

## Chapter 61 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

Justin looked at her, only to see that the young woman, after answering him, had no intention of picking up her cell phone and showing him a photo at all.

“...”

For some reason, he felt a little embarrassed.

At the sight, Melissa, who was next to him, said, “Are you asking about Cherry? I have photos of her, too! I even took videos!”

She picked up her cell phone after she spoke. Just as she was about to show a photo to Justin, Nora subtly stopped her and said, “Aunt Melissa, things don’t seem to be going well for Uncle Simon over there.”

Sure enough, it successfully distracted Melissa. She turned to see that Simon and the other party were starting to argue in low voices.

She smiled apologetically at Justin and quickly walked over.

Justin, “...”

He couldn’t help but feel that she had done it on purpose just so he wouldn’t be able to see the photos.

Wasn’t it just her daughter? He had already shown her his son, so what was there for her to be so secretive about?

A hint of a chilly look came over his countenance.

When he saw Nora also giving him a nod and walking over to Simon, he suddenly instructed Sean, “Look up her daughter; surely she isn’t that ugly that she shouldn’t be seen in public, right?”

Since she refused to show him her daughter, then he would find out what she looked like, no matter what!

Justin was obviously upset after he said that. Had it been any other time, he would already have turned and left. This time, however, he actually followed them over.

Sean: "..."

By the time Nora came over, Simon already had an awful look on his face. The other party was a man about 40 or 50 years old, and he spoke in a hurtful manner.

"... Simon, it was only on account of the friendship between our families that I've been doing business with the Andersons out of kindness all these years.

"Times are moving on; the drugs produced by the Andersons cannot compare to the Myerses' now. Surely you can't always rely on friendships when doing business?"

Melissa clenched her fists. She turned to Nora and said with disgust, "He's the Deputy Dean of the Traditional Medicine Hall. His last name is Lucas. All the formulas of Harmonia Pharmacy's medicines have been improved by your mom, so they have always been very effective!"

"They used to beg us to sell them our products, and the business dealings between the two of us have always had arm's length transactions. How did it even become them 'doing business with the Andersons out of kindness'?"

Simon took a deep breath and said nicely, "I'm agreeable to your request to terminate our partnership because you've found another supplier. However, the batch of pills you custom-ordered have already been fully manufactured. After signing the contract, surely you have to follow the contractual terms, right?"

Deputy Dean Lucas replied with a smile, "Let's do this instead—I know you're in a bit of a pinch lately. We'll buy the batch of pills at a 60% discount. How does that sound?"

Simon's grip on his champagne glass tightened intensely as he tried his best to suppress his anger. "A 60% discount? We've always given you a low price. You're clearly kicking us when we're down!"

Deputy Dean Lucas patted Simon on the shoulder and said, "That's exactly what I mean, Simon. If you're agreeable to it, then we'll help you out this one time and at least give you a bit of profit. However, what I've heard is that everyone else has returned their goods. Moreover, Harmonia Pharmacy has barely any clients and its reputation is already a goner now!"

There was sarcasm hidden in his words.

“You—!” Simon was outraged.

The man adopted a casual attitude as if it didn't matter either way. “In any case, do think it over properly. Will you keep the pills with you and let them expire, or sell them at me at a low price...”

He had only just said that when a voice came from beside him. “A 60% discount is too high. How about a 20% discount instead?”

As soon as the person said that, the few of them turned and saw Sheena.

Her husband was a well-known internal medicine physician.

At the sight of her, both Simon and Melissa's eyes reddened slightly and they felt a warm feeling welling up in their hearts. Simon called out, “Sheena.”

Sheena ignored him. Instead, she smiled at Deputy Dean Lucas and said, “A 60% discount is too much of a loss for us! But if it's a 20% discount, the loss is within an acceptable range.”

Then, she leaned toward him and said, “When we close the deal, I'll treat you to dinner, old friend!”

A lewd look had appeared in Deputy Dean Lucas's eyes when he saw Sheena. He took her hand and fondled the back of her hand.

Sheena felt a wave of disgust, but she nevertheless tolerated it until Deputy Dean Lucas said, “You guys can forget about selling your medicines anymore. Mr. Myers has already put the word out that he won't sell their medicines to anyone who buys from the Andersons. You must understand that he has a Carefree Pill in his possession; that's something that can save someone's life! Who would dare to go against him? I'm the only one who can still afford to buy your medicines at a 60% discount now.”

Sheena tried to withdraw her hand, but Deputy Dean Lucas took hold of it again. He said, “Nana, how about we go to the balcony over there and have a chat?”

Deputy Dean Lucas and Sheena were classmates in college and he had always been attracted to her.

However, Sheena found him too ugly and had rejected him several times before.

At this moment when she heard his suggestive words, she almost gagged. She said, "Let's talk here instead."

Deputy Dean Lucas stroked her palm and said, "There are too many people here, so let's go there instead. I can give you a 30% discount... Don't make a scene; the Andersons are already down and out. If you embarrass yourselves again in a conference like this, then you really won't be able to hold your head up high in the future anymore..."

Sheena wanted to withdraw her hand, but Deputy Dean Lucas held it tightly and gave her a warning look.

Then, his hand started to stray toward Sheena's butt...

Sheena was extremely angry and embarrassed.

When they were young, the Harmonia Pharmacy had been sought after by all. In school, so many outstanding young men had courted her, but she had ignored them all.

But ever since her elder sister's departure, the Andersons fell into decline and she'd had to keep an obsequious smile on even when she didn't want to, in order to keep the business going.

And now, even a mere Deputy Dean Lucas had the guts to paw her!

This reminded her of the time back when she was still in junior high...

A group of girls had been jealous of her because she was rich and good-looking. They had ganged up on her in the bathroom, but she didn't dare to fight back. It was her elder sister who had suddenly rushed in, her small and skinny self with a broom in her hand, and started beating them indiscriminately.

Afterward, with her chin raised, she had lectured her. "What's there to be scared of? You can only deal with wicked people like them by being even more ruthless than they are!"

... If Sis were still here, how could they possibly have ended up like this?!

Sheena clenched her fist tightly. She was about to push Deputy Dean Lucas away when she suddenly sensed him freezing up.

She turned to see that the young woman who bore a 70% resemblance to her sister was currently standing beside her coldly. Her delicate hand had pressed down on Deputy Dean Lucas's wrist. She applied a little force, causing him to open his mouth, ready to shout.

Nora said coldly, "Don't make a scene. If you embarrass yourself in a conference like this, you won't be able to hold your head up high in the future anymore..."

She threw his words right back at him.

Deputy Dean Lucas let go of Sheena and took a step back in compromise. The pain made his forehead break out in cold sweat. He lowered his voice and snapped, "Can you let go of me now?!"

Nora let go of him.

Simon rushed over and stood in front of Sheena and Nora. "We're not going through with this transaction anymore!"

At the sight, Deputy Dean Lucas lowered his voice and barked angrily, "Fine! Okay! Since you don't want to sell the pills to me, I'm gonna see who, apart from the Traditional Medicine Hall, dares to buy your medicines!"

After he said that, a deep voice suddenly reached them: "Who says there's no one who dares to buy them?"

Justin strode over with a cold look on his face.

The conference was very noisy, and all the guests had gathered into their own respective little groups. Justin was low-key by nature, so no one had noticed him.

Moreover, this was a medical conference. Most of the guests here wouldn't be able to come into contact with people of his level, so they didn't know who he was.

However, this didn't include Deputy Dean Lucas.

Deputy Dean Lucas was stunned when he saw him. "M-Mr. Hunt?"

Justin, however, ignored him. He merely turned to Simon and said indifferently, "Uncle Simon, Hospital Finest will procure all of our traditional medicines from the Andersons. For every type of pill that Harmonia Pharmacy sells, we'll take 5,000 pills a month each."

All of them were dumbfounded.

5,000 pills... of each type!

Although it wasn't a lot, it was enough to sustain Harmonia Pharmacy's daily expenses!

He was practically a lifesaver.

Moreover, he had also chosen an appropriate quantity. Hospital Finest was definitely capable of finishing all 5,000 pills of every type of medicine, no matter what. Therefore, it wouldn't give others the impression that Justin was taking pity on them, so his actions showed sufficient respect toward the Andersons.

The way he handled the matter was both appropriate and meticulous.

Simon quickly recovered from his astonishment. He, Sheena, and Melissa looked at one another.

They still needed to feed so many people in the Andersons. Additionally, Sheena and Sheril were also leading research and development efforts for new drugs in the pharmaceutical department, so the future still held endless possibilities for them.

Simon didn't put on a pretentious act and refuse his offer. Instead, he said gratefully, "I will definitely sell all our medicines to you at the lowest price possible! I also guarantee that they'll absolutely be of the very best quality!"

Justin nodded and instructed Sean, "Get the Legal Department to draw up a contract so that we can have it signed as soon as possible."

After speaking, he looked at Nora.

She hadn't asked for any consultation fees or operation fees for his grandmother's operation back then. By helping them out a little and sending them some money, he would just take it that he was returning her the favor.

However, Nora frowned, seemingly a little troubled. “5,000 pills of each type? Does this include new products?”

New products?

Simon and Sheena were a little confused. They didn’t have any new products, did they?

Justin, however, quickly replied, “Yes, it does.”

Nora glanced at him and asked casually, “Are you sure? The new product is a little expensive.”

A little expensive? How expensive could it get?

Justin didn’t take her question seriously. He asked, “How much is it?”

Nora replied softly and unhurriedly, “The cost price is \$800 per pill.”

Justin frowned.

At \$800 per pill, 5,000 pills would mean \$4,000,000 a month!

Even the total cost of 5,000 units of every type of pill from Harmonia Pharmacy would probably only add up to less than a million dollars a month. Was she asking for that much right off the bat?

She was demanding quite the exorbitant price.

Justin frowned, his expression even turning a little cold. Although he had only interacted with her no more than a few times, she didn’t seem like she was such an ungrateful person.

Simon and Sheena, who had finally regained their senses, hurriedly said, “Don’t talk nonsense, Nora! We don’t have any new products!”

Nora explained, “Sheril’s making it at the moment. It’ll be finished soon.”

What was there for them to finish soon? It had been years since the factory’s Research & Development department launched any new product.

However, in the presence of outsiders, Simon couldn't quite reprimand Nora for babbling nonsense. As such, he could only give Justin a vague reply and say, "New products aren't included."

But Justin instead stared at Nora and asked, "What do you think, Miss Smith?"

Nora hesitated.

Carefree Pills were developed using very expensive medicinal herbs. The cost prices of the various precious medicinal herbs in the pills were high from the start. Excluding the materials and manufacturing costs, a single pill could already cost up to \$500 or \$600.

A wholesale price of \$800 was really very low. In fact, she had even been thinking of setting the retail price at \$1,500 per pill.

She was originally thinking that the Carefree Pills would even allow Harmonia Pharmacy to recoup its capital and make a name for itself, but if she had to set aside 5,000 pills for him every month...

Ah, well.

What could she do? He was Pete's father. She would just share part of the profits with him, she supposed.

At the thought, Nora sighed and said, "You can have them."

Justin, "?"

She was obviously ripping him off, but why was she sounding as if she was reluctant to give him the pills?!

Upset, he suddenly lost interest in staying any longer. Simon hurriedly said, "No, Justin, this won't do... She's still young, so she doesn't know what she's saying."

Sheena also grabbed Nora and lectured her in a low voice. "What kind of nonsense are you saying in front of Mr. Hunt?! He's only helping us out because his father was friends with Sis. How can you raise the price like that? You're so..."

The word 'shameless' did a U-turn on the tip of her tongue when she thought of how Nora had defended her just now, and she forced herself to swallow the word back down.

While they were arguing, Justin instead said, "That settles it, then."

A gentleman should be true to his word. Since he had agreed to it, he mustn't go back on his word.

He would just treat the money as her consultation fee and take it that he was returning her the favor.

From thereon, they didn't owe each other anything anymore.

As soon as he said that, a loud voice traveled over from a short distance away. "Mr. Myers, I heard that you still have another Carefree Pill. How much would you be willing to sell it for?"

Nora turned and saw a handsome man with a pair of flirtatious eyes. He looked to be in his twenties and wore a gray suit, making him look tall and lean.

He was talking to a white-haired old man. "I'm willing to pay \$150,000 for the pill in order to treat my uncle's illness!"

For some reason, Nora actually found the man very affable. She asked, "Aunt Melissa, who's that?"

After a moment's hesitation, Melissa answered, "That young man is Joel Smith, the current head of the Smiths. His uncle is Ian Smith..."

Ian Smith?

The man who never married for the rest of his life after Mom let him down?

While she was musing over this, the old man, Jon Myers, said, "Mr. Smith, it's not that I refuse to sell it, but there's only one left. It's our shop's treasure!"

Joel Smith's flirtatious eyes were upturned even when he wasn't smiling, making people feel warm and comfortable in his presence. Yet at the same time, he also inspired awe despite his mild exterior.

His assistant, who was standing next to him, reprimanded, “In that case, why did you give one to the Hunts? At the bottom of it all, is it because you think the Smiths cannot compare with the Hunts? Or do you think we, the Smiths, cannot afford it?”

Jon wiped the beads of cold sweat from his forehead and said, “That’s not what I mean at all, Mr. Smith.”

Joel didn’t want to be thought of as someone who coerced others into selling, either. Thus, he suggested mildly, “How about we go over there and discuss this further?”

It was only after they left that Nora finally looked away.

Melissa sighed emotionally. “To think a pill can sell for \$150,000!”

As soon as she said that, Deputy Dean Lucas, whose presence all of them had overlooked, suddenly said, “That’s the Carefree Pill they’re talking about; of course it’ll be expensive! What kind of new product are you launching to actually have the audacity to sell it at \$800 per pill? You’re obviously trying to scam others!”

He hurriedly looked at Justin and said, “Don’t be fooled, Mr. Hunt! The traditional medicine industry is a complicated one; how can a bit of lousy medicinal herbs be worth \$800... Do you think you’re selling the Carefree Pills?”

A sharp look glinted in Justin’s eyes—he was obviously displeased.

What concern was it of Deputy Dean Lucas’ that he was willing to be scammed of his money?

He was about to speak when the young woman’s lip corners curled upward and she said coolly,

“You’re right, we are indeed selling Carefree Pills.”

“What?”

All of them were astounded.

Even Simon, Sheena, and Melissa felt like they must have misheard her, not to mention Deputy Dean Lucas. After all, the place was noisy and everyone was basically only talking about the Carefree Pill.

Deputy Dean Lucas was the first to recover. “What did you say? Are you kidding me?”

However, something seemed to click in Melissa’s mind and she whispered, “Nora, do you have the Carefree Pill formula? I get it now! Your mother must have left it for you?!”

She had vaguely heard her husband mention before that Nora’s mother was the one who had developed the Carefree Pill back then!

Nora nodded. “Yeah. I’ve already given it to Sheril. I reckon that we’ll be able to commence mass production in a couple of days.”

She had thought that everyone would be excited after she said that, but Simon’s jaw was tense and he didn’t say anything.

Sheena’s brows drew together tightly. “Don’t talk nonsense outside when the product hasn’t been finished yet. As expected, a child like you is simply unreliable. You can’t keep yourself calm and steady at all!”

The look in Nora’s eyes turned a little cold.

Wasn’t her second aunt being a little too hostile to her?

The thought had only just formed when Simon lowered his voice and said, “Nora, your mom only managed to make the Carefree Pills by coincidence back then, and even so, only a batch of five pills was successfully produced. The manufacturing process is a bit complicated and the success rate is extremely low. This is also the reason why the Carefree Pills hadn’t been popularized back then. Even with the formula, it’ll be difficult for us to mass produce it...”

At the sight of the awful looks on Simon and Sheena’s faces, Deputy Dean Lucas sneered, “Tsk. Are you lusting for the Carefree Pill just because you saw that Mr. Myers has one? If the Carefree Pill was something that any Tom, Dick, or Harry could make, Mr. Myers wouldn’t be treating the one he has as the treasure of his shop!”

Not far away, another loud laugh reached them. Everyone looked over to see Jon and Joel walking out together.

A relaxed look came over Jon's features after he laughed. He said, "That settles it then, Mr. Smith!"

Joel looked rather disappointed—it seemed like the talk just now hadn't gone too well. After nodding, he walked to the side with flagging interest and his interest in the conference became rather lackluster.

Nora watched him.

Joel's eyes were downcast at the moment and he had lost the warm smile he had just now. Perhaps because he was thinking of his uncle's condition, there was some sorrow and melancholy on his handsome and elegant visage.

... It was rather heart-wrenching to see him like that.

Nora found herself taken aback at the thought.

She had always been an apathetic person who'd rather make fewer friends if she could get more sleep in return. The empathy she felt today came rather inexplicably.

She shook her head, discarding the thoughts in her mind.

Someone nearby asked Jon, "Didn't Mr. Smith buy the pill?"

Jon sighed and replied, "The pill actually doesn't hold much use for Mr. Smith's condition. He's in poor health and needs regular nourishment to nurse his health. A pill is of little use to him."

Everyone understood now.

The Carefree Pill might be a lifesaver for others, but in the case of Ian whose bodily functions were barely supporting him, they needed one Carefree Pill per day to slowly nurse him back to health.

However, there was only a single pill left in the whole world now. Thus, it was useless to him.

Jon went on. “However, we cannot ignore Mr. Smith’s condition, either. I’ve agreed to have Tina go over every day to conduct health checkups on Mr. Smith.”

This way, he wouldn’t offend the Smiths. He sure was smart.

Someone nearby flattered him and said, “Dr. York is the last student you ever took in; there aren’t many who can have her conduct health checkups on them every day now!”

“Now that modern medicine holds such a prominent place in society, traditional medicine has become much less significant. The only thing we can be proud of now is the Myers Peace Pharmacy! Mr. Myers, I’ve heard that it’s hard to get an outpatient appointment with you these days.”

Someone suddenly changed the subject and asked, “Mr. Myers, how much are you selling that pill of yours? Name your price!”

“Yes, that’s right! Mr. Myers, is that pill for sale?”

“I’d also like to buy it as a backup plan...”

A group of people flocked to Jon and surrounded him. and for a time, the Myerses basked in the spotlight like none other. Even Tina next to him was proud to be associated with them.

Jon smiled and said, “It’s not for sale! That’s the last pill we have, so it’s our shop’s treasure.”

Tina raised her chin and said gently, “Mr. Myers has been using a special preservation method on the pill over the years. The cost of preserving it so that it won’t expire already costs about \$150,000 per year...”

“Hiss! That’s a lot of money! No wonder that pill still hasn’t spoiled even after 25 years...”

“With that pill, the Myerses can dominate the world of traditional medicine!”

“...”

Jon’s gaze swept across the Andersons—who had been isolated and kept outside by the others—in the distance as he listened to the crowd’s compliments. A sharp look flashed across his countenance.

He suddenly said, "Traditional medicine requires one to accumulate and build up experience. One must be content with what they have and calmly accumulate experience. More importantly, they mustn't allow themselves to be tempted by other things. Am I right, Simon?"

His words made everyone look at Simon.

Jon continued and said, "How glorious the Andersons were twenty years ago! There was no one who didn't know about the Andersons whenever they were mentioned in the traditional medicine and pharmaceutical industry. But all these years, you and your second sister have placed your time and efforts on making social connections and on making money instead. Your intentions in making medicine are no longer pure!"

Being reprimanded in public Simon and Sheena instantly flush.

Melissa stepped forward and said with a smile, "Mr. Myers, Myers Peace Pharmacy's main business is also the sale of medicines. Surely someone has to take charge of making sales, right? Speaking of which, back when our eldest sister was in charge of making medicines, I heard that you even came to us in person to ask for advice!"

Jon stared at her and sighed. He said, "Your eldest sister, Yvette Anderson, is indeed a rare pharmaceutical genius. She was the only one with any hope of surpassing my prowess back then. What a shame that she wasted her efforts on love and romance, and eloped with a man instead! How shameless! If she had behaved and been contented with her lot back then, she would probably have also been able to create the Carefree Pill!"

Simon was rather angry. He said, "Yvette was the one who made that Carefree Pill in your possession!"

Sheena was also furious.

Back then, Yvette had made five pills. Jon had borrowed two in the name of research and observation.

Afterward, Yvette had gotten herself in trouble before she could improve the formula. The three pills they had were also used on a patient, and all of them had forgotten to ask for the two Carefree Pills back!

But now, not only was he using those two pills to suppress the Andersons, but he was also claiming that he was the one who made them? How utterly shameless!

Jon smiled and said nothing.

Tina, however, frowned and said, “That’s a very strange claim you’re making, Uncle Simon. If the Andersons were really the ones who made the Carefree Pills, why would it be in my teacher’s possession while you don’t have any?”

“Exactly. How can the Andersons be so shameless? They’re actually stealing credit for the Myerses’ pills...”

“Carefree Pills are very difficult to make. The two that Mr. Myers has were only successfully made by chance. How can the Andersons claim they’re theirs? If the Andersons had made them, why aren’t they bringing them out?”

“Moreover, they’re even saying that Yvette was the one who made the pills. She’s already dead; without her around anymore, of course, they can say whatever they want. Unless they can produce the Carefree Pill, who would believe them?”

Amidst the speculations, and a cool voice slowly reached them: “Who says the Andersons don’t have any Carefree Pills?”

Everyone turned and looked over to see a slender figure casually standing there. The young woman looked charmingly beautiful, and her cat-like eyes were slightly downcast as if she was sleepy and tired.

Yet she also gave off a sense of unbridled arrogance.

Her fair slender fingers went to her pocket and she took out a black pill wrapped in a white paper. After tearing off the simple and crude white wrapper, she held it between two of her fingers and looked at Jon. She said, “This is the real deal itself—the Carefree Pill.”

Jon’s eyes widened the moment he saw her. The young woman simply resembled Yvette Anderson too much, making him a little dazed. It was just like that time back when that other young woman had stood in front of him and declared proudly, “I’ve successfully made the Carefree Pill!”

Someone in the crowd exclaimed, “Dr. Lincoln, have a look at it! Is that the Carefree Pill?”

Dr. Lincoln was a well-known traditional medicine practitioner in the circle. Upon the request, he took a step forward and took the pill from the young woman. Then, he scratched off a bit of it, held it to his nose, and sniffed it carefully.

A moment later...

“It’s the Carefree Pill! In addition, it seems like it was made recently!”

“What? Made recently? That young woman seems to be from the Andersons...”

“Could it be that Yvette really was the one who created the Carefree Pills?”

“ ... ”

As soon as the words left the speaker’s mouth, the hall fell quiet.

Simon’s eyes lit up and he immediately said, “Mr. Myers, you have nothing to say now, do you?!”

Jon regained his composure very quickly. He said mysteriously, “I had made medicines together with Yvette back then. I didn’t expect that she has also successfully created the Carefree Pill...”

He was trying to make up for the embarrassment just now.

“Heh.”

Melissa chuckled softly. Although she hadn’t said anything, it nevertheless made Jon’s face burn as if someone had slapped him a few times!

Everyone exchanged looks with one another.

Suddenly, Dr. Lincoln stepped forward and asked, “... Mr. Anderson, may I know if the pill is for sale? I’m willing to pay \$15,000!”

As soon as he said that, everyone else also regained their senses and started to swarm toward Simon.

“I’m willing to pay \$23,000!”

“I’m willing to pay \$80,000!”

“I’m willing to pay \$150,000!”

“ ... ”

This was obviously a conference, but if anyone were to pass by outside, they might have thought it was an auction house instead.

Simon ignored them all and carefully put away the pill that Dr. Lincoln was holding. He said, “This pill...”

Before he could say the words ‘not for sale’, Nora said unhurriedly, “... is for sale, of course.”

Simon, “!”

The Myerses could even make a name for themselves in New York just by relying on a mere pill. Did Nora have any idea just how valuable the pill was or not?

He was about to speak when Nora started taking out more pills from her pocket. One, two, three... She took out a total of twenty pills!

She said calmly, “The Andersons’ new product, the Carefree Pill, will be launched at the end of this month. The retail price will be... \$3,000 per pill?”

She had originally planned to price them at \$1,500 each, but going by their fervency just now, it seemed like she could also sell them at \$3,000 without any problem? Nora was still wondering whether or not the price was too high when the crowd started shouting:

“I want 200 pills!”

“I want 2,000 pills!”

“Mr. Anderson, I want 3,000 pills!”

All the drugstore and hospitals’ procurement team representatives started to yell out their orders.

Simon swallowed and subconsciously glanced at Nora, who said dispassionately, “The production process for the Carefree Pill is a complicated one, so we can only produce up to 10,000 pills per month. They will not be sold at wholesale price but retail price.”

“ ... ”

Everyone was a little disappointed, but someone nevertheless approached Simon. “Mr. Anderson, if I order 5,000 cartons of Vitality Water, can you sell me 200 Carefree Pills? I’ll buy them at retail price, not the wholesale price!”

Simon replied, “ ... Okay.”

“Me too! I want some too!”

The crowd, who had been rather dismissive toward Simon just a moment ago, surrounded him one after another.

Deputy Dean Lucas of the Traditional Medicine Hall also squeezed into the crowd. He said, “Simon, on account of our friendship, you have to give me 500 Carefree Pills no matter what!”

Unfortunately, before he could squeeze into the crowd, Sheena stopped him.

With an icy smile on her face, she said, “Interested in our products, Deputy Dean Lucas? They’ll cost you four times the usual price.”

Deputy Dean Lucas, “ ... ”

He had demanded a 60% discount on their products just now and now, the Carefree Pill’s price had quadrupled! Sheena was definitely doing this on purpose!

Justin, who was standing nearby, looked a little stunned.

His original intention was to give her money, but now...

“The pill retails at \$3,000 but she’s selling it to us at \$800 each. In other words, we earn a profit of \$2,200 per pill, which makes \$11,000,000 in total! Mr. Hunt, Miss Smith has actually given us such a large cut of the profits!”

Behind him, Sean was calculating the numbers. He remarked, “Why does it feel like we ended up taking advantage of Miss Smith?”

Justin, "..."

He was originally intending to return her a favor, but it seemed like his debt was increasing instead?

The chilly look on his face and the impatience in his heart had already dissipated at some point. The corners of his lips suddenly curled upward and even the beauty mark at his eyes was exuding joy.

The young woman amid the crowd had already meritoriously retired by now.

She slipped away quietly, leaving all the hustle and bustle to Simon, and walked toward Justin.

She had a bit of a complicated look—there seemed to be a little hesitation, as well as a little uncertainty. What was she intending to say to him? To think it was actually putting her in such a spot.

The smile at the corners of Justin's lips widened a little further.

But just as she got closer and closer to him, the woman suddenly turned and walked toward Joel, who was next to him, instead.

Justin, "?"

The smile on his face suddenly froze.

Nora was indeed feeling a little hesitant and unsure.

She didn't know whether what she was doing was right or wrong, but she simply followed her heart and walked up to Joel. She said, "Mr. Smith, the Andersons are willing to provide your uncle's medication at no cost."

Joel had already heard the commotion a long time ago.

However, he hadn't expected Nora to take the initiative and offer him the pills.

His flirtatious eyes raised slightly, but his smile also completely disappeared. His eyes were icy-cold as he replied, "I appreciate your kindness, but..."

"My uncle doesn't ever take any of the Andersons' medicines."

After speaking, he nodded coldly at Nora, turned, and left.

Nora was rendered speechless.

Not expecting a response like that, she was stunned to the spot.

A low voice reached her at this point. "Ian Smith has great pride. Your mother embarrassed him back then. He'll never use the Andersons' medicines."

Nora turned to see Justin standing behind.

She clenched her jaw and then sighed.

There were mistakes that one could make up for, but there are also some that one couldn't.

In that case, there was no need for her to meddle anymore.

Seeing that she didn't seem to take it to heart, Justin coughed and slowly said, "Miss Smith, the new product..."

Nora waved and said, "Since I'm giving it to you, just take it."

Justin chuckled softly and asked, "Is there anything you want, Miss Smith?"

Anything I want...

With her eyes all bright and shiny, Nora looked at him and asked, "Will you give me whatever I want?"

There it was, that scorching gaze again.

Justin let out a low "Yes", his voice deep and sultry.

Nearby, Sean was rendered speechless.

Boss! I can't bear to watch you anymore!

Ding!

His cell phone beeped. He looked down to see that someone had sent him the photo of Nora's daughter that he had asked for just now.

Justin stared at Nora intently with his head lowered.

There wasn't any of the cold and unfeeling demeanor he usually had. The well-tailored custom-made suit set off his big and tall figure, making him look tall and straight.

Dim light flickered in his dark, deep eyes, and even the beauty mark at the corner of his eye seemed a little darker than usual.

He seemed to be looking forward to something, yet also nervous about it.

Were Pete here, he would have discovered that the egocentric tyrant, who had always acted arbitrarily, actually looked somewhat nervous at the moment...

The woman's eyes were big and shiny and had none of their usual laziness as she gazed at him.

Her appearance made his heart suddenly race. For a moment, he suddenly had the illusion that he would agree to whatever she asked for, no matter what it was.

Her lips parted and a few words popped out. "I want you..."

Justin felt as if the whole place had turned silent around him. The corners of his lips curled upward subconsciously, and even his dark eyes seemed like they were gradually lighting up like a sunny day.

Then, he heard the second half of her sentence: "...-r son."

Justin was bewildered.

The bolt from the blue made him dumbfounded.

In fact, the man, whose expression had never betrayed his feelings, couldn't quite keep a straight face anymore. Even his voice sounded a little stiff as he said, "What?"

Seeing how big his reaction was, the light in Nora's eyes dimmed little by little.

She just knew that it wouldn't work.

That bit of profit that the Carefree Pills gave probably wasn't even a drop in the bucket for the number one family. How would it possibly move him?

Thinking about it from his perspective, if he were to offer to buy Cherry... Well, if he allowed her to sleep at the Hunts' residence, it wasn't entirely impossible, either.

Nora lowered her gaze, her long eyelashes casting their silhouette on her cheek. With a little disappointment, she said carelessly, "Just kidding."

Justin, "..."

Nora's cell phone rang at this time.

She nodded at Justin, then walked a few steps away and answered the call. Solo's voice rang out from the other end of the call. He said, "Anti, I found signs that someone was searching the Internet for your daughter's photo just now!"

Nora was puzzled.

Her eyes narrowed and she immediately looked at Justin, only to see that his assistant standing behind him was currently whispering something to him.

Justin looked up and glanced at her. Then, his assistant held up his cell phone, apparently about to open the email and show him the photo...

Nora panicked. She hung up and immediately took a step forward. "Mr. Hunt!"

Justin, who was about to open the email, was taken aback and he looked at her.

A cold glint flickered in Nora's eyes and she came right up to Justin. Then, she tiptoed, reached out one hand, and held his shoulder as she said in a low voice, "Your clothes are wrinkled."

With her cell phone in her other hand, she 'accidentally' bumped it against Sean's cell phone that Justin was holding. While pretending to pat his clothes, she counted silently:

Five, four, three, two, one...

Time's up.

Nora was about to take a few steps back to put some distance between the two of them when a large warm hand suddenly held her around her waist. “Look out.”

A waiter happened to be passing by behind her.

Nora felt as if the palm on her waist was burning hot. She raised her head in discomfit and her gaze met with the man’s smiling lip corners.

His lips were thin, but their shape was refined and good-looking.

His nose bridge was very tall, making him look very gallant.

His pupils were very dark, making them seem deep and bottomless.

Up close, his face had a bewitching charm to it.

Nora felt as if the air in her lungs had been sucked away, making her chest feel tight and stuffy. She hurriedly pushed him away and took a few steps back. After she steadied herself, she said, “Thank you.”

Then, she turned and left.

As he gazed at her fleeing in embarrassment, Justin looked down at his fingertips.

The woman really had a fantastic figure. Areas that should be fleshy were fleshy, yet her waist was so slim and slender. It was as if he could hold it with just a hand...

After a while, he finally looked at the cell phone. However, the screen had turned black.

An astonished Sean said, “... Is the battery flat? It shouldn’t be, though. The battery was more than 60% full just now. Why can’t I turn it on anymore...”

After hacking Sean’s cell phone, Nora lowered her gaze and tapped away on her big and heavy cell phone for a short while.

At this point, a shadow suddenly appeared in front of her.

Nora looked up—Tina was supporting Jon and looking at her with hostility.

As she tossed her cell phone into her pocket, she also heard Tina say cheerfully, “Miss Smith, something awesome is about to happen to you!”

She deliberately raised her voice, attracting the attention of everyone around them.

Jon let out a cough and said, “So, you’re an old friend’s daughter. Back then, your mother and I were good friends. Even though she went astray and ruined herself, now that you’re back, I should guide you in your mother’s stead. I heard that you’re a surgeon? I wonder if you’re interested in traditional medicine?”

A question mark slowly appeared in Nora’s mind: ?

Tina said, “Miss Smith, are you so happy that you’re lost for words? My teacher, Mr. Myers, is about to take you as his student, so hurry up and acknowledge him as your teacher!”

Nora, “!!”

Tina straightened her back and slowly said, “Miss Smith, perhaps you’re not very familiar with the traditional medicine scene here. At present, there are a few masters of traditional medicine in New York—Dr. Myers, Dr. Lincoln, and Dr. Jenkins. The three of them were students of Dr. Silvester Zabe, the most famous practitioner of traditional medicine many years ago. However, Dr. Zabe hasn’t seen any patients for many years, so there’s no one better than Mr. Myers now.

“Mr. Myers is also the deputy dean of the New York College of Traditional Medicine. There are scores of people trying to apply to become a postgraduate student under him. It’s your honor that he’s willing to take you as his student. It’s a blessing that many are begging for!”

As soon as she said that, the people around them immediately started to speculate among themselves. “No wonder Mr. Jon is so skilled in traditional medicine. As it turns out, he was under the tutelage of Dr. Zabe. But wasn’t it said that Dr. Zabe didn’t take any students?”

Jon smiled lightly and said, “I was lucky enough to have studied under Mr. Zabe for a few years. I suppose you can call me an unofficial student of his!”

The moment he said that, Dr. Lincoln, who had helped to verify the Carefree Pill just now and was of equal standing as Jon, muttered, "I heard that Mr. Zabe officially took in a student a few years ago and taught them everything he knew... But that's just a rumor, though. I've never seen that little junior of mine, so I have no idea whether they're male or female!"

Dr. Lincoln's words didn't attract anyone's attention, though.

Tina said, "Acknowledge Mr. Myers as your teacher here first. You can officially pay him a visit to complete the procedures next time."

Nora slowly said, "No, it's fine."

Disregarding how that man must be up to no good in his bid to take her as his student, and that he would probably make her lend him the Carefree Pill's formula to study and observe later on; just the fact that were she to become Jon's student... Wouldn't their hierarchical positions become all messed up?

Speaking of which, she was certainly being rather rude. Even though she had come to New York, she hadn't gone to visit her teacher yet...

While she was lost in her own thoughts, Tina's expression had already changed. She and Jon were about to say something when next to them, Joel Smith answered a phone call and his expression suddenly changed drastically.

He quickly took a couple of steps toward Jon and said, "My uncle is dying. Please come with me immediately and have a look at him..."

Jon, who didn't dare slight him, answered, "Okay!"

Before leaving, he looked at Nora and said, "You're still young, so you should give some things a little more thought. Mr. Smith, let's not waste any more time and hurry over!"

After Jon and Tina left, the people around them started to gather around Nora.

"So, you're Yvette Anderson's daughter? Becoming Jon's student is a great opportunity. Don't pass it up!"

“She’s still young, but Simon, you’d best be sensible! Look at Tina; after she became Mr. Myers’ student, she became an attending physician at Hospital Finest. She also became a lot more well-known...”

Amidst everyone’s persuasion, Nora, however, merely stared in the direction where Joel and the others left.

Ian Smith was dying...

Should she go over and have a look?

However, when she thought of what Joel had said just now, she abandoned the thought.

Never mind. Everyone had their own destiny.

The conference ended with a perfect conclusion for the Andersons. All the goods piled up in their warehouse sold out. In addition, with the Carefree Pills, Harmonia Pharmacy’s position in the traditional medicine industry also stabilized somewhat.

At the very least, when they left, the others no longer looked at them contemptuously like the way they did in the beginning.

It was only after he saw that the Andersons had left that Justin looked at Sean, who had already taken out his spare cell phone, logged in to the email account, and opened the email from just now.

The photo, however, was of a baby who had just turned a month old.

Honestly speaking, all newborn babies actually look more or less the same. However, the baby in the photo looked soft and chubby, and it was obvious that she had very attractive facial features.

Justin suddenly thought of Pete when he was a baby. Due to his poor health, he had been nothing but skin and bone...

At the Andersons.

After Nora and the others stepped through the door, the whole family sat on the sofa in the living room.

Simon had just answered a call from his daughter. He said excitedly, “Sheril says that they’ve already produced 50 pills based on the formula! The formula works! We can really mass-produce Carefree Pills!”

Melissa glanced at Sheena, who hadn’t said a word since she entered. She said, “It seems like Yvette did indeed improve the formula and even had Nora bring it back. This shows that despite her leaving home, she hadn’t forgotten the Andersons...”

Sheena’s complexion was dull and ashen. Her lips were pursed tightly and she felt dejected.

Simon, who didn’t notice anything, instead asked, “Nora, are you really not going to study under Jon?”

Nora replied, “No.”

After thinking for a while, Simon said, “I know it’s because Jon was making things difficult for us that you...”

“There’s no need to discuss any further about this. I’m not interested in learning traditional medicine from him,” said Nora, who interrupted her uncle straightaway.

Sheena frowned. “What are you interested in, then?”

Nora raised an eyebrow and kept quiet for a while.

At once, Sheena couldn’t help but reprimand her. “I heard that you’re a surgeon? Do you have a medical license? Which college did you graduate from? Which hospital are you working in? Are you a doctor specializing in outpatient service or an attending physician?”

Nora replied, “... I work by myself.”

“You work by yourself? In that case, how many operations can you do in a month? Why don’t you train in the hospital for a few years since you’re still so young?”

Melissa tugged Sheena’s sleeve. “Sheena, don’t say any more for now.”

However, Sheena pulled her sleeve back and said, “So, you want me to apologize to your mother? Okay! I’ll do it! I shouldn’t have said that about Sis! But Nora, as your aunt, there’s something I have to say!

“Your mother was renowned as a young lady of great talent in New York back then, but you grew up elsewhere instead. The way how you’re incapable of anything damages your mother’s reputation! That is something I absolutely will not allow!”

“ ... ”

Nora felt that this second aunt of hers took reputation and things like that too seriously.

She stood up and walked upstairs. “I’ll go and take a look at what Cherry is doing.”

Sheena immediately became angry. “You—”

Melissa grabbed her hand and said, “She’s only just returned, Sheena. Give her some time to adapt. Don’t worry, even if you don’t bring it up, I’ll do my best to groom Nora, nonetheless!”

Nora, “ ... ”

She really didn’t need it.

She went upstairs, entered her bedroom, and immediately heard Cherry in the midst of her games.

“Chesty, come on! I caught someone who’s alone!”

A voice rang out in the voice chat: “Coming! I’m coming!”

Then, Cherry let out an exclamation of surprise and said, “No, there isn’t just one person but two! Ah, there’s one... two more in the bushes! Chesty, there are four players away from their team!”

“ ... ”

“Come on! Why are you running away, Chesty? Why are you so lousy?!”

“... Cherry, they have four people on their side while there’s only two of us. Are you sure the four of them are away from their team?”

“Why are you chickening out? I can beat five of them by myself! Are you a man or not?!”

“I’m your uncle!”

“Oh. Those who didn’t know would’ve thought you were my aunt instead!”

“...”

Seeing that Cherry was engrossed in her game, Nora reminded her to pay attention to the time and went to take a bath.

Cherry blinked with her big cute eyes and stared at her cell phone. “Chesty, Mommy’s back, so I’ll have to log off soon! Are you still streaming the gameplay?”

Chester replied, “Yes, I am. The viewers in my live stream are all calling for you to start live streaming too!”

Cherry became very interested when she heard what he said. She asked, “Will anyone watch if I live stream?”

Chester replied, “Of course! I’m a hotshot streamer with millions of fans. When we challenge the rankings with our two-man team, you’ll definitely get a lot of traffic!”

“Okie-Dokie!” Cherry said, “I’ll start a live stream tomorrow! What do I have to prepare?”

Chester asked, “Do you have a computer at home? You’ll have to buy a good camera, preferably one that comes with a beautifying feature!”

“No problem!”

The two sillies chatted cheerfully. Cherry even grinned happily as she dreamed of becoming a little star.

Once she started live streaming, would it mean that she would be able to give history trivia and even do poem recitals in her live stream and let everyone see how much of a genius and beauty she was?!

---

The Smiths' residence was located near Third Avenue in New York.

Interior decor in the manor was low-key and exuded elegance in every detail.

Several servants busied themselves with their chores, yet they didn't make any sound. It was apparent that they were well-trained.

All the members of the Smiths were gathered outside the master bedroom door. They sat on the leather sofa and stared anxiously at the bedroom door.

In the bedroom, a big and tall man was lying on a large gray bed.

Even though he was nearly fifty years old, Ian didn't look his age at all. Apart from how he was unusually pale, he looked as if he was in his thirties.

Even though his eyes were closed and he was unconscious at the moment, his features exuded the elegance and sobriety of a man who had enjoyed a high social standing for a long time.

If one looked closely, one would realize that Nora and Ian had very similar lip shapes.

A solemn Jon checked his vitals gravely while Tina stood straight and carefully sized up the luxurious decor around her.

Even at his current level, Jon was just a bigwig in the traditional medicine circle. To true top-notch wealthy families like the Smiths, he was just a doctor with a little more skill than most. Their status and the amount of power each wielded weren't comparable at all.

Joel had a troubled look on his face. When he saw that Jon was done with the checkup, he asked anxiously, "How is my uncle?"

Jon frowned and replied, "Mr. Smith has no will to live, so there's nothing that can cure him. Please prepare for his funeral."

Joel's expression changed drastically. "Is there really no other way, Mr. Myers?"

Jon replied, "There may be someone who can do something about it."

Joel asked anxiously, "Who is it?"

Jon's expression remained unchanged as he answered, "It's Dr. Zabe."

At once, Joel got ready to instruct his subordinates to invite him over.

However, Jon stopped him. He said, "He's already very old, and has even become somewhat absent-minded and bedridden. But I've heard that he took in a student who inherited all of his skills. Unfortunately, this person is very mysterious. No one knows where they are."

Joel frowned. His gaze fell on Ian who was lying on the bed.

Jon contemplated for a while before he spoke again. He said, "I can keep Mr. Smith alive, but you'll have to either let him rekindle his will to live or find Dr. Zabe's student."

Joel nodded, a bit of a sharp look appearing in his flirtatious eyes. "In that case, please help my uncle regain consciousness as soon as possible, Mr. Myers."

"Okay."

Jon took out a silver needle and pierced it into several important points on Ian. Then, he took out a pill, crushed it, and stuffed it into his mouth.

After some work, Ian's heartbeat became steady again.

Jon wiped the sweat off his brows and said to Joel, "Mr. Smith should be able to wake up tomorrow. I'll have Tina personally come over to check on him every day and do our best to keep him alive until you find Dr. Zabe's successor."

A smile formed on Joel's countenance once more. "Okay, I'll get the butler to send you out."

After the two of them left, a feminine and delicate voice suddenly rang out. "Joel, he's obviously capable of curing Dad, yet he keeps going on and on here with you instead. Also, Dr. Zabe? He sure says a lot of nonsense."

Joel smiled upon hearing this.

He turned around to see an attractive figure walk in—it was Ian’s adopted daughter, Yvonne Smith.

Ian never married in his whole life, choosing to only adopt a daughter. All the other children born into the Smiths were boys, so they doted on their one and only younger sister very much.

Joel said, “As long as he can cure Uncle Ian’s illness, what’s the big deal about helping him boost his reputation?”

Yvonne stuck out her tongue and cast her eyes down.

Everyone said she was the princess of the Smiths in New York, but no one knew that she was actually the most afraid of Joel.

The new head of the Smiths was always smiling and was gentle and generous, but Yvonne always felt like there was a thin wall between the two of them...

At the entrance of the Smiths’ residence.

It took a full ten minutes for the car to go from the villa where Ian lived to the gate of the manor.

It was only when she saw that they were on the main road that Tina finally looked away from the manor.

She looked at Jon nervously. “Sir, Ian Smith is already on his deathbed. Even he himself doesn’t want to live anymore; how can we possibly save his life?”

Ian had no external or internal injuries. From a modern medicine perspective, there wasn’t anything wrong with him.

Yet his internal organs were slowly failing...

Jon stretched out his hand—half a pill was resting on his palm. He said, “Go over every day to check his health. Give him a couple of jabs on unimportant points of his body first, and then have him consume this pill. This will keep him alive.”

Tina exclaimed, “Sir, that pill is...”

Jon heaved a heavy sigh and answered, “It’s the Carefree Pill.”

Tina's eyes widened. "That pill is worth a lot! You..."

Jon balled up his fist and closed his eyes. Due to his age, the skin at his eyelids was loose and saggy. He instructed, "Have someone secretly buy them from Harmonia Pharmacy. Don't let anyone discover anything. Harmonia Pharmacy has won this round, thanks to the Carefree Pill. If we don't achieve anything big, they'll probably rise above us!"

Tina immediately understood what Jon meant.

The Myerses had made a name for themselves overnight by using the Carefree Pill to cure the elderly Mrs. Hunt. Additionally, it had also allowed Jon to cement his position in the field of traditional medicine. However, now that the Carefree Pill had become the Andersons', it had robbed them of their glory.

Dr. Zabe was the only one capable of curing Ian, yet Jon had successfully kept him alive. This was undoubtedly something glorious to tell everyone.

Tina sat up straight and said seriously, "Don't worry, Sir. I'll make sure I don't slip up and give anything away!"

It was getting late and the moon was already visible in the sky.

The streets of New York were filled with cars. From a distance, it was as though the stream of red car lights stretched on endlessly.

Although the Andersons' residence wasn't a large manor, it was located in the city center and was a quiet little area amid the hustle and bustle of the city. The small villa's market value was worth over ten million.

After dinner, Mrs. Anderson and Melissa brought Nora into the study.

The swelling around Mrs. Anderson's eyes had already gone down and she had completely regained her vision. She looked at Nora kindly and asked, "Nora, Cherry must be five by now, right? It's not appropriate to just let her stay at home all the time. Do you have any plans to send her to kindergarten?"

Nora had thought about this a long time ago.

Originally, her trip to New York was only supposed to be a temporary stay, but now that her son was here, it was likely that she had to stay here permanently.

She nodded and asked, “Which is the best kindergarten nearby?”

Cherry had a super high IQ, so she wasn’t quite the same as other children. She was impatient and, apart from when she played games, she couldn’t sit still at all, no matter what she was doing.

This was the only reason why Nora had allowed her to play games—so that she could practice how to focus. However, in truth, the amount of game time she had every day was limited.

Considering her situation, she needed a kindergarten with the most abundant manpower resources, so that there would be the most professional teachers there to take care of her.

At her question, Melissa was taken aback for a moment before she answered, “The best kindergarten around here is the International Golden Sunshine Kindergarten.”

Mrs. Anderson frowned and supplemented, “That kindergarten is hard to enroll into, though.”

Nora was puzzled.

Melissa explained, “That’s the best kindergarten in New York. The students there are either wealthy or of noble status. Given our family’s conditions, neither Sheril nor Logan were accepted into the school when they were children...”

She said, “The main reason for that is that not only does the kindergarten have tough requirements for the children, but they also have very demanding requirements for parents. Parents must either be special talents or top cadres. Additionally, there are also assessments of varied content specifically set for parents.”

Nora went straight for the key point. She asked, “What’s considered a special talent?”

Melissa answered, "They are talents who have made major contributions. Alternatively, it'll also work if the parents are holders of top-class black cards."

A puzzled Mrs. Anderson asked, "What's a top-class black card?"

Melissa shook her head. "I've only heard of it and never seen it before."

The look in Nora's eyes flickered a little, however.

A bank's top-class black card was a credit card with no credit limit.

Currently, there were only a double-digit number of black cards in the world. It was said that these dozen or so people had formed a mysterious organization known as the Imperial League.

Imperial League members were either tycoons of the world or hotshot politicians, and they controlled the global economy.

They were very mysterious, and even an occasional conversation among them was capable of triggering global economic storms. However, all the members were anonymous, and even people within the organization itself didn't know who the others were.

Everyone privately speculated that in all of the United States, the person who might have a black card like that must be Justin. Thus, everyone, no matter who it was, treated him very politely.

Anyone who owned a black card like that could buy the kindergarten itself, so there definitely wouldn't be any enrollment restrictions for them.

Nora's lip corners curled upward. She was about to say something when her cell phone rang.

However, when she saw the name on the caller ID, she was taken aback for a moment.

Why was he calling her?

Nora said to Melissa, "We'll go for that kindergarten, Aunt Melissa. I'll take Cherry there and give it a go."

Then, she got up, went out the door, and picked up the call.

An aged and stern voice came from the other end of the call. "Where are you?"

It was her traditional medicine teacher, Silvester Zabe.

At the thought of how serious and stern of a man he was, Nora subconsciously straightened her back and answered, "I'm in New York, sir. What's the matter?"

Silvester slowly replied, "Oh. The Smiths are looking for you; they want you to treat someone's illness."

The Smiths? Ian Smith?

Just as Nora was about to say that she would go, Silvester said, "You don't have to go. He isn't sick; he just doesn't want to live anymore."

"..."

"His internal organs are failing. Currently, they're using the Carefree Pill to keep him alive. Even if you do go over, can you make him regain his will to live?"

Nora had no words for that. She reckoned that Ian would probably wish to die even more if he saw her.

She sighed mentally. Then, she asked carefully, "Okay. Can I visit you tomorrow, sir?"

Silvester was already over 90 years old this year, but the elderly man nevertheless spoke clearly. He replied, "No, it's fine. I'm already old; there's nothing to see here. You passing down my skills in traditional medicine would be the best way of repaying my kindness."

However, the old man's indifference instead made Nora tear up.

Without him, she would probably have already died several times.

She cast her eyes down and said, "In that case, let me know if you ever want to see me."

"You're not a kid anymore, so why are you still so clingy? Stop it!" After saying that, Silvester said, "I'm hanging up."

Beep... beep... beep...

Nora looked at her cell phone and heaved a soft sigh. That old man's temper was as weird as ever.

The night passed peacefully.

When Cherry woke up the next morning, Nora was still asleep.

She tiptoed gently across the carpet, closing the door only after she entered the study.

Then, she picked up her cell phone and sent Chester a text message:  
"Chesty, are you ready?"

Chester replied instantly: "I've already registered a live stream account for you, so you can officially start live streaming now!"

"Okie-Dokie!"

Cherry climbed up the chair and planted her tiny self on the big swivel chair. She pushed her foot against the table and turned the chair straight. Then, she turned on Nora's computer.

Chester chuckled and texted: "It's your first live stream today, Cherry. Let's do something a little special today so that you can attract more fans!"

Cherry's big dark eyes lit up and she replied: "Okay! What shall we do?"

Chester, who was in his room at the Hunts', replied: "Let's compete in the live stream!"

Cherry eagerly replied: "No problem! I'll beat you for sure!"

"Heh heh." Chester replied smugly: "A contest in a live stream isn't dependent on the game but the fans' monetary tips! I have 10 million fans, so I'll definitely beat you!"

Chester had suffered his little niece's dissing in the game for over half a year.

Now, he was going to stand tall and regain his dignity as her uncle!

He would let his little niece see just how crazy his fans are.

Cherry wrote: "I'll definitely be better at this than you!"

Chester grinned and started a new live stream. "Hello everyone! This is Chesty. Today, I will introduce a new friend to all of you. She's my team leader! Yes, she's none other than the cutie with a little girl's voice who loves playing as the heroine with the huge cannon! Everyone, please show her lots of support!"

At the Smiths.

Ian had woken up in the morning.

The servant quickly told him that Joel had watched over him all night the previous day.

Joel, whose eyes were all red, held his hand and said, "Uncle Ian, the Smiths still need you. I can't head the family by myself yet. You can't just leave all of this behind and go."

Joel was lying.

He was even more outstanding than himself back then, yet he was putting on an act like that.

Ian smiled weakly. "I'm fine."

A touch of sorrow flashed across Joel's eyes. He picked up the cell phone and handed it to Ian in an attempt to pique his interest. He said, "I remember you used to like playing games, Uncle Ian. This game is very popular now. How about trying it out?"

The reason why he had played games in the past was that she was still with him back then.

Ian actually wasn't very interested in games. He said dispassionately, "... I don't know how to play it."

"It's fine." Joel opened a live stream app and said, "It's pretty interesting to watch others play, too! You can even learn how to play just by watching."

He opened a random live stream and placed the cell phone at a corner on the side within Ian's line of vision.

Ian didn't have the heart to refuse his nephew's kindness, so he simply looked over casually.

A soft and tender voice could already be heard coming from the live stream.

"Chesty, why are my points so low?"

Chester replied, "That's because the points are calculated using the total amount of tips you receive from fans through the virtual gifts they send you! You don't have many fans yet! Hehe, come on, everyone! I'm always being trashed by sweetcherry in the game, so I'm going to give her a taste of how it feels to be trashed this time!"

'sweetcherry'?

Ian was taken aback for a moment.

He remembered that Yvette's game alias had been 'lollipop' back then. When he teased her for using such a sweet-sounding name, she had replied, "What's wrong with that? If I have a daughter in the future, I'll play games with her and give her the alias 'sweetcherry', and have you die of diabetes from all the sugar!"

'sweetcherry'...

Ian stretched out his pale and feeble arm and took hold of the cell phone. Right away, a face-off screen entered his sight. sweetcherry only had a few hundred points while her opponent Chesty had a few thousand points.

He suddenly gained a little interest.

When Chester raised his head, he suddenly discovered that Cherry's total number of points had exceeded his. He immediately exclaimed, "What the f\*ck?! What happened?"

Cherry exclaimed excitedly, "Someone just gave me a huge tip! I can't even keep count anymore!"

Chester did a count and found that the person had actually given her a \$80,000 tip in one go!

Shocked, he urged, "Quick, greet your Sponsor Daddy! Thank you for the tip, Sponsor Daddy!"

Cherry was very troubled, though. She said, "But I already have a Daddy!"

She tilted her head, bit her finger, and thought about it for a while. Then, her eyes suddenly lit up and she exclaimed, "I know, I'll have Mommy call him Daddy instead! So, that means he's Grandpa! Thank you for the tip, Grandpa!"

While talking, another notification saying she had received an \$80,000 tip scrolled across the screen.

It instantly dealt a crushing blow to Chester's points.

"F\*ck!" He was angry now. "Don't be so arrogant! I also have sponsors!"

He immediately posted a link to the live stream on his Facebook page and wrote: "Hey everyone! Those with money, please show some support! Those without, go away."

Most of Chester's friends were wealthy people, and they usually gave tips worth a few thousand dollars for fun.

After making the post, his score indeed started to rise.

At this time, Justin was currently seated in his office in the Hunt Corporation's office tower.

Beside him, Pete was studying.

He opened his Facebook page and immediately saw Chester's post.

Bored, he opened the link.

He immediately heard a tender voice coming from the live stream: "Sponsor Grandpa, in order to thank you for giving me such big tips, I'll tell you some trivia!"

Justin was taken aback when he heard the voice. It sounded vaguely familiar. However, when he lowered his head and saw his son beside him, he suppressed his doubts.

Back in California, Pete had worn girls' clothing from time to time as if he had a split personality.

However, after they returned to New York, apart from the first day he went to practice martial arts at the Quinn School of Martial Arts where he had returned in a princess dress and became a little princess again, he had been normal the past few days.

He must be too high-strung. Otherwise, why would he find the voice just now so similar to his son's when he was having relapses previously?

What was Chester doing, though? Why was there a child's voice in his live stream?

Justin's deep-set eyes narrowed as he watched on sullenly.

It took only a few seconds for him to figure out what was going on with the so-called 'contest'. He let out a cold laugh right away.

His younger brother sure was making a good showing. To think he was being suppressed by a nobody streamer.

It wasn't an issue as long as no one knew, but should there come a day where it became known that Chesty the game streamer was a Hunt, it would be a huge embarrassment to the family!

At the thought, Justin immediately topped up \$300,000 into his account.

He was about to tip his younger brother when he suddenly heard the tender voice say,

"Do you know who discovered radium? It's Johnny Depp!"

Justin, "??"

His fingers instantly paused, and he felt a sense of familiarity welling up in him.

He impulsively entered the live stream hosted by 'sweetcherry'.

The screen showed both streamers facing off, but neither of their cameras was turned on. Instead, they were streaming their gameplay. In a crisp and clear voice, the little girl said, "Sponsor Grandpa, I didn't get it wrong. I have a really awesome memory, yeah! If you don't believe me, I can tell you more!"

“Do you know the famous playwright who wrote Romeo and Juliet? It’s Chris Hemsworth!”

“ ... ”

These insignificant trivia whose answers were all handsome actors and celebrities... Why did they sound so familiar?

Justin couldn’t help but glance at Pete again.

He coughed and cast his eyes down, but an inexplicable sense of intimacy suddenly surged up in him.

He had always been a loner since he was a child. He didn’t have many friends and on top of that, there was a lot of scheming and trickery among his relatives. Even his grandfather had tricked him right before his death...

Therefore, there were times when he felt lonely, too.

Pete was a boy, so he had always taught him to be independent and self-reliant since he was a baby.

He hadn’t liked the Pete who wore a princess dress, but to be honest, when he grasped his big hand with his soft little hands and looked at him with those big, damp, and innocent eyes of his, his heart had felt as if it were soaking in a hot spring.

Sometimes, he couldn’t help but wonder—how nice would it be if he really had a daughter?

“Aren’t I clever, yeah? I see everyone in the comments laughing. Is it because I’m so smart? But why isn’t anyone tipping me?”

“ ... ”

With a flick of his fingers, Justin immediately sent out a tip worth 9,999 airplanes, which was the most expensive virtual gift purchasable.

Cherry immediately exclaimed “I must have done really well! Someone has tipped me again!”

She didn’t know how much money that was at all, but she nevertheless said in a rather troubled manner, “But it’s only because Mommy’s Daddy is a very

bad man that I got her a Sponsor Daddy. I can't have two at the same time! I can only choose one to be my Sponsor Grandpa."

As soon as she said that, another account also gave her a tip worth 9,999 airplanes!

Cherry shouted, "Sponsor Grandpa! Love you!"

Justin opened the list of fans and found that the top fan in sweetcherry's fan list was a person named 'Grandpa'.

He sure knew how to take advantage of others.

He let out a cold laugh and sent another 9,999 airplanes.

In other words, he had given her a tip of \$150,000 right away.

Troubled, Cherry lowered her voice and asked Chester seriously, "Chesty, who should I call Sponsor Grandpa?"

Seeing that his points that had just increased greatly were firmly suppressed again, Chester entered her live stream huffily and said, "Let me see who's the bastard that actually tipped you \$300,000 straightaway..."

As he spoke, he opened her fan list.

As user accounts of the live stream platform were linked to their Facebook profiles, the users' Facebook profile pictures would also show in the live-stream platform. At the sight of that familiar profile picture on Cherry's fan list, the words at the tip of Chester's tongue changed and he stuttered, "J-J-Justin?"

Cherry immediately understood what he meant and she exclaimed softly, "Daddy?!"

Justin, "??"

Cherry's voice immediately became excited, though she also did an obvious turnaround and added, "I meant Sponsor Daddy!"

Justin, "!!"

That familiar voice and way of speech... He turned and looked at Pete, who was next to him, again.

Pete, “??”

The tyrant was using his cell phone and also had earphones on, but he kept glancing at him from time to time. A resigned Pete raised the book in his hand and said, “I really am reading.”

Justin kept quiet. Then, he nodded and continued to watch the live stream.

Everyone in the comments was laughing at the streamer. She had said just now that she wouldn't call anyone 'Sponsor Daddy', but a moment later, she had given in for the sake of tips!

Not only did she have a Sponsor Grandpa, but she also had a Sponsor Daddy now!

Justin's eyes darkened slightly. His expression turned cold and even the beauty mark at the corner of his eye seemed to be giving off an icy chill.

Little did he think that he, who had always been hard-hearted, would actually fall for a nobody streamer's charms.

He was about to close the live stream when the tender voice said, “Sponsor Daddy, do you wanna watch me play games? I'm super good at it, yeah! I'm even better at games than trivia knowledge!”

“...”

His fingers suddenly paused and he started to watch her play just like that.

The streamer sounded like she was only five or six years old. Her voice was soft and tender, and she liked to play as a particular female hero in the game.

The hero was a very cute little girl who carried a huge cannon. However, not only did she diss people mercilessly in the game, but she also had a lot of firepower.

Before he knew it, he had spent an hour and a half watching the live stream.

This continued until...

“Sponsor Grandpa, Daddy. I’m going offline. By the way, what are you having for lunch today? We’re gonna have beef steak! That’s my favorite food, yeah!”

At some point, she no longer addressed Justin as ‘Sponsor Daddy’ but just ‘Daddy’.

It was only after the live stream ended that Justin finally came back to his senses.

He couldn’t help looking at Pete again.

An expressionless Pete looked back at him.

Justin kept quiet for a while. Then, he said, “Pete, say ‘Daddy’.”

The way that little streamer kept calling him ‘Daddy’ was so adorable that even his heart had softened. Were all children that cute?

Pete pursed his lips. His little face was serious as he looked at him. After contemplating for a while, he asked, “Daddy, have you seen the doctor?”

“ ... ”

Justin also felt that he was acting rather ridiculously. He stood up and said, “Let’s go home for lunch.”

When the two returned home, the nanny brought out plates of piping hot food.

Chester automatically sat at the dining table.

Justin suddenly looked at him and asked, “Who’s that kid you were doing a live-stream with today?”

Chester’s fork-holding hand stopped moving and he froze all over.

Chester grew up with Justin, so his elder brother had always inspired awe and respect in him as though he was his father.

Therefore, he actually felt very guilty about hiding the truth from Justin.

If Justin didn’t ask, he wouldn’t say anything. But now that he had, he mustn’t lie!

As such, he stammered, “I-it’s your daughter...”

His daughter? Well, the little streamer had called him Daddy for two hours, but he was indeed her true blue Sponsor Daddy.

At this time, a calm voice reached them. “What live stream are you talking about?”

Pete sat with his back straight. Although his voice still had a childish quality to it, it nevertheless gave off a calm and steady feeling.

Chester replied, “My team leader in the game hosted a live stream today...”

Justin snorted coldly. “You’re actually acknowledging a five or six-year-old girl as your leader? How promising of you.”

Pete, “...”

Uncle Chester’s team leader in the game was Cherry.

He stilled his expression and started spouting nonsense with a straight face. “Uncle Chester, you must have been tricked. A lot of people use voice changers these days.”

Chester, “?”

However, Justin said, “It didn’t sound like she was using a voice changer.”

He didn’t dwell on these, though. Instead, after casting a glance at Chester, he asked dispassionately, “Are you intending to play games for the rest of your life?”

Chester shook his head. “Actually, I want to be a professional e-sports player and start my own team, but I don’t have that much money. I—”

“Is eight million enough?” Justin’s voice was cool and crisp as he casually cut a piece of his steak.

Chester was stunned.

As he looked at Justin, his eyes suddenly reddened. It was just like back when he was still a child. When he said that he didn’t want to study, no one in the

family had supported him. Everyone had called him a good-for-nothing. Justin was the only one who had asked, "Then what do you want to do?"

Justin had always respected his dreams.

Chester lowered his head. His voice sounded a little choked as he replied, "Yes."

"Well, I think that little girl has a bright future ahead of her," Justin said, "You can recruit her into your team."

Chester, "?"

All his emotions from just now evaporated in an instant.

If Justin knew that was his daughter, he probably wouldn't think so anymore!

He stammered, "Justin, you s-seem to like my team leader quite a bit?"

"She's fine, I suppose."

Justin speared another piece of steak and said, "This tastes pretty good."

"..."

At the Smiths.

Before one knew it, it was already noon. Joel entered the room and saw Ian staring at the screen of the live stream that had already ended.

After a moment's hesitation, he asked, "Is there anything you would like for lunch today, Uncle Ian?"

He had initially thought that he wouldn't have any appetite as usual and would just patronize him a little, but unexpectedly, Ian actually answered, "Steak, I suppose."

Joel was taken aback.

His uncle hadn't had meat for several years. Because he had lost all will to live, he had lost interest in everything, including eating.

What had happened?

Joel couldn't figure it out, so he simply decided not to think about it anymore. It was fine as long as Uncle Ian was willing to eat!

...

"Mmm!"

Cherry put a piece of steak into her mouth, which was stuffed so full that her cheeks were bulging. Her lips were all greasy and her big black eyes were filled with a rich sense of contentment. Her speech was unclear as she said, "This ish delicious!"

Her adorable appearance gave Melissa, who had cooked the meal, a sense of satisfaction. She patted her on the head and said, "If Cherry likes it, Grand-aunt Melissa will make some for you again!"

"Okie!"

Cherry nodded repeatedly as she dished out compliments generously. "Not only is Grand-aunt Melissa pretty, but she's also kind and a great cook! Aunt Sheril is so blessed to have a mommy like you!"

As soon as she said that, she spied Nora coming downstairs. Cherry blinked and added, "But my Mommy's also super awesome!"

Nora raised an eyebrow. "Oh? Which part of me do you think is awesome?"

Cherry thought hard for a while. Then, she tilted her head and answered, "You're awesome at sleeping!"

"..."

Nora decided not to hold it against the little fellow. After stretching and yawning, she walked over, took a seat, and finished her meal in just a few bites.

There was a rare guest at the table today—Logan Anderson.

He ate slowly and gracefully. When he saw Nora wolfing down her food, he inadvertently curled his lip.

The way his cousin ate as if she had never eaten anything in her life before...

He lowered his beautiful almond-shaped eyes. However, there wasn't any disdain in his eyes but just a thoughtful look.

After lunch, Nora went upstairs and packed Cherry's school bag for her. By the time she went back down, Cherry was also almost done with her lunch.

At the sight of the schoolbag in her hands, a dazed Melissa asked, "Where are you going, Nora?"

Nora replied, "For an interview."

"At the International Golden Sunshine Kindergarten?"

"Yeah."

Melissa said apologetically, "But we don't have any interview spots. Give me some time; I've already asked my family about it, though they haven't given me any answer yet..."

As soon as she said that, the piercing sound of the chair dragging against the floor rang out.

Logan stood up abruptly. "Mom, did you go back to the Woods and let them bully you again?"

As though she was afraid that Nora would realize something, Melissa frowned at Logan and said, "Logan, shut up!"

Logan snorted. "Mom, have you forgotten what you told Sheril and me in the past? Does attending that kindergarten even bring any meaning?"

Melissa had never been one to care about superficial formalities like that.

When Sheril and Logan didn't get places for the interview to enroll in the kindergarten, she had told the two children, "Enrolling into the kindergarten doesn't make one noble. What gives you a noble character is when you value and respect yourselves."

Melissa, however, frowned.

She grabbed Logan, lowered her voice, and said, "Nora is different from the two of you! She grew up elsewhere. If Cherry can't even attend that

kindergarten, I'm worried that Nora won't be able to hold her head up high in the circle in the future!"

Logan understood all of this.

But the moment he thought of his elegant and graceful mother returning to the Woods to be mistreated by others...

He said in an unruly manner, "Do you really think she can enroll Cherry into the kindergarten even if she has a recommendation letter? There's no way she'll pass the interview!"

Melissa patted him on the shoulder and said, "That's why I got you back here. I want you to take them there and accompany Nora for the interview."

Logan was stunned.

He clenched his jaw. His features, which were similar to Nora's, carried an air of unruliness and defiance. He said, "But the Woods haven't sent the recommendation letter yet!"

Melissa sighed. She knew that her sister-in-law must be making things difficult for her again. She said, "I'll call them and urge them."

Rather than saying she was 'urging' them... It was actually probably more like she was begging them instead.

Logan's expression turned even colder. It was at this moment that the two of them heard a cool and indifferent voice: "You don't have to beg them for one. I already have an interview spot."

Taken aback, Melissa looked at Nora and asked, "How did you get the spot, Nora?"

Nora was about to give her a simple explanation when her cell phone rang.

When she picked up, she heard the voice of Lisa, her cousin in California, reaching her through the phone. She said, "Nora, I suspect you aren't Uncle Henry's daughter at all!"

## **Chapter 62 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams**

Justin strode over with a cold look on his face.

The conference was very noisy, and all the guests had gathered into their own respective little groups. Justin was low-key by nature, so no one had noticed him.

Moreover, this was a medical conference. Most of the guests here wouldn't be able to come into contact with people of his level, so they didn't know who he was.

However, this didn't include Deputy Dean Lucas.

Deputy Dean Lucas was stunned when he saw him. "M-Mr. Hunt?"

Justin, however, ignored him. He merely turned to Simon and said indifferently, "Uncle Simon, Hospital Finest will procure all of our traditional medicines from the Andersons. For every type of pill that Harmonia Pharmacy sells, we'll take 5,000 pills a month each."

All of them were dumbfounded.

5,000 pills... of each type!

Although it wasn't a lot, it was enough to sustain Harmonia Pharmacy's daily expenses!

He was practically a lifesaver.

Moreover, he had also chosen an appropriate quantity. Hospital Finest was definitely capable of finishing all 5,000 pills of every type of medicine, no matter what. Therefore, it wouldn't give others the impression that Justin was taking pity on them, so his actions showed sufficient respect toward the Andersons.

The way he handled the matter was both appropriate and meticulous.

Simon quickly recovered from his astonishment. He, Sheena, and Melissa looked at one another.

They still needed to feed so many people in the Andersons. Additionally, Sheena and Sheril were also leading research and development efforts for new drugs in the pharmaceutical department, so the future still held endless possibilities for them.

Simon didn't put on a pretentious act and refuse his offer. Instead, he said gratefully, "I will definitely sell all our medicines to you at the lowest price possible! I also guarantee that they'll absolutely be of the very best quality!"

Justin nodded and instructed Sean, "Get the Legal Department to draw up a contract so that we can have it signed as soon as possible."

After speaking, he looked at Nora.

She hadn't asked for any consultation fees or operation fees for his grandmother's operation back then. By helping them out a little and sending them some money, he would just take it that he was returning her the favor.

However, Nora frowned, seemingly a little troubled. "5,000 pills of each type? Does this include new products?"

New products?

Simon and Sheena were a little confused. They didn't have any new products, did they?

Justin, however, quickly replied, "Yes, it does."

Nora glanced at him and asked casually, "Are you sure? The new product is a little expensive."

A little expensive? How expensive could it get?

Justin didn't take her question seriously. He asked, "How much is it?"

Nora replied softly and unhurriedly, "The cost price is \$800 per pill."

Justin frowned.

At \$800 per pill, 5,000 pills would mean \$4,000,000 a month!

Even the total cost of 5,000 units of every type of pill from Harmonia Pharmacy would probably only add up to less than a million dollars a month. Was she asking for that much right off the bat?

She was demanding quite the exorbitant price.

Justin frowned, his expression even turning a little cold. Although he had only interacted with her no more than a few times, she didn't seem like she was such an ungrateful person.

Simon and Sheena, who had finally regained their senses, hurriedly said, "Don't talk nonsense, Nora! We don't have any new products!"

Nora explained, "Sheril's making it at the moment. It'll be finished soon."

What was there for them to finish soon? It had been years since the factory's Research & Development department launched any new product.

However, in the presence of outsiders, Simon couldn't quite reprimand Nora for babbling nonsense. As such, he could only give Justin a vague reply and say, "New products aren't included."

But Justin instead stared at Nora and asked, "What do you think, Miss Smith?"

Nora hesitated.

Carefree Pills were developed using very expensive medicinal herbs. The cost prices of the various precious medicinal herbs in the pills were high from the start. Excluding the materials and manufacturing costs, a single pill could already cost up to \$500 or \$600.

A wholesale price of \$800 was really very low. In fact, she had even been thinking of setting the retail price at \$1,500 per pill.

She was originally thinking that the Carefree Pills would even allow Harmonia Pharmacy to recoup its capital and make a name for itself, but if she had to set aside 5,000 pills for him every month...

Ah, well.

What could she do? He was Pete's father. She would just share part of the profits with him, she supposed.

At the thought, Nora sighed and said, "You can have them."

Justin, "?"

She was obviously ripping him off, but why was she sounding as if she was reluctant to give him the pills?!

Upset, he suddenly lost interest in staying any longer. Simon hurriedly said, “No, Justin, this won’t do... She’s still young, so she doesn’t know what she’s saying.”

Sheena also grabbed Nora and lectured her in a low voice. “What kind of nonsense are you saying in front of Mr. Hunt?! He’s only helping us out because his father was friends with Sis. How can you raise the price like that? You’re so...”

The word ‘shameless’ did a U-turn on the tip of her tongue when she thought of how Nora had defended her just now, and she forced herself to swallow the word back down.

While they were arguing, Justin instead said, “That settles it, then.”

A gentleman should be true to his word. Since he had agreed to it, he mustn’t go back on his word.

He would just treat the money as her consultation fee and take it that he was returning her the favor.

From thereon, they didn’t owe each other anything anymore.

As soon as he said that, a loud voice traveled over from a short distance away. “Mr. Myers, I heard that you still have another Carefree Pill. How much would you be willing to sell it for?”

Nora turned and saw a handsome man with a pair of flirtatious eyes. He looked to be in his twenties and wore a gray suit, making him look tall and lean.

He was talking to a white-haired old man. “I’m willing to pay \$150,000 for the pill in order to treat my uncle’s illness!”

For some reason, Nora actually found the man very affable. She asked, “Aunt Melissa, who’s that?”

After a moment’s hesitation, Melissa answered, “That young man is Joel Smith, the current head of the Smiths. His uncle is Ian Smith...”

Ian Smith?

The man who never married for the rest of his life after Mom let him down?

While she was musing over this, the old man, Jon Myers, said, “Mr. Smith, it’s not that I refuse to sell it, but there’s only one left. It’s our shop’s treasure!”

Joel Smith’s flirtatious eyes were upturned even when he wasn’t smiling, making people feel warm and comfortable in his presence. Yet at the same time, he also inspired awe despite his mild exterior.

His assistant, who was standing next to him, reprimanded, “In that case, why did you give one to the Hunts? At the bottom of it all, is it because you think the Smiths cannot compare with the Hunts? Or do you think we, the Smiths, cannot afford it?”

Jon wiped the beads of cold sweat from his forehead and said, “That’s not what I mean at all, Mr. Smith.”

Joel didn’t want to be thought of as someone who coerced others into selling, either. Thus, he suggested mildly, “How about we go over there and discuss this further?”

It was only after they left that Nora finally looked away.

Melissa sighed emotionally. “To think a pill can sell for \$150,000!”

As soon as she said that, Deputy Dean Lucas, whose presence all of them had overlooked, suddenly said, “That’s the Carefree Pill they’re talking about; of course it’ll be expensive! What kind of new product are you launching to actually have the audacity to sell it at \$800 per pill? You’re obviously trying to scam others!”

He hurriedly looked at Justin and said, “Don’t be fooled, Mr. Hunt! The traditional medicine industry is a complicated one; how can a bit of lousy medicinal herbs be worth \$800... Do you think you’re selling the Carefree Pills?”

A sharp look glinted in Justin’s eyes—he was obviously displeased.

What concern was it of Deputy Dean Lucas’ that he was willing to be scammed of his money?

He was about to speak when the young woman’s lip corners curled upward and she said coolly,

“You’re right, we are indeed selling Carefree Pills.”

“What?”

All of them were astounded.

Even Simon, Sheena, and Melissa felt like they must have misheard her, not to mention Deputy Dean Lucas. After all, the place was noisy and everyone was basically only talking about the Carefree Pill.

Deputy Dean Lucas was the first to recover. “What did you say? Are you kidding me?”

However, something seemed to click in Melissa’s mind and she whispered, “Nora, do you have the Carefree Pill formula? I get it now! Your mother must have left it for you?!”

She had vaguely heard her husband mention before that Nora’s mother was the one who had developed the Carefree Pill back then!

Nora nodded. “Yeah. I’ve already given it to Sheril. I reckon that we’ll be able to commence mass production in a couple of days.”

She had thought that everyone would be excited after she said that, but Simon’s jaw was tense and he didn’t say anything.

Sheena’s brows drew together tightly. “Don’t talk nonsense outside when the product hasn’t been finished yet. As expected, a child like you is simply unreliable. You can’t keep yourself calm and steady at all!”

The look in Nora’s eyes turned a little cold.

Wasn’t her second aunt being a little too hostile to her?

The thought had only just formed when Simon lowered his voice and said, “Nora, your mom only managed to make the Carefree Pills by coincidence back then, and even so, only a batch of five pills was successfully produced. The manufacturing process is a bit complicated and the success rate is extremely low. This is also the reason why the Carefree Pills hadn’t been popularized back then. Even with the formula, it’ll be difficult for us to mass produce it...”

At the sight of the awful looks on Simon and Sheena's faces, Deputy Dean Lucas sneered, "Tsk. Are you lusting for the Carefree Pill just because you saw that Mr. Myers has one? If the Carefree Pill was something that any Tom, Dick, or Harry could make, Mr. Myers wouldn't be treating the one he has as the treasure of his shop!"

Not far away, another loud laugh reached them. Everyone looked over to see Jon and Joel walking out together.

A relaxed look came over Jon's features after he laughed. He said, "That settles it then, Mr. Smith!"

Joel looked rather disappointed—it seemed like the talk just now hadn't gone too well. After nodding, he walked to the side with flagging interest and his interest in the conference became rather lackluster.

Nora watched him.

Joel's eyes were downcast at the moment and he had lost the warm smile he had just now. Perhaps because he was thinking of his uncle's condition, there was some sorrow and melancholy on his handsome and elegant visage.

... It was rather heart-wrenching to see him like that.

Nora found herself taken aback at the thought.

She had always been an apathetic person who'd rather make fewer friends if she could get more sleep in return. The empathy she felt today came rather inexplicably.

She shook her head, discarding the thoughts in her mind.

Someone nearby asked Jon, "Didn't Mr. Smith buy the pill?"

Jon sighed and replied, "The pill actually doesn't hold much use for Mr. Smith's condition. He's in poor health and needs regular nourishment to nurse his health. A pill is of little use to him."

Everyone understood now.

The Carefree Pill might be a lifesaver for others, but in the case of Ian whose bodily functions were barely supporting him, they needed one Carefree Pill per day to slowly nurse him back to health.

However, there was only a single pill left in the whole world now. Thus, it was useless to him.

Jon went on. "However, we cannot ignore Mr. Smith's condition, either. I've agreed to have Tina go over every day to conduct health checkups on Mr. Smith."

This way, he wouldn't offend the Smiths. He sure was smart.

Someone nearby flattered him and said, "Dr. York is the last student you ever took in; there aren't many who can have her conduct health checkups on them every day now!"

"Now that modern medicine holds such a prominent place in society, traditional medicine has become much less significant. The only thing we can be proud of now is the Myers Peace Pharmacy! Mr. Myers, I've heard that it's hard to get an outpatient appointment with you these days."

Someone suddenly changed the subject and asked, "Mr. Myers, how much are you selling that pill of yours? Name your price!"

"Yes, that's right! Mr. Myers, is that pill for sale?"

"I'd also like to buy it as a backup plan..."

A group of people flocked to Jon and surrounded him. and for a time, the Myerses basked in the spotlight like none other. Even Tina next to him was proud to be associated with them.

Jon smiled and said, "It's not for sale! That's the last pill we have, so it's our shop's treasure."

Tina raised her chin and said gently, "Mr. Myers has been using a special preservation method on the pill over the years. The cost of preserving it so that it won't expire already costs about \$150,000 per year..."

"Hiss! That's a lot of money! No wonder that pill still hasn't spoiled even after 25 years..."

"With that pill, the Myerses can dominate the world of traditional medicine!"

"..."

Jon's gaze swept across the Andersons—who had been isolated and kept outside by the others—in the distance as he listened to the crowd's compliments. A sharp look flashed across his countenance.

He suddenly said, "Traditional medicine requires one to accumulate and build up experience. One must be content with what they have and calmly accumulate experience. More importantly, they mustn't allow themselves to be tempted by other things. Am I right, Simon?"

His words made everyone look at Simon.

Jon continued and said, "How glorious the Andersons were twenty years ago! There was no one who didn't know about the Andersons whenever they were mentioned in the traditional medicine and pharmaceutical industry. But all these years, you and your second sister have placed your time and efforts on making social connections and on making money instead. Your intentions in making medicine are no longer pure!"

Being reprimanded in public Simon and Sheena instantly flush.

Melissa stepped forward and said with a smile, "Mr. Myers, Myers Peace Pharmacy's main business is also the sale of medicines. Surely someone has to take charge of making sales, right? Speaking of which, back when our eldest sister was in charge of making medicines, I heard that you even came to us in person to ask for advice!"

Jon stared at her and sighed. He said, "Your eldest sister, Yvette Anderson, is indeed a rare pharmaceutical genius. She was the only one with any hope of surpassing my prowess back then. What a shame that she wasted her efforts on love and romance, and eloped with a man instead! How shameless! If she had behaved and been contented with her lot back then, she would probably have also been able to create the Carefree Pill!"

Simon was rather angry. He said, "Yvette was the one who made that Carefree Pill in your possession!"

Sheena was also furious.

Back then, Yvette had made five pills. Jon had borrowed two in the name of research and observation.

Afterward, Yvette had gotten herself in trouble before she could improve the formula. The three pills they had were also used on a patient, and all of them had forgotten to ask for the two Carefree Pills back!

But now, not only was he using those two pills to suppress the Andersons, but he was also claiming that he was the one who made them? How utterly shameless!

Jon smiled and said nothing.

Tina, however, frowned and said, “That’s a very strange claim you’re making, Uncle Simon. If the Andersons were really the ones who made the Carefree Pills, why would it be in my teacher’s possession while you don’t have any?”

“Exactly. How can the Andersons be so shameless? They’re actually stealing credit for the Myerses’ pills...”

“Carefree Pills are very difficult to make. The two that Mr. Myers has were only successfully made by chance. How can the Andersons claim they’re theirs? If the Andersons had made them, why aren’t they bringing them out?”

“Moreover, they’re even saying that Yvette was the one who made the pills. She’s already dead; without her around anymore, of course, they can say whatever they want. Unless they can produce the Carefree Pill, who would believe them?”

Amidst the speculations, and a cool voice slowly reached them: “Who says the Andersons don’t have any Carefree Pills?”

Everyone turned and looked over to see a slender figure casually standing there. The young woman looked charmingly beautiful, and her cat-like eyes were slightly downcast as if she was sleepy and tired.

Yet she also gave off a sense of unbridled arrogance.

Her fair slender fingers went to her pocket and she took out a black pill wrapped in a white paper. After tearing off the simple and crude white wrapper, she held it between two of her fingers and looked at Jon. She said, “This is the real deal itself—the Carefree Pill.”

Jon’s eyes widened the moment he saw her. The young woman simply resembled Yvette Anderson too much, making him a little dazed. It was just

like that time back when that other young woman had stood in front of him and declared proudly, “I’ve successfully made the Carefree Pill!”

Someone in the crowd exclaimed, “Dr. Lincoln, have a look at it! Is that the Carefree Pill?”

Dr. Lincoln was a well-known traditional medicine practitioner in the circle. Upon the request, he took a step forward and took the pill from the young woman. Then, he scratched off a bit of it, held it to his nose, and sniffed it carefully.

A moment later...

“It’s the Carefree Pill! In addition, it seems like it was made recently!”

“What? Made recently? That young woman seems to be from the Andersons...”

“Could it be that Yvette really was the one who created the Carefree Pills?”

“...”

As soon as the words left the speaker’s mouth, the hall fell quiet.

Simon’s eyes lit up and he immediately said, “Mr. Myers, you have nothing to say now, do you?!”

Jon regained his composure very quickly. He said mysteriously, “I had made medicines together with Yvette back then. I didn’t expect that she has also successfully created the Carefree Pill...”

He was trying to make up for the embarrassment just now.

“Heh.”

Melissa chuckled softly. Although she hadn’t said anything, it nevertheless made Jon’s face burn as if someone had slapped him a few times!

Everyone exchanged looks with one another.

Suddenly, Dr. Lincoln stepped forward and asked, “... Mr. Anderson, may I know if the pill is for sale? I’m willing to pay \$15,000!”

As soon as he said that, everyone else also regained their senses and started to swarm toward Simon.

“I’m willing to pay \$23,000!”

“I’m willing to pay \$80,000!”

“I’m willing to pay \$150,000!”

“...”

This was obviously a conference, but if anyone were to pass by outside, they might have thought it was an auction house instead.

Simon ignored them all and carefully put away the pill that Dr. Lincoln was holding. He said, “This pill...”

Before he could say the words ‘not for sale’, Nora said unhurriedly, “... is for sale, of course.”

Simon, “!”

The Myerses could even make a name for themselves in New York just by relying on a mere pill. Did Nora have any idea just how valuable the pill was or not?

He was about to speak when Nora started taking out more pills from her pocket. One, two, three... She took out a total of twenty pills!

She said calmly, “The Andersons’ new product, the Carefree Pill, will be launched at the end of this month. The retail price will be... \$3,000 per pill?”

She had originally planned to price them at \$1,500 each, but going by their fervency just now, it seemed like she could also sell them at \$3,000 without any problem? Nora was still wondering whether or not the price was too high when the crowd started shouting:

“I want 200 pills!”

“I want 2,000 pills!”

“Mr. Anderson, I want 3,000 pills!”

All the drugstore and hospitals' procurement team representatives started to yell out their orders.

Simon swallowed and subconsciously glanced at Nora, who said dispassionately, "The production process for the Carefree Pill is a complicated one, so we can only produce up to 10,000 pills per month. They will not be sold at wholesale price but retail price."

"..."

Everyone was a little disappointed, but someone nevertheless approached Simon. "Mr. Anderson, if I order 5,000 cartons of Vitality Water, can you sell me 200 Carefree Pills? I'll buy them at retail price, not the wholesale price!"

Simon replied, "... Okay."

"Me too! I want some too!"

The crowd, who had been rather dismissive toward Simon just a moment ago, surrounded him one after another.

Deputy Dean Lucas of the Traditional Medicine Hall also squeezed into the crowd. He said, "Simon, on account of our friendship, you have to give me 500 Carefree Pills no matter what!"

Unfortunately, before he could squeeze into the crowd, Sheena stopped him.

With an icy smile on her face, she said, "Interested in our products, Deputy Dean Lucas? They'll cost you four times the usual price."

Deputy Dean Lucas, "..."

He had demanded a 60% discount on their products just now and now, the Carefree Pill's price had quadrupled! Sheena was definitely doing this on purpose!

Justin, who was standing nearby, looked a little stunned.

His original intention was to give her money, but now...

"The pill retails at \$3,000 but she's selling it to us at \$800 each. In other words, we earn a profit of \$2,200 per pill, which makes \$11,000,000 in total! Mr. Hunt, Miss Smith has actually given us such a large cut of the profits!"

Behind him, Sean was calculating the numbers. He remarked, “Why does it feel like we ended up taking advantage of Miss Smith?”

Justin, “...”

He was originally intending to return her a favor, but it seemed like his debt was increasing instead?

The chilly look on his face and the impatience in his heart had already dissipated at some point. The corners of his lips suddenly curled upward and even the beauty mark at his eyes was exuding joy.

The young woman amid the crowd had already meritoriously retired by now.

She slipped away quietly, leaving all the hustle and bustle to Simon, and walked toward Justin.

She had a bit of a complicated look—there seemed to be a little hesitation, as well as a little uncertainty. What was she intending to say to him? To think it was actually putting her in such a spot.

The smile at the corners of Justin’s lips widened a little further.

But just as she got closer and closer to him, the woman suddenly turned and walked toward Joel, who was next to him, instead.

Justin, “?”

The smile on his face suddenly froze.

Nora was indeed feeling a little hesitant and unsure.

She didn’t know whether what she was doing was right or wrong, but she simply followed her heart and walked up to Joel. She said, “Mr. Smith, the Andersons are willing to provide your uncle’s medication at no cost.”

Joel had already heard the commotion a long time ago.

However, he hadn’t expected Nora to take the initiative and offer him the pills.

His flirtatious eyes raised slightly, but his smile also completely disappeared. His eyes were icy-cold as he replied, “I appreciate your kindness, but...”

“My uncle doesn’t ever take any of the Andersons’ medicines.”

After speaking, he nodded coldly at Nora, turned, and left.

Nora was rendered speechless.

Not expecting a response like that, she was stunned to the spot.

A low voice reached her at this point. “Ian Smith has great pride. Your mother embarrassed him back then. He’ll never use the Andersons’ medicines.”

Nora turned to see Justin standing behind.

She clenched her jaw and then sighed.

There were mistakes that one could make up for, but there are also some that one couldn’t.

In that case, there was no need for her to meddle anymore.

Seeing that she didn’t seem to take it to heart, Justin coughed and slowly said, “Miss Smith, the new product...”

Nora waved and said, “Since I’m giving it to you, just take it.”

Justin chuckled softly and asked, “Is there anything you want, Miss Smith?”

Anything I want...

With her eyes all bright and shiny, Nora looked at him and asked, “Will you give me whatever I want?”

There it was, that scorching gaze again.

Justin let out a low “Yes”, his voice deep and sultry.

Nearby, Sean was rendered speechless.

Boss! I can’t bear to watch you anymore!

Ding!

His cell phone beeped. He looked down to see that someone had sent him the photo of Nora's daughter that he had asked for just now.

Justin stared at Nora intently with his head lowered.

There wasn't any of the cold and unfeeling demeanor he usually had. The well-tailored custom-made suit set off his big and tall figure, making him look tall and straight.

Dim light flickered in his dark, deep eyes, and even the beauty mark at the corner of his eye seemed a little darker than usual.

He seemed to be looking forward to something, yet also nervous about it.

Were Pete here, he would have discovered that the egocentric tyrant, who had always acted arbitrarily, actually looked somewhat nervous at the moment...

The woman's eyes were big and shiny and had none of their usual laziness as she gazed at him.

Her appearance made his heart suddenly race. For a moment, he suddenly had the illusion that he would agree to whatever she asked for, no matter what it was.

Her lips parted and a few words popped out. "I want you..."

Justin felt as if the whole place had turned silent around him. The corners of his lips curled upward subconsciously, and even his dark eyes seemed like they were gradually lighting up like a sunny day.

Then, he heard the second half of her sentence: "...-r son."

Justin was bewildered.

The bolt from the blue made him dumbfounded.

In fact, the man, whose expression had never betrayed his feelings, couldn't quite keep a straight face anymore. Even his voice sounded a little stiff as he said, "What?"

Seeing how big his reaction was, the light in Nora's eyes dimmed little by little.

She just knew that it wouldn't work.

That bit of profit that the Carefree Pills gave probably wasn't even a drop in the bucket for the number one family. How would it possibly move him?

Thinking about it from his perspective, if he were to offer to buy Cherry... Well, if he allowed her to sleep at the Hunts' residence, it wasn't entirely impossible, either.

Nora lowered her gaze, her long eyelashes casting their silhouette on her cheek. With a little disappointment, she said carelessly, "Just kidding."

Justin, "..."

Nora's cell phone rang at this time.

She nodded at Justin, then walked a few steps away and answered the call. Solo's voice rang out from the other end of the call. He said, "Anti, I found signs that someone was searching the Internet for your daughter's photo just now!"

Nora was puzzled.

Her eyes narrowed and she immediately looked at Justin, only to see that his assistant standing behind him was currently whispering something to him.

Justin looked up and glanced at her. Then, his assistant held up his cell phone, apparently about to open the email and show him the photo...

Nora panicked. She hung up and immediately took a step forward. "Mr. Hunt!"

Justin, who was about to open the email, was taken aback and he looked at her.

A cold glint flickered in Nora's eyes and she came right up to Justin. Then, she tiptoed, reached out one hand, and held his shoulder as she said in a low voice, "Your clothes are wrinkled."

With her cell phone in her other hand, she 'accidentally' bumped it against Sean's cell phone that Justin was holding. While pretending to pat his clothes, she counted silently:

Five, four, three, two, one...

Time's up.

Nora was about to take a few steps back to put some distance between the two of them when a large warm hand suddenly held her around her waist. "Look out."

A waiter happened to be passing by behind her.

Nora felt as if the palm on her waist was burning hot. She raised her head in discomfit and her gaze met with the man's smiling lip corners.

His lips were thin, but their shape was refined and good-looking.

His nose bridge was very tall, making him look very gallant.

His pupils were very dark, making them seem deep and bottomless.

Up close, his face had a bewitching charm to it.

Nora felt as if the air in her lungs had been sucked away, making her chest feel tight and stuffy. She hurriedly pushed him away and took a few steps back. After she steadied herself, she said, "Thank you."

Then, she turned and left.

As he gazed at her fleeing in embarrassment, Justin looked down at his fingertips.

The woman really had a fantastic figure. Areas that should be fleshy were fleshy, yet her waist was so slim and slender. It was as if he could hold it with just a hand...

After a while, he finally looked at the cell phone. However, the screen had turned black.

An astonished Sean said, "... Is the battery flat? It shouldn't be, though. The battery was more than 60% full just now. Why can't I turn it on anymore..."

After hacking Sean's cell phone, Nora lowered her gaze and tapped away on her big and heavy cell phone for a short while.

At this point, a shadow suddenly appeared in front of her.

Nora looked up—Tina was supporting Jon and looking at her with hostility.

As she tossed her cell phone into her pocket, she also heard Tina say cheerfully, “Miss Smith, something awesome is about to happen to you!”

She deliberately raised her voice, attracting the attention of everyone around them.

Jon let out a cough and said, “So, you’re an old friend’s daughter. Back then, your mother and I were good friends. Even though she went astray and ruined herself, now that you’re back, I should guide you in your mother’s stead. I heard that you’re a surgeon? I wonder if you’re interested in traditional medicine?”

A question mark slowly appeared in Nora’s mind: ?

Tina said, “Miss Smith, are you so happy that you’re lost for words? My teacher, Mr. Myers, is about to take you as his student, so hurry up and acknowledge him as your teacher!”

Nora, “!!”

Tina straightened her back and slowly said, “Miss Smith, perhaps you’re not very familiar with the traditional medicine scene here. At present, there are a few masters of traditional medicine in New York—Dr. Myers, Dr. Lincoln, and Dr. Jenkins. The three of them were students of Dr. Silvester Zabe, the most famous practitioner of traditional medicine many years ago. However, Dr. Zabe hasn’t seen any patients for many years, so there’s no one better than Mr. Myers now.

“Mr. Myers is also the deputy dean of the New York College of Traditional Medicine. There are scores of people trying to apply to become a postgraduate student under him. It’s your honor that he’s willing to take you as his student. It’s a blessing that many are begging for!”

As soon as she said that, the people around them immediately started to speculate among themselves. “No wonder Mr. Jon is so skilled in traditional medicine. As it turns out, he was under the tutelage of Dr. Zabe. But wasn’t it said that Dr. Zabe didn’t take any students?”

Jon smiled lightly and said, “I was lucky enough to have studied under Mr. Zabe for a few years. I suppose you can call me an unofficial student of his!”

The moment he said that, Dr. Lincoln, who had helped to verify the Carefree Pill just now and was of equal standing as Jon, muttered, "I heard that Mr. Zabe officially took in a student a few years ago and taught them everything he knew... But that's just a rumor, though. I've never seen that little junior of mine, so I have no idea whether they're male or female!"

Dr. Lincoln's words didn't attract anyone's attention, though.

Tina said, "Acknowledge Mr. Myers as your teacher here first. You can officially pay him a visit to complete the procedures next time."

Nora slowly said, "No, it's fine."

Disregarding how that man must be up to no good in his bid to take her as his student, and that he would probably make her lend him the Carefree Pill's formula to study and observe later on; just the fact that were she to become Jon's student... Wouldn't their hierarchical positions become all messed up?

Speaking of which, she was certainly being rather rude. Even though she had come to New York, she hadn't gone to visit her teacher yet...

While she was lost in her own thoughts, Tina's expression had already changed. She and Jon were about to say something when next to them, Joel Smith answered a phone call and his expression suddenly changed drastically.

He quickly took a couple of steps toward Jon and said, "My uncle is dying. Please come with me immediately and have a look at him..."

Jon, who didn't dare slight him, answered, "Okay!"

Before leaving, he looked at Nora and said, "You're still young, so you should give some things a little more thought. Mr. Smith, let's not waste any more time and hurry over!"

After Jon and Tina left, the people around them started to gather around Nora.

"So, you're Yvette Anderson's daughter? Becoming Jon's student is a great opportunity. Don't pass it up!"

“She’s still young, but Simon, you’d best be sensible! Look at Tina; after she became Mr. Myers’ student, she became an attending physician at Hospital Finest. She also became a lot more well-known...”

Amidst everyone’s persuasion, Nora, however, merely stared in the direction where Joel and the others left.

Ian Smith was dying...

Should she go over and have a look?

However, when she thought of what Joel had said just now, she abandoned the thought.

Never mind. Everyone had their own destiny.

The conference ended with a perfect conclusion for the Andersons. All the goods piled up in their warehouse sold out. In addition, with the Carefree Pills, Harmonia Pharmacy’s position in the traditional medicine industry also stabilized somewhat.

At the very least, when they left, the others no longer looked at them contemptuously like the way they did in the beginning.

It was only after he saw that the Andersons had left that Justin looked at Sean, who had already taken out his spare cell phone, logged in to the email account, and opened the email from just now.

The photo, however, was of a baby who had just turned a month old.

Honestly speaking, all newborn babies actually look more or less the same. However, the baby in the photo looked soft and chubby, and it was obvious that she had very attractive facial features.

Justin suddenly thought of Pete when he was a baby. Due to his poor health, he had been nothing but skin and bone...

At the Andersons.

After Nora and the others stepped through the door, the whole family sat on the sofa in the living room.

Simon had just answered a call from his daughter. He said excitedly, “Sheril says that they’ve already produced 50 pills based on the formula! The formula works! We can really mass-produce Carefree Pills!”

Melissa glanced at Sheena, who hadn’t said a word since she entered. She said, “It seems like Yvette did indeed improve the formula and even had Nora bring it back. This shows that despite her leaving home, she hadn’t forgotten the Andersons...”

Sheena’s complexion was dull and ashen. Her lips were pursed tightly and she felt dejected.

Simon, who didn’t notice anything, instead asked, “Nora, are you really not going to study under Jon?”

Nora replied, “No.”

After thinking for a while, Simon said, “I know it’s because Jon was making things difficult for us that you...”

“There’s no need to discuss any further about this. I’m not interested in learning traditional medicine from him,” said Nora, who interrupted her uncle straightaway.

Sheena frowned. “What are you interested in, then?”

Nora raised an eyebrow and kept quiet for a while.

At once, Sheena couldn’t help but reprimand her. “I heard that you’re a surgeon? Do you have a medical license? Which college did you graduate from? Which hospital are you working in? Are you a doctor specializing in outpatient service or an attending physician?”

Nora replied, “... I work by myself.”

“You work by yourself? In that case, how many operations can you do in a month? Why don’t you train in the hospital for a few years since you’re still so young?”

Melissa tugged Sheena’s sleeve. “Sheena, don’t say any more for now.”

However, Sheena pulled her sleeve back and said, “So, you want me to apologize to your mother? Okay! I’ll do it! I shouldn’t have said that about Sis! But Nora, as your aunt, there’s something I have to say!

“Your mother was renowned as a young lady of great talent in New York back then, but you grew up elsewhere instead. The way how you’re incapable of anything damages your mother’s reputation! That is something I absolutely will not allow!”

“ ... ”

Nora felt that this second aunt of hers took reputation and things like that too seriously.

She stood up and walked upstairs. “I’ll go and take a look at what Cherry is doing.”

Sheena immediately became angry. “You—”

Melissa grabbed her hand and said, “She’s only just returned, Sheena. Give her some time to adapt. Don’t worry, even if you don’t bring it up, I’ll do my best to groom Nora, nonetheless!”

Nora, “ ... ”

She really didn’t need it.

She went upstairs, entered her bedroom, and immediately heard Cherry in the midst of her games.

“Chesty, come on! I caught someone who’s alone!”

A voice rang out in the voice chat: “Coming! I’m coming!”

Then, Cherry let out an exclamation of surprise and said, “No, there isn’t just one person but two! Ah, there’s one... two more in the bushes! Chesty, there are four players away from their team!”

“ ... ”

“Come on! Why are you running away, Chesty? Why are you so lousy?!”

“... Cherry, they have four people on their side while there’s only two of us. Are you sure the four of them are away from their team?”

“Why are you chickening out? I can beat five of them by myself! Are you a man or not?!”

“I’m your uncle!”

“Oh. Those who didn’t know would’ve thought you were my aunt instead!”

“...”

Seeing that Cherry was engrossed in her game, Nora reminded her to pay attention to the time and went to take a bath.

Cherry blinked with her big cute eyes and stared at her cell phone. “Chesty, Mommy’s back, so I’ll have to log off soon! Are you still streaming the gameplay?”

Chester replied, “Yes, I am. The viewers in my live stream are all calling for you to start live streaming too!”

Cherry became very interested when she heard what he said. She asked, “Will anyone watch if I live stream?”

Chester replied, “Of course! I’m a hotshot streamer with millions of fans. When we challenge the rankings with our two-man team, you’ll definitely get a lot of traffic!”

“Okie-Dokie!” Cherry said, “I’ll start a live stream tomorrow! What do I have to prepare?”

Chester asked, “Do you have a computer at home? You’ll have to buy a good camera, preferably one that comes with a beautifying feature!”

“No problem!”

The two sillies chatted cheerfully. Cherry even grinned happily as she dreamed of becoming a little star.

Once she started live streaming, would it mean that she would be able to give history trivia and even do poem recitals in her live stream and let everyone see how much of a genius and beauty she was?!

---

The Smiths' residence was located near Third Avenue in New York.

Interior decor in the manor was low-key and exuded elegance in every detail.

Several servants busied themselves with their chores, yet they didn't make any sound. It was apparent that they were well-trained.

All the members of the Smiths were gathered outside the master bedroom door. They sat on the leather sofa and stared anxiously at the bedroom door.

In the bedroom, a big and tall man was lying on a large gray bed.

Even though he was nearly fifty years old, Ian didn't look his age at all. Apart from how he was unusually pale, he looked as if he was in his thirties.

Even though his eyes were closed and he was unconscious at the moment, his features exuded the elegance and sobriety of a man who had enjoyed a high social standing for a long time.

If one looked closely, one would realize that Nora and Ian had very similar lip shapes.

A solemn Jon checked his vitals gravely while Tina stood straight and carefully sized up the luxurious decor around her.

Even at his current level, Jon was just a bigwig in the traditional medicine circle. To true top-notch wealthy families like the Smiths, he was just a doctor with a little more skill than most. Their status and the amount of power each wielded weren't comparable at all.

Joel had a troubled look on his face. When he saw that Jon was done with the checkup, he asked anxiously, "How is my uncle?"

Jon frowned and replied, "Mr. Smith has no will to live, so there's nothing that can cure him. Please prepare for his funeral."

Joel's expression changed drastically. "Is there really no other way, Mr. Myers?"

Jon replied, "There may be someone who can do something about it."

Joel asked anxiously, "Who is it?"

Jon's expression remained unchanged as he answered, "It's Dr. Zabe."

At once, Joel got ready to instruct his subordinates to invite him over.

However, Jon stopped him. He said, "He's already very old, and has even become somewhat absent-minded and bedridden. But I've heard that he took in a student who inherited all of his skills. Unfortunately, this person is very mysterious. No one knows where they are."

Joel frowned. His gaze fell on Ian who was lying on the bed.

Jon contemplated for a while before he spoke again. He said, "I can keep Mr. Smith alive, but you'll have to either let him rekindle his will to live or find Dr. Zabe's student."

Joel nodded, a bit of a sharp look appearing in his flirtatious eyes. "In that case, please help my uncle regain consciousness as soon as possible, Mr. Myers."

"Okay."

Jon took out a silver needle and pierced it into several important points on Ian. Then, he took out a pill, crushed it, and stuffed it into his mouth.

After some work, Ian's heartbeat became steady again.

Jon wiped the sweat off his brows and said to Joel, "Mr. Smith should be able to wake up tomorrow. I'll have Tina personally come over to check on him every day and do our best to keep him alive until you find Dr. Zabe's successor."

A smile formed on Joel's countenance once more. "Okay, I'll get the butler to send you out."

After the two of them left, a feminine and delicate voice suddenly rang out. "Joel, he's obviously capable of curing Dad, yet he keeps going on and on here with you instead. Also, Dr. Zabe? He sure says a lot of nonsense."

Joel smiled upon hearing this.

He turned around to see an attractive figure walk in—it was Ian’s adopted daughter, Yvonne Smith.

Ian never married in his whole life, choosing to only adopt a daughter. All the other children born into the Smiths were boys, so they doted on their one and only younger sister very much.

Joel said, “As long as he can cure Uncle Ian’s illness, what’s the big deal about helping him boost his reputation?”

Yvonne stuck out her tongue and cast her eyes down.

Everyone said she was the princess of the Smiths in New York, but no one knew that she was actually the most afraid of Joel.

The new head of the Smiths was always smiling and was gentle and generous, but Yvonne always felt like there was a thin wall between the two of them...

At the entrance of the Smiths’ residence.

It took a full ten minutes for the car to go from the villa where Ian lived to the gate of the manor.

It was only when she saw that they were on the main road that Tina finally looked away from the manor.

She looked at Jon nervously. “Sir, Ian Smith is already on his deathbed. Even he himself doesn’t want to live anymore; how can we possibly save his life?”

Ian had no external or internal injuries. From a modern medicine perspective, there wasn’t anything wrong with him.

Yet his internal organs were slowly failing...

Jon stretched out his hand—half a pill was resting on his palm. He said, “Go over every day to check his health. Give him a couple of jabs on unimportant points of his body first, and then have him consume this pill. This will keep him alive.”

Tina exclaimed, “Sir, that pill is...”

Jon heaved a heavy sigh and answered, “It’s the Carefree Pill.”

Tina's eyes widened. "That pill is worth a lot! You..."

Jon balled up his fist and closed his eyes. Due to his age, the skin at his eyelids was loose and saggy. He instructed, "Have someone secretly buy them from Harmonia Pharmacy. Don't let anyone discover anything. Harmonia Pharmacy has won this round, thanks to the Carefree Pill. If we don't achieve anything big, they'll probably rise above us!"

Tina immediately understood what Jon meant.

The Myerses had made a name for themselves overnight by using the Carefree Pill to cure the elderly Mrs. Hunt. Additionally, it had also allowed Jon to cement his position in the field of traditional medicine. However, now that the Carefree Pill had become the Andersons', it had robbed them of their glory.

Dr. Zabe was the only one capable of curing Ian, yet Jon had successfully kept him alive. This was undoubtedly something glorious to tell everyone.

Tina sat up straight and said seriously, "Don't worry, Sir. I'll make sure I don't slip up and give anything away!"

It was getting late and the moon was already visible in the sky.

The streets of New York were filled with cars. From a distance, it was as though the stream of red car lights stretched on endlessly.

Although the Andersons' residence wasn't a large manor, it was located in the city center and was a quiet little area amid the hustle and bustle of the city. The small villa's market value was worth over ten million.

After dinner, Mrs. Anderson and Melissa brought Nora into the study.

The swelling around Mrs. Anderson's eyes had already gone down and she had completely regained her vision. She looked at Nora kindly and asked, "Nora, Cherry must be five by now, right? It's not appropriate to just let her stay at home all the time. Do you have any plans to send her to kindergarten?"

Nora had thought about this a long time ago.

Originally, her trip to New York was only supposed to be a temporary stay, but now that her son was here, it was likely that she had to stay here permanently.

She nodded and asked, “Which is the best kindergarten nearby?”

Cherry had a super high IQ, so she wasn’t quite the same as other children. She was impatient and, apart from when she played games, she couldn’t sit still at all, no matter what she was doing.

This was the only reason why Nora had allowed her to play games—so that she could practice how to focus. However, in truth, the amount of game time she had every day was limited.

Considering her situation, she needed a kindergarten with the most abundant manpower resources, so that there would be the most professional teachers there to take care of her.

At her question, Melissa was taken aback for a moment before she answered, “The best kindergarten around here is the International Golden Sunshine Kindergarten.”

Mrs. Anderson frowned and supplemented, “That kindergarten is hard to enroll into, though.”

Nora was puzzled.

Melissa explained, “That’s the best kindergarten in New York. The students there are either wealthy or of noble status. Given our family’s conditions, neither Sheril nor Logan were accepted into the school when they were children...”

She said, “The main reason for that is that not only does the kindergarten have tough requirements for the children, but they also have very demanding requirements for parents. Parents must either be special talents or top cadres. Additionally, there are also assessments of varied content specifically set for parents.”

Nora went straight for the key point. She asked, “What’s considered a special talent?”

Melissa answered, "They are talents who have made major contributions. Alternatively, it'll also work if the parents are holders of top-class black cards."

A puzzled Mrs. Anderson asked, "What's a top-class black card?"

Melissa shook her head. "I've only heard of it and never seen it before."

The look in Nora's eyes flickered a little, however.

A bank's top-class black card was a credit card with no credit limit.

Currently, there were only a double-digit number of black cards in the world. It was said that these dozen or so people had formed a mysterious organization known as the Imperial League.

Imperial League members were either tycoons of the world or hotshot politicians, and they controlled the global economy.

They were very mysterious, and even an occasional conversation among them was capable of triggering global economic storms. However, all the members were anonymous, and even people within the organization itself didn't know who the others were.

Everyone privately speculated that in all of the United States, the person who might have a black card like that must be Justin. Thus, everyone, no matter who it was, treated him very politely.

Anyone who owned a black card like that could buy the kindergarten itself, so there definitely wouldn't be any enrollment restrictions for them.

Nora's lip corners curled upward. She was about to say something when her cell phone rang.

However, when she saw the name on the caller ID, she was taken aback for a moment.

Why was he calling her?

Nora said to Melissa, "We'll go for that kindergarten, Aunt Melissa. I'll take Cherry there and give it a go."

Then, she got up, went out the door, and picked up the call.

An aged and stern voice came from the other end of the call. "Where are you?"

It was her traditional medicine teacher, Silvester Zabe.

At the thought of how serious and stern of a man he was, Nora subconsciously straightened her back and answered, "I'm in New York, sir. What's the matter?"

Silvester slowly replied, "Oh. The Smiths are looking for you; they want you to treat someone's illness."

The Smiths? Ian Smith?

Just as Nora was about to say that she would go, Silvester said, "You don't have to go. He isn't sick; he just doesn't want to live anymore."

"..."

"His internal organs are failing. Currently, they're using the Carefree Pill to keep him alive. Even if you do go over, can you make him regain his will to live?"

Nora had no words for that. She reckoned that Ian would probably wish to die even more if he saw her.

She sighed mentally. Then, she asked carefully, "Okay. Can I visit you tomorrow, sir?"

Silvester was already over 90 years old this year, but the elderly man nevertheless spoke clearly. He replied, "No, it's fine. I'm already old; there's nothing to see here. You passing down my skills in traditional medicine would be the best way of repaying my kindness."

However, the old man's indifference instead made Nora tear up.

Without him, she would probably have already died several times.

She cast her eyes down and said, "In that case, let me know if you ever want to see me."

"You're not a kid anymore, so why are you still so clingy? Stop it!" After saying that, Silvester said, "I'm hanging up."

Beep... beep... beep...

Nora looked at her cell phone and heaved a soft sigh. That old man's temper was as weird as ever.

The night passed peacefully.

When Cherry woke up the next morning, Nora was still asleep.

She tiptoed gently across the carpet, closing the door only after she entered the study.

Then, she picked up her cell phone and sent Chester a text message:  
"Chesty, are you ready?"

Chester replied instantly: "I've already registered a live stream account for you, so you can officially start live streaming now!"

"Okie-Dokie!"

Cherry climbed up the chair and planted her tiny self on the big swivel chair. She pushed her foot against the table and turned the chair straight. Then, she turned on Nora's computer.

Chester chuckled and texted: "It's your first live stream today, Cherry. Let's do something a little special today so that you can attract more fans!"

Cherry's big dark eyes lit up and she replied: "Okay! What shall we do?"

Chester, who was in his room at the Hunts', replied: "Let's compete in the live stream!"

Cherry eagerly replied: "No problem! I'll beat you for sure!"

"Heh heh." Chester replied smugly: "A contest in a live stream isn't dependent on the game but the fans' monetary tips! I have 10 million fans, so I'll definitely beat you!"

Chester had suffered his little niece's dissing in the game for over half a year.

Now, he was going to stand tall and regain his dignity as her uncle!

He would let his little niece see just how crazy his fans are.

Cherry wrote: "I'll definitely be better at this than you!"

Chester grinned and started a new live stream. "Hello everyone! This is Chesty. Today, I will introduce a new friend to all of you. She's my team leader! Yes, she's none other than the cutie with a little girl's voice who loves playing as the heroine with the huge cannon! Everyone, please show her lots of support!"

At the Smiths.

Ian had woken up in the morning.

The servant quickly told him that Joel had watched over him all night the previous day.

Joel, whose eyes were all red, held his hand and said, "Uncle Ian, the Smiths still need you. I can't head the family by myself yet. You can't just leave all of this behind and go."

Joel was lying.

He was even more outstanding than himself back then, yet he was putting on an act like that.

Ian smiled weakly. "I'm fine."

A touch of sorrow flashed across Joel's eyes. He picked up the cell phone and handed it to Ian in an attempt to pique his interest. He said, "I remember you used to like playing games, Uncle Ian. This game is very popular now. How about trying it out?"

The reason why he had played games in the past was that she was still with him back then.

Ian actually wasn't very interested in games. He said dispassionately, "... I don't know how to play it."

"It's fine." Joel opened a live stream app and said, "It's pretty interesting to watch others play, too! You can even learn how to play just by watching."

He opened a random live stream and placed the cell phone at a corner on the side within Ian's line of vision.

Ian didn't have the heart to refuse his nephew's kindness, so he simply looked over casually.

A soft and tender voice could already be heard coming from the live stream.

"Chesty, why are my points so low?"

Chester replied, "That's because the points are calculated using the total amount of tips you receive from fans through the virtual gifts they send you! You don't have many fans yet! Hehe, come on, everyone! I'm always being trashed by sweetcherry in the game, so I'm going to give her a taste of how it feels to be trashed this time!"

'sweetcherry'?

Ian was taken aback for a moment.

He remembered that Yvette's game alias had been 'lollipop' back then. When he teased her for using such a sweet-sounding name, she had replied, "What's wrong with that? If I have a daughter in the future, I'll play games with her and give her the alias 'sweetcherry', and have you die of diabetes from all the sugar!"

'sweetcherry'...

Ian stretched out his pale and feeble arm and took hold of the cell phone. Right away, a face-off screen entered his sight. sweetcherry only had a few hundred points while her opponent Chesty had a few thousand points.

He suddenly gained a little interest.

When Chester raised his head, he suddenly discovered that Cherry's total number of points had exceeded his. He immediately exclaimed, "What the f\*ck?! What happened?"

Cherry exclaimed excitedly, "Someone just gave me a huge tip! I can't even keep count anymore!"

Chester did a count and found that the person had actually given her a \$80,000 tip in one go!

Shocked, he urged, "Quick, greet your Sponsor Daddy! Thank you for the tip, Sponsor Daddy!"

Cherry was very troubled, though. She said, "But I already have a Daddy!"

She tilted her head, bit her finger, and thought about it for a while. Then, her eyes suddenly lit up and she exclaimed, "I know, I'll have Mommy call him Daddy instead! So, that means he's Grandpa! Thank you for the tip, Grandpa!"

While talking, another notification saying she had received an \$80,000 tip scrolled across the screen.

It instantly dealt a crushing blow to Chester's points.

"F\*ck!" He was angry now. "Don't be so arrogant! I also have sponsors!"

He immediately posted a link to the live stream on his Facebook page and wrote: "Hey everyone! Those with money, please show some support! Those without, go away."

Most of Chester's friends were wealthy people, and they usually gave tips worth a few thousand dollars for fun.

After making the post, his score indeed started to rise.

At this time, Justin was currently seated in his office in the Hunt Corporation's office tower.

Beside him, Pete was studying.

He opened his Facebook page and immediately saw Chester's post.

Bored, he opened the link.

He immediately heard a tender voice coming from the live stream: "Sponsor Grandpa, in order to thank you for giving me such big tips, I'll tell you some trivia!"

Justin was taken aback when he heard the voice. It sounded vaguely familiar. However, when he lowered his head and saw his son beside him, he suppressed his doubts.

Back in California, Pete had worn girls' clothing from time to time as if he had a split personality.

However, after they returned to New York, apart from the first day he went to practice martial arts at the Quinn School of Martial Arts where he had returned in a princess dress and became a little princess again, he had been normal the past few days.

He must be too high-strung. Otherwise, why would he find the voice just now so similar to his son's when he was having relapses previously?

What was Chester doing, though? Why was there a child's voice in his live stream?

Justin's deep-set eyes narrowed as he watched on sullenly.

It took only a few seconds for him to figure out what was going on with the so-called 'contest'. He let out a cold laugh right away.

His younger brother sure was making a good showing. To think he was being suppressed by a nobody streamer.

It wasn't an issue as long as no one knew, but should there come a day where it became known that Chesty the game streamer was a Hunt, it would be a huge embarrassment to the family!

At the thought, Justin immediately topped up \$300,000 into his account.

He was about to tip his younger brother when he suddenly heard the tender voice say,

"Do you know who discovered radium? It's Johnny Depp!"

Justin, "??"

His fingers instantly paused, and he felt a sense of familiarity welling up in him.

He impulsively entered the live stream hosted by 'sweetcherry'.

The screen showed both streamers facing off, but neither of their cameras was turned on. Instead, they were streaming their gameplay. In a crisp and clear voice, the little girl said, "Sponsor Grandpa, I didn't get it wrong. I have a really awesome memory, yeah! If you don't believe me, I can tell you more!"

“Do you know the famous playwright who wrote Romeo and Juliet? It’s Chris Hemsworth!”

“ ... ”

These insignificant trivia whose answers were all handsome actors and celebrities... Why did they sound so familiar?

Justin couldn’t help but glance at Pete again.

He coughed and cast his eyes down, but an inexplicable sense of intimacy suddenly surged up in him.

He had always been a loner since he was a child. He didn’t have many friends and on top of that, there was a lot of scheming and trickery among his relatives. Even his grandfather had tricked him right before his death...

Therefore, there were times when he felt lonely, too.

Pete was a boy, so he had always taught him to be independent and self-reliant since he was a baby.

He hadn’t liked the Pete who wore a princess dress, but to be honest, when he grasped his big hand with his soft little hands and looked at him with those big, damp, and innocent eyes of his, his heart had felt as if it were soaking in a hot spring.

Sometimes, he couldn’t help but wonder—how nice would it be if he really had a daughter?

“Aren’t I clever, yeah? I see everyone in the comments laughing. Is it because I’m so smart? But why isn’t anyone tipping me?”

“ ... ”

With a flick of his fingers, Justin immediately sent out a tip worth 9,999 airplanes, which was the most expensive virtual gift purchasable.

Cherry immediately exclaimed “I must have done really well! Someone has tipped me again!”

She didn’t know how much money that was at all, but she nevertheless said in a rather troubled manner, “But it’s only because Mommy’s Daddy is a very

bad man that I got her a Sponsor Daddy. I can't have two at the same time! I can only choose one to be my Sponsor Grandpa."

As soon as she said that, another account also gave her a tip worth 9,999 airplanes!

Cherry shouted, "Sponsor Grandpa! Love you!"

Justin opened the list of fans and found that the top fan in sweetcherry's fan list was a person named 'Grandpa'.

He sure knew how to take advantage of others.

He let out a cold laugh and sent another 9,999 airplanes.

In other words, he had given her a tip of \$150,000 right away.

Troubled, Cherry lowered her voice and asked Chester seriously, "Chesty, who should I call Sponsor Grandpa?"

Seeing that his points that had just increased greatly were firmly suppressed again, Chester entered her live stream huffily and said, "Let me see who's the bastard that actually tipped you \$300,000 straightaway..."

As he spoke, he opened her fan list.

As user accounts of the live stream platform were linked to their Facebook profiles, the users' Facebook profile pictures would also show in the live-stream platform. At the sight of that familiar profile picture on Cherry's fan list, the words at the tip of Chester's tongue changed and he stuttered, "J-J-Justin?"

Cherry immediately understood what he meant and she exclaimed softly, "Daddy?!"

Justin, "??"

Cherry's voice immediately became excited, though she also did an obvious turnaround and added, "I meant Sponsor Daddy!"

Justin, "!!"

That familiar voice and way of speech... He turned and looked at Pete, who was next to him, again.

Pete, “??”

The tyrant was using his cell phone and also had earphones on, but he kept glancing at him from time to time. A resigned Pete raised the book in his hand and said, “I really am reading.”

Justin kept quiet. Then, he nodded and continued to watch the live stream.

Everyone in the comments was laughing at the streamer. She had said just now that she wouldn't call anyone 'Sponsor Daddy', but a moment later, she had given in for the sake of tips!

Not only did she have a Sponsor Grandpa, but she also had a Sponsor Daddy now!

Justin's eyes darkened slightly. His expression turned cold and even the beauty mark at the corner of his eye seemed to be giving off an icy chill.

Little did he think that he, who had always been hard-hearted, would actually fall for a nobody streamer's charms.

He was about to close the live stream when the tender voice said, “Sponsor Daddy, do you wanna watch me play games? I'm super good at it, yeah! I'm even better at games than trivia knowledge!”

“...”

His fingers suddenly paused and he started to watch her play just like that.

The streamer sounded like she was only five or six years old. Her voice was soft and tender, and she liked to play as a particular female hero in the game.

The hero was a very cute little girl who carried a huge cannon. However, not only did she diss people mercilessly in the game, but she also had a lot of firepower.

Before he knew it, he had spent an hour and a half watching the live stream.

This continued until...

“Sponsor Grandpa, Daddy. I’m going offline. By the way, what are you having for lunch today? We’re gonna have beef steak! That’s my favorite food, yeah!”

At some point, she no longer addressed Justin as ‘Sponsor Daddy’ but just ‘Daddy’.

It was only after the live stream ended that Justin finally came back to his senses.

He couldn’t help looking at Pete again.

An expressionless Pete looked back at him.

Justin kept quiet for a while. Then, he said, “Pete, say ‘Daddy’.”

The way that little streamer kept calling him ‘Daddy’ was so adorable that even his heart had softened. Were all children that cute?

Pete pursed his lips. His little face was serious as he looked at him. After contemplating for a while, he asked, “Daddy, have you seen the doctor?”

“ ... ”

Justin also felt that he was acting rather ridiculously. He stood up and said, “Let’s go home for lunch.”

When the two returned home, the nanny brought out plates of piping hot food.

Chester automatically sat at the dining table.

Justin suddenly looked at him and asked, “Who’s that kid you were doing a live-stream with today?”

Chester’s fork-holding hand stopped moving and he froze all over.

Chester grew up with Justin, so his elder brother had always inspired awe and respect in him as though he was his father.

Therefore, he actually felt very guilty about hiding the truth from Justin.

If Justin didn’t ask, he wouldn’t say anything. But now that he had, he mustn’t lie!

As such, he stammered, “I-it’s your daughter...”

His daughter? Well, the little streamer had called him Daddy for two hours, but he was indeed her true blue Sponsor Daddy.

At this time, a calm voice reached them. “What live stream are you talking about?”

Pete sat with his back straight. Although his voice still had a childish quality to it, it nevertheless gave off a calm and steady feeling.

Chester replied, “My team leader in the game hosted a live stream today...”

Justin snorted coldly. “You’re actually acknowledging a five or six-year-old girl as your leader? How promising of you.”

Pete, “...”

Uncle Chester’s team leader in the game was Cherry.

He stilled his expression and started spouting nonsense with a straight face. “Uncle Chester, you must have been tricked. A lot of people use voice changers these days.”

Chester, “?”

However, Justin said, “It didn’t sound like she was using a voice changer.”

He didn’t dwell on these, though. Instead, after casting a glance at Chester, he asked dispassionately, “Are you intending to play games for the rest of your life?”

Chester shook his head. “Actually, I want to be a professional e-sports player and start my own team, but I don’t have that much money. I—”

“Is eight million enough?” Justin’s voice was cool and crisp as he casually cut a piece of his steak.

Chester was stunned.

As he looked at Justin, his eyes suddenly reddened. It was just like back when he was still a child. When he said that he didn’t want to study, no one in the

family had supported him. Everyone had called him a good-for-nothing. Justin was the only one who had asked, "Then what do you want to do?"

Justin had always respected his dreams.

Chester lowered his head. His voice sounded a little choked as he replied, "Yes."

"Well, I think that little girl has a bright future ahead of her," Justin said, "You can recruit her into your team."

Chester, "?"

All his emotions from just now evaporated in an instant.

If Justin knew that was his daughter, he probably wouldn't think so anymore!

He stammered, "Justin, you s-seem to like my team leader quite a bit?"

"She's fine, I suppose."

Justin speared another piece of steak and said, "This tastes pretty good."

"..."

At the Smiths.

Before one knew it, it was already noon. Joel entered the room and saw Ian staring at the screen of the live stream that had already ended.

After a moment's hesitation, he asked, "Is there anything you would like for lunch today, Uncle Ian?"

He had initially thought that he wouldn't have any appetite as usual and would just patronize him a little, but unexpectedly, Ian actually answered, "Steak, I suppose."

Joel was taken aback.

His uncle hadn't had meat for several years. Because he had lost all will to live, he had lost interest in everything, including eating.

What had happened?

Joel couldn't figure it out, so he simply decided not to think about it anymore. It was fine as long as Uncle Ian was willing to eat!

...

"Mmm!"

Cherry put a piece of steak into her mouth, which was stuffed so full that her cheeks were bulging. Her lips were all greasy and her big black eyes were filled with a rich sense of contentment. Her speech was unclear as she said, "This ish delicious!"

Her adorable appearance gave Melissa, who had cooked the meal, a sense of satisfaction. She patted her on the head and said, "If Cherry likes it, Grand-aunt Melissa will make some for you again!"

"Okie!"

Cherry nodded repeatedly as she dished out compliments generously. "Not only is Grand-aunt Melissa pretty, but she's also kind and a great cook! Aunt Sheril is so blessed to have a mommy like you!"

As soon as she said that, she spied Nora coming downstairs. Cherry blinked and added, "But my Mommy's also super awesome!"

Nora raised an eyebrow. "Oh? Which part of me do you think is awesome?"

Cherry thought hard for a while. Then, she tilted her head and answered, "You're awesome at sleeping!"

"..."

Nora decided not to hold it against the little fellow. After stretching and yawning, she walked over, took a seat, and finished her meal in just a few bites.

There was a rare guest at the table today—Logan Anderson.

He ate slowly and gracefully. When he saw Nora wolfing down her food, he inadvertently curled his lip.

The way his cousin ate as if she had never eaten anything in her life before...

He lowered his beautiful almond-shaped eyes. However, there wasn't any disdain in his eyes but just a thoughtful look.

After lunch, Nora went upstairs and packed Cherry's school bag for her. By the time she went back down, Cherry was also almost done with her lunch.

At the sight of the schoolbag in her hands, a dazed Melissa asked, "Where are you going, Nora?"

Nora replied, "For an interview."

"At the International Golden Sunshine Kindergarten?"

"Yeah."

Melissa said apologetically, "But we don't have any interview spots. Give me some time; I've already asked my family about it, though they haven't given me any answer yet..."

As soon as she said that, the piercing sound of the chair dragging against the floor rang out.

Logan stood up abruptly. "Mom, did you go back to the Woods and let them bully you again?"

As though she was afraid that Nora would realize something, Melissa frowned at Logan and said, "Logan, shut up!"

Logan snorted. "Mom, have you forgotten what you told Sheril and me in the past? Does attending that kindergarten even bring any meaning?"

Melissa had never been one to care about superficial formalities like that.

When Sheril and Logan didn't get places for the interview to enroll in the kindergarten, she had told the two children, "Enrolling into the kindergarten doesn't make one noble. What gives you a noble character is when you value and respect yourselves."

Melissa, however, frowned.

She grabbed Logan, lowered her voice, and said, "Nora is different from the two of you! She grew up elsewhere. If Cherry can't even attend that

kindergarten, I'm worried that Nora won't be able to hold her head up high in the circle in the future!"

Logan understood all of this.

But the moment he thought of his elegant and graceful mother returning to the Woods to be mistreated by others...

He said in an unruly manner, "Do you really think she can enroll Cherry into the kindergarten even if she has a recommendation letter? There's no way she'll pass the interview!"

Melissa patted him on the shoulder and said, "That's why I got you back here. I want you to take them there and accompany Nora for the interview."

Logan was stunned.

He clenched his jaw. His features, which were similar to Nora's, carried an air of unruliness and defiance. He said, "But the Woods haven't sent the recommendation letter yet!"

Melissa sighed. She knew that her sister-in-law must be making things difficult for her again. She said, "I'll call them and urge them."

Rather than saying she was 'urging' them... It was actually probably more like she was begging them instead.

Logan's expression turned even colder. It was at this moment that the two of them heard a cool and indifferent voice: "You don't have to beg them for one. I already have an interview spot."

Taken aback, Melissa looked at Nora and asked, "How did you get the spot, Nora?"

Nora was about to give her a simple explanation when her cell phone rang.

When she picked up, she heard the voice of Lisa, her cousin in California, reaching her through the phone. She said, "Nora, I suspect you aren't Uncle Henry's daughter at all!"

## **Chapter 63 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams**

“What?”

All of them were astounded.

Even Simon, Sheena, and Melissa felt like they must have misheard her, not to mention Deputy Dean Lucas. After all, the place was noisy and everyone was basically only talking about the Carefree Pill.

Deputy Dean Lucas was the first to recover. “What did you say? Are you kidding me?”

However, something seemed to click in Melissa’s mind and she whispered, “Nora, do you have the Carefree Pill formula? I get it now! Your mother must have left it for you?!”

She had vaguely heard her husband mention before that Nora’s mother was the one who had developed the Carefree Pill back then!

Nora nodded. “Yeah. I’ve already given it to Sheril. I reckon that we’ll be able to commence mass production in a couple of days.”

She had thought that everyone would be excited after she said that, but Simon’s jaw was tense and he didn’t say anything.

Sheena’s brows drew together tightly. “Don’t talk nonsense outside when the product hasn’t been finished yet. As expected, a child like you is simply unreliable. You can’t keep yourself calm and steady at all!”

The look in Nora’s eyes turned a little cold.

Wasn’t her second aunt being a little too hostile to her?

The thought had only just formed when Simon lowered his voice and said, “Nora, your mom only managed to make the Carefree Pills by coincidence back then, and even so, only a batch of five pills was successfully produced. The manufacturing process is a bit complicated and the success rate is extremely low. This is also the reason why the Carefree Pills hadn’t been popularized back then. Even with the formula, it’ll be difficult for us to mass produce it...”

At the sight of the awful looks on Simon and Sheena’s faces, Deputy Dean Lucas sneered, “Tsk. Are you lusting for the Carefree Pill just because you

saw that Mr. Myers has one? If the Carefree Pill was something that any Tom, Dick, or Harry could make, Mr. Myers wouldn't be treating the one he has as the treasure of his shop!"

Not far away, another loud laugh reached them. Everyone looked over to see Jon and Joel walking out together.

A relaxed look came over Jon's features after he laughed. He said, "That settles it then, Mr. Smith!"

Joel looked rather disappointed—it seemed like the talk just now hadn't gone too well. After nodding, he walked to the side with flagging interest and his interest in the conference became rather lackluster.

Nora watched him.

Joel's eyes were downcast at the moment and he had lost the warm smile he had just now. Perhaps because he was thinking of his uncle's condition, there was some sorrow and melancholy on his handsome and elegant visage.

... It was rather heart-wrenching to see him like that.

Nora found herself taken aback at the thought.

She had always been an apathetic person who'd rather make fewer friends if she could get more sleep in return. The empathy she felt today came rather inexplicably.

She shook her head, discarding the thoughts in her mind.

Someone nearby asked Jon, "Didn't Mr. Smith buy the pill?"

Jon sighed and replied, "The pill actually doesn't hold much use for Mr. Smith's condition. He's in poor health and needs regular nourishment to nurse his health. A pill is of little use to him."

Everyone understood now.

The Carefree Pill might be a lifesaver for others, but in the case of Ian whose bodily functions were barely supporting him, they needed one Carefree Pill per day to slowly nurse him back to health.

However, there was only a single pill left in the whole world now. Thus, it was useless to him.

Jon went on. "However, we cannot ignore Mr. Smith's condition, either. I've agreed to have Tina go over every day to conduct health checkups on Mr. Smith."

This way, he wouldn't offend the Smiths. He sure was smart.

Someone nearby flattered him and said, "Dr. York is the last student you ever took in; there aren't many who can have her conduct health checkups on them every day now!"

"Now that modern medicine holds such a prominent place in society, traditional medicine has become much less significant. The only thing we can be proud of now is the Myers Peace Pharmacy! Mr. Myers, I've heard that it's hard to get an outpatient appointment with you these days."

Someone suddenly changed the subject and asked, "Mr. Myers, how much are you selling that pill of yours? Name your price!"

"Yes, that's right! Mr. Myers, is that pill for sale?"

"I'd also like to buy it as a backup plan..."

A group of people flocked to Jon and surrounded him. and for a time, the Myerses basked in the spotlight like none other. Even Tina next to him was proud to be associated with them.

Jon smiled and said, "It's not for sale! That's the last pill we have, so it's our shop's treasure."

Tina raised her chin and said gently, "Mr. Myers has been using a special preservation method on the pill over the years. The cost of preserving it so that it won't expire already costs about \$150,000 per year..."

"Hiss! That's a lot of money! No wonder that pill still hasn't spoiled even after 25 years..."

"With that pill, the Myerses can dominate the world of traditional medicine!"

"..."

Jon's gaze swept across the Andersons—who had been isolated and kept outside by the others—in the distance as he listened to the crowd's compliments. A sharp look flashed across his countenance.

He suddenly said, "Traditional medicine requires one to accumulate and build up experience. One must be content with what they have and calmly accumulate experience. More importantly, they mustn't allow themselves to be tempted by other things. Am I right, Simon?"

His words made everyone look at Simon.

Jon continued and said, "How glorious the Andersons were twenty years ago! There was no one who didn't know about the Andersons whenever they were mentioned in the traditional medicine and pharmaceutical industry. But all these years, you and your second sister have placed your time and efforts on making social connections and on making money instead. Your intentions in making medicine are no longer pure!"

Being reprimanded in public Simon and Sheena instantly flush.

Melissa stepped forward and said with a smile, "Mr. Myers, Myers Peace Pharmacy's main business is also the sale of medicines. Surely someone has to take charge of making sales, right? Speaking of which, back when our eldest sister was in charge of making medicines, I heard that you even came to us in person to ask for advice!"

Jon stared at her and sighed. He said, "Your eldest sister, Yvette Anderson, is indeed a rare pharmaceutical genius. She was the only one with any hope of surpassing my prowess back then. What a shame that she wasted her efforts on love and romance, and eloped with a man instead! How shameless! If she had behaved and been contented with her lot back then, she would probably have also been able to create the Carefree Pill!"

Simon was rather angry. He said, "Yvette was the one who made that Carefree Pill in your possession!"

Sheena was also furious.

Back then, Yvette had made five pills. Jon had borrowed two in the name of research and observation.

Afterward, Yvette had gotten herself in trouble before she could improve the formula. The three pills they had were also used on a patient, and all of them had forgotten to ask for the two Carefree Pills back!

But now, not only was he using those two pills to suppress the Andersons, but he was also claiming that he was the one who made them? How utterly shameless!

Jon smiled and said nothing.

Tina, however, frowned and said, "That's a very strange claim you're making, Uncle Simon. If the Andersons were really the ones who made the Carefree Pills, why would it be in my teacher's possession while you don't have any?"

"Exactly. How can the Andersons be so shameless? They're actually stealing credit for the Myerses' pills..."

"Carefree Pills are very difficult to make. The two that Mr. Myers has were only successfully made by chance. How can the Andersons claim they're theirs? If the Andersons had made them, why aren't they bringing them out?"

"Moreover, they're even saying that Yvette was the one who made the pills. She's already dead; without her around anymore, of course, they can say whatever they want. Unless they can produce the Carefree Pill, who would believe them?"

Amidst the speculations, and a cool voice slowly reached them: "Who says the Andersons don't have any Carefree Pills?"

Everyone turned and looked over to see a slender figure casually standing there. The young woman looked charmingly beautiful, and her cat-like eyes were slightly downcast as if she was sleepy and tired.

Yet she also gave off a sense of unbridled arrogance.

Her fair slender fingers went to her pocket and she took out a black pill wrapped in a white paper. After tearing off the simple and crude white wrapper, she held it between two of her fingers and looked at Jon. She said, "This is the real deal itself—the Carefree Pill."

Jon's eyes widened the moment he saw her. The young woman simply resembled Yvette Anderson too much, making him a little dazed. It was just

like that time back when that other young woman had stood in front of him and declared proudly, “I’ve successfully made the Carefree Pill!”

Someone in the crowd exclaimed, “Dr. Lincoln, have a look at it! Is that the Carefree Pill?”

Dr. Lincoln was a well-known traditional medicine practitioner in the circle. Upon the request, he took a step forward and took the pill from the young woman. Then, he scratched off a bit of it, held it to his nose, and sniffed it carefully.

A moment later...

“It’s the Carefree Pill! In addition, it seems like it was made recently!”

“What? Made recently? That young woman seems to be from the Andersons...”

“Could it be that Yvette really was the one who created the Carefree Pills?”

“...”

As soon as the words left the speaker’s mouth, the hall fell quiet.

Simon’s eyes lit up and he immediately said, “Mr. Myers, you have nothing to say now, do you?!”

Jon regained his composure very quickly. He said mysteriously, “I had made medicines together with Yvette back then. I didn’t expect that she has also successfully created the Carefree Pill...”

He was trying to make up for the embarrassment just now.

“Heh.”

Melissa chuckled softly. Although she hadn’t said anything, it nevertheless made Jon’s face burn as if someone had slapped him a few times!

Everyone exchanged looks with one another.

Suddenly, Dr. Lincoln stepped forward and asked, “... Mr. Anderson, may I know if the pill is for sale? I’m willing to pay \$15,000!”

As soon as he said that, everyone else also regained their senses and started to swarm toward Simon.

“I’m willing to pay \$23,000!”

“I’m willing to pay \$80,000!”

“I’m willing to pay \$150,000!”

“...”

This was obviously a conference, but if anyone were to pass by outside, they might have thought it was an auction house instead.

Simon ignored them all and carefully put away the pill that Dr. Lincoln was holding. He said, “This pill...”

Before he could say the words ‘not for sale’, Nora said unhurriedly, “... is for sale, of course.”

Simon, “!”

The Myerses could even make a name for themselves in New York just by relying on a mere pill. Did Nora have any idea just how valuable the pill was or not?

He was about to speak when Nora started taking out more pills from her pocket. One, two, three... She took out a total of twenty pills!

She said calmly, “The Andersons’ new product, the Carefree Pill, will be launched at the end of this month. The retail price will be... \$3,000 per pill?”

She had originally planned to price them at \$1,500 each, but going by their fervency just now, it seemed like she could also sell them at \$3,000 without any problem? Nora was still wondering whether or not the price was too high when the crowd started shouting:

“I want 200 pills!”

“I want 2,000 pills!”

“Mr. Anderson, I want 3,000 pills!”

All the drugstore and hospitals' procurement team representatives started to yell out their orders.

Simon swallowed and subconsciously glanced at Nora, who said dispassionately, "The production process for the Carefree Pill is a complicated one, so we can only produce up to 10,000 pills per month. They will not be sold at wholesale price but retail price."

"..."

Everyone was a little disappointed, but someone nevertheless approached Simon. "Mr. Anderson, if I order 5,000 cartons of Vitality Water, can you sell me 200 Carefree Pills? I'll buy them at retail price, not the wholesale price!"

Simon replied, "... Okay."

"Me too! I want some too!"

The crowd, who had been rather dismissive toward Simon just a moment ago, surrounded him one after another.

Deputy Dean Lucas of the Traditional Medicine Hall also squeezed into the crowd. He said, "Simon, on account of our friendship, you have to give me 500 Carefree Pills no matter what!"

Unfortunately, before he could squeeze into the crowd, Sheena stopped him.

With an icy smile on her face, she said, "Interested in our products, Deputy Dean Lucas? They'll cost you four times the usual price."

Deputy Dean Lucas, "..."

He had demanded a 60% discount on their products just now and now, the Carefree Pill's price had quadrupled! Sheena was definitely doing this on purpose!

Justin, who was standing nearby, looked a little stunned.

His original intention was to give her money, but now...

"The pill retails at \$3,000 but she's selling it to us at \$800 each. In other words, we earn a profit of \$2,200 per pill, which makes \$11,000,000 in total! Mr. Hunt, Miss Smith has actually given us such a large cut of the profits!"

Behind him, Sean was calculating the numbers. He remarked, “Why does it feel like we ended up taking advantage of Miss Smith?”

Justin, “...”

He was originally intending to return her a favor, but it seemed like his debt was increasing instead?

The chilly look on his face and the impatience in his heart had already dissipated at some point. The corners of his lips suddenly curled upward and even the beauty mark at his eyes was exuding joy.

The young woman amid the crowd had already meritoriously retired by now.

She slipped away quietly, leaving all the hustle and bustle to Simon, and walked toward Justin.

She had a bit of a complicated look—there seemed to be a little hesitation, as well as a little uncertainty. What was she intending to say to him? To think it was actually putting her in such a spot.

The smile at the corners of Justin’s lips widened a little further.

But just as she got closer and closer to him, the woman suddenly turned and walked toward Joel, who was next to him, instead.

Justin, “?”

The smile on his face suddenly froze.

Nora was indeed feeling a little hesitant and unsure.

She didn’t know whether what she was doing was right or wrong, but she simply followed her heart and walked up to Joel. She said, “Mr. Smith, the Andersons are willing to provide your uncle’s medication at no cost.”

Joel had already heard the commotion a long time ago.

However, he hadn’t expected Nora to take the initiative and offer him the pills.

His flirtatious eyes raised slightly, but his smile also completely disappeared. His eyes were icy-cold as he replied, “I appreciate your kindness, but...”

“My uncle doesn’t ever take any of the Andersons’ medicines.”

After speaking, he nodded coldly at Nora, turned, and left.

Nora was rendered speechless.

Not expecting a response like that, she was stunned to the spot.

A low voice reached her at this point. “Ian Smith has great pride. Your mother embarrassed him back then. He’ll never use the Andersons’ medicines.”

Nora turned to see Justin standing behind.

She clenched her jaw and then sighed.

There were mistakes that one could make up for, but there are also some that one couldn’t.

In that case, there was no need for her to meddle anymore.

Seeing that she didn’t seem to take it to heart, Justin coughed and slowly said, “Miss Smith, the new product...”

Nora waved and said, “Since I’m giving it to you, just take it.”

Justin chuckled softly and asked, “Is there anything you want, Miss Smith?”

Anything I want...

With her eyes all bright and shiny, Nora looked at him and asked, “Will you give me whatever I want?”

There it was, that scorching gaze again.

Justin let out a low “Yes”, his voice deep and sultry.

Nearby, Sean was rendered speechless.

Boss! I can’t bear to watch you anymore!

Ding!

His cell phone beeped. He looked down to see that someone had sent him the photo of Nora's daughter that he had asked for just now.

Justin stared at Nora intently with his head lowered.

There wasn't any of the cold and unfeeling demeanor he usually had. The well-tailored custom-made suit set off his big and tall figure, making him look tall and straight.

Dim light flickered in his dark, deep eyes, and even the beauty mark at the corner of his eye seemed a little darker than usual.

He seemed to be looking forward to something, yet also nervous about it.

Were Pete here, he would have discovered that the egocentric tyrant, who had always acted arbitrarily, actually looked somewhat nervous at the moment...

The woman's eyes were big and shiny and had none of their usual laziness as she gazed at him.

Her appearance made his heart suddenly race. For a moment, he suddenly had the illusion that he would agree to whatever she asked for, no matter what it was.

Her lips parted and a few words popped out. "I want you..."

Justin felt as if the whole place had turned silent around him. The corners of his lips curled upward subconsciously, and even his dark eyes seemed like they were gradually lighting up like a sunny day.

Then, he heard the second half of her sentence: "...-r son."

Justin was bewildered.

The bolt from the blue made him dumbfounded.

In fact, the man, whose expression had never betrayed his feelings, couldn't quite keep a straight face anymore. Even his voice sounded a little stiff as he said, "What?"

Seeing how big his reaction was, the light in Nora's eyes dimmed little by little.

She just knew that it wouldn't work.

That bit of profit that the Carefree Pills gave probably wasn't even a drop in the bucket for the number one family. How would it possibly move him?

Thinking about it from his perspective, if he were to offer to buy Cherry... Well, if he allowed her to sleep at the Hunts' residence, it wasn't entirely impossible, either.

Nora lowered her gaze, her long eyelashes casting their silhouette on her cheek. With a little disappointment, she said carelessly, "Just kidding."

Justin, "..."

Nora's cell phone rang at this time.

She nodded at Justin, then walked a few steps away and answered the call. Solo's voice rang out from the other end of the call. He said, "Anti, I found signs that someone was searching the Internet for your daughter's photo just now!"

Nora was puzzled.

Her eyes narrowed and she immediately looked at Justin, only to see that his assistant standing behind him was currently whispering something to him.

Justin looked up and glanced at her. Then, his assistant held up his cell phone, apparently about to open the email and show him the photo...

Nora panicked. She hung up and immediately took a step forward. "Mr. Hunt!"

Justin, who was about to open the email, was taken aback and he looked at her.

A cold glint flickered in Nora's eyes and she came right up to Justin. Then, she tiptoed, reached out one hand, and held his shoulder as she said in a low voice, "Your clothes are wrinkled."

With her cell phone in her other hand, she 'accidentally' bumped it against Sean's cell phone that Justin was holding. While pretending to pat his clothes, she counted silently:

Five, four, three, two, one...

Time's up.

Nora was about to take a few steps back to put some distance between the two of them when a large warm hand suddenly held her around her waist. "Look out."

A waiter happened to be passing by behind her.

Nora felt as if the palm on her waist was burning hot. She raised her head in discomfit and her gaze met with the man's smiling lip corners.

His lips were thin, but their shape was refined and good-looking.

His nose bridge was very tall, making him look very gallant.

His pupils were very dark, making them seem deep and bottomless.

Up close, his face had a bewitching charm to it.

Nora felt as if the air in her lungs had been sucked away, making her chest feel tight and stuffy. She hurriedly pushed him away and took a few steps back. After she steadied herself, she said, "Thank you."

Then, she turned and left.

As he gazed at her fleeing in embarrassment, Justin looked down at his fingertips.

The woman really had a fantastic figure. Areas that should be fleshy were fleshy, yet her waist was so slim and slender. It was as if he could hold it with just a hand...

After a while, he finally looked at the cell phone. However, the screen had turned black.

An astonished Sean said, "... Is the battery flat? It shouldn't be, though. The battery was more than 60% full just now. Why can't I turn it on anymore..."

After hacking Sean's cell phone, Nora lowered her gaze and tapped away on her big and heavy cell phone for a short while.

At this point, a shadow suddenly appeared in front of her.

Nora looked up—Tina was supporting Jon and looking at her with hostility.

As she tossed her cell phone into her pocket, she also heard Tina say cheerfully, “Miss Smith, something awesome is about to happen to you!”

She deliberately raised her voice, attracting the attention of everyone around them.

Jon let out a cough and said, “So, you’re an old friend’s daughter. Back then, your mother and I were good friends. Even though she went astray and ruined herself, now that you’re back, I should guide you in your mother’s stead. I heard that you’re a surgeon? I wonder if you’re interested in traditional medicine?”

A question mark slowly appeared in Nora’s mind: ?

Tina said, “Miss Smith, are you so happy that you’re lost for words? My teacher, Mr. Myers, is about to take you as his student, so hurry up and acknowledge him as your teacher!”

Nora, “!!”

Tina straightened her back and slowly said, “Miss Smith, perhaps you’re not very familiar with the traditional medicine scene here. At present, there are a few masters of traditional medicine in New York—Dr. Myers, Dr. Lincoln, and Dr. Jenkins. The three of them were students of Dr. Silvester Zabe, the most famous practitioner of traditional medicine many years ago. However, Dr. Zabe hasn’t seen any patients for many years, so there’s no one better than Mr. Myers now.

“Mr. Myers is also the deputy dean of the New York College of Traditional Medicine. There are scores of people trying to apply to become a postgraduate student under him. It’s your honor that he’s willing to take you as his student. It’s a blessing that many are begging for!”

As soon as she said that, the people around them immediately started to speculate among themselves. “No wonder Mr. Jon is so skilled in traditional medicine. As it turns out, he was under the tutelage of Dr. Zabe. But wasn’t it said that Dr. Zabe didn’t take any students?”

Jon smiled lightly and said, “I was lucky enough to have studied under Mr. Zabe for a few years. I suppose you can call me an unofficial student of his!”

The moment he said that, Dr. Lincoln, who had helped to verify the Carefree Pill just now and was of equal standing as Jon, muttered, "I heard that Mr. Zabe officially took in a student a few years ago and taught them everything he knew... But that's just a rumor, though. I've never seen that little junior of mine, so I have no idea whether they're male or female!"

Dr. Lincoln's words didn't attract anyone's attention, though.

Tina said, "Acknowledge Mr. Myers as your teacher here first. You can officially pay him a visit to complete the procedures next time."

Nora slowly said, "No, it's fine."

Disregarding how that man must be up to no good in his bid to take her as his student, and that he would probably make her lend him the Carefree Pill's formula to study and observe later on; just the fact that were she to become Jon's student... Wouldn't their hierarchical positions become all messed up?

Speaking of which, she was certainly being rather rude. Even though she had come to New York, she hadn't gone to visit her teacher yet...

While she was lost in her own thoughts, Tina's expression had already changed. She and Jon were about to say something when next to them, Joel Smith answered a phone call and his expression suddenly changed drastically.

He quickly took a couple of steps toward Jon and said, "My uncle is dying. Please come with me immediately and have a look at him..."

Jon, who didn't dare slight him, answered, "Okay!"

Before leaving, he looked at Nora and said, "You're still young, so you should give some things a little more thought. Mr. Smith, let's not waste any more time and hurry over!"

After Jon and Tina left, the people around them started to gather around Nora.

"So, you're Yvette Anderson's daughter? Becoming Jon's student is a great opportunity. Don't pass it up!"

“She’s still young, but Simon, you’d best be sensible! Look at Tina; after she became Mr. Myers’ student, she became an attending physician at Hospital Finest. She also became a lot more well-known...”

Amidst everyone’s persuasion, Nora, however, merely stared in the direction where Joel and the others left.

Ian Smith was dying...

Should she go over and have a look?

However, when she thought of what Joel had said just now, she abandoned the thought.

Never mind. Everyone had their own destiny.

The conference ended with a perfect conclusion for the Andersons. All the goods piled up in their warehouse sold out. In addition, with the Carefree Pills, Harmonia Pharmacy’s position in the traditional medicine industry also stabilized somewhat.

At the very least, when they left, the others no longer looked at them contemptuously like the way they did in the beginning.

It was only after he saw that the Andersons had left that Justin looked at Sean, who had already taken out his spare cell phone, logged in to the email account, and opened the email from just now.

The photo, however, was of a baby who had just turned a month old.

Honestly speaking, all newborn babies actually look more or less the same. However, the baby in the photo looked soft and chubby, and it was obvious that she had very attractive facial features.

Justin suddenly thought of Pete when he was a baby. Due to his poor health, he had been nothing but skin and bone...

At the Andersons.

After Nora and the others stepped through the door, the whole family sat on the sofa in the living room.

Simon had just answered a call from his daughter. He said excitedly, “Sheril says that they’ve already produced 50 pills based on the formula! The formula works! We can really mass-produce Carefree Pills!”

Melissa glanced at Sheena, who hadn’t said a word since she entered. She said, “It seems like Yvette did indeed improve the formula and even had Nora bring it back. This shows that despite her leaving home, she hadn’t forgotten the Andersons...”

Sheena’s complexion was dull and ashen. Her lips were pursed tightly and she felt dejected.

Simon, who didn’t notice anything, instead asked, “Nora, are you really not going to study under Jon?”

Nora replied, “No.”

After thinking for a while, Simon said, “I know it’s because Jon was making things difficult for us that you...”

“There’s no need to discuss any further about this. I’m not interested in learning traditional medicine from him,” said Nora, who interrupted her uncle straightaway.

Sheena frowned. “What are you interested in, then?”

Nora raised an eyebrow and kept quiet for a while.

At once, Sheena couldn’t help but reprimand her. “I heard that you’re a surgeon? Do you have a medical license? Which college did you graduate from? Which hospital are you working in? Are you a doctor specializing in outpatient service or an attending physician?”

Nora replied, “... I work by myself.”

“You work by yourself? In that case, how many operations can you do in a month? Why don’t you train in the hospital for a few years since you’re still so young?”

Melissa tugged Sheena’s sleeve. “Sheena, don’t say any more for now.”

However, Sheena pulled her sleeve back and said, “So, you want me to apologize to your mother? Okay! I’ll do it! I shouldn’t have said that about Sis! But Nora, as your aunt, there’s something I have to say!

“Your mother was renowned as a young lady of great talent in New York back then, but you grew up elsewhere instead. The way how you’re incapable of anything damages your mother’s reputation! That is something I absolutely will not allow!”

“ ... ”

Nora felt that this second aunt of hers took reputation and things like that too seriously.

She stood up and walked upstairs. “I’ll go and take a look at what Cherry is doing.”

Sheena immediately became angry. “You—”

Melissa grabbed her hand and said, “She’s only just returned, Sheena. Give her some time to adapt. Don’t worry, even if you don’t bring it up, I’ll do my best to groom Nora, nonetheless!”

Nora, “ ... ”

She really didn’t need it.

She went upstairs, entered her bedroom, and immediately heard Cherry in the midst of her games.

“Chesty, come on! I caught someone who’s alone!”

A voice rang out in the voice chat: “Coming! I’m coming!”

Then, Cherry let out an exclamation of surprise and said, “No, there isn’t just one person but two! Ah, there’s one... two more in the bushes! Chesty, there are four players away from their team!”

“ ... ”

“Come on! Why are you running away, Chesty? Why are you so lousy?!”

“... Cherry, they have four people on their side while there’s only two of us. Are you sure the four of them are away from their team?”

“Why are you chickening out? I can beat five of them by myself! Are you a man or not?!”

“I’m your uncle!”

“Oh. Those who didn’t know would’ve thought you were my aunt instead!”

“...”

Seeing that Cherry was engrossed in her game, Nora reminded her to pay attention to the time and went to take a bath.

Cherry blinked with her big cute eyes and stared at her cell phone. “Chesty, Mommy’s back, so I’ll have to log off soon! Are you still streaming the gameplay?”

Chester replied, “Yes, I am. The viewers in my live stream are all calling for you to start live streaming too!”

Cherry became very interested when she heard what he said. She asked, “Will anyone watch if I live stream?”

Chester replied, “Of course! I’m a hotshot streamer with millions of fans. When we challenge the rankings with our two-man team, you’ll definitely get a lot of traffic!”

“Okie-Dokie!” Cherry said, “I’ll start a live stream tomorrow! What do I have to prepare?”

Chester asked, “Do you have a computer at home? You’ll have to buy a good camera, preferably one that comes with a beautifying feature!”

“No problem!”

The two sillies chatted cheerfully. Cherry even grinned happily as she dreamed of becoming a little star.

Once she started live streaming, would it mean that she would be able to give history trivia and even do poem recitals in her live stream and let everyone see how much of a genius and beauty she was?!

---

The Smiths' residence was located near Third Avenue in New York.

Interior decor in the manor was low-key and exuded elegance in every detail.

Several servants busied themselves with their chores, yet they didn't make any sound. It was apparent that they were well-trained.

All the members of the Smiths were gathered outside the master bedroom door. They sat on the leather sofa and stared anxiously at the bedroom door.

In the bedroom, a big and tall man was lying on a large gray bed.

Even though he was nearly fifty years old, Ian didn't look his age at all. Apart from how he was unusually pale, he looked as if he was in his thirties.

Even though his eyes were closed and he was unconscious at the moment, his features exuded the elegance and sobriety of a man who had enjoyed a high social standing for a long time.

If one looked closely, one would realize that Nora and Ian had very similar lip shapes.

A solemn Jon checked his vitals gravely while Tina stood straight and carefully sized up the luxurious decor around her.

Even at his current level, Jon was just a bigwig in the traditional medicine circle. To true top-notch wealthy families like the Smiths, he was just a doctor with a little more skill than most. Their status and the amount of power each wielded weren't comparable at all.

Joel had a troubled look on his face. When he saw that Jon was done with the checkup, he asked anxiously, "How is my uncle?"

Jon frowned and replied, "Mr. Smith has no will to live, so there's nothing that can cure him. Please prepare for his funeral."

Joel's expression changed drastically. "Is there really no other way, Mr. Myers?"

Jon replied, "There may be someone who can do something about it."

Joel asked anxiously, "Who is it?"

Jon's expression remained unchanged as he answered, "It's Dr. Zabe."

At once, Joel got ready to instruct his subordinates to invite him over.

However, Jon stopped him. He said, "He's already very old, and has even become somewhat absent-minded and bedridden. But I've heard that he took in a student who inherited all of his skills. Unfortunately, this person is very mysterious. No one knows where they are."

Joel frowned. His gaze fell on Ian who was lying on the bed.

Jon contemplated for a while before he spoke again. He said, "I can keep Mr. Smith alive, but you'll have to either let him rekindle his will to live or find Dr. Zabe's student."

Joel nodded, a bit of a sharp look appearing in his flirtatious eyes. "In that case, please help my uncle regain consciousness as soon as possible, Mr. Myers."

"Okay."

Jon took out a silver needle and pierced it into several important points on Ian. Then, he took out a pill, crushed it, and stuffed it into his mouth.

After some work, Ian's heartbeat became steady again.

Jon wiped the sweat off his brows and said to Joel, "Mr. Smith should be able to wake up tomorrow. I'll have Tina personally come over to check on him every day and do our best to keep him alive until you find Dr. Zabe's successor."

A smile formed on Joel's countenance once more. "Okay, I'll get the butler to send you out."

After the two of them left, a feminine and delicate voice suddenly rang out. "Joel, he's obviously capable of curing Dad, yet he keeps going on and on here with you instead. Also, Dr. Zabe? He sure says a lot of nonsense."

Joel smiled upon hearing this.

He turned around to see an attractive figure walk in—it was Ian’s adopted daughter, Yvonne Smith.

Ian never married in his whole life, choosing to only adopt a daughter. All the other children born into the Smiths were boys, so they doted on their one and only younger sister very much.

Joel said, “As long as he can cure Uncle Ian’s illness, what’s the big deal about helping him boost his reputation?”

Yvonne stuck out her tongue and cast her eyes down.

Everyone said she was the princess of the Smiths in New York, but no one knew that she was actually the most afraid of Joel.

The new head of the Smiths was always smiling and was gentle and generous, but Yvonne always felt like there was a thin wall between the two of them...

At the entrance of the Smiths’ residence.

It took a full ten minutes for the car to go from the villa where Ian lived to the gate of the manor.

It was only when she saw that they were on the main road that Tina finally looked away from the manor.

She looked at Jon nervously. “Sir, Ian Smith is already on his deathbed. Even he himself doesn’t want to live anymore; how can we possibly save his life?”

Ian had no external or internal injuries. From a modern medicine perspective, there wasn’t anything wrong with him.

Yet his internal organs were slowly failing...

Jon stretched out his hand—half a pill was resting on his palm. He said, “Go over every day to check his health. Give him a couple of jabs on unimportant points of his body first, and then have him consume this pill. This will keep him alive.”

Tina exclaimed, “Sir, that pill is...”

Jon heaved a heavy sigh and answered, “It’s the Carefree Pill.”

Tina's eyes widened. "That pill is worth a lot! You..."

Jon balled up his fist and closed his eyes. Due to his age, the skin at his eyelids was loose and saggy. He instructed, "Have someone secretly buy them from Harmonia Pharmacy. Don't let anyone discover anything. Harmonia Pharmacy has won this round, thanks to the Carefree Pill. If we don't achieve anything big, they'll probably rise above us!"

Tina immediately understood what Jon meant.

The Myerses had made a name for themselves overnight by using the Carefree Pill to cure the elderly Mrs. Hunt. Additionally, it had also allowed Jon to cement his position in the field of traditional medicine. However, now that the Carefree Pill had become the Andersons', it had robbed them of their glory.

Dr. Zabe was the only one capable of curing Ian, yet Jon had successfully kept him alive. This was undoubtedly something glorious to tell everyone.

Tina sat up straight and said seriously, "Don't worry, Sir. I'll make sure I don't slip up and give anything away!"

It was getting late and the moon was already visible in the sky.

The streets of New York were filled with cars. From a distance, it was as though the stream of red car lights stretched on endlessly.

Although the Andersons' residence wasn't a large manor, it was located in the city center and was a quiet little area amid the hustle and bustle of the city. The small villa's market value was worth over ten million.

After dinner, Mrs. Anderson and Melissa brought Nora into the study.

The swelling around Mrs. Anderson's eyes had already gone down and she had completely regained her vision. She looked at Nora kindly and asked, "Nora, Cherry must be five by now, right? It's not appropriate to just let her stay at home all the time. Do you have any plans to send her to kindergarten?"

Nora had thought about this a long time ago.

Originally, her trip to New York was only supposed to be a temporary stay, but now that her son was here, it was likely that she had to stay here permanently.

She nodded and asked, “Which is the best kindergarten nearby?”

Cherry had a super high IQ, so she wasn’t quite the same as other children. She was impatient and, apart from when she played games, she couldn’t sit still at all, no matter what she was doing.

This was the only reason why Nora had allowed her to play games—so that she could practice how to focus. However, in truth, the amount of game time she had every day was limited.

Considering her situation, she needed a kindergarten with the most abundant manpower resources, so that there would be the most professional teachers there to take care of her.

At her question, Melissa was taken aback for a moment before she answered, “The best kindergarten around here is the International Golden Sunshine Kindergarten.”

Mrs. Anderson frowned and supplemented, “That kindergarten is hard to enroll into, though.”

Nora was puzzled.

Melissa explained, “That’s the best kindergarten in New York. The students there are either wealthy or of noble status. Given our family’s conditions, neither Sheril nor Logan were accepted into the school when they were children...”

She said, “The main reason for that is that not only does the kindergarten have tough requirements for the children, but they also have very demanding requirements for parents. Parents must either be special talents or top cadres. Additionally, there are also assessments of varied content specifically set for parents.”

Nora went straight for the key point. She asked, “What’s considered a special talent?”

Melissa answered, "They are talents who have made major contributions. Alternatively, it'll also work if the parents are holders of top-class black cards."

A puzzled Mrs. Anderson asked, "What's a top-class black card?"

Melissa shook her head. "I've only heard of it and never seen it before."

The look in Nora's eyes flickered a little, however.

A bank's top-class black card was a credit card with no credit limit.

Currently, there were only a double-digit number of black cards in the world. It was said that these dozen or so people had formed a mysterious organization known as the Imperial League.

Imperial League members were either tycoons of the world or hotshot politicians, and they controlled the global economy.

They were very mysterious, and even an occasional conversation among them was capable of triggering global economic storms. However, all the members were anonymous, and even people within the organization itself didn't know who the others were.

Everyone privately speculated that in all of the United States, the person who might have a black card like that must be Justin. Thus, everyone, no matter who it was, treated him very politely.

Anyone who owned a black card like that could buy the kindergarten itself, so there definitely wouldn't be any enrollment restrictions for them.

Nora's lip corners curled upward. She was about to say something when her cell phone rang.

However, when she saw the name on the caller ID, she was taken aback for a moment.

Why was he calling her?

Nora said to Melissa, "We'll go for that kindergarten, Aunt Melissa. I'll take Cherry there and give it a go."

Then, she got up, went out the door, and picked up the call.

An aged and stern voice came from the other end of the call. "Where are you?"

It was her traditional medicine teacher, Silvester Zabe.

At the thought of how serious and stern of a man he was, Nora subconsciously straightened her back and answered, "I'm in New York, sir. What's the matter?"

Silvester slowly replied, "Oh. The Smiths are looking for you; they want you to treat someone's illness."

The Smiths? Ian Smith?

Just as Nora was about to say that she would go, Silvester said, "You don't have to go. He isn't sick; he just doesn't want to live anymore."

"..."

"His internal organs are failing. Currently, they're using the Carefree Pill to keep him alive. Even if you do go over, can you make him regain his will to live?"

Nora had no words for that. She reckoned that Ian would probably wish to die even more if he saw her.

She sighed mentally. Then, she asked carefully, "Okay. Can I visit you tomorrow, sir?"

Silvester was already over 90 years old this year, but the elderly man nevertheless spoke clearly. He replied, "No, it's fine. I'm already old; there's nothing to see here. You passing down my skills in traditional medicine would be the best way of repaying my kindness."

However, the old man's indifference instead made Nora tear up.

Without him, she would probably have already died several times.

She cast her eyes down and said, "In that case, let me know if you ever want to see me."

"You're not a kid anymore, so why are you still so clingy? Stop it!" After saying that, Silvester said, "I'm hanging up."

Beep... beep... beep...

Nora looked at her cell phone and heaved a soft sigh. That old man's temper was as weird as ever.

The night passed peacefully.

When Cherry woke up the next morning, Nora was still asleep.

She tiptoed gently across the carpet, closing the door only after she entered the study.

Then, she picked up her cell phone and sent Chester a text message:  
"Chesty, are you ready?"

Chester replied instantly: "I've already registered a live stream account for you, so you can officially start live streaming now!"

"Okie-Dokie!"

Cherry climbed up the chair and planted her tiny self on the big swivel chair. She pushed her foot against the table and turned the chair straight. Then, she turned on Nora's computer.

Chester chuckled and texted: "It's your first live stream today, Cherry. Let's do something a little special today so that you can attract more fans!"

Cherry's big dark eyes lit up and she replied: "Okay! What shall we do?"

Chester, who was in his room at the Hunts', replied: "Let's compete in the live stream!"

Cherry eagerly replied: "No problem! I'll beat you for sure!"

"Heh heh." Chester replied smugly: "A contest in a live stream isn't dependent on the game but the fans' monetary tips! I have 10 million fans, so I'll definitely beat you!"

Chester had suffered his little niece's dissing in the game for over half a year.

Now, he was going to stand tall and regain his dignity as her uncle!

He would let his little niece see just how crazy his fans are.

Cherry wrote: "I'll definitely be better at this than you!"

Chester grinned and started a new live stream. "Hello everyone! This is Chesty. Today, I will introduce a new friend to all of you. She's my team leader! Yes, she's none other than the cutie with a little girl's voice who loves playing as the heroine with the huge cannon! Everyone, please show her lots of support!"

At the Smiths.

Ian had woken up in the morning.

The servant quickly told him that Joel had watched over him all night the previous day.

Joel, whose eyes were all red, held his hand and said, "Uncle Ian, the Smiths still need you. I can't head the family by myself yet. You can't just leave all of this behind and go."

Joel was lying.

He was even more outstanding than himself back then, yet he was putting on an act like that.

Ian smiled weakly. "I'm fine."

A touch of sorrow flashed across Joel's eyes. He picked up the cell phone and handed it to Ian in an attempt to pique his interest. He said, "I remember you used to like playing games, Uncle Ian. This game is very popular now. How about trying it out?"

The reason why he had played games in the past was that she was still with him back then.

Ian actually wasn't very interested in games. He said dispassionately, "... I don't know how to play it."

"It's fine." Joel opened a live stream app and said, "It's pretty interesting to watch others play, too! You can even learn how to play just by watching."

He opened a random live stream and placed the cell phone at a corner on the side within Ian's line of vision.

Ian didn't have the heart to refuse his nephew's kindness, so he simply looked over casually.

A soft and tender voice could already be heard coming from the live stream.

"Chesty, why are my points so low?"

Chester replied, "That's because the points are calculated using the total amount of tips you receive from fans through the virtual gifts they send you! You don't have many fans yet! Hehe, come on, everyone! I'm always being trashed by sweetcherry in the game, so I'm going to give her a taste of how it feels to be trashed this time!"

'sweetcherry'?

Ian was taken aback for a moment.

He remembered that Yvette's game alias had been 'lollipop' back then. When he teased her for using such a sweet-sounding name, she had replied, "What's wrong with that? If I have a daughter in the future, I'll play games with her and give her the alias 'sweetcherry', and have you die of diabetes from all the sugar!"

'sweetcherry'...

Ian stretched out his pale and feeble arm and took hold of the cell phone. Right away, a face-off screen entered his sight. sweetcherry only had a few hundred points while her opponent Chesty had a few thousand points.

He suddenly gained a little interest.

When Chester raised his head, he suddenly discovered that Cherry's total number of points had exceeded his. He immediately exclaimed, "What the f\*ck?! What happened?"

Cherry exclaimed excitedly, "Someone just gave me a huge tip! I can't even keep count anymore!"

Chester did a count and found that the person had actually given her a \$80,000 tip in one go!

Shocked, he urged, "Quick, greet your Sponsor Daddy! Thank you for the tip, Sponsor Daddy!"

Cherry was very troubled, though. She said, "But I already have a Daddy!"

She tilted her head, bit her finger, and thought about it for a while. Then, her eyes suddenly lit up and she exclaimed, "I know, I'll have Mommy call him Daddy instead! So, that means he's Grandpa! Thank you for the tip, Grandpa!"

While talking, another notification saying she had received an \$80,000 tip scrolled across the screen.

It instantly dealt a crushing blow to Chester's points.

"F\*ck!" He was angry now. "Don't be so arrogant! I also have sponsors!"

He immediately posted a link to the live stream on his Facebook page and wrote: "Hey everyone! Those with money, please show some support! Those without, go away."

Most of Chester's friends were wealthy people, and they usually gave tips worth a few thousand dollars for fun.

After making the post, his score indeed started to rise.

At this time, Justin was currently seated in his office in the Hunt Corporation's office tower.

Beside him, Pete was studying.

He opened his Facebook page and immediately saw Chester's post.

Bored, he opened the link.

He immediately heard a tender voice coming from the live stream: "Sponsor Grandpa, in order to thank you for giving me such big tips, I'll tell you some trivia!"

Justin was taken aback when he heard the voice. It sounded vaguely familiar. However, when he lowered his head and saw his son beside him, he suppressed his doubts.

Back in California, Pete had worn girls' clothing from time to time as if he had a split personality.

However, after they returned to New York, apart from the first day he went to practice martial arts at the Quinn School of Martial Arts where he had returned in a princess dress and became a little princess again, he had been normal the past few days.

He must be too high-strung. Otherwise, why would he find the voice just now so similar to his son's when he was having relapses previously?

What was Chester doing, though? Why was there a child's voice in his live stream?

Justin's deep-set eyes narrowed as he watched on sullenly.

It took only a few seconds for him to figure out what was going on with the so-called 'contest'. He let out a cold laugh right away.

His younger brother sure was making a good showing. To think he was being suppressed by a nobody streamer.

It wasn't an issue as long as no one knew, but should there come a day where it became known that Chesty the game streamer was a Hunt, it would be a huge embarrassment to the family!

At the thought, Justin immediately topped up \$300,000 into his account.

He was about to tip his younger brother when he suddenly heard the tender voice say,

"Do you know who discovered radium? It's Johnny Depp!"

Justin, "??"

His fingers instantly paused, and he felt a sense of familiarity welling up in him.

He impulsively entered the live stream hosted by 'sweetcherry'.

The screen showed both streamers facing off, but neither of their cameras was turned on. Instead, they were streaming their gameplay. In a crisp and clear voice, the little girl said, "Sponsor Grandpa, I didn't get it wrong. I have a really awesome memory, yeah! If you don't believe me, I can tell you more!"

“Do you know the famous playwright who wrote Romeo and Juliet? It’s Chris Hemsworth!”

“ ... ”

These insignificant trivia whose answers were all handsome actors and celebrities... Why did they sound so familiar?

Justin couldn’t help but glance at Pete again.

He coughed and cast his eyes down, but an inexplicable sense of intimacy suddenly surged up in him.

He had always been a loner since he was a child. He didn’t have many friends and on top of that, there was a lot of scheming and trickery among his relatives. Even his grandfather had tricked him right before his death...

Therefore, there were times when he felt lonely, too.

Pete was a boy, so he had always taught him to be independent and self-reliant since he was a baby.

He hadn’t liked the Pete who wore a princess dress, but to be honest, when he grasped his big hand with his soft little hands and looked at him with those big, damp, and innocent eyes of his, his heart had felt as if it were soaking in a hot spring.

Sometimes, he couldn’t help but wonder—how nice would it be if he really had a daughter?

“Aren’t I clever, yeah? I see everyone in the comments laughing. Is it because I’m so smart? But why isn’t anyone tipping me?”

“ ... ”

With a flick of his fingers, Justin immediately sent out a tip worth 9,999 airplanes, which was the most expensive virtual gift purchasable.

Cherry immediately exclaimed “I must have done really well! Someone has tipped me again!”

She didn’t know how much money that was at all, but she nevertheless said in a rather troubled manner, “But it’s only because Mommy’s Daddy is a very

bad man that I got her a Sponsor Daddy. I can't have two at the same time! I can only choose one to be my Sponsor Grandpa."

As soon as she said that, another account also gave her a tip worth 9,999 airplanes!

Cherry shouted, "Sponsor Grandpa! Love you!"

Justin opened the list of fans and found that the top fan in sweetcherry's fan list was a person named 'Grandpa'.

He sure knew how to take advantage of others.

He let out a cold laugh and sent another 9,999 airplanes.

In other words, he had given her a tip of \$150,000 right away.

Troubled, Cherry lowered her voice and asked Chester seriously, "Chesty, who should I call Sponsor Grandpa?"

Seeing that his points that had just increased greatly were firmly suppressed again, Chester entered her live stream huffily and said, "Let me see who's the bastard that actually tipped you \$300,000 straightaway..."

As he spoke, he opened her fan list.

As user accounts of the live stream platform were linked to their Facebook profiles, the users' Facebook profile pictures would also show in the live-stream platform. At the sight of that familiar profile picture on Cherry's fan list, the words at the tip of Chester's tongue changed and he stuttered, "J-J-Justin?"

Cherry immediately understood what he meant and she exclaimed softly, "Daddy?!"

Justin, "??"

Cherry's voice immediately became excited, though she also did an obvious turnaround and added, "I meant Sponsor Daddy!"

Justin, "!!"

That familiar voice and way of speech... He turned and looked at Pete, who was next to him, again.

Pete, “??”

The tyrant was using his cell phone and also had earphones on, but he kept glancing at him from time to time. A resigned Pete raised the book in his hand and said, “I really am reading.”

Justin kept quiet. Then, he nodded and continued to watch the live stream.

Everyone in the comments was laughing at the streamer. She had said just now that she wouldn't call anyone 'Sponsor Daddy', but a moment later, she had given in for the sake of tips!

Not only did she have a Sponsor Grandpa, but she also had a Sponsor Daddy now!

Justin's eyes darkened slightly. His expression turned cold and even the beauty mark at the corner of his eye seemed to be giving off an icy chill.

Little did he think that he, who had always been hard-hearted, would actually fall for a nobody streamer's charms.

He was about to close the live stream when the tender voice said, “Sponsor Daddy, do you wanna watch me play games? I'm super good at it, yeah! I'm even better at games than trivia knowledge!”

“...”

His fingers suddenly paused and he started to watch her play just like that.

The streamer sounded like she was only five or six years old. Her voice was soft and tender, and she liked to play as a particular female hero in the game.

The hero was a very cute little girl who carried a huge cannon. However, not only did she diss people mercilessly in the game, but she also had a lot of firepower.

Before he knew it, he had spent an hour and a half watching the live stream.

This continued until...

“Sponsor Grandpa, Daddy. I’m going offline. By the way, what are you having for lunch today? We’re gonna have beef steak! That’s my favorite food, yeah!”

At some point, she no longer addressed Justin as ‘Sponsor Daddy’ but just ‘Daddy’.

It was only after the live stream ended that Justin finally came back to his senses.

He couldn’t help looking at Pete again.

An expressionless Pete looked back at him.

Justin kept quiet for a while. Then, he said, “Pete, say ‘Daddy’.”

The way that little streamer kept calling him ‘Daddy’ was so adorable that even his heart had softened. Were all children that cute?

Pete pursed his lips. His little face was serious as he looked at him. After contemplating for a while, he asked, “Daddy, have you seen the doctor?”

“ ... ”

Justin also felt that he was acting rather ridiculously. He stood up and said, “Let’s go home for lunch.”

When the two returned home, the nanny brought out plates of piping hot food.

Chester automatically sat at the dining table.

Justin suddenly looked at him and asked, “Who’s that kid you were doing a live-stream with today?”

Chester’s fork-holding hand stopped moving and he froze all over.

Chester grew up with Justin, so his elder brother had always inspired awe and respect in him as though he was his father.

Therefore, he actually felt very guilty about hiding the truth from Justin.

If Justin didn’t ask, he wouldn’t say anything. But now that he had, he mustn’t lie!

As such, he stammered, “I-it’s your daughter...”

His daughter? Well, the little streamer had called him Daddy for two hours, but he was indeed her true blue Sponsor Daddy.

At this time, a calm voice reached them. “What live stream are you talking about?”

Pete sat with his back straight. Although his voice still had a childish quality to it, it nevertheless gave off a calm and steady feeling.

Chester replied, “My team leader in the game hosted a live stream today...”

Justin snorted coldly. “You’re actually acknowledging a five or six-year-old girl as your leader? How promising of you.”

Pete, “...”

Uncle Chester’s team leader in the game was Cherry.

He stilled his expression and started spouting nonsense with a straight face. “Uncle Chester, you must have been tricked. A lot of people use voice changers these days.”

Chester, “?”

However, Justin said, “It didn’t sound like she was using a voice changer.”

He didn’t dwell on these, though. Instead, after casting a glance at Chester, he asked dispassionately, “Are you intending to play games for the rest of your life?”

Chester shook his head. “Actually, I want to be a professional e-sports player and start my own team, but I don’t have that much money. I—”

“Is eight million enough?” Justin’s voice was cool and crisp as he casually cut a piece of his steak.

Chester was stunned.

As he looked at Justin, his eyes suddenly reddened. It was just like back when he was still a child. When he said that he didn’t want to study, no one in the

family had supported him. Everyone had called him a good-for-nothing. Justin was the only one who had asked, "Then what do you want to do?"

Justin had always respected his dreams.

Chester lowered his head. His voice sounded a little choked as he replied, "Yes."

"Well, I think that little girl has a bright future ahead of her," Justin said, "You can recruit her into your team."

Chester, "?"

All his emotions from just now evaporated in an instant.

If Justin knew that was his daughter, he probably wouldn't think so anymore!

He stammered, "Justin, you s-seem to like my team leader quite a bit?"

"She's fine, I suppose."

Justin speared another piece of steak and said, "This tastes pretty good."

"..."

At the Smiths.

Before one knew it, it was already noon. Joel entered the room and saw Ian staring at the screen of the live stream that had already ended.

After a moment's hesitation, he asked, "Is there anything you would like for lunch today, Uncle Ian?"

He had initially thought that he wouldn't have any appetite as usual and would just patronize him a little, but unexpectedly, Ian actually answered, "Steak, I suppose."

Joel was taken aback.

His uncle hadn't had meat for several years. Because he had lost all will to live, he had lost interest in everything, including eating.

What had happened?

Joel couldn't figure it out, so he simply decided not to think about it anymore. It was fine as long as Uncle Ian was willing to eat!

...

"Mmm!"

Cherry put a piece of steak into her mouth, which was stuffed so full that her cheeks were bulging. Her lips were all greasy and her big black eyes were filled with a rich sense of contentment. Her speech was unclear as she said, "This ish delicious!"

Her adorable appearance gave Melissa, who had cooked the meal, a sense of satisfaction. She patted her on the head and said, "If Cherry likes it, Grand-aunt Melissa will make some for you again!"

"Okie!"

Cherry nodded repeatedly as she dished out compliments generously. "Not only is Grand-aunt Melissa pretty, but she's also kind and a great cook! Aunt Sheril is so blessed to have a mommy like you!"

As soon as she said that, she spied Nora coming downstairs. Cherry blinked and added, "But my Mommy's also super awesome!"

Nora raised an eyebrow. "Oh? Which part of me do you think is awesome?"

Cherry thought hard for a while. Then, she tilted her head and answered, "You're awesome at sleeping!"

"..."

Nora decided not to hold it against the little fellow. After stretching and yawning, she walked over, took a seat, and finished her meal in just a few bites.

There was a rare guest at the table today—Logan Anderson.

He ate slowly and gracefully. When he saw Nora wolfing down her food, he inadvertently curled his lip.

The way his cousin ate as if she had never eaten anything in her life before...

He lowered his beautiful almond-shaped eyes. However, there wasn't any disdain in his eyes but just a thoughtful look.

After lunch, Nora went upstairs and packed Cherry's school bag for her. By the time she went back down, Cherry was also almost done with her lunch.

At the sight of the schoolbag in her hands, a dazed Melissa asked, "Where are you going, Nora?"

Nora replied, "For an interview."

"At the International Golden Sunshine Kindergarten?"

"Yeah."

Melissa said apologetically, "But we don't have any interview spots. Give me some time; I've already asked my family about it, though they haven't given me any answer yet..."

As soon as she said that, the piercing sound of the chair dragging against the floor rang out.

Logan stood up abruptly. "Mom, did you go back to the Woods and let them bully you again?"

As though she was afraid that Nora would realize something, Melissa frowned at Logan and said, "Logan, shut up!"

Logan snorted. "Mom, have you forgotten what you told Sheril and me in the past? Does attending that kindergarten even bring any meaning?"

Melissa had never been one to care about superficial formalities like that.

When Sheril and Logan didn't get places for the interview to enroll in the kindergarten, she had told the two children, "Enrolling into the kindergarten doesn't make one noble. What gives you a noble character is when you value and respect yourselves."

Melissa, however, frowned.

She grabbed Logan, lowered her voice, and said, "Nora is different from the two of you! She grew up elsewhere. If Cherry can't even attend that

kindergarten, I'm worried that Nora won't be able to hold her head up high in the circle in the future!"

Logan understood all of this.

But the moment he thought of his elegant and graceful mother returning to the Woods to be mistreated by others...

He said in an unruly manner, "Do you really think she can enroll Cherry into the kindergarten even if she has a recommendation letter? There's no way she'll pass the interview!"

Melissa patted him on the shoulder and said, "That's why I got you back here. I want you to take them there and accompany Nora for the interview."

Logan was stunned.

He clenched his jaw. His features, which were similar to Nora's, carried an air of unruliness and defiance. He said, "But the Woods haven't sent the recommendation letter yet!"

Melissa sighed. She knew that her sister-in-law must be making things difficult for her again. She said, "I'll call them and urge them."

Rather than saying she was 'urging' them... It was actually probably more like she was begging them instead.

Logan's expression turned even colder. It was at this moment that the two of them heard a cool and indifferent voice: "You don't have to beg them for one. I already have an interview spot."

Taken aback, Melissa looked at Nora and asked, "How did you get the spot, Nora?"

Nora was about to give her a simple explanation when her cell phone rang.

When she picked up, she heard the voice of Lisa, her cousin in California, reaching her through the phone. She said, "Nora, I suspect you aren't Uncle Henry's daughter at all!"

## **Chapter 64 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams**

Everyone turned and looked over to see a slender figure casually standing there. The young woman looked charmingly beautiful, and her cat-like eyes were slightly downcast as if she was sleepy and tired.

Yet she also gave off a sense of unbridled arrogance.

Her fair slender fingers went to her pocket and she took out a black pill wrapped in a white paper. After tearing off the simple and crude white wrapper, she held it between two of her fingers and looked at Jon. She said, "This is the real deal itself—the Carefree Pill."

Jon's eyes widened the moment he saw her. The young woman simply resembled Yvette Anderson too much, making him a little dazed. It was just like that time back when that other young woman had stood in front of him and declared proudly, "I've successfully made the Carefree Pill!"

Someone in the crowd exclaimed, "Dr. Lincoln, have a look at it! Is that the Carefree Pill?"

Dr. Lincoln was a well-known traditional medicine practitioner in the circle. Upon the request, he took a step forward and took the pill from the young woman. Then, he scratched off a bit of it, held it to his nose, and sniffed it carefully.

A moment later...

"It's the Carefree Pill! In addition, it seems like it was made recently!"

"What? Made recently? That young woman seems to be from the Andersons..."

"Could it be that Yvette really was the one who created the Carefree Pills?"

"..."

As soon as the words left the speaker's mouth, the hall fell quiet.

Simon's eyes lit up and he immediately said, "Mr. Myers, you have nothing to say now, do you?!"

Jon regained his composure very quickly. He said mysteriously, "I had made medicines together with Yvette back then. I didn't expect that she has also successfully created the Carefree Pill..."

He was trying to make up for the embarrassment just now.

“Heh.”

Melissa chuckled softly. Although she hadn't said anything, it nevertheless made Jon's face burn as if someone had slapped him a few times!

Everyone exchanged looks with one another.

Suddenly, Dr. Lincoln stepped forward and asked, “... Mr. Anderson, may I know if the pill is for sale? I'm willing to pay \$15,000!”

As soon as he said that, everyone else also regained their senses and started to swarm toward Simon.

“I'm willing to pay \$23,000!”

“I'm willing to pay \$80,000!”

“I'm willing to pay \$150,000!”

“...”

This was obviously a conference, but if anyone were to pass by outside, they might have thought it was an auction house instead.

Simon ignored them all and carefully put away the pill that Dr. Lincoln was holding. He said, “This pill...”

Before he could say the words ‘not for sale’, Nora said unhurriedly, “... is for sale, of course.”

Simon, “!”

The Myerses could even make a name for themselves in New York just by relying on a mere pill. Did Nora have any idea just how valuable the pill was or not?

He was about to speak when Nora started taking out more pills from her pocket. One, two, three... She took out a total of twenty pills!

She said calmly, “The Andersons' new product, the Carefree Pill, will be launched at the end of this month. The retail price will be... \$3,000 per pill?”

She had originally planned to price them at \$1,500 each, but going by their fervency just now, it seemed like she could also sell them at \$3,000 without any problem? Nora was still wondering whether or not the price was too high when the crowd started shouting:

“I want 200 pills!”

“I want 2,000 pills!”

“Mr. Anderson, I want 3,000 pills!”

All the drugstore and hospitals’ procurement team representatives started to yell out their orders.

Simon swallowed and subconsciously glanced at Nora, who said dispassionately, “The production process for the Carefree Pill is a complicated one, so we can only produce up to 10,000 pills per month. They will not be sold at wholesale price but retail price.”

“ ... ”

Everyone was a little disappointed, but someone nevertheless approached Simon. “Mr. Anderson, if I order 5,000 cartons of Vitality Water, can you sell me 200 Carefree Pills? I’ll buy them at retail price, not the wholesale price!”

Simon replied, “... Okay.”

“Me too! I want some too!”

The crowd, who had been rather dismissive toward Simon just a moment ago, surrounded him one after another.

Deputy Dean Lucas of the Traditional Medicine Hall also squeezed into the crowd. He said, “Simon, on account of our friendship, you have to give me 500 Carefree Pills no matter what!”

Unfortunately, before he could squeeze into the crowd, Sheena stopped him.

With an icy smile on her face, she said, “Interested in our products, Deputy Dean Lucas? They’ll cost you four times the usual price.”

Deputy Dean Lucas, “ ... ”

He had demanded a 60% discount on their products just now and now, the Carefree Pill's price had quadrupled! Sheena was definitely doing this on purpose!

Justin, who was standing nearby, looked a little stunned.

His original intention was to give her money, but now...

"The pill retails at \$3,000 but she's selling it to us at \$800 each. In other words, we earn a profit of \$2,200 per pill, which makes \$11,000,000 in total! Mr. Hunt, Miss Smith has actually given us such a large cut of the profits!"

Behind him, Sean was calculating the numbers. He remarked, "Why does it feel like we ended up taking advantage of Miss Smith?"

Justin, "..."

He was originally intending to return her a favor, but it seemed like his debt was increasing instead?

The chilly look on his face and the impatience in his heart had already dissipated at some point. The corners of his lips suddenly curled upward and even the beauty mark at his eyes was exuding joy.

The young woman amid the crowd had already meritoriously retired by now.

She slipped away quietly, leaving all the hustle and bustle to Simon, and walked toward Justin.

She had a bit of a complicated look—there seemed to be a little hesitation, as well as a little uncertainty. What was she intending to say to him? To think it was actually putting her in such a spot.

The smile at the corners of Justin's lips widened a little further.

But just as she got closer and closer to him, the woman suddenly turned and walked toward Joel, who was next to him, instead.

Justin, "?"

The smile on his face suddenly froze.

Nora was indeed feeling a little hesitant and unsure.

She didn't know whether what she was doing was right or wrong, but she simply followed her heart and walked up to Joel. She said, "Mr. Smith, the Andersons are willing to provide your uncle's medication at no cost."

Joel had already heard the commotion a long time ago.

However, he hadn't expected Nora to take the initiative and offer him the pills.

His flirtatious eyes raised slightly, but his smile also completely disappeared. His eyes were icy-cold as he replied, "I appreciate your kindness, but..."

"My uncle doesn't ever take any of the Andersons' medicines."

After speaking, he nodded coldly at Nora, turned, and left.

Nora was rendered speechless.

Not expecting a response like that, she was stunned to the spot.

A low voice reached her at this point. "Ian Smith has great pride. Your mother embarrassed him back then. He'll never use the Andersons' medicines."

Nora turned to see Justin standing behind.

She clenched her jaw and then sighed.

There were mistakes that one could make up for, but there are also some that one couldn't.

In that case, there was no need for her to meddle anymore.

Seeing that she didn't seem to take it to heart, Justin coughed and slowly said, "Miss Smith, the new product..."

Nora waved and said, "Since I'm giving it to you, just take it."

Justin chuckled softly and asked, "Is there anything you want, Miss Smith?"

Anything I want...

With her eyes all bright and shiny, Nora looked at him and asked, "Will you give me whatever I want?"

There it was, that scorching gaze again.

Justin let out a low “Yes”, his voice deep and sultry.

Nearby, Sean was rendered speechless.

Boss! I can’t bear to watch you anymore!

Ding!

His cell phone beeped. He looked down to see that someone had sent him the photo of Nora’s daughter that he had asked for just now.

Justin stared at Nora intently with his head lowered.

There wasn’t any of the cold and unfeeling demeanor he usually had. The well-tailored custom-made suit set off his big and tall figure, making him look tall and straight.

Dim light flickered in his dark, deep eyes, and even the beauty mark at the corner of his eye seemed a little darker than usual.

He seemed to be looking forward to something, yet also nervous about it.

Were Pete here, he would have discovered that the egocentric tyrant, who had always acted arbitrarily, actually looked somewhat nervous at the moment...

The woman’s eyes were big and shiny and had none of their usual laziness as she gazed at him.

Her appearance made his heart suddenly race. For a moment, he suddenly had the illusion that he would agree to whatever she asked for, no matter what it was.

Her lips parted and a few words popped out. “I want you...”

Justin felt as if the whole place had turned silent around him. The corners of his lips curled upward subconsciously, and even his dark eyes seemed like they were gradually lighting up like a sunny day.

Then, he heard the second half of her sentence: “...-r son.”

Justin was bewildered.

The bolt from the blue made him dumbfounded.

In fact, the man, whose expression had never betrayed his feelings, couldn't quite keep a straight face anymore. Even his voice sounded a little stiff as he said, "What?"

Seeing how big his reaction was, the light in Nora's eyes dimmed little by little.

She just knew that it wouldn't work.

That bit of profit that the Carefree Pills gave probably wasn't even a drop in the bucket for the number one family. How would it possibly move him?

Thinking about it from his perspective, if he were to offer to buy Cherry... Well, if he allowed her to sleep at the Hunts' residence, it wasn't entirely impossible, either.

Nora lowered her gaze, her long eyelashes casting their silhouette on her cheek. With a little disappointment, she said carelessly, "Just kidding."

Justin, "..."

Nora's cell phone rang at this time.

She nodded at Justin, then walked a few steps away and answered the call. Solo's voice rang out from the other end of the call. He said, "Anti, I found signs that someone was searching the Internet for your daughter's photo just now!"

Nora was puzzled.

Her eyes narrowed and she immediately looked at Justin, only to see that his assistant standing behind him was currently whispering something to him.

Justin looked up and glanced at her. Then, his assistant held up his cell phone, apparently about to open the email and show him the photo...

Nora panicked. She hung up and immediately took a step forward. "Mr. Hunt!"

Justin, who was about to open the email, was taken aback and he looked at her.

A cold glint flickered in Nora's eyes and she came right up to Justin. Then, she tiptoed, reached out one hand, and held his shoulder as she said in a low voice, "Your clothes are wrinkled."

With her cell phone in her other hand, she 'accidentally' bumped it against Sean's cell phone that Justin was holding. While pretending to pat his clothes, she counted silently:

Five, four, three, two, one...

Time's up.

Nora was about to take a few steps back to put some distance between the two of them when a large warm hand suddenly held her around her waist. "Look out."

A waiter happened to be passing by behind her.

Nora felt as if the palm on her waist was burning hot. She raised her head in discomfit and her gaze met with the man's smiling lip corners.

His lips were thin, but their shape was refined and good-looking.

His nose bridge was very tall, making him look very gallant.

His pupils were very dark, making them seem deep and bottomless.

Up close, his face had a bewitching charm to it.

Nora felt as if the air in her lungs had been sucked away, making her chest feel tight and stuffy. She hurriedly pushed him away and took a few steps back. After she steadied herself, she said, "Thank you."

Then, she turned and left.

As he gazed at her fleeing in embarrassment, Justin looked down at his fingertips.

The woman really had a fantastic figure. Areas that should be fleshy were fleshy, yet her waist was so slim and slender. It was as if he could hold it with just a hand...

After a while, he finally looked at the cell phone. However, the screen had turned black.

An astonished Sean said, "... Is the battery flat? It shouldn't be, though. The battery was more than 60% full just now. Why can't I turn it on anymore..."

After hacking Sean's cell phone, Nora lowered her gaze and tapped away on her big and heavy cell phone for a short while.

At this point, a shadow suddenly appeared in front of her.

Nora looked up—Tina was supporting Jon and looking at her with hostility.

As she tossed her cell phone into her pocket, she also heard Tina say cheerfully, "Miss Smith, something awesome is about to happen to you!"

She deliberately raised her voice, attracting the attention of everyone around them.

Jon let out a cough and said, "So, you're an old friend's daughter. Back then, your mother and I were good friends. Even though she went astray and ruined herself, now that you're back, I should guide you in your mother's stead. I heard that you're a surgeon? I wonder if you're interested in traditional medicine?"

A question mark slowly appeared in Nora's mind: ?

Tina said, "Miss Smith, are you so happy that you're lost for words? My teacher, Mr. Myers, is about to take you as his student, so hurry up and acknowledge him as your teacher!"

Nora, "!!"

Tina straightened her back and slowly said, "Miss Smith, perhaps you're not very familiar with the traditional medicine scene here. At present, there are a few masters of traditional medicine in New York—Dr. Myers, Dr. Lincoln, and Dr. Jenkins. The three of them were students of Dr. Silvester Zabe, the most famous practitioner of traditional medicine many years ago. However, Dr. Zabe hasn't seen any patients for many years, so there's no one better than Mr. Myers now.

“Mr. Myers is also the deputy dean of the New York College of Traditional Medicine. There are scores of people trying to apply to become a postgraduate student under him. It’s your honor that he’s willing to take you as his student. It’s a blessing that many are begging for!”

As soon as she said that, the people around them immediately started to speculate among themselves. “No wonder Mr. Jon is so skilled in traditional medicine. As it turns out, he was under the tutelage of Dr. Zabe. But wasn’t it said that Dr. Zabe didn’t take any students?”

Jon smiled lightly and said, “I was lucky enough to have studied under Mr. Zabe for a few years. I suppose you can call me an unofficial student of his!”

The moment he said that, Dr. Lincoln, who had helped to verify the Carefree Pill just now and was of equal standing as Jon, muttered, “I heard that Mr. Zabe officially took in a student a few years ago and taught them everything he knew... But that’s just a rumor, though. I’ve never seen that little junior of mine, so I have no idea whether they’re male or female!”

Dr. Lincoln’s words didn’t attract anyone’s attention, though.

Tina said, “Acknowledge Mr. Myers as your teacher here first. You can officially pay him a visit to complete the procedures next time.”

Nora slowly said, “No, it’s fine.”

Disregarding how that man must be up to no good in his bid to take her as his student, and that he would probably make her lend him the Carefree Pill’s formula to study and observe later on; just the fact that were she to become Jon’s student... Wouldn’t their hierarchical positions become all messed up?

Speaking of which, she was certainly being rather rude. Even though she had come to New York, she hadn’t gone to visit her teacher yet...

While she was lost in her own thoughts, Tina’s expression had already changed. She and Jon were about to say something when next to them, Joel Smith answered a phone call and his expression suddenly changed drastically.

He quickly took a couple of steps toward Jon and said, “My uncle is dying. Please come with me immediately and have a look at him...”

Jon, who didn't dare slight him, answered, "Okay!"

Before leaving, he looked at Nora and said, "You're still young, so you should give some things a little more thought. Mr. Smith, let's not waste any more time and hurry over!"

After Jon and Tina left, the people around them started to gather around Nora.

"So, you're Yvette Anderson's daughter? Becoming Jon's student is a great opportunity. Don't pass it up!"

"She's still young, but Simon, you'd best be sensible! Look at Tina; after she became Mr. Myers' student, she became an attending physician at Hospital Finest. She also became a lot more well-known..."

Amidst everyone's persuasion, Nora, however, merely stared in the direction where Joel and the others left.

Ian Smith was dying...

Should she go over and have a look?

However, when she thought of what Joel had said just now, she abandoned the thought.

Never mind. Everyone had their own destiny.

The conference ended with a perfect conclusion for the Andersons. All the goods piled up in their warehouse sold out. In addition, with the Carefree Pills, Harmonia Pharmacy's position in the traditional medicine industry also stabilized somewhat.

At the very least, when they left, the others no longer looked at them contemptuously like the way they did in the beginning.

It was only after he saw that the Andersons had left that Justin looked at Sean, who had already taken out his spare cell phone, logged in to the email account, and opened the email from just now.

The photo, however, was of a baby who had just turned a month old.

Honestly speaking, all newborn babies actually look more or less the same. However, the baby in the photo looked soft and chubby, and it was obvious that she had very attractive facial features.

Justin suddenly thought of Pete when he was a baby. Due to his poor health, he had been nothing but skin and bone...

At the Andersons.

After Nora and the others stepped through the door, the whole family sat on the sofa in the living room.

Simon had just answered a call from his daughter. He said excitedly, "Sheril says that they've already produced 50 pills based on the formula! The formula works! We can really mass-produce Carefree Pills!"

Melissa glanced at Sheena, who hadn't said a word since she entered. She said, "It seems like Yvette did indeed improve the formula and even had Nora bring it back. This shows that despite her leaving home, she hadn't forgotten the Andersons..."

Sheena's complexion was dull and ashen. Her lips were pursed tightly and she felt dejected.

Simon, who didn't notice anything, instead asked, "Nora, are you really not going to study under Jon?"

Nora replied, "No."

After thinking for a while, Simon said, "I know it's because Jon was making things difficult for us that you..."

"There's no need to discuss any further about this. I'm not interested in learning traditional medicine from him," said Nora, who interrupted her uncle straightaway.

Sheena frowned. "What are you interested in, then?"

Nora raised an eyebrow and kept quiet for a while.

At once, Sheena couldn't help but reprimand her. "I heard that you're a surgeon? Do you have a medical license? Which college did you graduate

from? Which hospital are you working in? Are you a doctor specializing in outpatient service or an attending physician?"

Nora replied, "... I work by myself."

"You work by yourself? In that case, how many operations can you do in a month? Why don't you train in the hospital for a few years since you're still so young?"

Melissa tugged Sheena's sleeve. "Sheena, don't say any more for now."

However, Sheena pulled her sleeve back and said, "So, you want me to apologize to your mother? Okay! I'll do it! I shouldn't have said that about Sis! But Nora, as your aunt, there's something I have to say!

"Your mother was renowned as a young lady of great talent in New York back then, but you grew up elsewhere instead. The way how you're incapable of anything damages your mother's reputation! That is something I absolutely will not allow!"

"..."

Nora felt that this second aunt of hers took reputation and things like that too seriously.

She stood up and walked upstairs. "I'll go and take a look at what Cherry is doing."

Sheena immediately became angry. "You—"

Melissa grabbed her hand and said, "She's only just returned, Sheena. Give her some time to adapt. Don't worry, even if you don't bring it up, I'll do my best to groom Nora, nonetheless!"

Nora, "..."

She really didn't need it.

She went upstairs, entered her bedroom, and immediately heard Cherry in the midst of her games.

"Chesty, come on! I caught someone who's alone!"

A voice rang out in the voice chat: "Coming! I'm coming!"

Then, Cherry let out an exclamation of surprise and said, "No, there isn't just one person but two! Ah, there's one... two more in the bushes! Chesty, there are four players away from their team!"

"..."

"Come on! Why are you running away, Chesty? Why are you so lousy?!"

"... Cherry, they have four people on their side while there's only two of us. Are you sure the four of them are away from their team?"

"Why are you chickening out? I can beat five of them by myself! Are you a man or not?!"

"I'm your uncle!"

"Oh. Those who didn't know would've thought you were my aunt instead!"

"..."

Seeing that Cherry was engrossed in her game, Nora reminded her to pay attention to the time and went to take a bath.

Cherry blinked with her big cute eyes and stared at her cell phone. "Chesty, Mommy's back, so I'll have to log off soon! Are you still streaming the gameplay?"

Chester replied, "Yes, I am. The viewers in my live stream are all calling for you to start live streaming too!"

Cherry became very interested when she heard what he said. She asked, "Will anyone watch if I live stream?"

Chester replied, "Of course! I'm a hotshot streamer with millions of fans. When we challenge the rankings with our two-man team, you'll definitely get a lot of traffic!"

"Okie-Dokie!" Cherry said, "I'll start a live stream tomorrow! What do I have to prepare?"

Chester asked, “Do you have a computer at home? You’ll have to buy a good camera, preferably one that comes with a beautifying feature!”

“No problem!”

The two sillies chatted cheerfully. Cherry even grinned happily as she dreamed of becoming a little star.

Once she started live streaming, would it mean that she would be able to give history trivia and even do poem recitals in her live stream and let everyone see how much of a genius and beauty she was?!

—

The Smiths’ residence was located near Third Avenue in New York.

Interior decor in the manor was low-key and exuded elegance in every detail.

Several servants busied themselves with their chores, yet they didn’t make any sound. It was apparent that they were well-trained.

All the members of the Smiths were gathered outside the master bedroom door. They sat on the leather sofa and stared anxiously at the bedroom door.

In the bedroom, a big and tall man was lying on a large gray bed.

Even though he was nearly fifty years old, Ian didn’t look his age at all. Apart from how he was unusually pale, he looked as if he was in his thirties.

Even though his eyes were closed and he was unconscious at the moment, his features exuded the elegance and sobriety of a man who had enjoyed a high social standing for a long time.

If one looked closely, one would realize that Nora and Ian had very similar lip shapes.

A solemn Jon checked his vitals gravely while Tina stood straight and carefully sized up the luxurious decor around her.

Even at his current level, Jon was just a bigwig in the traditional medicine circle. To true top-notch wealthy families like the Smiths, he was just a doctor with a little more skill than most. Their status and the amount of power each wielded weren’t comparable at all.

Joel had a troubled look on his face. When he saw that Jon was done with the checkup, he asked anxiously, "How is my uncle?"

Jon frowned and replied, "Mr. Smith has no will to live, so there's nothing that can cure him. Please prepare for his funeral."

Joel's expression changed drastically. "Is there really no other way, Mr. Myers?"

Jon replied, "There may be someone who can do something about it."

Joel asked anxiously, "Who is it?"

Jon's expression remained unchanged as he answered, "It's Dr. Zabe."

At once, Joel got ready to instruct his subordinates to invite him over.

However, Jon stopped him. He said, "He's already very old, and has even become somewhat absent-minded and bedridden. But I've heard that he took in a student who inherited all of his skills. Unfortunately, this person is very mysterious. No one knows where they are."

Joel frowned. His gaze fell on Ian who was lying on the bed.

Jon contemplated for a while before he spoke again. He said, "I can keep Mr. Smith alive, but you'll have to either let him rekindle his will to live or find Dr. Zabe's student."

Joel nodded, a bit of a sharp look appearing in his flirtatious eyes. "In that case, please help my uncle regain consciousness as soon as possible, Mr. Myers."

"Okay."

Jon took out a silver needle and pierced it into several important points on Ian. Then, he took out a pill, crushed it, and stuffed it into his mouth.

After some work, Ian's heartbeat became steady again.

Jon wiped the sweat off his brows and said to Joel, "Mr. Smith should be able to wake up tomorrow. I'll have Tina personally come over to check on him every day and do our best to keep him alive until you find Dr. Zabe's successor."

A smile formed on Joel's countenance once more. "Okay, I'll get the butler to send you out."

After the two of them left, a feminine and delicate voice suddenly rang out. "Joel, he's obviously capable of curing Dad, yet he keeps going on and on here with you instead. Also, Dr. Zabe? He sure says a lot of nonsense."

Joel smiled upon hearing this.

He turned around to see an attractive figure walk in—it was Ian's adopted daughter, Yvonne Smith.

Ian never married in his whole life, choosing to only adopt a daughter. All the other children born into the Smiths were boys, so they doted on their one and only younger sister very much.

Joel said, "As long as he can cure Uncle Ian's illness, what's the big deal about helping him boost his reputation?"

Yvonne stuck out her tongue and cast her eyes down.

Everyone said she was the princess of the Smiths in New York, but no one knew that she was actually the most afraid of Joel.

The new head of the Smiths was always smiling and was gentle and generous, but Yvonne always felt like there was a thin wall between the two of them...

At the entrance of the Smiths' residence.

It took a full ten minutes for the car to go from the villa where Ian lived to the gate of the manor.

It was only when she saw that they were on the main road that Tina finally looked away from the manor.

She looked at Jon nervously. "Sir, Ian Smith is already on his deathbed. Even he himself doesn't want to live anymore; how can we possibly save his life?"

Ian had no external or internal injuries. From a modern medicine perspective, there wasn't anything wrong with him.

Yet his internal organs were slowly failing...

Jon stretched out his hand—half a pill was resting on his palm. He said, “Go over every day to check his health. Give him a couple of jabs on unimportant points of his body first, and then have him consume this pill. This will keep him alive.”

Tina exclaimed, “Sir, that pill is...”

Jon heaved a heavy sigh and answered, “It’s the Carefree Pill.”

Tina’s eyes widened. “That pill is worth a lot! You...”

Jon balled up his fist and closed his eyes. Due to his age, the skin at his eyelids was loose and saggy. He instructed, “Have someone secretly buy them from Harmonia Pharmacy. Don’t let anyone discover anything. Harmonia Pharmacy has won this round, thanks to the Carefree Pill. If we don’t achieve anything big, they’ll probably rise above us!”

Tina immediately understood what Jon meant.

The Myerses had made a name for themselves overnight by using the Carefree Pill to cure the elderly Mrs. Hunt. Additionally, it had also allowed Jon to cement his position in the field of traditional medicine. However, now that the Carefree Pill had become the Andersons’, it had robbed them of their glory.

Dr. Zabe was the only one capable of curing Ian, yet Jon had successfully kept him alive. This was undoubtedly something glorious to tell everyone.

Tina sat up straight and said seriously, “Don’t worry, Sir. I’ll make sure I don’t slip up and give anything away!”

It was getting late and the moon was already visible in the sky.

The streets of New York were filled with cars. From a distance, it was as though the stream of red car lights stretched on endlessly.

Although the Andersons’ residence wasn’t a large manor, it was located in the city center and was a quiet little area amid the hustle and bustle of the city. The small villa’s market value was worth over ten million.

After dinner, Mrs. Anderson and Melissa brought Nora into the study.

The swelling around Mrs. Anderson's eyes had already gone down and she had completely regained her vision. She looked at Nora kindly and asked, "Nora, Cherry must be five by now, right? It's not appropriate to just let her stay at home all the time. Do you have any plans to send her to kindergarten?"

Nora had thought about this a long time ago.

Originally, her trip to New York was only supposed to be a temporary stay, but now that her son was here, it was likely that she had to stay here permanently.

She nodded and asked, "Which is the best kindergarten nearby?"

Cherry had a super high IQ, so she wasn't quite the same as other children. She was impatient and, apart from when she played games, she couldn't sit still at all, no matter what she was doing.

This was the only reason why Nora had allowed her to play games—so that she could practice how to focus. However, in truth, the amount of game time she had every day was limited.

Considering her situation, she needed a kindergarten with the most abundant manpower resources, so that there would be the most professional teachers there to take care of her.

At her question, Melissa was taken aback for a moment before she answered, "The best kindergarten around here is the International Golden Sunshine Kindergarten."

Mrs. Anderson frowned and supplemented, "That kindergarten is hard to enroll into, though."

Nora was puzzled.

Melissa explained, "That's the best kindergarten in New York. The students there are either wealthy or of noble status. Given our family's conditions, neither Sheril nor Logan were accepted into the school when they were children..."

She said, "The main reason for that is that not only does the kindergarten have tough requirements for the children, but they also have very demanding

requirements for parents. Parents must either be special talents or top cadres. Additionally, there are also assessments of varied content specifically set for parents.”

Nora went straight for the key point. She asked, “What’s considered a special talent?”

Melissa answered, “They are talents who have made major contributions. Alternatively, it’ll also work if the parents are holders of top-class black cards.”

A puzzled Mrs. Anderson asked, “What’s a top-class black card?”

Melissa shook her head. “I’ve only heard of it and never seen it before.”

The look in Nora’s eyes flickered a little, however.

A bank’s top-class black card was a credit card with no credit limit.

Currently, there were only a double-digit number of black cards in the world. It was said that these dozen or so people had formed a mysterious organization known as the Imperial League.

Imperial League members were either tycoons of the world or hotshot politicians, and they controlled the global economy.

They were very mysterious, and even an occasional conversation among them was capable of triggering global economic storms. However, all the members were anonymous, and even people within the organization itself didn’t know who the others were.

Everyone privately speculated that in all of the United States, the person who might have a black card like that must be Justin. Thus, everyone, no matter who it was, treated him very politely.

Anyone who owned a black card like that could buy the kindergarten itself, so there definitely wouldn’t be any enrollment restrictions for them.

Nora’s lip corners curled upward. She was about to say something when her cell phone rang.

However, when she saw the name on the caller ID, she was taken aback for a moment.

Why was he calling her?

Nora said to Melissa, "We'll go for that kindergarten, Aunt Melissa. I'll take Cherry there and give it a go."

Then, she got up, went out the door, and picked up the call.

An aged and stern voice came from the other end of the call. "Where are you?"

It was her traditional medicine teacher, Silvester Zabe.

At the thought of how serious and stern of a man he was, Nora subconsciously straightened her back and answered, "I'm in New York, sir. What's the matter?"

Silvester slowly replied, "Oh. The Smiths are looking for you; they want you to treat someone's illness."

The Smiths? Ian Smith?

Just as Nora was about to say that she would go, Silvester said, "You don't have to go. He isn't sick; he just doesn't want to live anymore."

"..."

"His internal organs are failing. Currently, they're using the Carefree Pill to keep him alive. Even if you do go over, can you make him regain his will to live?"

Nora had no words for that. She reckoned that Ian would probably wish to die even more if he saw her.

She sighed mentally. Then, she asked carefully, "Okay. Can I visit you tomorrow, sir?"

Silvester was already over 90 years old this year, but the elderly man nevertheless spoke clearly. He replied, "No, it's fine. I'm already old; there's nothing to see here. You passing down my skills in traditional medicine would be the best way of repaying my kindness."

However, the old man's indifference instead made Nora tear up.

Without him, she would probably have already died several times.

She cast her eyes down and said, "In that case, let me know if you ever want to see me."

"You're not a kid anymore, so why are you still so clingy? Stop it!" After saying that, Silvester said, "I'm hanging up."

Beep... beep... beep...

Nora looked at her cell phone and heaved a soft sigh. That old man's temper was as weird as ever.

The night passed peacefully.

When Cherry woke up the next morning, Nora was still asleep.

She tiptoed gently across the carpet, closing the door only after she entered the study.

Then, she picked up her cell phone and sent Chester a text message: "Chesty, are you ready?"

Chester replied instantly: "I've already registered a live stream account for you, so you can officially start live streaming now!"

"Okie-Dokie!"

Cherry climbed up the chair and planted her tiny self on the big swivel chair. She pushed her foot against the table and turned the chair straight. Then, she turned on Nora's computer.

Chester chuckled and texted: "It's your first live stream today, Cherry. Let's do something a little special today so that you can attract more fans!"

Cherry's big dark eyes lit up and she replied: "Okay! What shall we do?"

Chester, who was in his room at the Hunts', replied: "Let's compete in the live stream!"

Cherry eagerly replied: "No problem! I'll beat you for sure!"

“Heh heh.” Chester replied smugly: “A contest in a live stream isn’t dependent on the game but the fans’ monetary tips! I have 10 million fans, so I’ll definitely beat you!”

Chester had suffered his little niece’s dissing in the game for over half a year.

Now, he was going to stand tall and regain his dignity as her uncle!

He would let his little niece see just how crazy his fans are.

Cherry wrote: “I’ll definitely be better at this than you!”

Chester grinned and started a new live stream. “Hello everyone! This is Chesty. Today, I will introduce a new friend to all of you. She’s my team leader! Yes, she’s none other than the cutie with a little girl’s voice who loves playing as the heroine with the huge cannon! Everyone, please show her lots of support!”

At the Smiths.

Ian had woken up in the morning.

The servant quickly told him that Joel had watched over him all night the previous day.

Joel, whose eyes were all red, held his hand and said, “Uncle Ian, the Smiths still need you. I can’t head the family by myself yet. You can’t just leave all of this behind and go.”

Joel was lying.

He was even more outstanding than himself back then, yet he was putting on an act like that.

Ian smiled weakly. “I’m fine.”

A touch of sorrow flashed across Joel’s eyes. He picked up the cell phone and handed it to Ian in an attempt to pique his interest. He said, “I remember you used to like playing games, Uncle Ian. This game is very popular now. How about trying it out?”

The reason why he had played games in the past was that she was still with him back then.

Ian actually wasn't very interested in games. He said dispassionately, "... I don't know how to play it."

"It's fine." Joel opened a live stream app and said, "It's pretty interesting to watch others play, too! You can even learn how to play just by watching."

He opened a random live stream and placed the cell phone at a corner on the side within Ian's line of vision.

Ian didn't have the heart to refuse his nephew's kindness, so he simply looked over casually.

A soft and tender voice could already be heard coming from the live stream.

"Chesty, why are my points so low?"

Chester replied, "That's because the points are calculated using the total amount of tips you receive from fans through the virtual gifts they send you! You don't have many fans yet! Hehe, come on, everyone! I'm always being trashed by sweetcherry in the game, so I'm going to give her a taste of how it feels to be trashed this time!"

'sweetcherry'?

Ian was taken aback for a moment.

He remembered that Yvette's game alias had been 'lollipop' back then. When he teased her for using such a sweet-sounding name, she had replied, "What's wrong with that? If I have a daughter in the future, I'll play games with her and give her the alias 'sweetcherry', and have you die of diabetes from all the sugar!"

'sweetcherry'...

Ian stretched out his pale and feeble arm and took hold of the cell phone. Right away, a face-off screen entered his sight. sweetcherry only had a few hundred points while her opponent Chesty had a few thousand points.

He suddenly gained a little interest.

When Chester raised his head, he suddenly discovered that Cherry's total number of points had exceeded his. He immediately exclaimed, "What the f\*ck?! What happened?"

Cherry exclaimed excitedly, “Someone just gave me a huge tip! I can’t even keep count anymore!”

Chester did a count and found that the person had actually given her a \$80,000 tip in one go!

Shocked, he urged, “Quick, greet your Sponsor Daddy! Thank you for the tip, Sponsor Daddy!”

Cherry was very troubled, though. She said, “But I already have a Daddy!”

She tilted her head, bit her finger, and thought about it for a while. Then, her eyes suddenly lit up and she exclaimed, “I know, I’ll have Mommy call him Daddy instead! So, that means he’s Grandpa! Thank you for the tip, Grandpa!”

While talking, another notification saying she had received an \$80,000 tip scrolled across the screen.

It instantly dealt a crushing blow to Chester’s points.

“F\*ck!” He was angry now. “Don’t be so arrogant! I also have sponsors!”

He immediately posted a link to the live stream on his Facebook page and wrote: “Hey everyone! Those with money, please show some support! Those without, go away.”

Most of Chester’s friends were wealthy people, and they usually gave tips worth a few thousand dollars for fun.

After making the post, his score indeed started to rise.

At this time, Justin was currently seated in his office in the Hunt Corporation’s office tower.

Beside him, Pete was studying.

He opened his Facebook page and immediately saw Chester’s post.

Bored, he opened the link.

He immediately heard a tender voice coming from the live stream: "Sponsor Grandpa, in order to thank you for giving me such big tips, I'll tell you some trivia!"

Justin was taken aback when he heard the voice. It sounded vaguely familiar. However, when he lowered his head and saw his son beside him, he suppressed his doubts.

Back in California, Pete had worn girls' clothing from time to time as if he had a split personality.

However, after they returned to New York, apart from the first day he went to practice martial arts at the Quinn School of Martial Arts where he had returned in a princess dress and became a little princess again, he had been normal the past few days.

He must be too high-strung. Otherwise, why would he find the voice just now so similar to his son's when he was having relapses previously?

What was Chester doing, though? Why was there a child's voice in his live stream?

Justin's deep-set eyes narrowed as he watched on sullenly.

It took only a few seconds for him to figure out what was going on with the so-called 'contest'. He let out a cold laugh right away.

His younger brother sure was making a good showing. To think he was being suppressed by a nobody streamer.

It wasn't an issue as long as no one knew, but should there come a day where it became known that Chesty the game streamer was a Hunt, it would be a huge embarrassment to the family!

At the thought, Justin immediately topped up \$300,000 into his account.

He was about to tip his younger brother when he suddenly heard the tender voice say,

"Do you know who discovered radium? It's Johnny Depp!"

Justin, "??"

His fingers instantly paused, and he felt a sense of familiarity welling up in him.

He impulsively entered the live stream hosted by 'sweetcherry'.

The screen showed both streamers facing off, but neither of their cameras was turned on. Instead, they were streaming their gameplay. In a crisp and clear voice, the little girl said, "Sponsor Grandpa, I didn't get it wrong. I have a really awesome memory, yeah! If you don't believe me, I can tell you more!"

"Do you know the famous playwright who wrote Romeo and Juliet? It's Chris Hemsworth!"

"..."

These insignificant trivia whose answers were all handsome actors and celebrities... Why did they sound so familiar?

Justin couldn't help but glance at Pete again.

He coughed and cast his eyes down, but an inexplicable sense of intimacy suddenly surged up in him.

He had always been a loner since he was a child. He didn't have many friends and on top of that, there was a lot of scheming and trickery among his relatives. Even his grandfather had tricked him right before his death...

Therefore, there were times when he felt lonely, too.

Pete was a boy, so he had always taught him to be independent and self-reliant since he was a baby.

He hadn't liked the Pete who wore a princess dress, but to be honest, when he grasped his big hand with his soft little hands and looked at him with those big, damp, and innocent eyes of his, his heart had felt as if it were soaking in a hot spring.

Sometimes, he couldn't help but wonder—how nice would it be if he really had a daughter?

"Aren't I clever, yeah? I see everyone in the comments laughing. Is it because I'm so smart? But why isn't anyone tipping me?"

“ ... ”

With a flick of his fingers, Justin immediately sent out a tip worth 9,999 airplanes, which was the most expensive virtual gift purchasable.

Cherry immediately exclaimed “I must have done really well! Someone has tipped me again!”

She didn't know how much money that was at all, but she nevertheless said in a rather troubled manner, “But it's only because Mommy's Daddy is a very bad man that I got her a Sponsor Daddy. I can't have two at the same time! I can only choose one to be my Sponsor Grandpa.”

As soon as she said that, another account also gave her a tip worth 9,999 airplanes!

Cherry shouted, “Sponsor Grandpa! Love you!”

Justin opened the list of fans and found that the top fan in sweetcherry's fan list was a person named 'Grandpa'.

He sure knew how to take advantage of others.

He let out a cold laugh and sent another 9,999 airplanes.

In other words, he had given her a tip of \$150,000 right away.

Troubled, Cherry lowered her voice and asked Chester seriously, “Chesty, who should I call Sponsor Grandpa?”

Seeing that his points that had just increased greatly were firmly suppressed again, Chester entered her live stream huffily and said, “Let me see who's the bastard that actually tipped you \$300,000 straightaway...”

As he spoke, he opened her fan list.

As user accounts of the live stream platform were linked to their Facebook profiles, the users' Facebook profile pictures would also show in the live-stream platform. At the sight of that familiar profile picture on Cherry's fan list, the words at the tip of Chester's tongue changed and he stuttered, “J-J-Justin?”

Cherry immediately understood what he meant and she exclaimed softly, "Daddy?!"

Justin, "??"

Cherry's voice immediately became excited, though she also did an obvious turnaround and added, "I meant Sponsor Daddy!"

Justin, "!!"

That familiar voice and way of speech... He turned and looked at Pete, who was next to him, again.

Pete, "??"

The tyrant was using his cell phone and also had earphones on, but he kept glancing at him from time to time. A resigned Pete raised the book in his hand and said, "I really am reading."

Justin kept quiet. Then, he nodded and continued to watch the live stream.

Everyone in the comments was laughing at the streamer. She had said just now that she wouldn't call anyone 'Sponsor Daddy', but a moment later, she had given in for the sake of tips!

Not only did she have a Sponsor Grandpa, but she also had a Sponsor Daddy now!

Justin's eyes darkened slightly. His expression turned cold and even the beauty mark at the corner of his eye seemed to be giving off an icy chill.

Little did he think that he, who had always been hard-hearted, would actually fall for a nobody streamer's charms.

He was about to close the live stream when the tender voice said, "Sponsor Daddy, do you wanna watch me play games? I'm super good at it, yeah! I'm even better at games than trivia knowledge!"

"..."

His fingers suddenly paused and he started to watch her play just like that.

The streamer sounded like she was only five or six years old. Her voice was soft and tender, and she liked to play as a particular female hero in the game.

The hero was a very cute little girl who carried a huge cannon. However, not only did she diss people mercilessly in the game, but she also had a lot of firepower.

Before he knew it, he had spent an hour and a half watching the live stream.

This continued until...

“Sponsor Grandpa, Daddy. I’m going offline. By the way, what are you having for lunch today? We’re gonna have beef steak! That’s my favorite food, yeah!”

At some point, she no longer addressed Justin as ‘Sponsor Daddy’ but just ‘Daddy’.

It was only after the live stream ended that Justin finally came back to his senses.

He couldn’t help looking at Pete again.

An expressionless Pete looked back at him.

Justin kept quiet for a while. Then, he said, “Pete, say ‘Daddy’.”

The way that little streamer kept calling him ‘Daddy’ was so adorable that even his heart had softened. Were all children that cute?

Pete pursed his lips. His little face was serious as he looked at him. After contemplating for a while, he asked, “Daddy, have you seen the doctor?”

“ ... ”

Justin also felt that he was acting rather ridiculously. He stood up and said, “Let’s go home for lunch.”

When the two returned home, the nanny brought out plates of piping hot food.

Chester automatically sat at the dining table.

Justin suddenly looked at him and asked, “Who’s that kid you were doing a live-stream with today?”

Chester's fork-holding hand stopped moving and he froze all over.

Chester grew up with Justin, so his elder brother had always inspired awe and respect in him as though he was his father.

Therefore, he actually felt very guilty about hiding the truth from Justin.

If Justin didn't ask, he wouldn't say anything. But now that he had, he mustn't lie!

As such, he stammered, "I-it's your daughter..."

His daughter? Well, the little streamer had called him Daddy for two hours, but he was indeed her true blue Sponsor Daddy.

At this time, a calm voice reached them. "What live stream are you talking about?"

Pete sat with his back straight. Although his voice still had a childish quality to it, it nevertheless gave off a calm and steady feeling.

Chester replied, "My team leader in the game hosted a live stream today..."

Justin snorted coldly. "You're actually acknowledging a five or six-year-old girl as your leader? How promising of you."

Pete, "..."

Uncle Chester's team leader in the game was Cherry.

He stilled his expression and started spouting nonsense with a straight face. "Uncle Chester, you must have been tricked. A lot of people use voice changers these days."

Chester, "?"

However, Justin said, "It didn't sound like she was using a voice changer."

He didn't dwell on these, though. Instead, after casting a glance at Chester, he asked dispassionately, "Are you intending to play games for the rest of your life?"

Chester shook his head. “Actually, I want to be a professional e-sports player and start my own team, but I don’t have that much money. I—”

“Is eight million enough?” Justin’s voice was cool and crisp as he casually cut a piece of his steak.

Chester was stunned.

As he looked at Justin, his eyes suddenly reddened. It was just like back when he was still a child. When he said that he didn’t want to study, no one in the family had supported him. Everyone had called him a good-for-nothing. Justin was the only one who had asked, “Then what do you want to do?”

Justin had always respected his dreams.

Chester lowered his head. His voice sounded a little choked as he replied, “Yes.”

“Well, I think that little girl has a bright future ahead of her,” Justin said, “You can recruit her into your team.”

Chester, “?”

All his emotions from just now evaporated in an instant.

If Justin knew that was his daughter, he probably wouldn’t think so anymore!

He stammered, “Justin, you s-seem to like my team leader quite a bit?”

“She’s fine, I suppose.”

Justin speared another piece of steak and said, “This tastes pretty good.”

“...”

At the Smiths.

Before one knew it, it was already noon. Joel entered the room and saw Ian staring at the screen of the live stream that had already ended.

After a moment’s hesitation, he asked, “Is there anything you would like for lunch today, Uncle Ian?”

He had initially thought that he wouldn't have any appetite as usual and would just patronize him a little, but unexpectedly, Ian actually answered, "Steak, I suppose."

Joel was taken aback.

His uncle hadn't had meat for several years. Because he had lost all will to live, he had lost interest in everything, including eating.

What had happened?

Joel couldn't figure it out, so he simply decided not to think about it anymore. It was fine as long as Uncle Ian was willing to eat!

...

"Mmm!"

Cherry put a piece of steak into her mouth, which was stuffed so full that her cheeks were bulging. Her lips were all greasy and her big black eyes were filled with a rich sense of contentment. Her speech was unclear as she said, "This ish delicious!"

Her adorable appearance gave Melissa, who had cooked the meal, a sense of satisfaction. She patted her on the head and said, "If Cherry likes it, Grand-aunt Melissa will make some for you again!"

"Okie!"

Cherry nodded repeatedly as she dished out compliments generously. "Not only is Grand-aunt Melissa pretty, but she's also kind and a great cook! Aunt Sheril is so blessed to have a mommy like you!"

As soon as she said that, she spied Nora coming downstairs. Cherry blinked and added, "But my Mommy's also super awesome!"

Nora raised an eyebrow. "Oh? Which part of me do you think is awesome?"

Cherry thought hard for a while. Then, she tilted her head and answered, "You're awesome at sleeping!"

" ... "

Nora decided not to hold it against the little fellow. After stretching and yawning, she walked over, took a seat, and finished her meal in just a few bites.

There was a rare guest at the table today—Logan Anderson.

He ate slowly and gracefully. When he saw Nora wolfing down her food, he inadvertently curled his lip.

The way his cousin ate as if she had never eaten anything in her life before...

He lowered his beautiful almond-shaped eyes. However, there wasn't any disdain in his eyes but just a thoughtful look.

After lunch, Nora went upstairs and packed Cherry's school bag for her. By the time she went back down, Cherry was also almost done with her lunch.

At the sight of the schoolbag in her hands, a dazed Melissa asked, "Where are you going, Nora?"

Nora replied, "For an interview."

"At the International Golden Sunshine Kindergarten?"

"Yeah."

Melissa said apologetically, "But we don't have any interview spots. Give me some time; I've already asked my family about it, though they haven't given me any answer yet..."

As soon as she said that, the piercing sound of the chair dragging against the floor rang out.

Logan stood up abruptly. "Mom, did you go back to the Woods and let them bully you again?"

As though she was afraid that Nora would realize something, Melissa frowned at Logan and said, "Logan, shut up!"

Logan snorted. "Mom, have you forgotten what you told Sheril and me in the past? Does attending that kindergarten even bring any meaning?"

Melissa had never been one to care about superficial formalities like that.

When Sheril and Logan didn't get places for the interview to enroll in the kindergarten, she had told the two children, "Enrolling into the kindergarten doesn't make one noble. What gives you a noble character is when you value and respect yourselves."

Melissa, however, frowned.

She grabbed Logan, lowered her voice, and said, "Nora is different from the two of you! She grew up elsewhere. If Cherry can't even attend that kindergarten, I'm worried that Nora won't be able to hold her head up high in the circle in the future!"

Logan understood all of this.

But the moment he thought of his elegant and graceful mother returning to the Woods to be mistreated by others...

He said in an unruly manner, "Do you really think she can enroll Cherry into the kindergarten even if she has a recommendation letter? There's no way she'll pass the interview!"

Melissa patted him on the shoulder and said, "That's why I got you back here. I want you to take them there and accompany Nora for the interview."

Logan was stunned.

He clenched his jaw. His features, which were similar to Nora's, carried an air of unruliness and defiance. He said, "But the Woods haven't sent the recommendation letter yet!"

Melissa sighed. She knew that her sister-in-law must be making things difficult for her again. She said, "I'll call them and urge them."

Rather than saying she was 'urging' them... It was actually probably more like she was begging them instead.

Logan's expression turned even colder. It was at this moment that the two of them heard a cool and indifferent voice: "You don't have to beg them for one. I already have an interview spot."

Taken aback, Melissa looked at Nora and asked, "How did you get the spot, Nora?"

Nora was about to give her a simple explanation when her cell phone rang.

When she picked up, she heard the voice of Lisa, her cousin in California, reaching her through the phone. She said, "Nora, I suspect you aren't Uncle Henry's daughter at all!"

## **Chapter 65 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams**

Justin stared at Nora intently with his head lowered.

There wasn't any of the cold and unfeeling demeanor he usually had. The well-tailored custom-made suit set off his big and tall figure, making him look tall and straight.

Dim light flickered in his dark, deep eyes, and even the beauty mark at the corner of his eye seemed a little darker than usual.

He seemed to be looking forward to something, yet also nervous about it.

Were Pete here, he would have discovered that the egocentric tyrant, who had always acted arbitrarily, actually looked somewhat nervous at the moment...

The woman's eyes were big and shiny and had none of their usual laziness as she gazed at him.

Her appearance made his heart suddenly race. For a moment, he suddenly had the illusion that he would agree to whatever she asked for, no matter what it was.

Her lips parted and a few words popped out. "I want you..."

Justin felt as if the whole place had turned silent around him. The corners of his lips curled upward subconsciously, and even his dark eyes seemed like they were gradually lighting up like a sunny day.

Then, he heard the second half of her sentence: "...-r son."

Justin was bewildered.

The bolt from the blue made him dumbfounded.

In fact, the man, whose expression had never betrayed his feelings, couldn't quite keep a straight face anymore. Even his voice sounded a little stiff as he said, "What?"

Seeing how big his reaction was, the light in Nora's eyes dimmed little by little.

She just knew that it wouldn't work.

That bit of profit that the Carefree Pills gave probably wasn't even a drop in the bucket for the number one family. How would it possibly move him?

Thinking about it from his perspective, if he were to offer to buy Cherry... Well, if he allowed her to sleep at the Hunts' residence, it wasn't entirely impossible, either.

Nora lowered her gaze, her long eyelashes casting their silhouette on her cheek. With a little disappointment, she said carelessly, "Just kidding."

Justin, "..."

Nora's cell phone rang at this time.

She nodded at Justin, then walked a few steps away and answered the call. Solo's voice rang out from the other end of the call. He said, "Anti, I found signs that someone was searching the Internet for your daughter's photo just now!"

Nora was puzzled.

Her eyes narrowed and she immediately looked at Justin, only to see that his assistant standing behind him was currently whispering something to him.

Justin looked up and glanced at her. Then, his assistant held up his cell phone, apparently about to open the email and show him the photo...

Nora panicked. She hung up and immediately took a step forward. "Mr. Hunt!"

Justin, who was about to open the email, was taken aback and he looked at her.

A cold glint flickered in Nora's eyes and she came right up to Justin. Then, she tiptoed, reached out one hand, and held his shoulder as she said in a low voice, "Your clothes are wrinkled."

With her cell phone in her other hand, she 'accidentally' bumped it against Sean's cell phone that Justin was holding. While pretending to pat his clothes, she counted silently:

Five, four, three, two, one...

Time's up.

Nora was about to take a few steps back to put some distance between the two of them when a large warm hand suddenly held her around her waist. "Look out."

A waiter happened to be passing by behind her.

Nora felt as if the palm on her waist was burning hot. She raised her head in discomfit and her gaze met with the man's smiling lip corners.

His lips were thin, but their shape was refined and good-looking.

His nose bridge was very tall, making him look very gallant.

His pupils were very dark, making them seem deep and bottomless.

Up close, his face had a bewitching charm to it.

Nora felt as if the air in her lungs had been sucked away, making her chest feel tight and stuffy. She hurriedly pushed him away and took a few steps back. After she steadied herself, she said, "Thank you."

Then, she turned and left.

As he gazed at her fleeing in embarrassment, Justin looked down at his fingertips.

The woman really had a fantastic figure. Areas that should be fleshy were fleshy, yet her waist was so slim and slender. It was as if he could hold it with just a hand...

After a while, he finally looked at the cell phone. However, the screen had turned black.

An astonished Sean said, "... Is the battery flat? It shouldn't be, though. The battery was more than 60% full just now. Why can't I turn it on anymore..."

After hacking Sean's cell phone, Nora lowered her gaze and tapped away on her big and heavy cell phone for a short while.

At this point, a shadow suddenly appeared in front of her.

Nora looked up—Tina was supporting Jon and looking at her with hostility.

As she tossed her cell phone into her pocket, she also heard Tina say cheerfully, "Miss Smith, something awesome is about to happen to you!"

She deliberately raised her voice, attracting the attention of everyone around them.

Jon let out a cough and said, "So, you're an old friend's daughter. Back then, your mother and I were good friends. Even though she went astray and ruined herself, now that you're back, I should guide you in your mother's stead. I heard that you're a surgeon? I wonder if you're interested in traditional medicine?"

A question mark slowly appeared in Nora's mind: ?

Tina said, "Miss Smith, are you so happy that you're lost for words? My teacher, Mr. Myers, is about to take you as his student, so hurry up and acknowledge him as your teacher!"

Nora, "!!"

Tina straightened her back and slowly said, "Miss Smith, perhaps you're not very familiar with the traditional medicine scene here. At present, there are a few masters of traditional medicine in New York—Dr. Myers, Dr. Lincoln, and Dr. Jenkins. The three of them were students of Dr. Silvester Zabe, the most famous practitioner of traditional medicine many years ago. However, Dr. Zabe hasn't seen any patients for many years, so there's no one better than Mr. Myers now.

"Mr. Myers is also the deputy dean of the New York College of Traditional Medicine. There are scores of people trying to apply to become a postgraduate student under him. It's your honor that he's willing to take you as his student. It's a blessing that many are begging for!"

As soon as she said that, the people around them immediately started to speculate among themselves. "No wonder Mr. Jon is so skilled in traditional

medicine. As it turns out, he was under the tutelage of Dr. Zabe. But wasn't it said that Dr. Zabe didn't take any students?"

Jon smiled lightly and said, "I was lucky enough to have studied under Mr. Zabe for a few years. I suppose you can call me an unofficial student of his!"

The moment he said that, Dr. Lincoln, who had helped to verify the Carefree Pill just now and was of equal standing as Jon, muttered, "I heard that Mr. Zabe officially took in a student a few years ago and taught them everything he knew... But that's just a rumor, though. I've never seen that little junior of mine, so I have no idea whether they're male or female!"

Dr. Lincoln's words didn't attract anyone's attention, though.

Tina said, "Acknowledge Mr. Myers as your teacher here first. You can officially pay him a visit to complete the procedures next time."

Nora slowly said, "No, it's fine."

Disregarding how that man must be up to no good in his bid to take her as his student, and that he would probably make her lend him the Carefree Pill's formula to study and observe later on; just the fact that were she to become Jon's student... Wouldn't their hierarchical positions become all messed up?

Speaking of which, she was certainly being rather rude. Even though she had come to New York, she hadn't gone to visit her teacher yet...

While she was lost in her own thoughts, Tina's expression had already changed. She and Jon were about to say something when next to them, Joel Smith answered a phone call and his expression suddenly changed drastically.

He quickly took a couple of steps toward Jon and said, "My uncle is dying. Please come with me immediately and have a look at him..."

Jon, who didn't dare slight him, answered, "Okay!"

Before leaving, he looked at Nora and said, "You're still young, so you should give some things a little more thought. Mr. Smith, let's not waste any more time and hurry over!"

After Jon and Tina left, the people around them started to gather around Nora.

“So, you’re Yvette Anderson’s daughter? Becoming Jon’s student is a great opportunity. Don’t pass it up!”

“She’s still young, but Simon, you’d best be sensible! Look at Tina; after she became Mr. Myers’ student, she became an attending physician at Hospital Finest. She also became a lot more well-known...”

Amidst everyone’s persuasion, Nora, however, merely stared in the direction where Joel and the others left.

Ian Smith was dying...

Should she go over and have a look?

However, when she thought of what Joel had said just now, she abandoned the thought.

Never mind. Everyone had their own destiny.

The conference ended with a perfect conclusion for the Andersons. All the goods piled up in their warehouse sold out. In addition, with the Carefree Pills, Harmonia Pharmacy’s position in the traditional medicine industry also stabilized somewhat.

At the very least, when they left, the others no longer looked at them contemptuously like the way they did in the beginning.

It was only after he saw that the Andersons had left that Justin looked at Sean, who had already taken out his spare cell phone, logged in to the email account, and opened the email from just now.

The photo, however, was of a baby who had just turned a month old.

Honestly speaking, all newborn babies actually look more or less the same. However, the baby in the photo looked soft and chubby, and it was obvious that she had very attractive facial features.

Justin suddenly thought of Pete when he was a baby. Due to his poor health, he had been nothing but skin and bone...

At the Andersons.

After Nora and the others stepped through the door, the whole family sat on the sofa in the living room.

Simon had just answered a call from his daughter. He said excitedly, “Sheril says that they’ve already produced 50 pills based on the formula! The formula works! We can really mass-produce Carefree Pills!”

Melissa glanced at Sheena, who hadn’t said a word since she entered. She said, “It seems like Yvette did indeed improve the formula and even had Nora bring it back. This shows that despite her leaving home, she hadn’t forgotten the Andersons...”

Sheena’s complexion was dull and ashen. Her lips were pursed tightly and she felt dejected.

Simon, who didn’t notice anything, instead asked, “Nora, are you really not going to study under Jon?”

Nora replied, “No.”

After thinking for a while, Simon said, “I know it’s because Jon was making things difficult for us that you...”

“There’s no need to discuss any further about this. I’m not interested in learning traditional medicine from him,” said Nora, who interrupted her uncle straightaway.

Sheena frowned. “What are you interested in, then?”

Nora raised an eyebrow and kept quiet for a while.

At once, Sheena couldn’t help but reprimand her. “I heard that you’re a surgeon? Do you have a medical license? Which college did you graduate from? Which hospital are you working in? Are you a doctor specializing in outpatient service or an attending physician?”

Nora replied, “... I work by myself.”

“You work by yourself? In that case, how many operations can you do in a month? Why don’t you train in the hospital for a few years since you’re still so young?”

Melissa tugged Sheena’s sleeve. “Sheena, don’t say any more for now.”

However, Sheena pulled her sleeve back and said, “So, you want me to apologize to your mother? Okay! I’ll do it! I shouldn’t have said that about Sis! But Nora, as your aunt, there’s something I have to say!

“Your mother was renowned as a young lady of great talent in New York back then, but you grew up elsewhere instead. The way how you’re incapable of anything damages your mother’s reputation! That is something I absolutely will not allow!”

“ ... ”

Nora felt that this second aunt of hers took reputation and things like that too seriously.

She stood up and walked upstairs. “I’ll go and take a look at what Cherry is doing.”

Sheena immediately became angry. “You—”

Melissa grabbed her hand and said, “She’s only just returned, Sheena. Give her some time to adapt. Don’t worry, even if you don’t bring it up, I’ll do my best to groom Nora, nonetheless!”

Nora, “ ... ”

She really didn’t need it.

She went upstairs, entered her bedroom, and immediately heard Cherry in the midst of her games.

“Chesty, come on! I caught someone who’s alone!”

A voice rang out in the voice chat: “Coming! I’m coming!”

Then, Cherry let out an exclamation of surprise and said, “No, there isn’t just one person but two! Ah, there’s one... two more in the bushes! Chesty, there are four players away from their team!”

“ ... ”

“Come on! Why are you running away, Chesty? Why are you so lousy?!”

“... Cherry, they have four people on their side while there’s only two of us. Are you sure the four of them are away from their team?”

“Why are you chickening out? I can beat five of them by myself! Are you a man or not?!”

“I’m your uncle!”

“Oh. Those who didn’t know would’ve thought you were my aunt instead!”

“...”

Seeing that Cherry was engrossed in her game, Nora reminded her to pay attention to the time and went to take a bath.

Cherry blinked with her big cute eyes and stared at her cell phone. “Chesty, Mommy’s back, so I’ll have to log off soon! Are you still streaming the gameplay?”

Chester replied, “Yes, I am. The viewers in my live stream are all calling for you to start live streaming too!”

Cherry became very interested when she heard what he said. She asked, “Will anyone watch if I live stream?”

Chester replied, “Of course! I’m a hotshot streamer with millions of fans. When we challenge the rankings with our two-man team, you’ll definitely get a lot of traffic!”

“Okie-Dokie!” Cherry said, “I’ll start a live stream tomorrow! What do I have to prepare?”

Chester asked, “Do you have a computer at home? You’ll have to buy a good camera, preferably one that comes with a beautifying feature!”

“No problem!”

The two sillies chatted cheerfully. Cherry even grinned happily as she dreamed of becoming a little star.

Once she started live streaming, would it mean that she would be able to give history trivia and even do poem recitals in her live stream and let everyone see how much of a genius and beauty she was?!

---

The Smiths' residence was located near Third Avenue in New York.

Interior decor in the manor was low-key and exuded elegance in every detail.

Several servants busied themselves with their chores, yet they didn't make any sound. It was apparent that they were well-trained.

All the members of the Smiths were gathered outside the master bedroom door. They sat on the leather sofa and stared anxiously at the bedroom door.

In the bedroom, a big and tall man was lying on a large gray bed.

Even though he was nearly fifty years old, Ian didn't look his age at all. Apart from how he was unusually pale, he looked as if he was in his thirties.

Even though his eyes were closed and he was unconscious at the moment, his features exuded the elegance and sobriety of a man who had enjoyed a high social standing for a long time.

If one looked closely, one would realize that Nora and Ian had very similar lip shapes.

A solemn Jon checked his vitals gravely while Tina stood straight and carefully sized up the luxurious decor around her.

Even at his current level, Jon was just a bigwig in the traditional medicine circle. To true top-notch wealthy families like the Smiths, he was just a doctor with a little more skill than most. Their status and the amount of power each wielded weren't comparable at all.

Joel had a troubled look on his face. When he saw that Jon was done with the checkup, he asked anxiously, "How is my uncle?"

Jon frowned and replied, "Mr. Smith has no will to live, so there's nothing that can cure him. Please prepare for his funeral."

Joel's expression changed drastically. "Is there really no other way, Mr. Myers?"

Jon replied, "There may be someone who can do something about it."

Joel asked anxiously, "Who is it?"

Jon's expression remained unchanged as he answered, "It's Dr. Zabe."

At once, Joel got ready to instruct his subordinates to invite him over.

However, Jon stopped him. He said, "He's already very old, and has even become somewhat absent-minded and bedridden. But I've heard that he took in a student who inherited all of his skills. Unfortunately, this person is very mysterious. No one knows where they are."

Joel frowned. His gaze fell on Ian who was lying on the bed.

Jon contemplated for a while before he spoke again. He said, "I can keep Mr. Smith alive, but you'll have to either let him rekindle his will to live or find Dr. Zabe's student."

Joel nodded, a bit of a sharp look appearing in his flirtatious eyes. "In that case, please help my uncle regain consciousness as soon as possible, Mr. Myers."

"Okay."

Jon took out a silver needle and pierced it into several important points on Ian. Then, he took out a pill, crushed it, and stuffed it into his mouth.

After some work, Ian's heartbeat became steady again.

Jon wiped the sweat off his brows and said to Joel, "Mr. Smith should be able to wake up tomorrow. I'll have Tina personally come over to check on him every day and do our best to keep him alive until you find Dr. Zabe's successor."

A smile formed on Joel's countenance once more. "Okay, I'll get the butler to send you out."

After the two of them left, a feminine and delicate voice suddenly rang out. "Joel, he's obviously capable of curing Dad, yet he keeps going on and on here with you instead. Also, Dr. Zabe? He sure says a lot of nonsense."

Joel smiled upon hearing this.

He turned around to see an attractive figure walk in—it was Ian’s adopted daughter, Yvonne Smith.

Ian never married in his whole life, choosing to only adopt a daughter. All the other children born into the Smiths were boys, so they doted on their one and only younger sister very much.

Joel said, “As long as he can cure Uncle Ian’s illness, what’s the big deal about helping him boost his reputation?”

Yvonne stuck out her tongue and cast her eyes down.

Everyone said she was the princess of the Smiths in New York, but no one knew that she was actually the most afraid of Joel.

The new head of the Smiths was always smiling and was gentle and generous, but Yvonne always felt like there was a thin wall between the two of them...

At the entrance of the Smiths’ residence.

It took a full ten minutes for the car to go from the villa where Ian lived to the gate of the manor.

It was only when she saw that they were on the main road that Tina finally looked away from the manor.

She looked at Jon nervously. “Sir, Ian Smith is already on his deathbed. Even he himself doesn’t want to live anymore; how can we possibly save his life?”

Ian had no external or internal injuries. From a modern medicine perspective, there wasn’t anything wrong with him.

Yet his internal organs were slowly failing...

Jon stretched out his hand—half a pill was resting on his palm. He said, “Go over every day to check his health. Give him a couple of jabs on unimportant points of his body first, and then have him consume this pill. This will keep him alive.”

Tina exclaimed, “Sir, that pill is...”

Jon heaved a heavy sigh and answered, “It’s the Carefree Pill.”

Tina's eyes widened. "That pill is worth a lot! You..."

Jon balled up his fist and closed his eyes. Due to his age, the skin at his eyelids was loose and saggy. He instructed, "Have someone secretly buy them from Harmonia Pharmacy. Don't let anyone discover anything. Harmonia Pharmacy has won this round, thanks to the Carefree Pill. If we don't achieve anything big, they'll probably rise above us!"

Tina immediately understood what Jon meant.

The Myerses had made a name for themselves overnight by using the Carefree Pill to cure the elderly Mrs. Hunt. Additionally, it had also allowed Jon to cement his position in the field of traditional medicine. However, now that the Carefree Pill had become the Andersons', it had robbed them of their glory.

Dr. Zabe was the only one capable of curing Ian, yet Jon had successfully kept him alive. This was undoubtedly something glorious to tell everyone.

Tina sat up straight and said seriously, "Don't worry, Sir. I'll make sure I don't slip up and give anything away!"

It was getting late and the moon was already visible in the sky.

The streets of New York were filled with cars. From a distance, it was as though the stream of red car lights stretched on endlessly.

Although the Andersons' residence wasn't a large manor, it was located in the city center and was a quiet little area amid the hustle and bustle of the city. The small villa's market value was worth over ten million.

After dinner, Mrs. Anderson and Melissa brought Nora into the study.

The swelling around Mrs. Anderson's eyes had already gone down and she had completely regained her vision. She looked at Nora kindly and asked, "Nora, Cherry must be five by now, right? It's not appropriate to just let her stay at home all the time. Do you have any plans to send her to kindergarten?"

Nora had thought about this a long time ago.

Originally, her trip to New York was only supposed to be a temporary stay, but now that her son was here, it was likely that she had to stay here permanently.

She nodded and asked, “Which is the best kindergarten nearby?”

Cherry had a super high IQ, so she wasn’t quite the same as other children. She was impatient and, apart from when she played games, she couldn’t sit still at all, no matter what she was doing.

This was the only reason why Nora had allowed her to play games—so that she could practice how to focus. However, in truth, the amount of game time she had every day was limited.

Considering her situation, she needed a kindergarten with the most abundant manpower resources, so that there would be the most professional teachers there to take care of her.

At her question, Melissa was taken aback for a moment before she answered, “The best kindergarten around here is the International Golden Sunshine Kindergarten.”

Mrs. Anderson frowned and supplemented, “That kindergarten is hard to enroll into, though.”

Nora was puzzled.

Melissa explained, “That’s the best kindergarten in New York. The students there are either wealthy or of noble status. Given our family’s conditions, neither Sheril nor Logan were accepted into the school when they were children...”

She said, “The main reason for that is that not only does the kindergarten have tough requirements for the children, but they also have very demanding requirements for parents. Parents must either be special talents or top cadres. Additionally, there are also assessments of varied content specifically set for parents.”

Nora went straight for the key point. She asked, “What’s considered a special talent?”

Melissa answered, "They are talents who have made major contributions. Alternatively, it'll also work if the parents are holders of top-class black cards."

A puzzled Mrs. Anderson asked, "What's a top-class black card?"

Melissa shook her head. "I've only heard of it and never seen it before."

The look in Nora's eyes flickered a little, however.

A bank's top-class black card was a credit card with no credit limit.

Currently, there were only a double-digit number of black cards in the world. It was said that these dozen or so people had formed a mysterious organization known as the Imperial League.

Imperial League members were either tycoons of the world or hotshot politicians, and they controlled the global economy.

They were very mysterious, and even an occasional conversation among them was capable of triggering global economic storms. However, all the members were anonymous, and even people within the organization itself didn't know who the others were.

Everyone privately speculated that in all of the United States, the person who might have a black card like that must be Justin. Thus, everyone, no matter who it was, treated him very politely.

Anyone who owned a black card like that could buy the kindergarten itself, so there definitely wouldn't be any enrollment restrictions for them.

Nora's lip corners curled upward. She was about to say something when her cell phone rang.

However, when she saw the name on the caller ID, she was taken aback for a moment.

Why was he calling her?

Nora said to Melissa, "We'll go for that kindergarten, Aunt Melissa. I'll take Cherry there and give it a go."

Then, she got up, went out the door, and picked up the call.

An aged and stern voice came from the other end of the call. "Where are you?"

It was her traditional medicine teacher, Silvester Zabe.

At the thought of how serious and stern of a man he was, Nora subconsciously straightened her back and answered, "I'm in New York, sir. What's the matter?"

Silvester slowly replied, "Oh. The Smiths are looking for you; they want you to treat someone's illness."

The Smiths? Ian Smith?

Just as Nora was about to say that she would go, Silvester said, "You don't have to go. He isn't sick; he just doesn't want to live anymore."

"..."

"His internal organs are failing. Currently, they're using the Carefree Pill to keep him alive. Even if you do go over, can you make him regain his will to live?"

Nora had no words for that. She reckoned that Ian would probably wish to die even more if he saw her.

She sighed mentally. Then, she asked carefully, "Okay. Can I visit you tomorrow, sir?"

Silvester was already over 90 years old this year, but the elderly man nevertheless spoke clearly. He replied, "No, it's fine. I'm already old; there's nothing to see here. You passing down my skills in traditional medicine would be the best way of repaying my kindness."

However, the old man's indifference instead made Nora tear up.

Without him, she would probably have already died several times.

She cast her eyes down and said, "In that case, let me know if you ever want to see me."

"You're not a kid anymore, so why are you still so clingy? Stop it!" After saying that, Silvester said, "I'm hanging up."

Beep... beep... beep...

Nora looked at her cell phone and heaved a soft sigh. That old man's temper was as weird as ever.

The night passed peacefully.

When Cherry woke up the next morning, Nora was still asleep.

She tiptoed gently across the carpet, closing the door only after she entered the study.

Then, she picked up her cell phone and sent Chester a text message:  
"Chesty, are you ready?"

Chester replied instantly: "I've already registered a live stream account for you, so you can officially start live streaming now!"

"Okie-Dokie!"

Cherry climbed up the chair and planted her tiny self on the big swivel chair. She pushed her foot against the table and turned the chair straight. Then, she turned on Nora's computer.

Chester chuckled and texted: "It's your first live stream today, Cherry. Let's do something a little special today so that you can attract more fans!"

Cherry's big dark eyes lit up and she replied: "Okay! What shall we do?"

Chester, who was in his room at the Hunts', replied: "Let's compete in the live stream!"

Cherry eagerly replied: "No problem! I'll beat you for sure!"

"Heh heh." Chester replied smugly: "A contest in a live stream isn't dependent on the game but the fans' monetary tips! I have 10 million fans, so I'll definitely beat you!"

Chester had suffered his little niece's dissing in the game for over half a year.

Now, he was going to stand tall and regain his dignity as her uncle!

He would let his little niece see just how crazy his fans are.

Cherry wrote: "I'll definitely be better at this than you!"

Chester grinned and started a new live stream. "Hello everyone! This is Chesty. Today, I will introduce a new friend to all of you. She's my team leader! Yes, she's none other than the cutie with a little girl's voice who loves playing as the heroine with the huge cannon! Everyone, please show her lots of support!"

At the Smiths.

Ian had woken up in the morning.

The servant quickly told him that Joel had watched over him all night the previous day.

Joel, whose eyes were all red, held his hand and said, "Uncle Ian, the Smiths still need you. I can't head the family by myself yet. You can't just leave all of this behind and go."

Joel was lying.

He was even more outstanding than himself back then, yet he was putting on an act like that.

Ian smiled weakly. "I'm fine."

A touch of sorrow flashed across Joel's eyes. He picked up the cell phone and handed it to Ian in an attempt to pique his interest. He said, "I remember you used to like playing games, Uncle Ian. This game is very popular now. How about trying it out?"

The reason why he had played games in the past was that she was still with him back then.

Ian actually wasn't very interested in games. He said dispassionately, "... I don't know how to play it."

"It's fine." Joel opened a live stream app and said, "It's pretty interesting to watch others play, too! You can even learn how to play just by watching."

He opened a random live stream and placed the cell phone at a corner on the side within Ian's line of vision.

Ian didn't have the heart to refuse his nephew's kindness, so he simply looked over casually.

A soft and tender voice could already be heard coming from the live stream.

"Chesty, why are my points so low?"

Chester replied, "That's because the points are calculated using the total amount of tips you receive from fans through the virtual gifts they send you! You don't have many fans yet! Hehe, come on, everyone! I'm always being trashed by sweetcherry in the game, so I'm going to give her a taste of how it feels to be trashed this time!"

'sweetcherry'?

Ian was taken aback for a moment.

He remembered that Yvette's game alias had been 'lollipop' back then. When he teased her for using such a sweet-sounding name, she had replied, "What's wrong with that? If I have a daughter in the future, I'll play games with her and give her the alias 'sweetcherry', and have you die of diabetes from all the sugar!"

'sweetcherry'...

Ian stretched out his pale and feeble arm and took hold of the cell phone. Right away, a face-off screen entered his sight. sweetcherry only had a few hundred points while her opponent Chesty had a few thousand points.

He suddenly gained a little interest.

When Chester raised his head, he suddenly discovered that Cherry's total number of points had exceeded his. He immediately exclaimed, "What the f\*ck?! What happened?"

Cherry exclaimed excitedly, "Someone just gave me a huge tip! I can't even keep count anymore!"

Chester did a count and found that the person had actually given her a \$80,000 tip in one go!

Shocked, he urged, "Quick, greet your Sponsor Daddy! Thank you for the tip, Sponsor Daddy!"

Cherry was very troubled, though. She said, "But I already have a Daddy!"

She tilted her head, bit her finger, and thought about it for a while. Then, her eyes suddenly lit up and she exclaimed, "I know, I'll have Mommy call him Daddy instead! So, that means he's Grandpa! Thank you for the tip, Grandpa!"

While talking, another notification saying she had received an \$80,000 tip scrolled across the screen.

It instantly dealt a crushing blow to Chester's points.

"F\*ck!" He was angry now. "Don't be so arrogant! I also have sponsors!"

He immediately posted a link to the live stream on his Facebook page and wrote: "Hey everyone! Those with money, please show some support! Those without, go away."

Most of Chester's friends were wealthy people, and they usually gave tips worth a few thousand dollars for fun.

After making the post, his score indeed started to rise.

At this time, Justin was currently seated in his office in the Hunt Corporation's office tower.

Beside him, Pete was studying.

He opened his Facebook page and immediately saw Chester's post.

Bored, he opened the link.

He immediately heard a tender voice coming from the live stream: "Sponsor Grandpa, in order to thank you for giving me such big tips, I'll tell you some trivia!"

Justin was taken aback when he heard the voice. It sounded vaguely familiar. However, when he lowered his head and saw his son beside him, he suppressed his doubts.

Back in California, Pete had worn girls' clothing from time to time as if he had a split personality.

However, after they returned to New York, apart from the first day he went to practice martial arts at the Quinn School of Martial Arts where he had returned in a princess dress and became a little princess again, he had been normal the past few days.

He must be too high-strung. Otherwise, why would he find the voice just now so similar to his son's when he was having relapses previously?

What was Chester doing, though? Why was there a child's voice in his live stream?

Justin's deep-set eyes narrowed as he watched on sullenly.

It took only a few seconds for him to figure out what was going on with the so-called 'contest'. He let out a cold laugh right away.

His younger brother sure was making a good showing. To think he was being suppressed by a nobody streamer.

It wasn't an issue as long as no one knew, but should there come a day where it became known that Chesty the game streamer was a Hunt, it would be a huge embarrassment to the family!

At the thought, Justin immediately topped up \$300,000 into his account.

He was about to tip his younger brother when he suddenly heard the tender voice say,

"Do you know who discovered radium? It's Johnny Depp!"

Justin, "??"

His fingers instantly paused, and he felt a sense of familiarity welling up in him.

He impulsively entered the live stream hosted by 'sweetcherry'.

The screen showed both streamers facing off, but neither of their cameras was turned on. Instead, they were streaming their gameplay. In a crisp and clear voice, the little girl said, "Sponsor Grandpa, I didn't get it wrong. I have a really awesome memory, yeah! If you don't believe me, I can tell you more!"

“Do you know the famous playwright who wrote Romeo and Juliet? It’s Chris Hemsworth!”

“ ... ”

These insignificant trivia whose answers were all handsome actors and celebrities... Why did they sound so familiar?

Justin couldn’t help but glance at Pete again.

He coughed and cast his eyes down, but an inexplicable sense of intimacy suddenly surged up in him.

He had always been a loner since he was a child. He didn’t have many friends and on top of that, there was a lot of scheming and trickery among his relatives. Even his grandfather had tricked him right before his death...

Therefore, there were times when he felt lonely, too.

Pete was a boy, so he had always taught him to be independent and self-reliant since he was a baby.

He hadn’t liked the Pete who wore a princess dress, but to be honest, when he grasped his big hand with his soft little hands and looked at him with those big, damp, and innocent eyes of his, his heart had felt as if it were soaking in a hot spring.

Sometimes, he couldn’t help but wonder—how nice would it be if he really had a daughter?

“Aren’t I clever, yeah? I see everyone in the comments laughing. Is it because I’m so smart? But why isn’t anyone tipping me?”

“ ... ”

With a flick of his fingers, Justin immediately sent out a tip worth 9,999 airplanes, which was the most expensive virtual gift purchasable.

Cherry immediately exclaimed “I must have done really well! Someone has tipped me again!”

She didn’t know how much money that was at all, but she nevertheless said in a rather troubled manner, “But it’s only because Mommy’s Daddy is a very

bad man that I got her a Sponsor Daddy. I can't have two at the same time! I can only choose one to be my Sponsor Grandpa."

As soon as she said that, another account also gave her a tip worth 9,999 airplanes!

Cherry shouted, "Sponsor Grandpa! Love you!"

Justin opened the list of fans and found that the top fan in sweetcherry's fan list was a person named 'Grandpa'.

He sure knew how to take advantage of others.

He let out a cold laugh and sent another 9,999 airplanes.

In other words, he had given her a tip of \$150,000 right away.

Troubled, Cherry lowered her voice and asked Chester seriously, "Chesty, who should I call Sponsor Grandpa?"

Seeing that his points that had just increased greatly were firmly suppressed again, Chester entered her live stream huffily and said, "Let me see who's the bastard that actually tipped you \$300,000 straightaway..."

As he spoke, he opened her fan list.

As user accounts of the live stream platform were linked to their Facebook profiles, the users' Facebook profile pictures would also show in the live-stream platform. At the sight of that familiar profile picture on Cherry's fan list, the words at the tip of Chester's tongue changed and he stuttered, "J-J-Justin?"

Cherry immediately understood what he meant and she exclaimed softly, "Daddy?!"

Justin, "??"

Cherry's voice immediately became excited, though she also did an obvious turnaround and added, "I meant Sponsor Daddy!"

Justin, "!!"

That familiar voice and way of speech... He turned and looked at Pete, who was next to him, again.

Pete, “??”

The tyrant was using his cell phone and also had earphones on, but he kept glancing at him from time to time. A resigned Pete raised the book in his hand and said, “I really am reading.”

Justin kept quiet. Then, he nodded and continued to watch the live stream.

Everyone in the comments was laughing at the streamer. She had said just now that she wouldn't call anyone 'Sponsor Daddy', but a moment later, she had given in for the sake of tips!

Not only did she have a Sponsor Grandpa, but she also had a Sponsor Daddy now!

Justin's eyes darkened slightly. His expression turned cold and even the beauty mark at the corner of his eye seemed to be giving off an icy chill.

Little did he think that he, who had always been hard-hearted, would actually fall for a nobody streamer's charms.

He was about to close the live stream when the tender voice said, “Sponsor Daddy, do you wanna watch me play games? I'm super good at it, yeah! I'm even better at games than trivia knowledge!”

“...”

His fingers suddenly paused and he started to watch her play just like that.

The streamer sounded like she was only five or six years old. Her voice was soft and tender, and she liked to play as a particular female hero in the game.

The hero was a very cute little girl who carried a huge cannon. However, not only did she diss people mercilessly in the game, but she also had a lot of firepower.

Before he knew it, he had spent an hour and a half watching the live stream.

This continued until...

“Sponsor Grandpa, Daddy. I’m going offline. By the way, what are you having for lunch today? We’re gonna have beef steak! That’s my favorite food, yeah!”

At some point, she no longer addressed Justin as ‘Sponsor Daddy’ but just ‘Daddy’.

It was only after the live stream ended that Justin finally came back to his senses.

He couldn’t help looking at Pete again.

An expressionless Pete looked back at him.

Justin kept quiet for a while. Then, he said, “Pete, say ‘Daddy’.”

The way that little streamer kept calling him ‘Daddy’ was so adorable that even his heart had softened. Were all children that cute?

Pete pursed his lips. His little face was serious as he looked at him. After contemplating for a while, he asked, “Daddy, have you seen the doctor?”

“ ... ”

Justin also felt that he was acting rather ridiculously. He stood up and said, “Let’s go home for lunch.”

When the two returned home, the nanny brought out plates of piping hot food.

Chester automatically sat at the dining table.

Justin suddenly looked at him and asked, “Who’s that kid you were doing a live-stream with today?”

Chester’s fork-holding hand stopped moving and he froze all over.

Chester grew up with Justin, so his elder brother had always inspired awe and respect in him as though he was his father.

Therefore, he actually felt very guilty about hiding the truth from Justin.

If Justin didn’t ask, he wouldn’t say anything. But now that he had, he mustn’t lie!

As such, he stammered, “I-it’s your daughter...”

His daughter? Well, the little streamer had called him Daddy for two hours, but he was indeed her true blue Sponsor Daddy.

At this time, a calm voice reached them. “What live stream are you talking about?”

Pete sat with his back straight. Although his voice still had a childish quality to it, it nevertheless gave off a calm and steady feeling.

Chester replied, “My team leader in the game hosted a live stream today...”

Justin snorted coldly. “You’re actually acknowledging a five or six-year-old girl as your leader? How promising of you.”

Pete, “...”

Uncle Chester’s team leader in the game was Cherry.

He stilled his expression and started spouting nonsense with a straight face. “Uncle Chester, you must have been tricked. A lot of people use voice changers these days.”

Chester, “?”

However, Justin said, “It didn’t sound like she was using a voice changer.”

He didn’t dwell on these, though. Instead, after casting a glance at Chester, he asked dispassionately, “Are you intending to play games for the rest of your life?”

Chester shook his head. “Actually, I want to be a professional e-sports player and start my own team, but I don’t have that much money. I—”

“Is eight million enough?” Justin’s voice was cool and crisp as he casually cut a piece of his steak.

Chester was stunned.

As he looked at Justin, his eyes suddenly reddened. It was just like back when he was still a child. When he said that he didn’t want to study, no one in the

family had supported him. Everyone had called him a good-for-nothing. Justin was the only one who had asked, "Then what do you want to do?"

Justin had always respected his dreams.

Chester lowered his head. His voice sounded a little choked as he replied, "Yes."

"Well, I think that little girl has a bright future ahead of her," Justin said, "You can recruit her into your team."

Chester, "?"

All his emotions from just now evaporated in an instant.

If Justin knew that was his daughter, he probably wouldn't think so anymore!

He stammered, "Justin, you s-seem to like my team leader quite a bit?"

"She's fine, I suppose."

Justin speared another piece of steak and said, "This tastes pretty good."

"..."

At the Smiths.

Before one knew it, it was already noon. Joel entered the room and saw Ian staring at the screen of the live stream that had already ended.

After a moment's hesitation, he asked, "Is there anything you would like for lunch today, Uncle Ian?"

He had initially thought that he wouldn't have any appetite as usual and would just patronize him a little, but unexpectedly, Ian actually answered, "Steak, I suppose."

Joel was taken aback.

His uncle hadn't had meat for several years. Because he had lost all will to live, he had lost interest in everything, including eating.

What had happened?

Joel couldn't figure it out, so he simply decided not to think about it anymore. It was fine as long as Uncle Ian was willing to eat!

...

"Mmm!"

Cherry put a piece of steak into her mouth, which was stuffed so full that her cheeks were bulging. Her lips were all greasy and her big black eyes were filled with a rich sense of contentment. Her speech was unclear as she said, "This ish delicious!"

Her adorable appearance gave Melissa, who had cooked the meal, a sense of satisfaction. She patted her on the head and said, "If Cherry likes it, Grand-aunt Melissa will make some for you again!"

"Okie!"

Cherry nodded repeatedly as she dished out compliments generously. "Not only is Grand-aunt Melissa pretty, but she's also kind and a great cook! Aunt Sheril is so blessed to have a mommy like you!"

As soon as she said that, she spied Nora coming downstairs. Cherry blinked and added, "But my Mommy's also super awesome!"

Nora raised an eyebrow. "Oh? Which part of me do you think is awesome?"

Cherry thought hard for a while. Then, she tilted her head and answered, "You're awesome at sleeping!"

"..."

Nora decided not to hold it against the little fellow. After stretching and yawning, she walked over, took a seat, and finished her meal in just a few bites.

There was a rare guest at the table today—Logan Anderson.

He ate slowly and gracefully. When he saw Nora wolfing down her food, he inadvertently curled his lip.

The way his cousin ate as if she had never eaten anything in her life before...

He lowered his beautiful almond-shaped eyes. However, there wasn't any disdain in his eyes but just a thoughtful look.

After lunch, Nora went upstairs and packed Cherry's school bag for her. By the time she went back down, Cherry was also almost done with her lunch.

At the sight of the schoolbag in her hands, a dazed Melissa asked, "Where are you going, Nora?"

Nora replied, "For an interview."

"At the International Golden Sunshine Kindergarten?"

"Yeah."

Melissa said apologetically, "But we don't have any interview spots. Give me some time; I've already asked my family about it, though they haven't given me any answer yet..."

As soon as she said that, the piercing sound of the chair dragging against the floor rang out.

Logan stood up abruptly. "Mom, did you go back to the Woods and let them bully you again?"

As though she was afraid that Nora would realize something, Melissa frowned at Logan and said, "Logan, shut up!"

Logan snorted. "Mom, have you forgotten what you told Sheril and me in the past? Does attending that kindergarten even bring any meaning?"

Melissa had never been one to care about superficial formalities like that.

When Sheril and Logan didn't get places for the interview to enroll in the kindergarten, she had told the two children, "Enrolling into the kindergarten doesn't make one noble. What gives you a noble character is when you value and respect yourselves."

Melissa, however, frowned.

She grabbed Logan, lowered her voice, and said, "Nora is different from the two of you! She grew up elsewhere. If Cherry can't even attend that

kindergarten, I'm worried that Nora won't be able to hold her head up high in the circle in the future!"

Logan understood all of this.

But the moment he thought of his elegant and graceful mother returning to the Woods to be mistreated by others...

He said in an unruly manner, "Do you really think she can enroll Cherry into the kindergarten even if she has a recommendation letter? There's no way she'll pass the interview!"

Melissa patted him on the shoulder and said, "That's why I got you back here. I want you to take them there and accompany Nora for the interview."

Logan was stunned.

He clenched his jaw. His features, which were similar to Nora's, carried an air of unruliness and defiance. He said, "But the Woods haven't sent the recommendation letter yet!"

Melissa sighed. She knew that her sister-in-law must be making things difficult for her again. She said, "I'll call them and urge them."

Rather than saying she was 'urging' them... It was actually probably more like she was begging them instead.

Logan's expression turned even colder. It was at this moment that the two of them heard a cool and indifferent voice: "You don't have to beg them for one. I already have an interview spot."

Taken aback, Melissa looked at Nora and asked, "How did you get the spot, Nora?"

Nora was about to give her a simple explanation when her cell phone rang.

When she picked up, she heard the voice of Lisa, her cousin in California, reaching her through the phone. She said, "Nora, I suspect you aren't Uncle Henry's daughter at all!"