. Although his tone was mild, his choice of words was strong. “Don’t worry, I won’t allow Pete’s mother to show up in front of me and him again!”

Nora fell silent when she sensed the acute frigidity bursting out of the man.

Hello, she was already right in front of him, though?!

Besides, what was he telling her not to worry about?

She decided to be blunter about it and asked, “What I want to ask is—was Pete conceived naturally?”

“...”

Why were her questions becoming more and more explicit?

Something occurred to Justin and his ears gradually turned a little red. He put down his cutlery, took a sip of water, and chuckled softly. "Is Miss Smith concerned that I may have problems of a particular nature?"

Nora was bewildered.

"I'm a normal man."

Nora, "!!"

She had only spent five years abroad, but she actually found that she didn't understand English anymore!

The woman in front of him widened her eyes as a look of surprise came over her palm-sized face. For some reason, this put Justin in a great mood.

He felt a rare urge to tell her the secret hidden in the depths of his heart, but at the thought that it would damage his image, he suppressed the desire to talk and instead asked, "What kind of person is your daughter's father?"

"Huh?" Nora didn't expect him to actually ask questions of his own. On top of that, he had even asked about something like that.

Her slender fingers tapped against the table and she chuckled softly. "I'll tell you if you answer my question."

Was she talking about whether Pete was naturally conceived or not?

Justin suddenly realized that perhaps what she was concerned about was whether he'd had relationships with other women instead. That was why she was pressing the issue.

He pressed his lips together. With the beauty mark at the corner of his eye exuding a bit of a serious aura, he suddenly said, "If I say that I don't know how Pete came about either, would you believe me?"

He only recalled vaguely that he seemed to be missing a night's memories...

Dark light flickered in his eyes. He reckoned that probably no one would believe him even if he said so, right?

Unexpectedly, the woman nodded seriously and replied, "I believe you."

Justin, "..."

He suddenly felt a little warmth in his heart, as if a ray of sunshine had suddenly shone into a flower on the verge of blooming, making it slowly bloom.

How could Nora possibly not believe him?

The exact same thing had happened to her, too.

Curiosity made her ask another question. "Since you don't know what had happened, what if Pete's mother is also innocent? You—"

Before she could finish, Justin lowered his gaze and said, "She's not worthy of being someone's mother."

Nora's words came to an abrupt end.

The man's tone was full of murderous intent.

As if he had thought of something, Justin said with a cold expression, "Let's not talk about that vicious woman anymore."

He looked back up and changed the subject. "Can you tell me your story, Miss Smith?"

"Oh." Nora gently rested her chin on her hand. In a slightly husky voice, she said casually and calmly, "Cherry's father... has a problem with his brain, so he's an idiot. He goes on and on about fighting and killing people every day, and also thinks that every woman in the world is in love with him. Sigh!"

Since he had called her a vicious woman, it wasn't too much to curse him a little, right?

It's just tit-for-tat!

Justin frowned.

An idiot?

He had always thought that her premarital pregnancy was because she had been young and foolish, and ended up being deceived. He asked, "Isn't Miss Smith the best at resolving problems with the brain?"

Nora waved. "He's very ill. I can't cure him."

Justin felt a little uncomfortable, yet he was also puzzled. "Why did you have a child with an idiot, then?"

Nora, who was trying to suppress her laughter, glanced at him again. "Who knows? Maybe God thinks he shouldn't be left heir-less?"

Justin scoffed and said sarcastically, "You're pretty much just doing charity with that. After all, apart from you, that idiot probably won't be able to find any other woman for the rest of his lifetime."

Tsk.

He sure had a foul mouth.

Nora looked at him with amusement.

Seeing the woman's smile, Justin suddenly realized something—what was the point of him taking an idiot so seriously?

He picked up the cutlery and continued eating.

Inwardly, however, he suddenly became very curious and he couldn't help thinking, 'I wonder what that idiot looks like?'

While he was eating, Nora, who simply found the whole affair very troublesome, said, "I'm full, Mr. Hunt. You—"

"I'm not done yet."

"... Take your time to eat? I'll leave first?"

Justin, who continued to dine leisurely, said, "Is this how the Andersons treat someone to a meal, Miss Smith?"

"..."

Nora sat back down in silence. She realized that the man really was very particular about his meals. He ate the cold dishes first before going on to the warm ones and even drank a bit of water in between every once in a while.

He carried himself elegantly and beautifully, much like a beast in human clothing.

When Nora, who had always felt that eating was a waste of time, calmed herself down, she couldn't help but think, 'So, the act of eating can actually be that beautiful?'

Two hours later, Justin finally put down his cutlery.

Nora heaved a sigh of relief. When she asked for the bill, the service staff said, "Mr. Hunt has already paid."

Taken aback, Nora looked at him.

There was a small smile on Justin's handsome countenance. He said, "It's my treat this time. You can treat me next time."

"Alright, then."

She stood up together with him and followed him out of the private room. It was only after they left the restaurant that Nora finally realized what he had said just now.

What the f*ck?

This meal alone was already torturous enough; were they going to do this again?

That scumbag! He was trying to waste her time, wasn't he?

The corners of her lips spasmed a couple of times. The two of them reached the underground car park. When Nora pressed the car key, the big black jeep lit up. She was about to walk over when she realized that Justin had walked over one step ahead of her.

What was he doing? Didn't he drive here?

She was just thinking about it when Justin actually walked over to where the driver's seat was, opened the door for her, and gestured politely for her to get in.

" ... "

The light in the car park was a little dim, yet when the man stood there, it was as if all the light was shining on him. His actions were gentlemanly and thoughtful. “Be careful not to knock your head.”

Nora felt her throat going dry.

After she got in the car and left, Justin stared at her from the back. He suddenly smiled.

That Mercedes Benz jeep was very big and had a taller chassis. There was no doubt that women who liked driving that car had a wild and feral nature.

Then, he thought of the young woman’s lazy appearance—she looked just like a cat.

And on top of being a cat, she was even a wild little one.

Nora drove back to the Andersons.

Midway, however, she suddenly received a call from the kindergarten. “Miss Smith, please hurry to the kindergarten! Something has happened to Cherry!”

Something had happened to Cherry?

Nora’s eyes widened. She did an abrupt U-turn, stomped on the accelerator, and raced straight to the kindergarten.

Nora was driving a jeep, but the way she was driving, it was as if she was driving a sports car instead.

Screeeeech!

The car stopped at the school gate. She got out and strode toward the kindergarten.

Ms. Lynn, the teacher who had brought Cherry into the kindergarten earlier that day, was waiting there. She was a young woman in her twenties and was currently in a panic.

How anxious must the parents be, having something go wrong on the first day their child was sent to school?

With that thought in mind, she went forward to Nora and said, “Ms. Smith...”

Nora interrupted her and asked, "Are the children okay?"

Ms. Lynn, "?"

The confused teacher replied, "... Yes, they are."

As Nora walked in with the teacher, she asked, "Are the teachers also okay?"

"... Yes, they are all fine."

Nora was taken aback. "In that case, who did Cherry beat up?"

She subconsciously glanced at the school gate. "The security guard?"

Ms. Lynn, "???"

How would Cherry possibly be able to beat such a big and tall security guard, especially when he had even gone through professional martial arts training?!

No, wait, they had digressed too much.

Ms. Lynn said anxiously, "Cherry fainted!"

It was Nora's turn to be surprised this time. "Surely, she's just faking it?"

Although Cherry was born a month prematurely, as a doctor, Nora had nursed and taken care of Cherry very well. While she looked a little skinnier than most, she was actually as strong as a young calf!

Faint? Cherry?

Ms. Lynn was so dumbfounded that she couldn't even utter the words of comfort she had originally wanted to say. She said emphatically, "It's true!"

This piqued Nora's curiosity and she said, "I'll go take a look."

Ms. Lynn followed after her and said, "She's in the dance studio. Don't worry, Ms. Smith. I know you aren't in good health, so it must have been hard raising Cherry all these years. Cherry is also a very lovable and obedient girl. We'll definitely hold the culprit accountable!"

Nora was rendered speechless.

Only then did she realize that the teacher was now calling Cherry by her nickname instead of 'Cheryl Smith' like what she had done when Nora sent her to the kindergarten...

So, what exactly happened today?

Despite claiming that it was impossible that Cherry had fainted, Nora nevertheless obviously quickened her pace. Ms. Lynn couldn't catch up to her even when she jogged briskly behind her.

The moment they entered the dance studio, Nora immediately saw Cherry lying on the sofa. A few teachers were gathered around her, and standing next to them was a little girl in a dance practice outfit who was crying loudly. A teacher, who was also wearing a dance practice outfit, was currently trying to coax her.

Was Cherry really hurt?

When Nora walked over, she heard the school doctor say, "Don't worry, Ms. Smith. I've already given her a checkup. Cherry looks totally fine. She probably fainted because she was too aggrieved. Sigh!"

"..."

Yeah, aggrieved, my a*s.

From the moment she held Cherry's wrist and felt a strong pulse, Nora knew immediately that she was just pretending.

She couldn't help but hold her forehead.

She had only just warned her against pretending to cry in the morning, yet she was already pretending to faint?

Even so, the little fellow's eyes were still and motionless. Her acting was pretty good.

She tickled Cherry's palm with a finger: 'Stop acting and wake up.'

Cherry returned a tickle of her own on Nora's palm: 'Mommy, don't expose me!'

Nora was rendered speechless.

She coughed and asked, "What happened?"

By then, Ms. Lynn had also entered the dance studio. Seeing that she looked calm and hadn't started ranting at the teachers as soon as she came in, she immediately felt even more strongly that Cherry's family must be reasonable people.

She said, "The kindergarten is celebrating its 50th anniversary soon, so we're going to hold a huge party and all the parents will be invited. The kindergarten is selecting twenty children for the finale dance. I saw that Cherry is very talented, so I wanted to let her try out for the dance, but as a result, she ended up getting into a conflict with her classmate Sinead Lowe..."

Sinead was probably the crying little girl.

Nora glanced at her. The child's posture was straight and upright. It was obvious from a glance that she had gone through dance training before. It was just that even though so much time had already passed, she was still crying. It was obvious how spoiled she was.

While she was thinking, the dance teacher who was coaxing Sinead stood up. She had an air of elegance around her, though she also had a bit of an arrogant look on her face. She frowned and said, "I am Whitney Lowe, Sinead's mother."

She walked to the side and took out a bag. Then, she took out a wad of cash from within and threw it in Nora's face. "I'll take responsibility for this and pay for Cheryl Smith's medical expenses. This should be enough for you to still have some left over after that. In that sense, the two of you even profited a little."

Nora was bewildered.

A cold look appeared on her face. She looked at Ms. Lynn and asked, "What exactly is going on?"

Ms. Lynn glanced at the dance teacher and explained in a low voice, "Sinead's mother is a dance teacher that the kindergarten specially hired. She was the runner-up in the women's category for an international dance competition. After that, she married into the Lowes, a wealthy family. She's now a famous dance teacher in the circle..."

“Cherry’s very smart and learned the dance very quickly, but Sinead kept saying that she wasn’t doing it right. The two children then got into an argument and Mrs. Lowe chided Cherry a little. After that, she passed out from anger...”

As soon as she said that, Sinead yelled, “That’s because everyone keeps looking at her when she’s dancing! I’m the center! Don’t let her go on stage!”

The moment she said that, the teachers became even more embarrassed.

Nora understood now.

Cherry had big eyes and fair skin, and looked very adorable. She was certainly very eye-catching among the group of children in the kindergarten.

Sinead was the center, but Cherry had robbed her of all the limelight, so she became dissatisfied.

Whitney was their dance teacher, so she would definitely be partial toward Sinead.

Cherry had always been clever and was someone who refused to let anyone give her the short end of the stick. As she was at a disadvantage, she had pretended to faint so that Sinead couldn’t say anything even if she wanted to!

Nora couldn’t help yawning.

She had always been someone who fought others head-on and did everything directly and straightforwardly. Just whom did her daughter inherit all these little ideas from? It really was very... silly.

She picked up Cherry and prepared to leave.

However, Whitney stood in front of her as soon as she got up. The cool and standoffish woman said arrogantly, “Ms. Smith, your child is so bad-tempered. All they did was just argue a little, yet she could make herself pass out from anger.”

Nora, “?”

She didn’t even make a fuss, yet Whitney was kicking up one instead?

She stood still and turned around.

Whitney pointed to Cherry and said to Ms. Lynn, “That girl has a poor physique. I checked her body just now. She’s very stiff and isn’t suitable to be a dancer. Withdraw her from the upcoming performance and switch to someone else instead.”

Sinead immediately clapped happily and said, “Yes, make her withdraw! Don’t let her go on stage!”

Ms. Lynn looked livid.

She said hesitantly, “But I think Cherry danced pretty well just now...”

“Which part of that was good?” Whitney reprimanded sternly, “Are you the professional here, or am I? Her movements were stiff and too forceful just now. Neither did she follow the rhythm and ended up missing the beat several times, making her out of sync with the rest of the children. She was born unsuitable for dancing!”

The look in Nora’s eyes turned even colder.

Cherry’s physique was amazingly good. Otherwise, Quinn wouldn’t have begged to take her as his disciple.

That woman named Whitney Lowe... A professional?

Hah.

She asked unhurriedly, “Does this mean that Cherry can be part of the dance if someone more professional than you says that she’s suitable for dancing?”

Someone more professional than her?

Whitney sneered. With a confident and arrogant look in her eyes, she scoffed, “Can you even find someone more professional than me in the States?”

Ms. Lynn tugged on Nora’s sleeve and said, “Ms. Smith, the competition that Mrs. Lowe had participated in was the Blackpool Dance Festival. It’s a world-class international ballroom dancing competition... Mrs. Lowe has founded a dance academy in New York that specializes in teaching students gifted in the art, and there are scores of people who wish for her guidance. She holds great authority in the dancing circle.”

Then, Ms. Lynn lowered her voice and said, “In order to have her teach their children, there are even some wealthy families who treat her very politely. She’s even given the Hunts’ and the Smiths’ children dance lessons before...”

Nora scoffed lightly when she heard Ms. Lynn’s explanation. As it turned out, that woman named Whitney did indeed know what she was doing.

No wonder she had the guts to try resolving the issue with money in a kindergarten like this just now.

People engaged in the arts typically had rather lofty ideals. She must have formed an exaggerated opinion of her abilities, thanks to the other parents’ flattery.

Nora cast her eyes down and slowly said, “Ms. Lynn, I will find someone more professional than her to judge whether Cherry is suitable to dance or not.”

Whitney had exquisite makeup on. By then, she had also already put on her coat and leather shoes, making her seem exceptionally elegant. When she heard what Nora said, she sneered, “We’ll wait and see, then. However, until you find someone more professional than me, Cheryl Smith will not be allowed to attend my dance classes!”

After saying that, she took Sinead’s hand and turned to leave.

However, as soon as she turned, someone grabbed her ponytail. Then, her shoulder was held down and a great force threw her against the wall next to her!

Bam!

In front of Whitney was an icy-cold wall. Her hair was still being pulled and her shoulder held down. She couldn’t move at all. Furious, she demanded, “What are you doing?”

A low and mild voice slowly reached from behind. “Mrs. Lowe, shouldn’t you apologize to my daughter after bullying her?”

Cherry was mischievous and never allowed anyone to give her the short end of the stick.

Neither would Nora allow her daughter to suffer any grievances for no reason.

Whitney yelled, “No way!”

As soon as she did, Nora yanked her hair downward hard again, making her scalp sting terribly. As though she was simply stating a truth, the woman’s voice was calm and peaceful as she said, “Apologize.”

There was a murderous look in her frosty eyes.

Whitney shivered. She swallowed hard and clenched her fists tightly. At last, as though humiliated, she said, “I’m sorry.”

“Yawn...”

Nora let go of her and yawned again. Only then did she pick up Cherry again and lazily leave the dance studio.

After she left, a furious Whitney yelled hysterically, “I’m calling the police! How dare she assault me! I’m having her thrown in jail!”

Ms. Lynn and the others finally recovered from the sudden turn of events just now.

At this point, the principal also arrived fashionably late. Upon hearing Whitney, he held her arm and said, “Mrs. Lowe, we’re all people with respectable identities here. Moreover, we really have no idea who that lady is. The bigwigs have specially instructed us to treat her with civility...”

The bigwigs...

Whitney clenched her fists tightly and breathed heavily as a look of intense fury came over her face. However, she did stop clamoring about calling the police.

—

In the jeep on the way home.

Cherry sat in the passenger seat and buckled her seat belt. The large seat made her look even smaller than she was. She asked, “Mommy, are you really going to ask Aunt Tanya to come back to the States for my sake?”

Nora raised her eyebrows. “No way.”

Cherry was puzzled.

Aunt Tanya was someone who loved dancing. She had also participated in competitions and emerged as the champion before. She had immediately thought of her when Mommy said that she would find someone more professional just now.

However, Mommy was actually saying that she wasn't asking her to come back?

Amid Cherry's puzzlement, Nora chuckled and said, "Your Aunt Tanya is returning to the States next week. She was invited to a dance conference as an examiner."

Cherry immediately became excited. "So that's what it is!"

While the two of them were chatting, they had already returned to the Andersons' residence.

After parking the car and entering the house, Sheril came over with a smile and said, "Nora, I've successfully produced the Carefree Pill according to your formula! We can finally start mass production now!"

Nora nodded. "Oh."

Sheril was about to say more when Melissa walked over with a smile. "Alright, you may have accomplished something big, Sheril, but don't you forget the trivial matters now."

Trivial matters?

A puzzled Nora looked at Sheril, who smiled and said, "I have dance class later, Nora. Can you come with me? Let's have the choreographer choreograph a dance for us. We can perform it together during the dance party!"

Nora didn't want to go. She wanted to go upstairs and sleep instead, so she replied, "No, it's..."

"C'mon, let's go!" Sheril pulled Nora by her arm and called out, "Mom, look after Cherry, okay?"

"..."

An absolutely unwilling Nora was then dragged out of the door!

But before she was dragged out the door, she saw the gentle expression on Melissa's countenance and she found herself unable to refuse her kindness again.

Forget it, she would just go.

On the way there, Sheril asked, "Can you dance, Nora?"

Nora thought for a moment before she replied, "Just a little, but I don't dance often."

Perhaps because she spent more time sleeping than others, she preferred engaging in more stimulating activities when she was awake—such as racing, skiing, and martial arts.

When it came to dancing, the only kind she liked was tango.

However, because she practiced martial arts, her strength was too great. There was basically no man who could suppress her aura, so she stopped dancing.

Sheril smiled and said, "It's fine. We'll just pick up a few moves casually. It's okay even if you don't dance during the party!"

After Nora went out, Cherry obediently went to the study with her cell phone, intending to spend the next two hours gaming and doing a live-stream.

As soon as she started the live stream, she saw that her number one fan, Sponsor Grandpa, was already there. Cherry immediately greeted excitedly, "Hello, Sponsor Grandpa!"

Sponsor Grandpa responded relatively slowly: "Hello."

Cherry said, "I'm playing as the same hero today. Without Chesty making trouble here today, I'm gonna try getting into this season's rankings on the local server!"

She turned on the game after she spoke.

Then, a large number of notifications suddenly scrolled past her screen!

Cherry was taken aback for a moment. Then, she saw that Sponsor Grandpa had tipped her with 9,999 airplanes.

Sponsor Grandpa wrote: 'This is for you to buy candy with, little fellow.'

Cherry smiled sweetly and said, "Thank you, Grandpa!"

After she entered the game and played for a couple of minutes, she noticed that Sponsor Grandpa was arguing with some of the other viewers in the comments.

"Stop pretending to be a kid, sweetcherry. That kiddy voice of yours makes me wanna puke! You're so shameless to try attracting big bosses that way!"

Sponsor Grandpa: "She's a child."

"Haha, which idiot with too much money to spare is that Sponsor Grandpa of hers?"

"There must be something wrong with his brain. Is there any child who plays games so well? sweetcherry is definitely a cross-dresser using a voice changer! Otherwise, why wouldn't they dare to turn on the camera?"

"..."

Cherry became angry. "Who says I don't dare to turn on the camera?!"

More people started to comment:

"Turn it on, then? You're a bastard if you don't!"

"Is sweetcherry going to turn on the camera? I feel like I'm going to go blind later!"

"I smell a fight breaking out. This is a gaming channel. Does it matter whether they turn on the camera or not?"

"Yes, it does! No one goes as far as them as to straight-up pretend to be a five-year-old kid even if they use a voice changer when they play games. Do they think our IQs are very low?"

"Exactly! They even duped others into giving them tips to buy candy with. Tsk, the point here is—there are actually people who are falling for it! The top fan

on their list who calls himself Grandpa just gave them another tip worth \$150,000!”

“How does a perverted liar like them find the cheek to do live streams? Is it because their original voice sounds too awful?”

“That kind of tender voice is originally a child’s, which is supposed to sound cute and lovable. How come they have the gall to change their voice into one like that? What an insult to kids!”

Of course, there were also loyal fans of sweetcherry who defended her. It was just that there were only a few of them, so they were all drowned out by the insults.

“Watching sweetcherry pretending to be a kid is exactly what we like. What’s it to you? If you can’t stand it, then why don’t you get out?”

“Exactly. Are they holding a knife to your neck and forcing you to tip them?”

“The hero the live streamer plays as is a little girl who carries a cannon. I think it’s very apt that they use a child’s voice! Why are you being such a busybody?”

“ ... ”

When Cherry saw that even her loyal fans didn’t believe that she was a child, she frowned and said huffily and seriously, “I’m not a kid!”

In the comments:

“Hahaha, they’ve admitted it now!”

“I knew they were lying!”

“ ... ”

A few comments had only just scrolled past the screen when Cherry said huffily, “I’m already five! Which part of me is a kid?”

The comments fell silent for a while. Then, a loyal fan wrote weakly:

“Sweetie, that’s enough. Let’s not say any more. There’s nothing shameful in pretending to be a kid anyway...”

“If you say any more, it’ll start to seem a little pretentious. It’s enough! Enough!”

As for the antis, they switched on their combat mode.

“Ugh, they’re still pretending to be a kid. It’s so gross! ‘Already five’? More like you’re fifty, right? Which five-year-old can read so well?”

“A fifty-year-old probably doesn’t have that kind of hand speed and reflexes. They’re probably in their twenties or thirties... What I’m seeing in my mind is an ugly, gross, and wretched-looking middle-aged man...”

“Didn’t they say they’re gonna turn on the camera? What are you still dilly-dallying so much for? Hurry up and turn it on!”

“They must be deliberately saying all that in order to change the subject, right? Turn on the camera! Turn on the camera!”

“It’s not like they have the guts to. If they turn it on, they’ll expose their own lies!”

“...”

Seeing that no one believed her, Cherry felt as if she had suffered a great injustice. She said quietly, “Okay, I’ll turn on the camera now. Wait a minute, okie?”

After finishing the round at hand, she fumbled around for a while and finally turned on the camera.

The moment she did, an uproar went through the comments!

At the same time, Justin ended a busy day of work.

Bored, he glanced at Pete, who was studying next to him, and picked up his cell phone. Suddenly, he thought of the friend whom Chester had posted about the other day.

After downloading the live streaming app, he searched for ‘sweetcherry’.

As soon as he entered her live stream, he found that the comments were in a huge uproar.

“F*ck! F*ck, she’s really a kid!”

“I can’t believe my eyes!”

“sweetcherry is actually really only five?”

“F*ck! I’m actually a lousier player than an elementary school kid? Ah, no, a kindergartener? Self-doubt in progress here right now…”

“Ahhh, she’s so cute! She’s so cute! To think such a cute little baby who talks so adorably really exists!”

Justin, “?”

When he finally looked at the screen, he saw that the screen, which originally was showing just the game interface, now had a small window at a corner on the right.

Inside the window was a small figure.

She looked like she was about five years old. It was hard to tell whether it was a wig or her real hair, but she had two little braids on each side of her head, which made her look very adorable.

She was also wearing a white feather mask that covered most of her face.

The little fellow said huffily, “There, I’ve turned on the camera! I wasn’t lying, yeah! All of you should apologize to me!”

In the comments:

“She’s really only five? Oh my god! My outlook on life has been shattered!”

“I’m sorry! I was wrong! Please forgive me, big boss!”

All the antis had already disappeared in the background and didn’t dare to speak anymore.

Someone asked:

“Why are you wearing a mask? Are we not worthy of seeing what sweetcherry really looks like?”

“I already find her so cute when she’s just sitting there like that! Can you take off your mask and show us how you look? Don’t worry, there aren’t any ugly children out there!”

Sweetcherry waved and explained seriously, “No, I’m afraid that Daddy will see me!”

“What are you afraid of? It’s nothing bad that you’re making money on live streams. It’s not like your father will smack you, right?”

“Exactly. If I had such a lovely daughter, I’d definitely spoil her like a precious treasure!”

Of course, there were also some who didn’t agree with her actions. They reprimanded her, “Five-year-olds shouldn’t be playing with the cell phone every day. It’s not good for children! Your father is right to discipline you!”

Cherry said seriously, “No, Daddy won’t discipline me, but he’ll take me away and forbid Mommy from ever seeing me again!”

Her top fan, Grandpa, couldn’t help but write: “Your father is such an awful man!”

The rest of the comments agreed with his statement.

“Why would he take her away? Are your parents divorced? Is it because your father would think that your mother isn’t teaching you well if he finds out about the live stream?”

“My goodness, it’s so sad that there are fathers like that in this world. It’s so awful how they always think the world of themselves. My heart aches for sweetcherry.”

“Although it isn’t right that children play games every day, I checked the records just now. Sweetie, your game time is fixed, right? And you only play for two hours a day... I’m sure your mother has put thought into this, right? For some reason, my heart aches for Sweetie. I hate your wicked father!”

After seeing the comments, Cherry waved her hands anxiously and said, “No, no, it’s not like that! It’s not like that! My father doesn’t know that Mommy gave birth to me, so if he finds out, Mommy will be in trouble!”

“Your mother sounds so tragic. Did she raise you by herself?”

When Justin heard what she said, he suddenly thought of Pete...

Even sweetcherry’s mother knew that she should take care of her child, yet Pete’s biological mother was so horrible!

A hint of anger flashed in his eyes.

Cherry was about to say something when she noticed a tip of 9,999 airplanes. Amid the airplane icons scrolling across the screen, her number two fan, ‘JH’, wrote a few big words in bold red text: ‘Your father isn’t worthy of calling himself a man!’

Cherry, “??”

Daddy, is it really okay to insult yourself like that?

She panicked and got up from her chair. “Daddy, you—”

Before she could finish, she lost her balance and almost fell. However, after she steadied herself, the mask on her face instead fell off...

Justin’s heart suddenly stopped beating for a moment. It was only when he saw that she managed to regain her balance that he finally relaxed.

When he wanted to see what she looked like, rows of airplane icons suddenly swept across the screen.

After studying the interface with a frown for a while, he finally turned off the virtual gift visual effects. However, by the time he looked again, he found that sweetcherry had already turned off the camera.

For some reason, he felt a little disappointed.

He shook his head, finding his behavior rather comical.

She was just a child that he had interacted with a few times. Why was he so curious about what she looked like?

He tossed the cell phone aside. The little girl’s tender voice rang out in his earphones. “Thank you for the airplanes, Grandpa! Mwah!”

For some reason, Justin felt a little unhappy.

He had gifted her so many airplanes, but why didn't she blow him any flying kisses?

As a result, yet another row of 9999 airplane icons scrolled across the screen.

After sending the gift, he came back to his senses. He felt that he must be out of his mind...

Then, he heard the excited little fellow exclaim, "Wow, Daddy! You're so amazing, too! Mwah!"

Justin's lip corners couldn't help but curl upward.

Two hours later, Cherry stopped playing and got ready for dinner.

After ending the live stream, she sat on the chair with her chin propped on her hands and looked at the two highest-ranking names on the fan list.

Sponsor Grandpa was still in top place with a total of almost \$800,000 in tips.

Daddy was ranked second place with a total of about \$600,000 in tips.

She felt justified and didn't have any qualms about taking money from her father. However, it seemed like Sponsor Grandpa didn't know her at all...

Cherry opened a private chat window and sent him a voice message.

At the Smiths.

Although he had asked for steak the day before, Ian had stopped eating after taking just a bite.

He rested on the bed in a groggy daze all the way until now.

Watching sweetcherry's live stream seemed to have become the only thing he looked forward to every day.

Ian was frowning.

On his attractive visage, there was a contemplative look in his eyes.

He had seen what sweetcherry looked like when her mask dropped off just now, and he found her face vaguely familiar.

It was as if he had seen it somewhere before.

Even though he couldn't recall where he might have seen a face like that before, it nevertheless gave him a sense of kinship.

Ian smiled bitterly.

Perhaps life was just too boring. Or perhaps it was because she simply looked so adorable and clever?

He was about to toss the cell phone aside when he heard a sound notification.

When Ian picked it back up, he found that sweetcherry had sent him a private message: "Sponsor Grandpa, do you wanna play games? I can guide you, yeah!"

Games?

To be honest, Ian wasn't interested, but he didn't have the heart to refuse the little girl's kindness. Thus, he replied: "How are you going to guide me?"

Beep! Another notification rang out.

He tapped on it: "Let's add each other as friends first! Do you have a Facebook account, Sponsor Grandpa? After we add each other as friends, I'll be able to add you into the game from my friends list."

Ian replied: "Yes, I do."

Sweetcherry sent him a link to her Facebook page.

Ian logged in to the Facebook account that he hadn't touched in years. He had only registered the account because of Yvette in the past.

He cast his eyes down, suppressed the discomfort in his heart, and added sweetcherry as a friend.

Her Facebook name was Cherry Smith.

She approved the friend request as soon as he sent it.

After that, Cherry sent him several pictures.

Puzzled, Ian replied with a question mark: ?

Cherry sent him a voice message: "Sponsor Grandpa, you're under my care from today onward. You must remember to log in to Facebook every day and send me messages, okay? We must maintain the sparks of our friendship!"

Sparks?

Ian was confused.

Cherry sent another message: "We mustn't let the sparks of our friendship extinguish! Once we send each other messages for seven days, our sparks of friendship will burn strongly! After another few days, our little boat of friendship will sail off and eventually become a giant ferry!"

"..."

Ian fell silent. He couldn't help but feel that children came up with some pretty ridiculous things these days.

However, when he thought of what she said again, he replied: "Okay."

After he replied, it was time for dinner. The caretaker came in and asked, "Sir, how about having some oatmeal?"

Ian clenched his jaw.

He didn't have any appetite, but when he thought of his promise with the little girl... He would drag his life on for a few more days, he supposed. If he passed the next day, the little girl would probably be sad.

He said dispassionately, "Okay."

—

Elsewhere, Nora had reached the dance studio after being dragged there by Sheril.

The classroom was very big and featured mirrors on all four sides.

The moment she walked in, she saw that there were a few young men and women there. They were currently standing around a girl in the corner and chatting.

At the sight of Sheril, a thin man came over and smiled bashfully at her. He said, "Sheril, you're here!"

Sheril blushed and nodded. Then, she introduced him to Nora. "Nora, this is my boyfriend, Caden Hayes."

Her boyfriend?

Nora sized him up carefully. She couldn't help but feel like the man made people feel a little uncomfortable.

However, she didn't say much.

Sheril introduced Nora to Caden and the two of them said hi to each other.

At this point, the chatter from a distance away reached them.

"Really? Your family is so amazing!"

"Wow, Rachel, are you going to meet Tanya Turner? I'm so envious!"

"..."

Caden was taken aback for a moment. Then, he asked with a smile, "Tanya Turner? What are you guys talking about?"

Someone answered, "It's Rachel! Her mother heard that Ms. Turner will be coming back to the States in a few days, so she specially invited her to go to their place to hold a few dance lessons for her!"

After answering him, the group of youngsters gathered around Rachel and asked, "Can we also join the class, Rachel?"

At the sight of everyone swarming over there, Caden looked at Sheril and said, "Sheril, Rachel is your cousin, right? Can you ask her to let us join the class?"

Sheril's expression immediately changed and she looked as if she had been put in a spot.

Nora, on the other hand, was taken aback. “She’s your cousin?”

“Yes, Rachel is Sheril’s uncle’s daughter from the maternal side of the family. I’m sure she’ll agree if Sheril asks her!”

Nora looked at Rachel Wood, who was surrounded by everyone and basking in the limelight.

She had wavy hair, a slim and graceful figure, and a delicate aura around her. The scholarly aura around her was a little similar to the one that Melissa had.

It was just that even though Melissa looked delicate, she also had a very dignified aura around her.

On the other hand, Rachel’s imitation was lacking and it fell flat, making her seem somewhat chintzy.

With the wall of people in between, she spoke with a great sense of superiority and said, “It’s very difficult to get Ms. Turner to open a class. It’s not about money at all. My mother only managed to ask her to open a class for me after asking a lot of people for favors.”

Someone who was trying to flatter her said, “It’s rare for Tanya Turner to come back to the States, so I heard that her schedule is totally packed. It’s really amazing that your family could get her over!”

Rachel suddenly looked at Sheril. “There are already a lot of people in the class, Sheril. I may not be able to let you join this time...”

As soon as she said that, everyone looked over.

Sheril immediately felt her face flush in embarrassment as though she was living on someone’s charity.

Rachel, however, didn’t let her off. She continued and said, “You can ask your mother to make an appointment for you, though. That way, you’ll also be able to attend her classes! By the way, does your mother have any connections? Do you want my mother to hook her up with the relevant people?”

After the Andersons fell into decline, as Simon’s wife, Melissa’s status had also dropped.

However, not only did her family, the Woods, not help her in any way, but they even rubbed it in.

Take, for example, what was currently happening. What Rachel said had in no uncertain terms told everyone that even though Melissa had been part of the Woods in the past, her current authority and connections were actually not as good as the Woods'.

Sheril clenched her fists and tried her best to make herself look calm as she replied, "No, it's fine. I'm not very interested in dancing anyway..."

Rachel curled her lip. "Is that so?"

She glanced at Caden. Then, as though she was talking about Sheril yet also as insinuating something else, she said, "What a shame."

After that, she turned and looked at the other people there.

However, when she did, she saw that everyone who had been circling around her and asking about Tanya just now was instead now staring curiously at Nora.

The young woman, who was dressed simply, easily became the focus of the crowd just by gracefully standing there.

Rachel frowned. She took the initiative to walk over, held Sheril's hand with a smile, and asked gently, "Who's this, Sheril?"

Sheril suppressed her awkwardness and embarrassment and naturally made the introductions. "This is Nora, my eldest aunt's daughter."

A surprised Rachel immediately exclaimed rather loudly, "Huh? So that's who you are! I totally couldn't tell from your figure that you've given birth before!"

The words "you've given birth before" astonished everyone there.

Rachel covered her mouth and looked at the two of them apologetically. She said, "S-sorry, I accidentally spoke without thinking for a moment there. Nora, you don't mind, right?"

To outsiders, premarital pregnancies were seen as immoral behavior. Under normal circumstances, even if one's family didn't help them to hide it, they wouldn't publicize it like that, either.

However, Rachel had mentioned it the moment she came over. This made everyone instantly look at her in a different way.

Nora could hear someone nearby whisper, "Tsk, she looks pretty pure and innocent. I didn't expect that she already has kids."

"Why is someone like her here to dance? Is she trying to hook up with someone?"

Sheril frowned. She stood in front of Nora and said, "Don't spout nonsense, Rachel. Nora's just here to learn how to dance!"

Rachel cast her eyes down and smirked. "In that case, does she have a dance partner yet?"

Sheril looked at the other people there.

Most people who came here to dance didn't come at fixed intervals. Neither did they have fixed dance partners. She had originally thought that it would be very easy to find Nora a dance partner since she was so pretty.

However, Rachel's words just now had obviously made everyone averse to Nora.

She was about to say something when Nora smiled and said, "It's okay, Sheril. I'll just watch you dance."

Sheril said, "Nora, you..."

Nora cast her eyes down. "It's fine, really."

Sheril knew that trying to comfort her further now would only result in the opposite effect, so she could only give her a resigned nod.

When the dance teacher arrived, everyone split into pairs and started to dance.

A bored Nora leaned against the wall and played with her cell phone while she watched Sheril out of the corner of her eye.

Caden was unexpectedly a pretty good dancer.

International ballroom dancing was performed in pairs of men and women. In particular, if the men were strong enough, their dancing would be very exciting to watch when they led the woman.

Caden was likely a professional. He held Sheril by her waist and danced, the two of them forming a dazzling sight. Gradually, they became the center of all the dancers in the room.

While they were dancing, Sheril was also constantly looking at Nora.

She suddenly suggested, "Caden, why don't you dance with Nora later?"

Caden was a little reluctant. He replied, "I wanted to say this just now, but someone like her who became pregnant before marriage must have a very profligate lifestyle in private. Sheril, you shouldn't associate too much with her."

An unhappy-looking Sheril said, "You don't even know what Nora is like or anything about her past. Why would you say that?"

Caden frowned. "Okay, okay, I won't say any more. She doesn't look like she's danced before, though. I'm a professional; it may not be appropriate to have me lead her in a dance."

His eyes were downcast and he looked obviously reluctant.

After the dance, Sheril cast Caden aside and went to Nora.

Next to them, Rachel clenched her fists when she saw what she did.

Although her dance partner was also pretty good, he ultimately still couldn't compare with Caden.

Sheril obviously didn't dance as well as her, yet because Caden was the one leading her, she had actually danced better than her!

Furious, Rachel narrowed her eyes. Then, she suddenly walked toward Caden...

Sheril had a good temper and a cheerful personality.

Although she found Caden's words unpleasant, she knew that he ultimately wasn't aware of her cousin's circumstances, so it was understandable that he

would misunderstand. Thus, after she counseled herself a little, she decided to explain to Caden what had happened to Nora.

She didn't have a profligate lifestyle. Rather, she had been deceived.

But as soon as she turned around, she instead saw Caden and Rachel walking toward her together.

The two of them behaved intimately, which made Sheril frown.

Caden seemed a little awkward, but he nevertheless bit the bullet and said, "I'm having the next dance with Rachel, Sheril."

Sheril's eyes widened. "What?"

Rachel smiled and took Caden's arm. She said, "Sorry about that, Sheril. My partner and I don't fit quite well together. Caden's the best dancer in our class, so I thought that if we dance together, I could have Ms. Turner give him a few pointers, too. It's mutually beneficial for both of us after all! You won't mind, right?"

Sheril was so angry that her hands were shaking.

She looked at Caden with her eyes red.

He had refused to dance with her cousin when she asked him just now, yet he was going to dance with Rachel now?

He clearly knew that she and Rachel were at loggerheads! And that she was always looking for opportunities to bully her!

Sheril felt her throat going tight and she felt like she had been betrayed. She asked, "Are you sure you want to do that, Caden?"

Caden replied in a low voice, "You know I major in dance, so I'll have to participate in international ballroom dancing competitions. If I can get some pointers from Ms. Turner, I'll definitely benefit a lot from it!"

Sheril clenched her fists and said, "Caden, I'll let you choose—either you dance with me or we break up, in which case you're free to dance with whomever you want!"

Caden frowned and said, "You're being unreasonable, Sheril!"

Rachel also said calmly, “Sheril, I’m just asking Caden to dance with me. Why are you making such a huge fuss? How can you hold Caden back like that?”

She sneered, “It’s the Andersons who can’t get Ms. Turner as a dance teacher, yet you’re forbidding me from helping him? If you were able to get her as a teacher and have her give Caden some pointers, he wouldn’t have chosen to dance with me, either!”

Sheril turned pale and she tried to hold her tears back.

At this point, an extremely cold and indifferent voice reached them. “Who says the Andersons can’t get Tanya to teach us how to dance?”

Chapter 75 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

How exactly had she gotten pregnant back then?

Nora was really curious about this, so she looked at Justin eagerly, hoping that he could give her a logical answer.

However, Justin’s smile gradually faded.

Pete’s mother was something unmentionable to him. No one had ever dared to bring it up all these years.

The moment he thought of all those things she did, he couldn’t help but wish he could find her and kill her!

Yet when the person asking about it was the woman in front of him, for some reason, Justin actually found that he couldn’t get angry with her.

She must be worried that Pete’s biological mother would suddenly appear and end up affecting their life together, right?

Justin cast his deep-set eyes down slightly. Although his tone was mild, his choice of words was strong. “Don’t worry, I won’t allow Pete’s mother to show up in front of me and him again!”

Nora fell silent when she sensed the acute frigidity bursting out of the man.

Hello, she was already right in front of him, though?!

Besides, what was he telling her not to worry about?

She decided to be blunter about it and asked, “What I want to ask is—was Pete conceived naturally?”

“ ... ”

Why were her questions becoming more and more explicit?

Something occurred to Justin and his ears gradually turned a little red. He put down his cutlery, took a sip of water, and chuckled softly. “Is Miss Smith concerned that I may have problems of a particular nature?”

Nora was bewildered.

“I’m a normal man.”

Nora, “!!”

She had only spent five years abroad, but she actually found that she didn’t understand English anymore!

The woman in front of him widened her eyes as a look of surprise came over her palm-sized face. For some reason, this put Justin in a great mood.

He felt a rare urge to tell her the secret hidden in the depths of his heart, but at the thought that it would damage his image, he suppressed the desire to talk and instead asked, “What kind of person is your daughter’s father?”

“Huh?” Nora didn’t expect him to actually ask questions of his own. On top of that, he had even asked about something like that.

Her slender fingers tapped against the table and she chuckled softly. “I’ll tell you if you answer my question.”

Was she talking about whether Pete was naturally conceived or not?

Justin suddenly realized that perhaps what she was concerned about was whether he’d had relationships with other women instead. That was why she was pressing the issue.

He pressed his lips together. With the beauty mark at the corner of his eye exuding a bit of a serious aura, he suddenly said, "If I say that I don't know how Pete came about either, would you believe me?"

He only recalled vaguely that he seemed to be missing a night's memories...

Dark light flickered in his eyes. He reckoned that probably no one would believe him even if he said so, right?

Unexpectedly, the woman nodded seriously and replied, "I believe you."

Justin, "..."

He suddenly felt a little warmth in his heart, as if a ray of sunshine had suddenly shone into a flower on the verge of blooming, making it slowly bloom.

How could Nora possibly not believe him?

The exact same thing had happened to her, too.

Curiosity made her ask another question. "Since you don't know what had happened, what if Pete's mother is also innocent? You—"

Before she could finish, Justin lowered his gaze and said, "She's not worthy of being someone's mother."

Nora's words came to an abrupt end.

The man's tone was full of murderous intent.

As if he had thought of something, Justin said with a cold expression, "Let's not talk about that vicious woman anymore."

He looked back up and changed the subject. "Can you tell me your story, Miss Smith?"

"Oh." Nora gently rested her chin on her hand. In a slightly husky voice, she said casually and calmly, "Cherry's father... has a problem with his brain, so he's an idiot. He goes on and on about fighting and killing people every day, and also thinks that every woman in the world is in love with him. Sigh!"

Since he had called her a vicious woman, it wasn't too much to curse him a little, right?

It's just tit-for-tat!

Justin frowned.

An idiot?

He had always thought that her premarital pregnancy was because she had been young and foolish, and ended up being deceived. He asked, "Isn't Miss Smith the best at resolving problems with the brain?"

Nora waved. "He's very ill. I can't cure him."

Justin felt a little uncomfortable, yet he was also puzzled. "Why did you have a child with an idiot, then?"

Nora, who was trying to suppress her laughter, glanced at him again. "Who knows? Maybe God thinks he shouldn't be left heir-less?"

Justin scoffed and said sarcastically, "You're pretty much just doing charity with that. After all, apart from you, that idiot probably won't be able to find any other woman for the rest of his lifetime."

Tsk.

He sure had a foul mouth.

Nora looked at him with amusement.

Seeing the woman's smile, Justin suddenly realized something—what was the point of him taking an idiot so seriously?

He picked up the cutlery and continued eating.

Inwardly, however, he suddenly became very curious and he couldn't help thinking, 'I wonder what that idiot looks like?'

While he was eating, Nora, who simply found the whole affair very troublesome, said, "I'm full, Mr. Hunt. You—"

"I'm not done yet."

“... Take your time to eat? I’ll leave first?”

Justin, who continued to dine leisurely, said, “Is this how the Andersons treat someone to a meal, Miss Smith?”

“...”

Nora sat back down in silence. She realized that the man really was very particular about his meals. He ate the cold dishes first before going on to the warm ones and even drank a bit of water in between every once in a while.

He carried himself elegantly and beautifully, much like a beast in human clothing.

When Nora, who had always felt that eating was a waste of time, calmed herself down, she couldn’t help but think, ‘So, the act of eating can actually be that beautiful?’

Two hours later, Justin finally put down his cutlery.

Nora heaved a sigh of relief. When she asked for the bill, the service staff said, “Mr. Hunt has already paid.”

Taken aback, Nora looked at him.

There was a small smile on Justin’s handsome countenance. He said, “It’s my treat this time. You can treat me next time.”

“Alright, then.”

She stood up together with him and followed him out of the private room. It was only after they left the restaurant that Nora finally realized what he had said just now.

What the f*ck?

This meal alone was already torturous enough; were they going to do this again?

That scumbag! He was trying to waste her time, wasn’t he?

The corners of her lips spasmed a couple of times. The two of them reached the underground car park. When Nora pressed the car key, the big black jeep

lit up. She was about to walk over when she realized that Justin had walked over one step ahead of her.

What was he doing? Didn't he drive here?

She was just thinking about it when Justin actually walked over to where the driver's seat was, opened the door for her, and gestured politely for her to get in.

“ ... ”

The light in the car park was a little dim, yet when the man stood there, it was as if all the light was shining on him. His actions were gentlemanly and thoughtful. “Be careful not to knock your head.”

Nora felt her throat going dry.

After she got in the car and left, Justin stared at her from the back. He suddenly smiled.

That Mercedes Benz jeep was very big and had a taller chassis. There was no doubt that women who liked driving that car had a wild and feral nature.

Then, he thought of the young woman's lazy appearance—she looked just like a cat.

And on top of being a cat, she was even a wild little one.

Nora drove back to the Andersons.

Midway, however, she suddenly received a call from the kindergarten. “Miss Smith, please hurry to the kindergarten! Something has happened to Cherry!”

Something had happened to Cherry?

Nora's eyes widened. She did an abrupt U-turn, stomped on the accelerator, and raced straight to the kindergarten.

Nora was driving a jeep, but the way she was driving, it was as if she was driving a sports car instead.

Screeeeech!

The car stopped at the school gate. She got out and strode toward the kindergarten.

Ms. Lynn, the teacher who had brought Cherry into the kindergarten earlier that day, was waiting there. She was a young woman in her twenties and was currently in a panic.

How anxious must the parents be, having something go wrong on the first day their child was sent to school?

With that thought in mind, she went forward to Nora and said, “Ms. Smith...”

Nora interrupted her and asked, “Are the children okay?”

Ms. Lynn, “?”

The confused teacher replied, “... Yes, they are.”

As Nora walked in with the teacher, she asked, “Are the teachers also okay?”

“... Yes, they are all fine.”

Nora was taken aback. “In that case, who did Cherry beat up?”

She subconsciously glanced at the school gate. “The security guard?”

Ms. Lynn, “???”

How would Cherry possibly be able to beat such a big and tall security guard, especially when he had even gone through professional martial arts training?!

No, wait, they had digressed too much.

Ms. Lynn said anxiously, “Cherry fainted!”

It was Nora’s turn to be surprised this time. “Surely, she’s just faking it?”

Although Cherry was born a month prematurely, as a doctor, Nora had nursed and taken care of Cherry very well. While she looked a little skinnier than most, she was actually as strong as a young calf!

Faint? Cherry?

Ms. Lynn was so dumbfounded that she couldn't even utter the words of comfort she had originally wanted to say. She said emphatically, "It's true!"

This piqued Nora's curiosity and she said, "I'll go take a look."

Ms. Lynn followed after her and said, "She's in the dance studio. Don't worry, Ms. Smith. I know you aren't in good health, so it must have been hard raising Cherry all these years. Cherry is also a very lovable and obedient girl. We'll definitely hold the culprit accountable!"

Nora was rendered speechless.

Only then did she realize that the teacher was now calling Cherry by her nickname instead of 'Cheryl Smith' like what she had done when Nora sent her to the kindergarten...

So, what exactly happened today?

Despite claiming that it was impossible that Cherry had fainted, Nora nevertheless obviously quickened her pace. Ms. Lynn couldn't catch up to her even when she jogged briskly behind her.

The moment they entered the dance studio, Nora immediately saw Cherry lying on the sofa. A few teachers were gathered around her, and standing next to them was a little girl in a dance practice outfit who was crying loudly. A teacher, who was also wearing a dance practice outfit, was currently trying to coax her.

Was Cherry really hurt?

When Nora walked over, she heard the school doctor say, "Don't worry, Ms. Smith. I've already given her a checkup. Cherry looks totally fine. She probably fainted because she was too aggrieved. Sigh!"

"..."

Yeah, aggrieved, my a*s.

From the moment she held Cherry's wrist and felt a strong pulse, Nora knew immediately that she was just pretending.

She couldn't help but hold her forehead.

She had only just warned her against pretending to cry in the morning, yet she was already pretending to faint?

Even so, the little fellow's eyes were still and motionless. Her acting was pretty good.

She tickled Cherry's palm with a finger: 'Stop acting and wake up.'

Cherry returned a tickle of her own on Nora's palm: 'Mommy, don't expose me!'

Nora was rendered speechless.

She coughed and asked, "What happened?"

By then, Ms. Lynn had also entered the dance studio. Seeing that she looked calm and hadn't started ranting at the teachers as soon as she came in, she immediately felt even more strongly that Cherry's family must be reasonable people.

She said, "The kindergarten is celebrating its 50th anniversary soon, so we're going to hold a huge party and all the parents will be invited. The kindergarten is selecting twenty children for the finale dance. I saw that Cherry is very talented, so I wanted to let her try out for the dance, but as a result, she ended up getting into a conflict with her classmate Sinead Lowe..."

Sinead was probably the crying little girl.

Nora glanced at her. The child's posture was straight and upright. It was obvious from a glance that she had gone through dance training before. It was just that even though so much time had already passed, she was still crying. It was obvious how spoiled she was.

While she was thinking, the dance teacher who was coaxing Sinead stood up. She had an air of elegance around her, though she also had a bit of an arrogant look on her face. She frowned and said, "I am Whitney Lowe, Sinead's mother."

She walked to the side and took out a bag. Then, she took out a wad of cash from within and threw it in Nora's face. "I'll take responsibility for this and pay for Cheryl Smith's medical expenses. This should be enough for you to still

have some left over after that. In that sense, the two of you even profited a little.”

Nora was bewildered.

A cold look appeared on her face. She looked at Ms. Lynn and asked, “What exactly is going on?”

Ms. Lynn glanced at the dance teacher and explained in a low voice, “Sinead’s mother is a dance teacher that the kindergarten specially hired. She was the runner-up in the women’s category for an international dance competition. After that, she married into the Lowes, a wealthy family. She’s now a famous dance teacher in the circle...”

“Cherry’s very smart and learned the dance very quickly, but Sinead kept saying that she wasn’t doing it right. The two children then got into an argument and Mrs. Lowe chided Cherry a little. After that, she passed out from anger...”

As soon as she said that, Sinead yelled, “That’s because everyone keeps looking at her when she’s dancing! I’m the center! Don’t let her go on stage!”

The moment she said that, the teachers became even more embarrassed.

Nora understood now.

Cherry had big eyes and fair skin, and looked very adorable. She was certainly very eye-catching among the group of children in the kindergarten.

Sinead was the center, but Cherry had robbed her of all the limelight, so she became dissatisfied.

Whitney was their dance teacher, so she would definitely be partial toward Sinead.

Cherry had always been clever and was someone who refused to let anyone give her the short end of the stick. As she was at a disadvantage, she had pretended to faint so that Sinead couldn’t say anything even if she wanted to!

Nora couldn’t help yawning.

She had always been someone who fought others head-on and did everything directly and straightforwardly. Just whom did her daughter inherit all these little ideas from? It really was very... silly.

She picked up Cherry and prepared to leave.

However, Whitney stood in front of her as soon as she got up. The cool and standoffish woman said arrogantly, "Ms. Smith, your child is so bad-tempered. All they did was just argue a little, yet she could make herself pass out from anger."

Nora, "?"

She didn't even make a fuss, yet Whitney was kicking up one instead?

She stood still and turned around.

Whitney pointed to Cherry and said to Ms. Lynn, "That girl has a poor physique. I checked her body just now. She's very stiff and isn't suitable to be a dancer. Withdraw her from the upcoming performance and switch to someone else instead."

Sinead immediately clapped happily and said, "Yes, make her withdraw! Don't let her go on stage!"

Ms. Lynn looked livid.

She said hesitantly, "But I think Cherry danced pretty well just now..."

"Which part of that was good?" Whitney reprimanded sternly, "Are you the professional here, or am I? Her movements were stiff and too forceful just now. Neither did she follow the rhythm and ended up missing the beat several times, making her out of sync with the rest of the children. She was born unsuitable for dancing!"

The look in Nora's eyes turned even colder.

Cherry's physique was amazingly good. Otherwise, Quinn wouldn't have begged to take her as his disciple.

That woman named Whitney Lowe... A professional?

Hah.

She asked unhurriedly, “Does this mean that Cherry can be part of the dance if someone more professional than you says that she’s suitable for dancing?”

Someone more professional than her?

Whitney sneered. With a confident and arrogant look in her eyes, she scoffed, “Can you even find someone more professional than me in the States?”

Ms. Lynn tugged on Nora’s sleeve and said, “Ms. Smith, the competition that Mrs. Lowe had participated in was the Blackpool Dance Festival. It’s a world-class international ballroom dancing competition... Mrs. Lowe has founded a dance academy in New York that specializes in teaching students gifted in the art, and there are scores of people who wish for her guidance. She holds great authority in the dancing circle.”

Then, Ms. Lynn lowered her voice and said, “In order to have her teach their children, there are even some wealthy families who treat her very politely. She’s even given the Hunts’ and the Smiths’ children dance lessons before...”

Nora scoffed lightly when she heard Ms. Lynn’s explanation. As it turned out, that woman named Whitney did indeed know what she was doing.

No wonder she had the guts to try resolving the issue with money in a kindergarten like this just now.

People engaged in the arts typically had rather lofty ideals. She must have formed an exaggerated opinion of her abilities, thanks to the other parents’ flattery.

Nora cast her eyes down and slowly said, “Ms. Lynn, I will find someone more professional than her to judge whether Cherry is suitable to dance or not.”

Whitney had exquisite makeup on. By then, she had also already put on her coat and leather shoes, making her seem exceptionally elegant. When she heard what Nora said, she sneered, “We’ll wait and see, then. However, until you find someone more professional than me, Cheryl Smith will not be allowed to attend my dance classes!”

After saying that, she took Sinead’s hand and turned to leave.

However, as soon as she turned, someone grabbed her ponytail. Then, her shoulder was held down and a great force threw her against the wall next to her!

Bam!

In front of Whitney was an icy-cold wall. Her hair was still being pulled and her shoulder held down. She couldn't move at all. Furious, she demanded, "What are you doing?"

A low and mild voice slowly reached from behind. "Mrs. Lowe, shouldn't you apologize to my daughter after bullying her?"

Cherry was mischievous and never allowed anyone to give her the short end of the stick.

Neither would Nora allow her daughter to suffer any grievances for no reason.

Whitney yelled, "No way!"

As soon as she did, Nora yanked her hair downward hard again, making her scalp sting terribly. As though she was simply stating a truth, the woman's voice was calm and peaceful as she said, "Apologize."

There was a murderous look in her frosty eyes.

Whitney shivered. She swallowed hard and clenched her fists tightly. At last, as though humiliated, she said, "I'm sorry."

"Yawn..."

Nora let go of her and yawned again. Only then did she pick up Cherry again and lazily leave the dance studio.

After she left, a furious Whitney yelled hysterically, "I'm calling the police! How dare she assault me! I'm having her thrown in jail!"

Ms. Lynn and the others finally recovered from the sudden turn of events just now.

At this point, the principal also arrived fashionably late. Upon hearing Whitney, he held her arm and said, "Mrs. Lowe, we're all people with respectable

identities here. Moreover, we really have no idea who that lady is. The bigwigs have specially instructed us to treat her with civility...”

The bigwigs...

Whitney clenched her fists tightly and breathed heavily as a look of intense fury came over her face. However, she did stop clamoring about calling the police.

—

In the jeep on the way home.

Cherry sat in the passenger seat and buckled her seat belt. The large seat made her look even smaller than she was. She asked, “Mommy, are you really going to ask Aunt Tanya to come back to the States for my sake?”

Nora raised her eyebrows. “No way.”

Cherry was puzzled.

Aunt Tanya was someone who loved dancing. She had also participated in competitions and emerged as the champion before. She had immediately thought of her when Mommy said that she would find someone more professional just now.

However, Mommy was actually saying that she wasn’t asking her to come back?

Amid Cherry’s puzzlement, Nora chuckled and said, “Your Aunt Tanya is returning to the States next week. She was invited to a dance conference as an examiner.”

Cherry immediately became excited. “So that’s what it is!”

While the two of them were chatting, they had already returned to the Andersons’ residence.

After parking the car and entering the house, Sheril came over with a smile and said, “Nora, I’ve successfully produced the Carefree Pill according to your formula! We can finally start mass production now!”

Nora nodded. “Oh.”

Sheril was about to say more when Melissa walked over with a smile. “Alright, you may have accomplished something big, Sheril, but don’t you forget the trivial matters now.”

Trivial matters?

A puzzled Nora looked at Sheril, who smiled and said, “I have dance class later, Nora. Can you come with me? Let’s have the choreographer choreograph a dance for us. We can perform it together during the dance party!”

Nora didn’t want to go. She wanted to go upstairs and sleep instead, so she replied, “No, it’s...”

“C’mon, let’s go!” Sheril pulled Nora by her arm and called out, “Mom, look after Cherry, okay?”

“...”

An absolutely unwilling Nora was then dragged out of the door!

But before she was dragged out the door, she saw the gentle expression on Melissa’s countenance and she found herself unable to refuse her kindness again.

Forget it, she would just go.

On the way there, Sheril asked, “Can you dance, Nora?”

Nora thought for a moment before she replied, “Just a little, but I don’t dance often.”

Perhaps because she spent more time sleeping than others, she preferred engaging in more stimulating activities when she was awake—such as racing, skiing, and martial arts.

When it came to dancing, the only kind she liked was tango.

However, because she practiced martial arts, her strength was too great. There was basically no man who could suppress her aura, so she stopped dancing.

Sheril smiled and said, "It's fine. We'll just pick up a few moves casually. It's okay even if you don't dance during the party!"

After Nora went out, Cherry obediently went to the study with her cell phone, intending to spend the next two hours gaming and doing a live-stream.

As soon as she started the live stream, she saw that her number one fan, Sponsor Grandpa, was already there. Cherry immediately greeted excitedly, "Hello, Sponsor Grandpa!"

Sponsor Grandpa responded relatively slowly: "Hello."

Cherry said, "I'm playing as the same hero today. Without Chesty making trouble here today, I'm gonna try getting into this season's rankings on the local server!"

She turned on the game after she spoke.

Then, a large number of notifications suddenly scrolled past her screen!

Cherry was taken aback for a moment. Then, she saw that Sponsor Grandpa had tipped her with 9,999 airplanes.

Sponsor Grandpa wrote: 'This is for you to buy candy with, little fellow.'

Cherry smiled sweetly and said, "Thank you, Grandpa!"

After she entered the game and played for a couple of minutes, she noticed that Sponsor Grandpa was arguing with some of the other viewers in the comments.

"Stop pretending to be a kid, sweetcherry. That kiddy voice of yours makes me wanna puke! You're so shameless to try attracting big bosses that way!"

Sponsor Grandpa: "She's a child."

"Haha, which idiot with too much money to spare is that Sponsor Grandpa of hers?"

"There must be something wrong with his brain. Is there any child who plays games so well? sweetcherry is definitely a cross-dresser using a voice changer! Otherwise, why wouldn't they dare to turn on the camera?"

“ ... ”

Cherry became angry. “Who says I don’t dare to turn on the camera?!”

More people started to comment:

“Turn it on, then? You’re a bastard if you don’t!”

“Is sweetcherry going to turn on the camera? I feel like I’m going to go blind later!”

“I smell a fight breaking out. This is a gaming channel. Does it matter whether they turn on the camera or not?”

“Yes, it does! No one goes as far as them as to straight-up pretend to be a five-year-old kid even if they use a voice changer when they play games. Do they think our IQs are very low?”

“Exactly! They even duped others into giving them tips to buy candy with. Tsk, the point here is—there are actually people who are falling for it! The top fan on their list who calls himself Grandpa just gave them another tip worth \$150,000!”

“How does a perverted liar like them find the cheek to do live streams? Is it because their original voice sounds too awful?”

“That kind of tender voice is originally a child’s, which is supposed to sound cute and lovable. How come they have the gall to change their voice into one like that? What an insult to kids!”

Of course, there were also loyal fans of sweetcherry who defended her. It was just that there were only a few of them, so they were all drowned out by the insults.

“Watching sweetcherry pretending to be a kid is exactly what we like. What’s it to you? If you can’t stand it, then why don’t you get out?”

“Exactly. Are they holding a knife to your neck and forcing you to tip them?”

“The hero the live streamer plays as is a little girl who carries a cannon. I think it’s very apt that they use a child’s voice! Why are you being such a busybody?”

“ ... ”

When Cherry saw that even her loyal fans didn't believe that she was a child, she frowned and said huffily and seriously, "I'm not a kid!"

In the comments:

"Hahaha, they've admitted it now!"

"I knew they were lying!"

“ ... ”

A few comments had only just scrolled past the screen when Cherry said huffily, "I'm already five! Which part of me is a kid?"

The comments fell silent for a while. Then, a loyal fan wrote weakly:

"Sweetie, that's enough. Let's not say any more. There's nothing shameful in pretending to be a kid anyway..."

"If you say any more, it'll start to seem a little pretentious. It's enough! Enough!"

As for the antis, they switched on their combat mode.

"Ugh, they're still pretending to be a kid. It's so gross! 'Already five'? More like you're fifty, right? Which five-year-old can read so well?"

"A fifty-year-old probably doesn't have that kind of hand speed and reflexes. They're probably in their twenties or thirties... What I'm seeing in my mind is an ugly, gross, and wretched-looking middle-aged man..."

"Didn't they say they're gonna turn on the camera? What are you still dilly-dallying so much for? Hurry up and turn it on!"

"They must be deliberately saying all that in order to change the subject, right? Turn on the camera! Turn on the camera!"

"It's not like they have the guts to. If they turn it on, they'll expose their own lies!"

“ ... ”

Seeing that no one believed her, Cherry felt as if she had suffered a great injustice. She said quietly, "Okay, I'll turn on the camera now. Wait a minute, okie?"

After finishing the round at hand, she fumbled around for a while and finally turned on the camera.

The moment she did, an uproar went through the comments!

At the same time, Justin ended a busy day of work.

Bored, he glanced at Pete, who was studying next to him, and picked up his cell phone. Suddenly, he thought of the friend whom Chester had posted about the other day.

After downloading the live streaming app, he searched for 'sweetcherry'.

As soon as he entered her live stream, he found that the comments were in a huge uproar.

"F*ck! F*ck, she's really a kid!"

"I can't believe my eyes!"

"sweetcherry is actually really only five?"

"F*ck! I'm actually a lousier player than an elementary school kid? Ah, no, a kindergartener? Self-doubt in progress here right now..."

"Ahhh, she's so cute! She's so cute! To think such a cute little baby who talks so adorably really exists!"

Justin, "?"

When he finally looked at the screen, he saw that the screen, which originally was showing just the game interface, now had a small window at a corner on the right.

Inside the window was a small figure.

She looked like she was about five years old. It was hard to tell whether it was a wig or her real hair, but she had two little braids on each side of her head, which made her look very adorable.

She was also wearing a white feather mask that covered most of her face.

The little fellow said huffily, “There, I’ve turned on the camera! I wasn’t lying, yeah! All of you should apologize to me!”

In the comments:

“She’s really only five? Oh my god! My outlook on life has been shattered!”

“I’m sorry! I was wrong! Please forgive me, big boss!”

All the antis had already disappeared in the background and didn’t dare to speak anymore.

Someone asked:

“Why are you wearing a mask? Are we not worthy of seeing what sweetcherry really looks like?”

“I already find her so cute when she’s just sitting there like that! Can you take off your mask and show us how you look? Don’t worry, there aren’t any ugly children out there!”

Sweetcherry waved and explained seriously, “No, I’m afraid that Daddy will see me!”

“What are you afraid of? It’s nothing bad that you’re making money on live streams. It’s not like your father will smack you, right?”

“Exactly. If I had such a lovely daughter, I’d definitely spoil her like a precious treasure!”

Of course, there were also some who didn’t agree with her actions. They reprimanded her, “Five-year-olds shouldn’t be playing with the cell phone every day. It’s not good for children! Your father is right to discipline you!”

Cherry said seriously, “No, Daddy won’t discipline me, but he’ll take me away and forbid Mommy from ever seeing me again!”

Her top fan, Grandpa, couldn’t help but write: “Your father is such an awful man!”

The rest of the comments agreed with his statement.

“Why would he take her away? Are your parents divorced? Is it because your father would think that your mother isn’t teaching you well if he finds out about the live stream?”

“My goodness, it’s so sad that there are fathers like that in this world. It’s so awful how they always think the world of themselves. My heart aches for sweetcherry.”

“Although it isn’t right that children play games every day, I checked the records just now. Sweetie, your game time is fixed, right? And you only play for two hours a day... I’m sure your mother has put thought into this, right? For some reason, my heart aches for Sweetie. I hate your wicked father!”

After seeing the comments, Cherry waved her hands anxiously and said, “No, no, it’s not like that! It’s not like that! My father doesn’t know that Mommy gave birth to me, so if he finds out, Mommy will be in trouble!”

“Your mother sounds so tragic. Did she raise you by herself?”

When Justin heard what she said, he suddenly thought of Pete...

Even sweetcherry’s mother knew that she should take care of her child, yet Pete’s biological mother was so horrible!

A hint of anger flashed in his eyes.

Cherry was about to say something when she noticed a tip of 9,999 airplanes. Amid the airplane icons scrolling across the screen, her number two fan, ‘JH’, wrote a few big words in bold red text: ‘Your father isn’t worthy of calling himself a man!’

Cherry, “??”

Daddy, is it really okay to insult yourself like that?

She panicked and got up from her chair. “Daddy, you—”

Before she could finish, she lost her balance and almost fell. However, after she steadied herself, the mask on her face instead fell off...

Justin’s heart suddenly stopped beating for a moment. It was only when he saw that she managed to regain her balance that he finally relaxed.

When he wanted to see what she looked like, rows of airplane icons suddenly swept across the screen.

After studying the interface with a frown for a while, he finally turned off the virtual gift visual effects. However, by the time he looked again, he found that sweetcherry had already turned off the camera.

For some reason, he felt a little disappointed.

He shook his head, finding his behavior rather comical.

She was just a child that he had interacted with a few times. Why was he so curious about what she looked like?

He tossed the cell phone aside. The little girl's tender voice rang out in his earphones. "Thank you for the airplanes, Grandpa! Mwah!"

For some reason, Justin felt a little unhappy.

He had gifted her so many airplanes, but why didn't she blow him any flying kisses?

As a result, yet another row of 9999 airplane icons scrolled across the screen.

After sending the gift, he came back to his senses. He felt that he must be out of his mind...

Then, he heard the excited little fellow exclaim, "Wow, Daddy! You're so amazing, too! Mwah!"

Justin's lip corners couldn't help but curl upward.

Two hours later, Cherry stopped playing and got ready for dinner.

After ending the live stream, she sat on the chair with her chin propped on her hands and looked at the two highest-ranking names on the fan list.

Sponsor Grandpa was still in top place with a total of almost \$800,000 in tips.

Daddy was ranked second place with a total of about \$600,000 in tips.

She felt justified and didn't have any qualms about taking money from her father. However, it seemed like Sponsor Grandpa didn't know her at all...

Cherry opened a private chat window and sent him a voice message.

At the Smiths.

Although he had asked for steak the day before, Ian had stopped eating after taking just a bite.

He rested on the bed in a groggy daze all the way until now.

Watching sweetcherry's live stream seemed to have become the only thing he looked forward to every day.

Ian was frowning.

On his attractive visage, there was a contemplative look in his eyes.

He had seen what sweetcherry looked like when her mask dropped off just now, and he found her face vaguely familiar.

It was as if he had seen it somewhere before.

Even though he couldn't recall where he might have seen a face like that before, it nevertheless gave him a sense of kinship.

Ian smiled bitterly.

Perhaps life was just too boring. Or perhaps it was because she simply looked so adorable and clever?

He was about to toss the cell phone aside when he heard a sound notification.

When Ian picked it back up, he found that sweetcherry had sent him a private message: "Sponsor Grandpa, do you wanna play games? I can guide you, yeah!"

Games?

To be honest, Ian wasn't interested, but he didn't have the heart to refuse the little girl's kindness. Thus, he replied: "How are you going to guide me?"

Beep! Another notification rang out.

He tapped on it: "Let's add each other as friends first! Do you have a Facebook account, Sponsor Grandpa? After we add each other as friends, I'll be able to add you into the game from my friends list."

Ian replied: "Yes, I do."

Sweetcherry sent him a link to her Facebook page.

Ian logged in to the Facebook account that he hadn't touched in years. He had only registered the account because of Yvette in the past.

He cast his eyes down, suppressed the discomfort in his heart, and added sweetcherry as a friend.

Her Facebook name was Cherry Smith.

She approved the friend request as soon as he sent it.

After that, Cherry sent him several pictures.

Puzzled, Ian replied with a question mark: ?

Cherry sent him a voice message: "Sponsor Grandpa, you're under my care from today onward. You must remember to log in to Facebook every day and send me messages, okay? We must maintain the sparks of our friendship!"

Sparks?

Ian was confused.

Cherry sent another message: "We mustn't let the sparks of our friendship extinguish! Once we send each other messages for seven days, our sparks of friendship will burn strongly! After another few days, our little boat of friendship will sail off and eventually become a giant ferry!"

"..."

Ian fell silent. He couldn't help but feel that children came up with some pretty ridiculous things these days.

However, when he thought of what she said again, he replied: "Okay."

After he replied, it was time for dinner. The caretaker came in and asked, "Sir, how about having some oatmeal?"

Ian clenched his jaw.

He didn't have any appetite, but when he thought of his promise with the little girl... He would drag his life on for a few more days, he supposed. If he passed the next day, the little girl would probably be sad.

He said dispassionately, "Okay."

—

Elsewhere, Nora had reached the dance studio after being dragged there by Sheril.

The classroom was very big and featured mirrors on all four sides.

The moment she walked in, she saw that there were a few young men and women there. They were currently standing around a girl in the corner and chatting.

At the sight of Sheril, a thin man came over and smiled bashfully at her. He said, "Sheril, you're here!"

Sheril blushed and nodded. Then, she introduced him to Nora. "Nora, this is my boyfriend, Caden Hayes."

Her boyfriend?

Nora sized him up carefully. She couldn't help but feel like the man made people feel a little uncomfortable.

However, she didn't say much.

Sheril introduced Nora to Caden and the two of them said hi to each other.

At this point, the chatter from a distance away reached them.

"Really? Your family is so amazing!"

"Wow, Rachel, are you going to meet Tanya Turner? I'm so envious!"

“ ... ”

Caden was taken aback for a moment. Then, he asked with a smile, “Tanya Turner? What are you guys talking about?”

Someone answered, “It’s Rachel! Her mother heard that Ms. Turner will be coming back to the States in a few days, so she specially invited her to go to their place to hold a few dance lessons for her!”

After answering him, the group of youngsters gathered around Rachel and asked, “Can we also join the class, Rachel?”

At the sight of everyone swarming over there, Caden looked at Sheril and said, “Sheril, Rachel is your cousin, right? Can you ask her to let us join the class?”

Sheril’s expression immediately changed and she looked as if she had been put in a spot.

Nora, on the other hand, was taken aback. “She’s your cousin?”

“Yes, Rachel is Sheril’s uncle’s daughter from the maternal side of the family. I’m sure she’ll agree if Sheril asks her!”

Nora looked at Rachel Wood, who was surrounded by everyone and basking in the limelight.

She had wavy hair, a slim and graceful figure, and a delicate aura around her. The scholarly aura around her was a little similar to the one that Melissa had.

It was just that even though Melissa looked delicate, she also had a very dignified aura around her.

On the other hand, Rachel’s imitation was lacking and it fell flat, making her seem somewhat chintzy.

With the wall of people in between, she spoke with a great sense of superiority and said, “It’s very difficult to get Ms. Turner to open a class. It’s not about money at all. My mother only managed to ask her to open a class for me after asking a lot of people for favors.”

Someone who was trying to flatter her said, "It's rare for Tanya Turner to come back to the States, so I heard that her schedule is totally packed. It's really amazing that your family could get her over!"

Rachel suddenly looked at Sheril. "There are already a lot of people in the class, Sheril. I may not be able to let you join this time..."

As soon as she said that, everyone looked over.

Sheril immediately felt her face flush in embarrassment as though she was living on someone's charity.

Rachel, however, didn't let her off. She continued and said, "You can ask your mother to make an appointment for you, though. That way, you'll also be able to attend her classes! By the way, does your mother have any connections? Do you want my mother to hook her up with the relevant people?"

After the Andersons fell into decline, as Simon's wife, Melissa's status had also dropped.

However, not only did her family, the Woods, not help her in any way, but they even rubbed it in.

Take, for example, what was currently happening. What Rachel said had in no uncertain terms told everyone that even though Melissa had been part of the Woods in the past, her current authority and connections were actually not as good as the Woods'.

Sheril clenched her fists and tried her best to make herself look calm as she replied, "No, it's fine. I'm not very interested in dancing anyway..."

Rachel curled her lip. "Is that so?"

She glanced at Caden. Then, as though she was talking about Sheril yet also as insinuating something else, she said, "What a shame."

After that, she turned and looked at the other people there.

However, when she did, she saw that everyone who had been circling around her and asking about Tanya just now was instead now staring curiously at Nora.

The young woman, who was dressed simply, easily became the focus of the crowd just by gracefully standing there.

Rachel frowned. She took the initiative to walk over, held Sheril's hand with a smile, and asked gently, "Who's this, Sheril?"

Sheril suppressed her awkwardness and embarrassment and naturally made the introductions. "This is Nora, my eldest aunt's daughter."

A surprised Rachel immediately exclaimed rather loudly, "Huh? So that's who you are! I totally couldn't tell from your figure that you've given birth before!"

The words "you've given birth before" astonished everyone there.

Rachel covered her mouth and looked at the two of them apologetically. She said, "S-sorry, I accidentally spoke without thinking for a moment there. Nora, you don't mind, right?"

To outsiders, premarital pregnancies were seen as immoral behavior. Under normal circumstances, even if one's family didn't help them to hide it, they wouldn't publicize it like that, either.

However, Rachel had mentioned it the moment she came over. This made everyone instantly look at her in a different way.

Nora could hear someone nearby whisper, "Tsk, she looks pretty pure and innocent. I didn't expect that she already has kids."

"Why is someone like her here to dance? Is she trying to hook up with someone?"

Sheril frowned. She stood in front of Nora and said, "Don't spout nonsense, Rachel. Nora's just here to learn how to dance!"

Rachel cast her eyes down and smirked. "In that case, does she have a dance partner yet?"

Sheril looked at the other people there.

Most people who came here to dance didn't come at fixed intervals. Neither did they have fixed dance partners. She had originally thought that it would be very easy to find Nora a dance partner since she was so pretty.

However, Rachel's words just now had obviously made everyone averse to Nora.

She was about to say something when Nora smiled and said, "It's okay, Sheril. I'll just watch you dance."

Sheril said, "Nora, you..."

Nora cast her eyes down. "It's fine, really."

Sheril knew that trying to comfort her further now would only result in the opposite effect, so she could only give her a resigned nod.

When the dance teacher arrived, everyone split into pairs and started to dance.

A bored Nora leaned against the wall and played with her cell phone while she watched Sheril out of the corner of her eye.

Caden was unexpectedly a pretty good dancer.

International ballroom dancing was performed in pairs of men and women. In particular, if the men were strong enough, their dancing would be very exciting to watch when they led the woman.

Caden was likely a professional. He held Sheril by her waist and danced, the two of them forming a dazzling sight. Gradually, they became the center of all the dancers in the room.

While they were dancing, Sheril was also constantly looking at Nora.

She suddenly suggested, "Caden, why don't you dance with Nora later?"

Caden was a little reluctant. He replied, "I wanted to say this just now, but someone like her who became pregnant before marriage must have a very profligate lifestyle in private. Sheril, you shouldn't associate too much with her."

An unhappy-looking Sheril said, "You don't even know what Nora is like or anything about her past. Why would you say that?"

Caden frowned. "Okay, okay, I won't say any more. She doesn't look like she's danced before, though. I'm a professional; it may not be appropriate to have me lead her in a dance."

His eyes were downcast and he looked obviously reluctant.

After the dance, Sheril cast Caden aside and went to Nora.

Next to them, Rachel clenched her fists when she saw what she did.

Although her dance partner was also pretty good, he ultimately still couldn't compare with Caden.

Sheril obviously didn't dance as well as her, yet because Caden was the one leading her, she had actually danced better than her!

Furious, Rachel narrowed her eyes. Then, she suddenly walked toward Caden...

Sheril had a good temper and a cheerful personality.

Although she found Caden's words unpleasant, she knew that he ultimately wasn't aware of her cousin's circumstances, so it was understandable that he would misunderstand. Thus, after she counseled herself a little, she decided to explain to Caden what had happened to Nora.

She didn't have a profligate lifestyle. Rather, she had been deceived.

But as soon as she turned around, she instead saw Caden and Rachel walking toward her together.

The two of them behaved intimately, which made Sheril frown.

Caden seemed a little awkward, but he nevertheless bit the bullet and said, "I'm having the next dance with Rachel, Sheril."

Sheril's eyes widened. "What?"

Rachel smiled and took Caden's arm. She said, "Sorry about that, Sheril. My partner and I don't fit quite well together. Caden's the best dancer in our class, so I thought that if we dance together, I could have Ms. Turner give him a few pointers, too. It's mutually beneficial for both of us after all! You won't mind, right?"

Sheril was so angry that her hands were shaking.

She looked at Caden with her eyes red.

He had refused to dance with her cousin when she asked him just now, yet he was going to dance with Rachel now?

He clearly knew that she and Rachel were at loggerheads! And that she was always looking for opportunities to bully her!

Sheril felt her throat going tight and she felt like she had been betrayed. She asked, "Are you sure you want to do that, Caden?"

Caden replied in a low voice, "You know I major in dance, so I'll have to participate in international ballroom dancing competitions. If I can get some pointers from Ms. Turner, I'll definitely benefit a lot from it!"

Sheril clenched her fists and said, "Caden, I'll let you choose—either you dance with me or we break up, in which case you're free to dance with whomever you want!"

Caden frowned and said, "You're being unreasonable, Sheril!"

Rachel also said calmly, "Sheril, I'm just asking Caden to dance with me. Why are you making such a huge fuss? How can you hold Caden back like that?"

She sneered, "It's the Andersons who can't get Ms. Turner as a dance teacher, yet you're forbidding me from helping him? If you were able to get her as a teacher and have her give Caden some pointers, he wouldn't have chosen to dance with me, either!"

Sheril turned pale and she tried to hold her tears back.

At this point, an extremely cold and indifferent voice reached them. "Who says the Andersons can't get Tanya to teach us how to dance?"