

## Chapter 151 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

The black all-terrain vehicle was big and bad-ass, and looked especially conspicuous parked there.

However, what was even more eye-catching than the vehicle was the person casually leaning against it as she used her cell phone with her head down.

Nora, who was fully dressed in black, leaned lazily against the car as she busied herself with her affairs abroad. She was completely unaware that she had become a sight to behold.

Students coming and going, as well as passers-by walking past the university gates, found their gazes glued to her.

Fair-skinned, tall, slender, and curvy, people couldn't help but turn their heads.

Lisa was also a little surprised to see her. She called out, "Nora?"

Upon hearing her voice, Nora finally lifted her head lazily. Her cat-like eyes stared at Lisa's red and swollen eyes first.. She leisurely finished what she was typing on the phone, sent it out, and finally asked hesitantly, "What's wrong?"

The two words, however, made Lisa feel as if she was an aggrieved child who had finally found her parents.

She could no longer control her emotions. Tears rolled down her cheeks as she said, "I... I lost my ID card and admission ticket, Nora!"

Nora, "?"

She had come over to take a look because Lisa was having an interview today. She hadn't expected such a situation at all.

She had been abroad all these years, so she didn't know much about how Lisa did in school.

She'd originally wanted to have her be admitted into graduate school on her own, but she hadn't expected her to run into trouble. Since she had lost both her ID card and admission ticket, this was undoubtedly not just an accident.

Lisa looked totally deflated after she said that. She hung her head and her shoulders slumped downward. Before she came to New York, her mother had told her not to give Nora any trouble. Thus, she had put up with everything all this time.

However, she couldn't help it anymore. She wanted to ask Nora for help. Not to help her get in through the back door, though; rather, she wanted her to help her fight for a chance to attend the interview.

But before she could say that, Nora walked over. As she passed her by, she said, "Come with me."

Those three coolly-uttered words, however, made Lisa's eyes redden.

She lowered her head and followed Nora.

Angela frowned. "What are you doing, Nora? The staff member has already refused to let her attend the interview. Are you intending to get in through the back door? It's not gonna work!"

Nora rubbed her ears and uttered in annoyance, "You're so noisy."

Angela, "..."

She flushed and said, "You—"

Nora suddenly looked at her frostily. "If you don't shut up, I'll make it such that you can't speak ever again."

Her eyes were cold and menacing, and tinged with impatience when she spoke. However, her slight display of irritability was actually because she hadn't gotten enough sleep.

Angela, however, didn't dare to say any more and shut up for real.

She followed behind them unwillingly and the few of them returned to the interview site.

On the way there, Nora took out her cell phone and tapped on it a few times. When they arrived at the interview site, Angela couldn't stop herself from muttering, "Isn't it a bad idea to trouble Director Shaw for something as trivial as this, Nora? Director Shaw's not going to take me as his student if you do that. You should just use whatever conveniences the Andersons' name can get you on getting me admitted into the school instead! ..."

The staff member, who recognized them, stopped them resignedly. "Please show me your ID card and admission ticket."

Angela lowered her voice and said, "I told you it won't work, yet you guys simply have to insist on trying. Now that we can't get in, it's going to be so embarrassing. You..."

At this point, Nora took out her cell phone and showed the screen to the staff member.

At the sight of whatever he saw, the staff member was instantly in awe.

His attitude became much more respectful and he asked, "Is there something that requires you to come over in person?"

Nora took back the phone.

What she had shown the staff member just now was her position as an honorary professor in the university. The titular position was actually pretty useful.

What Nora didn't know was that this would never work in other professors' cases. However, Anti had already become a legend to any medical student a long time ago!

The staff member in charge of maintaining order here was also a teacher in the school, so he naturally knew of her.

Nora pointed at Lisa. "Can an e-ID card act as proof of her identity?"

The staff member immediately replied, "I'll go and consult the higher-ups."

"Okay."

The three of them continued standing there in the meantime. A frowning Angela couldn't help asking, "What did you just show the staff member just now?"

"... Nothing much," replied Nora.

Angela shut her mouth huffily.

She reckoned that it was probably a business card or something from Director Shaw. As expected, the Andersons were in contact with him. After all, Director Shaw was the only one in the entire medical university that staff members would treat so respectfully!

Nora couldn't be bothered about her, but she was surprisingly quite attentive toward that little dimwit.

Five minutes later, the staff member returned and said, "You can go in for the interview now!"

Lisa entered the interview room.

Angela leaned toward Nora, who was leaning against the wall outside, and said mockingly in a low voice, "It's still useless even if you help her. Do you know that she actually wants to focus her research on cranial nerve damage reparation? Are there even any surgeons who would do that? Most people with brain issues are already at risk of death; who would care about insignificant problems like that? Besides, I've already done my homework—very few people focus on that in the States. Director Shaw once wrote a paper on it, but unfortunately, it didn't get anywhere in the end..."

Nora raised an eyebrow.

She had never thought that Lisa's research would focus on that.

A contemplative look flashed across her eyes.

The interview didn't take long. Lisa walked out of the room about ten minutes later. She had a rather awful look on her face.

She had been in a panic after she lost her admission ticket and ID card. To make matters worse, the examiners' questions during the interview just now had made her even more flustered, so she felt that she hadn't answered well.

Angela looked at her smugly. “I told you not to attend the interview, yet you just had to insist. Aren’t you embarrassed now?”

Lisa didn’t say anything. She heaved a huge sigh instead.

Medical university interview results were usually announced on the same day, so the two of them didn’t leave after the interviews. They continued to sit outside instead.

The wait was boring Nora, so she said, “I’ll come back in the afternoon.”

Lisa nodded.

Angela pursed her lips and looked at Lisa. “Go and buy something for me to eat at noon. You definitely won’t pass anyway, so you’re not that anxious about it, right? I have nothing to worry about, either. After all, Director Shaw and I have already reached an agreement...”

Her mention of Director Shaw made the examinees around them look over with envy.

Upon becoming the object of everyone’s envy, Angela lifted her chin smugly.

Mutual selection between candidates and professors was allowed in postgraduate studies applications. This wasn’t considered rigging—after all, everyone did it.

However, people nevertheless still found those who could contact Director Shaw and reach an agreement with him—impressive.

At five o’clock in the afternoon, all the candidates finished their interviews.

Another half an hour later, the final admission results were released!

Inside the interview room.

After contacting the professors of each respective specialization, the four examiners would collate the candidates’ interview reports, arrange them by the professor they had selected, and then pass the reports to the respective professors. The professors would then pick the candidates they wanted.

Candidates who weren’t selected would then be passed to their next choice of mentor and be reallocated, and so on and so forth.

As the newest professor at the New York University School of Medicine, Tina York was one of the examiners today. When she was going to the bathroom halfway through the interviews, she had happened to see Nora with Lisa and Angela. She had immediately narrowed her eyes at the sight.

Angela's interview was already over at that time.

When it was Lisa's turn, she had deliberately asked a few tough questions to make things difficult for her. Sure enough, it had messed up her answers even further.

However, the research topic that Lisa had proposed during her self-introduction had been a refreshing change from the usual.

After she went out, the four examiners had held differing opinions when they were discussing whether or not they should clear her for the interview.

Some of the teachers were more pragmatic. One of them said, "Although the research topic is a relatively unpopular one, her written test results are good, and can completely make up for a shortcoming like that. Besides, we can just discuss with her and have her change her research topic, and it won't be a problem anymore."

Tina, however, sneered, "As a surgeon, meticulousness and calmness are the most important qualities one should possess. But not only did she lose her ID card, but she even lost her admission ticket. Her answers were also rather sloppy when she came in for the interview and felt as though she wasn't prepared. It's obvious that she panicked. Her mental resilience is clearly not up to par!"

The teacher frowned and said, "I happen to feel the exact opposite. She was able to complete the interview and accurately express her thoughts even after so much had happened. You can tell that she's still rather orderly even amid confusion and panic."

Another teacher said, "Yes, I think Mr. Shaw will like her!"

Seeing that all three teachers were speaking in favor of her, Tina cast her eyes down and said, "Then we'll let her pass."

People that passed the interview might not necessarily be admitted to graduate school, either.

After all the interviews were done, Tina was responsible for sending Director Shaw the data of the candidates interested in becoming postgraduate students under him.

She sent Angela Smith's immediately when she came to hers.

She was all form and no function. Even though she spoke boastfully, she had no substance at all. Director Shaw definitely wouldn't be interested. Besides, she had said just now that she had already contacted Director Shaw. In that case, he would definitely inquire about her if he didn't see her information anyway.

Lisa Black, though...

Tina lifted her head and glanced at the other three teachers—she could hold her data back for a few minutes.

When Director Shaw replied with his candidate choices, Tina finally feigned surprise and said, "Director Shaw, there's still another candidate here. Here, have a look..."

However, Director Shaw said, "The ones I've selected are candidates whom I've already spoken with. The one you're talking about probably didn't approach me beforehand, right? I won't take them in, then."

This was what it was like in postgraduate entrance examinations. One must definitely touch base with popular professors in advance. Otherwise, they would easily be cast aside.

Tina looked at Angela's data that had been rejected, and then at Lisa's that she didn't even submit, and the corners of her lips curled upward.

Her gaze fell on Angela's again. She thought of what she had secretly just dissed her about...

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Outside, Nora, who had finished her work, slowly walked over.

The door opened practically at the moment she reached the entrance. Then, someone came out to announce the interview results.

"William Lewis, Dr. Sullivan has accepted your application..."

“That’s great!”

A young man jumped to his feet excitedly.

Some rejoiced and others grieved after that.

After nearly half of the candidates’ names were called out, Lisa clenched her fists even tighter and craned her neck nervously to look inside.

Next to her, Angela sneered, “It won’t be of any use even if you stick your neck right in!”

At this point, someone came out with Director Shaw’s student admission list. “Next up is the admission list for those applying for Dr. Shaw as a mentor. There are five successful candidates in total. They are…”

Director Shaw!

Angela sat up straight and looked over cheerfully.

After leisurely reading out four names, the teacher smiled and said, “There’s one last one.”

Angela smiled triumphantly.

Lisa lowered her head in disappointment.

Director Shaw was the only one who would be interested in her research topic. She had gone out on a limb on this and was hoping that the research topic would attract Director Shaw’s attention. It seemed like a lost cause now, though.

At the sight of her hanging her head, Angela’s lip corners curled upward and she patted her shoulder. She said, “It’s okay. I’ll show you my notes when I attend Director Shaw’s classes in the future. I can teach you everything you want to learn—”

At this point, the teacher announced, “The last candidate is… Zack Lee!”

Angela jumped to her feet and looked at the teacher excitedly, but right after that, she suddenly realized something didn’t seem right?



Her eyes widened in shock and she looked at the teacher in disbelief. Her voice was shrill as she asked in surprise, “Who did you say it is? Did you get it wrong?”

A young man suddenly stood up. “It’s me! Hahaha, when I sent Director Shaw an email, his reply only contained the word ‘Received’. I’d thought he didn’t notice me, but...”

During his excitement, the teacher looked at Angela and said, “By the way, I’ve allocated all the candidates who weren’t selected but are eligible for reallocation to Professor York. She’s a new teacher and full of drive. I’ll announce her list of students now... Angela Smith... Clara Lopez...”

Angela didn’t expect to hear her name there.

It was Director Shaw whom she had wanted! Not Tina York or whoever she was! How famous could a newcomer get in the industry?

“It’s pretty good to be under Professor York, too, Angela.”

In the midst of her fury, Lisa’s comforting words reached her ears. She turned over. When she saw Lisa’s small and pale face, she suddenly vented all her anger on her. “Of course, it’s pretty good. At least I was accepted, but you didn’t even pass!”

Lisa turned even paler.

Angela blasted Lisa with ruthless words again and again as though she was venting her frustrations. “I was mistaken; not just any random Tom, Dick, or Harry can become Director Shaw’s postgraduate student, yet you still applied for him as a mentor. You sure think really highly of yourself!

“You’re too ambitious for your own good, Lisa! Why don’t you take a good look at your capabilities instead? There are fewer than ten people who failed the interview today! Why are you so stupid?”

Around them, the candidates who had been admitted into the university looked at Lisa with pity, making her wish she could bury herself in a hole...

Nora’s sharp gaze flickered as she stood in the distance and listened to what Angela was saying.

Suddenly, the corners of her lips curled upward and she put down her cell phone. The email that she had just sent was still on the screen.

Almost instantly after she sent the email, the teacher announcing the results suddenly exclaimed, “Wait a minute! There’s one more candidate who has been accepted!”

Tina was taken aback when she heard what he said. She asked, “Who accepted the candidate?”

The teacher was so excited that he almost couldn’t speak clearly anymore. He replied, “It’s Anti! This is the first time Anti has accepted a postgraduate student in the university!”

As soon as the name Anti was mentioned, the entire hallway fell into silence. All the candidates looked at the teacher who was speaking.

Someone asked, “Who is it?”

To be able to become a postgraduate student under Anti—and the very first one she had ever accepted at that—Lady Luck must have been practically beaming at them!

Everyone’s gazes were fixed on the teacher announcing the results, hoping that he would announce who the lucky fellow was.

For some reason, Angela couldn’t help but swallow hard. She turned her head to see Lisa also watching the teacher nervously. At once, she sneered, “What are you looking at him for? It’ll never be you anyway!”

Anti had always ignored some of the emails sent to her within the country. Moreover, she only took on two operations a month. How many connections must the accepted candidate have made use of before they finally found her?

In the midst of Angela’s thoughts, the teacher announced, “The student is Lisa Black!”

A furor went through all the candidates in the hallway, and everyone looked at Lisa.

Angela also looked at her in disbelief, her eyes slowly widening bigger and bigger. She suddenly grabbed Lisa by the wrist and demanded, “How did you know Anti?”

Lisa shook her head—she was so astounded that she couldn’t even speak..

Angela was about to press the subject when someone ran up to Lisa and asked, “Ms. Black, do you know Anti? How did you manage to get them to accept you as their postgraduate student?”

“Oh my god, no wonder Director Shaw didn’t accept you. It’s because Anti already has their eye on you!”

“Hello, Ms. Black. My name is William Lewis. We’re in the same batch of students this year. I hope we’ll get along in the future.”

More and more people swarmed toward Lisa. Even the staff member couldn’t help but walk over and ask, “Ms. Black, do you really know Anti? What do they look like?”

Lisa, “!”

Lisa, who was still reeling from shock, felt as if all these had just fallen into her lap. It was as if she was in a dream where everything in front of her was unreal.

Everyone surrounded her, causing Angela to be pushed back a few steps out of the circle.

Her visage was close to contorting from jealousy as she stood outside the crowd and stared at Lisa, who was within.

How did this happen? How could this happen?!

Why did Anti suddenly select Lisa?

In the midst of her doubt, she heard a gentle voice. “You’re Angela Smith, right?”

A dazed Angela turned and saw Tina standing behind her. Tina looked at her with a smile and said, “You’ll be doing your postgraduate studies under me from now on. Mm, okay, you’re in charge of contacting the rest of the students

for now. By the way, I have some forms that have to be filled up. Come with me so that you can take them and distribute them to the others later..."

Although Angela wanted to rush over to Lisa and get the whole story from her, she had no choice but to follow Tina at the moment. The two went to the office building together.

On the way, Tina asked ambiguously, "What's your relationship with Lisa Black?"

Angela balled up her fists. There was hatred in her eyes as she replied bitterly, "She's my cousin."

Tina smiled again. "Oh, in that case, what's your relationship with Nora Smith?"

Angela became even more irritated when she thought of that woman. Didn't she already reach an agreement with Director Shaw to accept her as his student? Why was she suddenly dropped?

She lowered her head and replied vaguely, "She's my elder sister."

"Your elder sister?"

Tina looked at her in surprise. "Isn't she Lisa's elder sister?"

Angela, who sounded a little irritated, snapped, "We both have the last name Smith, so of course she's my sister. Lisa's last name is Black!"

Tina narrowed her eyes. Then, she smiled and said, "Oh, it's because of the admission exercise this time... Those who didn't know better would have thought that she's Lisa's elder sister instead..."

Tina immediately clapped her hand over her mouth at this point as if she had accidentally just said something she shouldn't have.

Angela, who had always been one to come up with all sorts of sneaky little thoughts ever since she was a child, noticed her unusual behavior. She asked anxiously, "What do you mean by that, Ms. York?"

Tina smiled and replied, "Oh, it's nothing..."

The more she refused to say anything, the more curious Angela became. She stepped forward, held Tina's arm, and said, "Ms. York, you can just give it to me straight if there's something you want to say!"

Tina glanced at her and heaved a sigh. "Never mind. Since we look like we'll get along... How about this? Let's go to the office together. I'll slowly tell you everything there."

—

In the office.

"Did you just say that Nora is able to get in contact with Professor Anti?"

Angela's voice was so shrill that it almost sounded as if it could pierce through the ceiling. She stared at Tina incredulously. "Is that really true, Ms. York?"

Tina raised her eyebrows. "Well, I only saw them together once before..."

Back when Justin got Anti to operate on the elderly Mrs. Hunt—though it was not known through whose connections she had managed to—Nora had also entered the operating room to study and observe the operation.

Even Tina hadn't been allowed to enter...

Later, when she realized that Justin was treating Nora a little differently, she had immediately understood—she must have pestered Justin to let her study Anti's operation back then!

Anti was a legend in the field of medicine, after all. Very few had ever seen her during all these years.

Even when she was peeking at them the other time, she had only seen the few people from Anti's team. She couldn't tell which one among them was the big boss at all...

Angela clenched her fists tightly upon hearing Tina's ambiguous statement.

At the sight of the menacing look on Angela's countenance, Tina cast her eyes down again and let out a sigh. She said, "I'd thought that you were on good terms with your elder sister, but... Well, it makes sense too. Not only did she not introduce Anti to you, but even Director Shaw... I accepted you as my

student because I took pity on you. Otherwise, you would have failed the admission exercise!”

Angela’s eyes widened at once. “Director Shaw? What does this have to do with him? Is it also because of her that Director Shaw didn’t accept me as his student?”

Tina didn’t say any more but only gazed at her with pity in her eyes.

Angela was shaking all over. She suddenly screamed, “Nora! Smith!”

She rushed out of the classroom while shouting her name.

Once she was out, she burst into tears and called her parents in California at once.

Henry and Wendy answered the call together. A crying Angela told them that not only did Nora introduce Anti to Lisa, but she even stopped Director Shaw from accepting her as his student. The two of them were livid when they heard what she said.

Wendy sighed and said, “That’s too much of Nora... No matter what, Angela is still her younger sister!”

Henry smacked the table and said, “I’m going to book a plane ticket right away! We’ll go over and kick up a fuss tonight! What an unfilial daughter! I’m not going to rest until I make her give me a pretty sum of money this time!”

Wendy sighed again. “Is there any use in you going over, Henry? What if Nora ignores us? She has always resented us, sigh!”

Henry sneered, “It’ll work! It has to! I’m her father! If she abandons me, I’ll sue her! And the Andersons, too! We’ll see which one of them is willing to embarrass themselves!”

At the same time, Nora’s cell phone rang, and she picked up the call from Lily, who was far away in a foreign country.

Nora leaned against the window and gazed at the campus scenery outside.

She had never experienced college life before. Neither had she experienced life as part of a community much before. She found the sight of students walking about outside in twos and threes rather novel.

She picked up the call and said softly, "Hello."

Lily's voice reached her through the phone. "I've received the samples. I'll do the DNA test myself. Results will be out in three hours at the earliest."

For international express mail to be delivered the next day, it meant that they had already expedited the delivery process.

Nora said unhurriedly, "Okay."

She hung up and glanced at Lisa, who was still surrounded by people, again. Despite what had happened, the girl remained neither arrogant nor anxious. Her eyes were still as innocent as before.

Nora smiled and turned to go to Director Shaw's office.

Director Shaw was selecting postgraduate students in school today, so he hadn't gone to the hospital. He was about to knock off from work when one of his postgraduate students suddenly said, "Director Shaw, Anti has actually taken a postgraduate student by their own initiative!"

Director Shaw was stunned. "What?"

"It's true! My goodness, Anti was already a professor in name here two years ago. By right, they should have made time to conduct a lesson here, but for two whole years, we didn't even see what they looked like. Yet they've accepted a postgraduate student the moment they appeared? I'm so envious of that student!"

"Sob, would I have stood a chance to be selected by Anti if I had taken the postgraduate entrance examination this year instead?"

While the few of them were talking, Director Shaw coughed and said coldly, "Hah, I see. So, none of you wanted to be my postgraduate students?"

The students, "..."

Director Shaw coughed again. In order to protect his dignity as a department head, he said, "Anti isn't actually that amazing, either. What's mainly impressive about Anti is that they have steady hands! If I had my current level of medical insight when I was their age, I could also do a few perfect operations!"

As soon as he finished bragging, he heard a soft and low voice saying, "Really?"

Director Shaw, "??"

His head whipped around. At the sight of Nora, the corners of his lips couldn't help but spasm.

He hurriedly walked over and asked with a smile, "Why are you here?"

Nora couldn't be bothered to continue the topic just now, so she shuffled toward his office. Director Shaw wisely followed after her. After he closed the door, he asked, "Are you going to hold lectures in the school this year?"

Nora raised her eyebrows. "No."

Director Shaw was surprised. "Then that means you're intending to take on projects?"

"... No."

Director Shaw was confused. "Then why did you accept a postgraduate student? How are you going to teach her and impart knowledge to her?"

That was exactly why Nora had come over. Her cat-like eyes looked at him calmly and she said, "Didn't you say that you owe me a favor?"

Director Shaw looked at her, speechless for a moment.

Three years ago, when he was abroad for a medical exchange, Anti had utterly impressed him. He'd also been troubled by something academically related and hadn't had any breakthrough in it for many years. It was Anti who had given him a few random pointers that had given him inspiration.

Director Shaw had stuck to her and refused to let her go ever since. He also insisted on giving her a titular professor position in the school.

Director Shaw said, "So?"

"Guide Lisa for me."

Director Shaw, "..."



He just knew it wouldn't be anything good!

He was actually very busy, so he recruited very few postgraduate students these days. He only accepted a token four or five per year. Additionally, it was mostly his assistants who were giving them lessons on his behalf and helping him to guide the newbies.

Having one more student to teach didn't make any difference, though, so Director Shaw nodded and said, "Okay."

Seeing that he had agreed to her request, Nora stood up and got ready to leave. She was about to walk out of the office when Director Shaw asked, "Why did you accept that young woman? Is it because she's your relative?"

To be honest, if she was going to have him guide her like this, she might as well have just given him a phone call and asked him to accept one more postgraduate student. It'd have been more convenient that way.

Nora, however, lowered her gaze at his question. She suddenly curled her lips into a smile and replied, "No, it's not because of that."

She would never let anyone get in through the back door if their skills weren't up to par.

The reason why she had accepted Lisa was that the research topic she proposed happened to be one that she had been thinking of tackling recently.

Besides, Lisa had pure eyes; people like that were great for academics.

She waved as she walked casually to the door, and said, "She's my postgraduate student. I'm just letting you guide her a little for now."

"..."

After leaving Professor Shaw's office, she returned to where she had been just now and found that everyone was still discussing the subject as enthusiastically as before. Lisa had already become their favorite person.

Nora sent a text message to Lisa and asked her to meet her the next day for a talk. Then, she went home.

Having been held back a little today, it was already some time after six by the time she got home.

When she parked the car, she happened to see Logan coming out of the house.

The twenty-year-old boy had a stubborn and untamed look in his eyes. His fair and attractive visage was filled with irritability at the moment. He snapped, "I'll just mortgage the car to you, okay? What are you pressing me so much for?"

"That car's original price was 18.5 million dollars. It's not too much of me to lower it to 12.5 million, is it? What? Nine million? What you're doing is no different from kicking me while I'm down, Winston!"

The other side then said something that made Logan so angry that he hung up on them right away.

When he lifted his head, he happened to see Nora. He glared at her, stormed straight into the garage, and drove the ugly poop-yellow sports car out.

Even though he had tried his best to hide it while he was walking, one could vaguely still tell that his sprained ankle from the other time still hadn't recovered...

However, Nora didn't give the matter much thought and entered the house.

Logan bore with the pain in his ankle as he drove, and he made another call.

"Spread the news for me. Aren't a lot of people interested in my Ferrari? I'm willing to sell it..."

The person on the other side sighed and said, "That's not a problem, but what are you going to do about your ankle? You still have another competition. If you also lose that one, you won't have a car to sell anymore!"

Logan clenched his fists.

The few of them were unofficial racers and had set up a sportsbook.

He had been firmly ranked first in the country all these years, but a few days ago, someone had secretly assaulted him... He had broken his ankle in the process.

The doctor had said that he must undergo surgery in order for the bones to heal!

Yet, if he underwent surgery, they couldn't guarantee that he would be able to maintain the same nimbleness in his ankle as before.

The person on the other end said, "You only have two options now. The first is to find the master surgeon Anti to operate on you and treat your injury; otherwise, you won't be able to ever race again! The second is to find the international racer Yanci and get him to race in the competition on your behalf. Otherwise, you'll really be finished this time!"

Neither of the options was achievable.

Logan lowered his gaze. A brief moment later, he took a deep breath and said, "Let's just find a buyer first!"

"... Can you really bear to sell Little Yellow? You usually can't even bear to let me touch the car. It's one of the most notable limited edition sports cars in the world, you know. If you sell it, you may not be able to find another car that suits you in the future even if you have the money!"

Screeeeech!

Logan stopped the car at the roadside when he heard what the other party said.

He stroked the steering wheel and the seat...

Everything in the car was once what he loved the most. Selling it was no different from cutting the flesh off his body.

But there was no way he could implicate the Andersons in his affairs.

Logan slowly closed his eyes and uttered, "Sell it!"

—

At the Andersons, Nora sat at the desk after she went upstairs. Her fingers tapped lightly on the desk as she waited for Lily's DNA test results.

She had gone to the university that day, so she wasn't free to pick up Pete from kindergarten. It was Melissa who picked him up.

Melissa entered the room nervously. After glancing outside the room, she came up to Nora, neatened her dress, and sat down gracefully in front of her. Then, she said unhurriedly, "I have something to talk to you about, Nora."

"... What is it?"

Melissa frowned and asked, "Do you find Cherry's behavior a little strange lately?"

Nora, "?"

Melissa sighed and said, "Cherry used to be very lively and a sweet talker. She played with me all day and also loved eating. Lately, though, she's become a lot quieter. When I picked her up from school and asked her what she wanted to do just now, she actually said that she wants to do gardening and play chess with Great-Grandma. The two of them have been in the garden for an hour and a half!"

Nora, "..."

Melissa said sincerely and earnestly, "I know you're a good girl and that you treat your child very well, Nora, but you have to spend more time with your child when you have the time. Otherwise, she'll easily develop psychological issues."

Nora's lip corners spasmed a little at the kind reminder from her aunt, and she replied, "... Okay."

Melissa breathed a sigh of relief. She stood up and got ready to leave. When she was about to step out, Nora suddenly asked, "By the way, is everything fine with Logan?"

The boy's words just now had made her a little suspicious.

Had he encountered some kind of difficulty?

Melissa sighed when she heard her question. "That boy doesn't tell me anything. I don't know what he's doing outside at all, sigh. But even though he seems a little stubborn and belligerent, he's actually a very kind boy.

"Never mind. Let's just leave him be."

Melissa waved and went downstairs.

Beep, beep.

Nora's cell phone beeped twice. When she picked it up, she saw a text message from Cherry: 'Mommy, Princess Lucy sent me a picture of her new car. Isn't this pink Ferrari adorable?!'

Little Lucy was a friend that Cherry had made when her aunt living abroad brought her to the UK.

The UK had a queen and a princess in the royal family.

Lucy, the second princess, had hit it off with Cherry right away. The two girls then added each other on Facebook so that they could chat with each other.

It should be noted that when Lucy asked for Cherry's contact information, Cherry had told her that she only used Facebook Messenger. The girl had then specially registered a new private Facebook account for her sake.

Princess Lucy only had one friend in the account, and that was Cherry.

Nora ignored the text message.

Perhaps because she saw that her mother hadn't replied, Cherry sent another message after a while: 'Mommy, Cherry also wants a sports car like that, yeah~'

She even added an emoji with a pitiful expression at the end.

Nora scoffed at the message.

She picked up the phone lazily and sent her a voice message: "If you want something, then buy it yourself."

That sports car was the same model as Logan's poop-yellow one. It was a limited edition that was already discontinued. Only a few dozen units had been produced in the country that year, and most of them had become part of someone wealthy's collection.

One could say that it was priceless.

... even though she did have ways to get one if she really wanted to.

—

In the hospital.

Justin, who was about to take Cherry back to the family home, overheard the lazy-sounding 'If you want something, then buy it yourself' voice message the moment he entered the ward.

He raised his eyebrows a little. Was the chance to please his daughter finally here?

Justin coughed and asked, "What do you want to buy, Pete?"

Little Cherry was pouting as she sat on the hospital bed. She was secretly complaining inwardly that it must be because Mommy was just too lazy to buy it for her. Upon Justin's question, her big round eyes lit up and she replied, "Daddy, I want a Ferrari sports car like this! In pink, yeah!"

Justin took a look and immediately said, "Okay, we'll buy it!"

Sure enough, the little fellow immediately broke into a grin and said, "Daddy, you're so awesome, yeah!"

"..."

Upon hearing his daughter's praises, Justin was as pleased as punch.

The corners of his lips curled upward. He sent the model of the sports car to Lawrence and instructed him to buy one, no matter the cost. Then, he scooped his daughter up with one arm and said, "Let's go to the family home and visit your Grandma and Great-Grandma today!"

Her Grandma and Great-Grandma?

Cherry became excited at once. "Okie-Dokie!"

—

At the Andersons.

After dinner, Nora stood up and got ready to go upstairs to work.

That's right, work.

Prior to an operation, in order to prevent accidents from happening, she had to make a list of every possible situation she might encounter during the operation. This was her professionalism.

However, a pair of uninvited guests arrived at the door at this moment —it was Miranda and Rachel Wood.

As soon as she walked in, Rachel, who resembled Melissa somewhat, frowned and looked at her. Her jaw tensed up, and a look of displeasure filled her face.

A hesitant Melissa asked, “What’s the matter?”

Miranda’s eyes were all red. She was in tears as she said, “I was blind to pick on you all the time in the past, Melissa. I was wrong, okay? Forgive me!”

Ever since the real estate investment failed, the Sonnets hadn’t been able to get their money back. With housing prices controlled now, people were all adopting a wait-and-see approach, and no one dared to buy any property.

They suddenly ran into trouble with recouping their capital.

The Lowes could barely even keep themselves afloat at the moment, so why would they possibly care about the small shareholders who had invested a bit and were waiting to make money?

The Sonnets became resentful toward Miranda as a result and drove her out.

She then went home in embarrassment, but the Woods refused to let her in and even told her that she had to apologize to Melissa first.

Miranda had no choice but to come over.

Melissa cast her eyes down.

When she thought of how Miranda had humiliated her over the years, she said, “To be honest, does it really matter whether I forgive you or not, Miranda? Let’s just lessen contact with each other in the future.”

There were some things that couldn’t be made up for with just an apology.

Miranda’s apology was too insincere.

Melissa didn't want to forgive her.

Miranda, who understood what she meant, tugged on Rachel's sleeve. Rachel immediately frowned and said, "Why don't you forgive my mother, Aunt Melissa? Otherwise, we'll lose our mother if Dad doesn't let her go home! If you're still not agreeable to it, then shall I get down on my knees in front of you?"

She started to get down on her knees as she spoke.

Melissa hastily grabbed her and said, "What are you doing, Rachel?"

Rachel said, "Why don't you call Dad and tell him that you aren't angry anymore? Otherwise, he'll never let Mom in."

So, that was what they were up to.

Melissa looked at the mother and daughter putting on a show in front of her.

One was pretending to be weak while the other was pretending to be pitiful.

They were just forcing her to do what they wanted!

She lowered her gaze and said, "Okay, I'll call him."

The way Farrell did things was just so unreliable. Why ask them to beg her for forgiveness? He obviously couldn't bear to part with his children, so he had to bring Miranda back home even if he didn't want to.

Miranda brightened. "Call him now."

Melissa had no choice but to call Farrell.

Miranda watched her from the side with her fists tightly clenched. She would remember how Melissa had humiliated her today!

The mother and daughter pair left after Melissa made the call.

However, as soon as they reached the door, they suddenly heard violent knocking at the door.

Knock! Knock!



In the middle of the night, the sound was rather ear-piercing in the high-end residential complex.

Nora frowned.

The nanny went to the door. She asked, "May I know who you are?"

A loud voice immediately came from outside. "I'm Nora's father!"

The words made the few people in the room look at Nora.

Simon and Melissa were also taken aback, and they looked at Nora together.

Nora raised her pretty eyebrows. Just as she was about to say that it wasn't necessary to open the door, Miranda nudged Rachel and said, "Oh, it's a relative? Quick, go and open the door."

Rachel frowned, but the next moment, she realized what Miranda was trying to do. There was clearly a doorbell at the door, yet the man had knocked so loudly as if he was afraid that they wouldn't open the door.

This showed that the two families were definitely not on good terms.

She jumped up as if she was about to watch a show, and ran toward the door. As she did, she said, "Oh, I'm the youngest here. I'll go and open the door, then."

Nora, "?"

She had no choice but to follow Rachel at the back.

When she walked out of the living room, Rachel had already opened the door. Henry was cursing angrily, "Why did you wait so long to open the door? Is it because we're not welcomed here?"

Rachel stepped aside and said, "Why wouldn't you be? Please come in!"

Henry was a little surprised, but he nevertheless walked in with Wendy. The two were about to enter the living room when someone blocked their path.

Henry frowned. "What is the meaning of this, Nora? Are you stopping us from going in?"

Nora stood in their path at the living room entrance. Her voice was low and deep as she said, "If you have something to say, then let's talk here."

She didn't want to cause the Andersons any trouble.

Henry sneered, "Is this what the Andersons' manners are like? Are they actually stopping their family members from entering the house?"

Nora retorted, "Are you even family?"

Henry yelled into the living room, "I'm the Andersons' son-in-law. I haven't even met my in-laws ever since your mother and I married! I heard that Mom is still around, so I think I should pay her a visit!"

He tried to squeeze his way into the living room after saying that.

Unfortunately for him, Nora stood in his path like a bouncer. Henry wanted to push her aside and enter, but even though the girl was clearly very thin and shouldn't weigh much, Henry simply couldn't even make her budge even after he tried pushing her aside.

It was as if her feet had been nailed in place as she stood there.

Henry was furious. He narrowed his eyes. Suddenly, he shouted into the room, "Mom, your son-in-law is here to visit you!"

As soon as he said that, Mrs. Anderson, who could no longer sit still, walked out of her room.

Her daughter had given up the amazing and brilliant Ian Smith and ran away from home. Later, she had married Henry. Even though Mrs. Anderson had never asked anyone about it, she was ultimately still very curious about what he was like.

The old lady opened the door. "Nora, let them come in and talk."

Only then did Nora step aside.

Melissa was talking to Miranda when they entered. She said, "Why don't you go back with Rachel first, Miranda? We have guests."

However, Miranda replied cheerfully, “I know, Nora’s father, right? Come to think of it, he can also be considered our relative. I should also meet him, lest we end up unacquainted in the future.”

As a result, the living room suddenly became rather crowded.

Mrs. Anderson, Simon, and Melissa sat on the main sofa while Miranda and Rachel sat on one of the sofas at the side. Both of them looked like they were watching an entertaining show.

Sitting on the sofa on the other side were Henry and Wendy.

Nora didn’t take a seat. Instead, she leaned lazily against the wall without much of an expression on her face.

At the sight of how distant and indifferent everyone was, Henry took the lead to stand. He bowed at Mrs. Anderson and said, “This is the first time we’ve met all these years, Mom. This is all Yvette’s fault. She never mentioned the Andersons, causing us all to be so distant from one another despite being family...”

Practically as soon as he said that, Melissa said neutrally, “You’re too polite, Mr. Smith. Not only is Yvette no longer around, but you’ve also remarried. We’re no longer family.”

Henry’s eyes flickered. Then, he heaved a sigh and said, “Speaking of remarrying... Sigh! This is all Yvette’s idea! She lost a lot of blood during childbirth, causing her health to deteriorate badly. She was in poor health ever since. Before she died, what she was the most worried about was that there wouldn’t be anyone to take care of Nora, so she forced me to remarry and find someone to take care of Nora. Had she not forced me to, I definitely wouldn’t have remarried. Yvette and I were so in love back then...”

He lowered his head and wiped the non-existent tears at his eyes. Then, he raised his head again and said, “Even if Yvette is gone, Mom is still my mother-in-law. That’s something that’ll never change.”

Wendy also hurriedly said, “Yes, that’s right. I’ve also met Yvette when she was still alive. We don’t have many members in our family, but if you’re alright with me, you can treat me as your daughter in the future, Mrs. Anderson! Breaking off ties after someone’s death isn’t a popular way of thinking in our

family. See, didn't Nora also move into the Andersons? We're all very supportive of that!"

She looked at the elderly lady and said, "We also intend to be filial to you in the future!"

The elderly Mrs. Anderson, however, stared hard at Henry. Her eyes reddened again as she asked, "Are you saying that Yvette already arranged for you to remarry before she died? And she's even met that woman?"

Mrs. Anderson felt her chest tighten the moment she thought of how her daughter had to find a wife for her own husband and a stepmother for her own daughter when she was clearly already on her deathbed.

Yvette had always been stubborn ever since she was a child. When she was with Ian back then, she had once even said something about how all rich men liked having mistresses. If Ian dared so much as to think like that, she would definitely break his goddamn legs.

At that time, she had persuaded Yvette to take it easy. After all, profit was the most important in the wealthy circle. How many of them were truly in love with each other?

However, Yvette had raised her chin and said proudly, "Mom, never in this lifetime will I, Yvette Anderson, ever make do when it comes to love. Even if I die, I won't let Ian remarry. Be it in life or death, I will be vigorous and exciting."

The young woman at that time had been full of energy and high-spirited, yet also incredibly bossy.

How many men's hearts had Yvette Anderson, a single woman, stolen in the wealthy circle?

What exactly must such a proud woman like her have experienced for her to be willing to choose a second wife for her husband during the last leg of her journey in life...?

Wendy's eyes flickered. She hastily smiled and said, "Yes, that's right. That's why I'm very grateful to her. Mrs. Anderson, we're family..."

The tears in Mrs. Anderson's eyes were close to falling. She moved the walking stick in her hands. Her eyelids drooped downward and she said, "We're not related by blood, so we aren't family."

The sense of alienation from her was very obvious.

Simon also got onto his feet. He pointed at Henry and said angrily, "You already found your next wife when my sister wasn't even dead yet? Are you still human? We don't have a family like you here!"

Henry had originally thought that the Andersons would accept Wendy if he worded it like that, but unexpectedly, his plans had backfired.

Seeing how worked up they were, his eyes flickered and he smiled and said, "Mom, Simon. Whether you recognize me as family or not, I'm still Nora's father. This relationship between the two of us will never be severed."

Those words of his were too shameless.

Simon and Melissa frowned.

Most wealthy families wouldn't embarrass themselves like that when handling matters. People like him who hounded others so persistently were honestly a rare sight.

Yet, Miranda, who was next to him, spoke up for him. She said, "He's right, Mrs. Anderson. No matter what, he's still Yvette's husband and Nora's father, so that makes him family no matter how you look at it... Even though Yvette is no longer around, it's not right to cut off family ties with them."

Then, she smiled and said, "Isn't there a family like that right in our circle? Mr. Walker's first wife was from the Lanes. After she died, he married a Ms. Lopez. His second wife is very close to the Lanes, so the Lanes treat her like family. Mr. Walker's son from his first marriage has now inherited his company, and he treats his stepmother pretty well..."

Everyone knew who Miranda was referring to.

However, this was because the stepmother had really treated the child very well. That was why she was on such good terms with the child's mother's family. This was completely different from Henry's situation.

Had Henry treated Nora even just a little better, the Andersons wouldn't have treated him like this, either.

Melissa sneered, "These are our family affairs, Miranda. If there's nothing else you and Rachel need, then the two of you can leave!"

Miranda waved her off and replied, "We're not in a hurry. Feel free to continue."

"..."

Melissa was furious. How she wished she could rescind the call she had made to Farrell just now.

She took a deep breath and looked at Henry. "What are you trying to say, Mr. Smith? Why don't you make things clear instead?"

Henry smiled and replied, "It's actually very simple. If we're family, then you should treat us like family and take care of us a little more. If you don't see us as family, then it's time that we properly split the profits between us."

Simon was taken aback. "What profits are you talking about?"

Henry replied, "The profits from the Carefree Pills, of course! The Carefree Pills were developed by Yvette. Isn't that something that everyone knows?"

He got up and said shamelessly, "Yvette is my wife, as well as Nora's mother. Since she's no longer around, her spouse and her children should be first-in-line to inherit the things she left behind, and not Mom, Simon, or any of you, right?"

"If you treat us like family, then it's not like we can't provide the Carefree Pill's formula for free. After all, it'll just be family members helping each other out, right? But if you don't, then Nora and I will split the formula equally between the two of us. Since you're taking the formula and investing in it, then it should at least be split in the 7:3 ratio, no matter how you look at it, right? Since the formula matters the most here, then it should be worth 70% instead of 30%. In that case, you should give me at least 35%, right?"

He had already asked around before he came to the Andersons.

As it turned out, the Andersons had already fallen into decline long ago. However, they had reinvigorated the company with Yvette's Carefree Pill.

That was why Henry was demanding such an exorbitant cut of the profits.

Nora let out an icy laugh when she heard what he said.

The formula that her mother had left behind didn't allow them to mass-produce the Carefree Pill. It was just like how she had only produced five pills even after she threw hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of medicinal herbs into it. The one being mass-produced now was a formula that she had improved.

"You—!"

Simon became riled up. He felt that Henry must be daydreaming.

Melissa also frowned—she could tell that things had become a little troublesome now.

Henry's claim was actually a reasonable one.

Although Yvette had died, without a will, her things were indeed the Smiths'.

At the sight of how the Andersons' expressions had changed, Henry said cheerfully, "The Andersons are a big family with a big business. Surely you won't bully people like us who come from another part of the country, right?"

Next to him, a smiling Miranda said, "Of course not. The Andersons are a scholarly family, and are well-known in New York as an extremely honest and sincere family."

Henry smiled and said, "That's great. In that case, when will you show me the accounts, Simon? We can settle this quarter's dividends after that?"

Next to him, Wendy also piped up. She said, "Yes, that's right. See, if we're in-laws, then we definitely won't make things so stiff and formal, and speak bluntly. But since you don't want to acknowledge the marriage, then we can only adopt a 'business is business' stance. Sigh!"

Then, she looked at Nora again and said, "You, too, Nora. Why didn't you inform your family when you brandished the formula? It doesn't just belong to you, after all. We haven't even decided on a good price yet."

The look in Nora's eyes turned cold.

Seeing that he completely had the upper hand, Henry smiled with satisfaction. He said, "Sigh, I'm actually also making us out to be strangers by wording it that way. I'm not in a hurry for the money, Simon. How about you do me a little favor? We can talk about these things again later."

The Andersons didn't have much cash flow at the moment. It would take at least three months for them to produce the Carefree Pills, recover costs, and make profits!

Simon was surprised to hear that from Henry. He asked, "What kind of little favor is it?"

Henry smiled and replied, "I have another daughter who has been admitted to the New York University School of Medicine for her postgraduate studies this year, but her current mentor is relatively young and inexperienced. Can you help me pull some strings and get her a better mentor?"

The Andersons held a weighty position in the pharmaceutical industry.

Had it been another university, perhaps they wouldn't have been able to intervene, but Simon indeed was an alumnus of that school. Most of the university's current leaders were his ex-classmates.

Simon's knitted brows relaxed. "I can try. Which mentor does she want to switch to, though?"

If he and the mentor knew each other, then this matter would actually be a pretty simple one to resolve.

But as soon as he thought of that, Henry replied, "It's Professor Anti..."

Simon was stunned. "Who did you say it is?"

Anti?

That world-renowned big boss?

That was impossible!

He immediately waved and said, "Sorry, but there's nothing I can do about that! We don't even know who Anti is, let alone contact them!"



Henry beamed at them and said, "How can that be? You could do that for my niece, so why not for my second daughter?"

They had done that for his niece?

Simon became even more confused. "What are you talking about? When have I ever..."

However, before he could finish, a frosty voice suddenly interrupted them.

"Tsk."

Nora hadn't said anything all this time because she wanted to see how big Henry's demands were going to be this time. Little did she expect that apart from finding a mentor for Angela, he had actually set his sights on the Carefree Pills?

She slowly straightened her back and yawned. Then, she said, "It's a shame that you weren't born in medieval times, Henry Smith."

Henry, "?"

Nora curled her lips and said, "Otherwise, your skin could be used as city walls to defend against external enemies."

Henry, "!!"

He became enraged at once. "You no-good daughter and bastard, how dare you insult me! I haven't even held you accountable yet for taking out your mother's Carefree Pill formula so thoughtlessly without my consent, yet you actually have the audacity to come at me?"

However, as he knew that this daughter of his was pretty good at fighting, he only dared to rant and rave but didn't dare to go forward.

Nora pursed her lips. She had gotten sleepy.

She'd better get rid of those two quickly, then!

In the middle of Nora's thoughts, Henry suddenly swept the cups on the coffee table onto the ground!

The cups broke into pieces with a loud bang.

Henry, whose veins on his forehead were bulging, stood where he was and yelled, “Nora, I’m your father! This is something that’ll never change! You can forget about abandoning me and getting rich on your own! You’ll go to jail if you don’t take care of me!”

Then, he looked back at Simon and said, “The Andersons have to give me an explanation regarding this today! Either you draft a contract for the Carefree Pills’ dividends and give me the money immediately, or get my daughter’s mentor change done first. Pick one!”

He sat back down on the sofa.

Simon frowned.

Henry flying into a rage all of a sudden, and his actions of slamming the coffee table and breaking the cups shocked Miranda and Rachel. However, Melissa and Mrs. Anderson remained as calm and steady as ever, seemingly used to such scenes.

Simon was about to say something when Nora’s frosty voice rang out. “I’d advise you to calm down a little. Otherwise, not only will you not get any money, but you’ll also have to pay for these cups!”

Henry sneered, “Why? Are you planning to become deadbeats and not give me any money? If so, I don’t mind making this matter known to the public! I’ll show everyone outside how the Andersons are hogging the Smiths’ Carefree Pill!”

Nora asked lazily, “Who says the Carefree Pill belongs to my mother?”

As soon as she said that, everyone looked at her in shock.

Simon wanted to ask something, but Melissa held his hand and shook her head lightly.

Henry turned and glared at her menacingly. “What did you say?”

Nora looked at the cups on the floor and said, “The Carefree Pill belongs to the Andersons. What does it have to do with the Smiths?”

Henry jumped onto his feet. “How can that be? It obviously belongs to your mothe—”

“If my mother was the one who developed it, then why didn’t you open a pharmaceutical factory all these years? Wouldn’t you have made a fortune a long time ago?”

Nora spoke slowly and coolly, but her argument was a convincing one.

Both Simon and Melissa also looked at Henry hesitantly.

She was right. Why did Yvette hold on to the pill formula and keep it a secret from Henry?

Henry’s expression changed a few times.

How would he know anything about Carefree Pills or whatever it was called?

The books in the study upstairs were all Yvette’s. She had a lot of writings and drawings to do with a lot of different topics in there. After she had died, he couldn’t be bothered to take care of them at all, let alone know what they were.

Besides, even though he and Yvette were husband and wife in name, nobody knew that they had never consummated their marriage before. He was more like a nominal father that Yvette had given her daughter!

He didn’t understand why Yvette had taken a fancy to him, either...

Later, Yvette died. It should already be considered a blessing that he hadn’t taken all those things as rubbish and thrown them away. How would he possibly know that they were actually so valuable...

In the middle of Henry’s thoughts, Nora said, “I obviously found the formula at the Andersons’.”

Henry understood now—Nora was planning to push him away!

He immediately shouted, “Nora! You unfilial daughter! How dare you lie!”

Nora looked as calm as ever. She said, “I’m the one who took out the formula, so naturally, I have the final say as to where I took it from. You claim that the formula belongs to the Smiths. In that case, do you have any evidence to substantiate your claim?”

Henry, “!!”

He had immediately gone upstairs and entered Yvette's study when he learned about the Carefree Pill. It was only then that he realized that it had long been cleaned out.

All the books had been burned.

Thus, he didn't have any evidence at all!

If he had the Carefree Pill's formula, he would've sold it to the Andersons' competitors a long time ago. Why would he still have to come all the way here to beg others for money?!

Henry said angrily, "That's just pure sophistry!"

"Really?" Nora took out her cell phone. "In that case, we can only call the police. Also, allow me to remind you that the cups you just broke are antiques from the 1600s worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. You have to pay for them."

What she said daunted Henry. He frowned and said viciously, "Nora! You're blackmailing me!"

Nora raised her phone. "So, shall I call the police?"

Henry, "!!"

He felt exactly as aggrieved and frustrated in this instant as how smug he had been just now!

Simon and Melissa had also recovered and caught on. Simon stood and said, "The Carefree Pill is said to have been developed by Yvette, but we, the Andersons, actually developed it ourselves. Mr. Smith, you have to provide evidence when you come straight here to snatch things from others. Do you have any evidence? If not, what you're doing is tantamount to slander!"

Melissa's voice was gentle but stern. She said, "If you continue to pester us, we'll call the police, Mr. Smith."

At the sight of them becoming aggressive, Henry found himself at a loss at once. He exchanged a look with Wendy.

The wealthy families in New York were ultimately still a lot classier.

Henry was scared.

He coughed and said, “No matter who the Carefree Pill belongs to, we’re ultimately still family. What’s wrong with helping my second daughter to change a mentor?”

He looked at Nora again and said, “You’d rather help your cousin than your younger sister? Nora, how can you be so narrow-minded?”

Nora yawned as if she didn’t hear him.

She pointed at the door. “Are you going to leave by yourself? Or do you want me to send you away?”

Upon seeing that being aggressive and unreasonable wasn’t going to work anymore, Wendy decided to take a soft approach. She grabbed Nora’s hand and said, “Nora, I know there are issues between us, but Mom treated you very well too. You can’t just ignore your sister! Blood is thicker than water, Nora. The two of you are family!”

Nora, however, didn’t bother listening to what she said at all. Instead, she held her wrist with a backhand and then, with a forceful pull, threw her out the door!

Then, Nora dusted off her hands and looked at Henry. There were a few gigantic words clearly written in her cat-like eyes: ‘It’s your turn now.’

Henry, “...”

In order to avoid being thrown out in such an embarrassing manner, Henry snorted and walked out himself. When he was passing by Nora, he stopped and said angrily, “I have legs; I can go by myself! Don’t be too smug about this though, Nora! I’m your father. Just by this relationship alone, you’ll never be able to get rid of me!”

The look in Nora’s eyes was icy-cold.

She didn’t say anything. Instead, she popped her wrist joints loudly, causing a frightened Henry to quicken his footsteps. Before he exited, he nevertheless couldn’t stop himself from saying, “I won’t give up so easily!”

After the two detestable people finally left, Nora went upstairs.

As soon as she entered her bedroom, her cell phone rang.

She looked down and saw that it was Lily. When she answered, Lily said, "Anti, the DNA test results are out!"

Nora looked up. Lily laughed and asked, "Is it you who's not your father's biological daughter, or is it your younger sister who isn't?"

Nora was taken aback by Lily's words.

She was already mentally prepared prior to the DNA test that she might not be Henry's daughter, but... When the truth was truly presented to her, apart from feeling a little surprised, she was actually more relieved than anything else.

Nora cast her eyes down and looked out the window.

She suddenly felt rather relieved.

It was human nature to want to be close to your parents.

Her mother had died early, so her father was her only kin in the world. In spite of that, her father had never hugged or kissed her even once in her entire life.

There were times where she found herself very envious when she looked at Henry carrying Angela dotingly.

In fact, she would even become very depressed and shut herself off from the world for a while during that time.

The little Nora couldn't help but wonder at that time if it was because she was too unlikeable. Was that why her father disliked her?

Later, she had closed off her heart and never opened it to outsiders ever again.

Everyone who knew her said that she was callous, but that was because no one had ever taught her what love was.

In her world, she had always been alone.

But as it turned out, it had never been her fault. It wasn't because she was not likable enough that Henry didn't like her; rather, it was because he wasn't her father.

Nora raised her eyes. Suddenly, she lowered her head and looked at the strands of hair that she had tugged off Henry's head when she was kicking him and Wendy out just now. The corners of her lips suddenly curled into a smile.

"In that case, let's check them all."

Although it was already confirmed, it was still better to have her DNA compared with Henry's, just in case.

Perhaps because she knew that she was eager to know the result, Lily replied, "Okay. I'll arrange for someone to pick it up right away."

Even the fastest express courier wouldn't be as fast as someone actually doing it themselves.

She had always had all her DNA tests done outside of the States.

Ten minutes later, someone came and collected the hair samples. They took the earliest flight overnight and went straight to where Lily was. Ten hours later, the samples reached Lily.

She forwent sleep to do the DNA test. Another four hours later, she had gotten the DNA test results!

—

Henry and Wendy stood outside the Andersons' villa after they were kicked out. They glared furiously at the villa and stamped their feet.

Wendy couldn't stop herself from provoking Henry. She said, "Honestly, Nora is so... How can she do such an about-face the moment she made it big?"

Henry, who was red in the face with anger, gnashed his teeth in fury. The veins on his forehead were bulging as he said, "That unfilial daughter! I... I'm going to sue her!"

Wendy frowned. "Will the authorities really do anything about it, though? Also, do we still have the money to hire the best lawyer?"

Henry was irritated by her questions.

At this point, Miranda and Rachel also left the Andersons. The Woods' car was parked outside the villa, but Miranda and Rachel didn't get in the car after they exited the villa. Instead, they went over to Henry and Wendy.

Miranda sighed and said, "That younger sister of mine is just so cruel! The Andersons are indeed too unkind about this!"

Rachel pursed her lips and said, "Exactly. Does Nora really think she's a daughter of the Andersons? A woman who has no shame and became pregnant before marriage is even abandoning her father now? That's unforgivable!"

Henry and Wendy, who weren't expecting them to say that, were momentarily dumbfounded.

Wendy was the first to recover. She stepped forward, took Miranda's arm, and said, "The two of us are really pitiful. Not only did we painstakingly raise her into an adult, but Nora was in poor health when she was a child, so we even frequently sent her to the hospital... I didn't expect her to be so rebellious. We only reprimanded her a little after she made us sad, but she's become so distant and alienated! Sigh!"

Miranda immediately replied, "That won't do."

Next to her, Rachel also chimed in. "Look at how pitiful the two of them are, Mom. Why don't you help them out?"

Miranda hesitated when she heard her suggestion. She said, "But that's your aunt, after all..."

Rachel straightened her back and said, "It's only right to be on the side of justice rather than one's family, Mom. You know that, right? C'mon, help them out!"

Miranda sighed. "Oh, alright. I happen to have a friend here..."

—

The night passed peacefully for everyone.

Melissa was still worried before she went to bed. She said, "Your father seems like a real piece of work to me, Nora. Will they kick up another fuss?"



Nora, however, replied openly, "There's always a solution to a problem, Aunt Melissa. Don't worry."

Melissa nodded and went downstairs. She complained to Mrs. Anderson, "Yvette was such a proud woman back then. Why did she have to pick such a shameless scoundrel like him?"

Mrs. Anderson heaved a huge sigh. "Everything is predestined in one's life!"

Simon also heaved a deep sigh. The three of them looked at each other and then, they raised their heads and looked at Nora's bedroom upstairs in the end.

Melissa sighed. "Not only did her mother die when she was young, but her father doesn't love her, either. The most pitiful one here is actually Nora. Her father embarrassed her so badly today and even ranted at others. Nora must be very sad!"

Simon nodded. "Yeah. How was she when you talked to her just now?"

Melissa replied, "Nora is a sensible girl. She has always been one who's afraid to report anything but good news. Even when you ask her how she's doing at home, all she says is that everything is fine. How would she possibly show us her pain? She's probably crying upstairs now."

Simon and Mrs. Anderson's hearts ached for her at once.

However, Nora, whom the trio had mistaken to be secretly crying, had already taken a shower and was asleep in the bed with her son in her arms.

The night passed peacefully.

It was the weekend the next day, so Pete didn't have to go to school.

Nora was also finally able to sleep in. However, she was awakened by the noise downstairs.

She frowned and got up. As soon as she stepped out of her room, she heard Simon's angry shout from downstairs.

"We're not accepting any interviews!"

Melissa was reprimanding the other party. She threatened, "I'm calling the security guards if all of you don't leave!"

A female stranger was talking to them. "Hello, good day. An attitude like that won't solve anything at all. I'm Roxanne, a reporter. Ms. Smith's father called me and told me that she's refusing to acknowledge them as family after a wealthy family took her in. We're here to mediate!"

Simon shouted, "Turn off the camera first!"

Roxanne said, "Don't be so agitated, sir. This is a live broadcast; the more agitated you are, the more people will feel that you're in the wrong! Let's calm down. Why don't you tell me what has really happened first? All of you are family. There's no grudge or feud among family that cannot be mediated."

Melissa frowned. "We don't need mediation."

Roxanne spoke calmly and unhurriedly. "You're not Ms. Smith, so you cannot represent her. May I know where Ms. Smith is?"

Henry's voice came over at this point. He said, "She must be still sleeping! That daughter of mine has been fat and lazy since she was a child. She never gets out of bed until the sun is shining brightly in the sky!"

Roxanne asked, "What's going on, Mr. Smith? Doesn't she have to work?"

Henry stood in front of the camera to the live-stream. With a frown and a plaintive look on his face, he replied, "No, she's unemployed. When she was with us, she mooched off her aunt and me. I heard that she also hasn't been working ever since the Andersons took her back with them. It's already ten in the morning, yet she's still asleep. Neither does she take care of her child, but leaves them to survive on their own instead. Sigh!"

Melissa said, "Nora sleeps in because she's in poor health! She lost a lot of blood during labor back then, so she doesn't have much energy and has to sleep more than what ordinary people do! Also, ever since she moved to the Andersons, Nora has never asked us for living expenses! She has a source of income!"

Wendy sighed. "That's because you don't know that her income comes from the small company that her mother owned before she died, Melissa. There are thousands of dollars in dividends every month from the company..."

Melissa was about to speak when Henry held his hands behind his back and said fiercely, “I’m just here for my child today. I’m not trying to take her from you! It’s just that I’m ultimately still her father. How can the Andersons just take her here after they found her, and forbid her from contacting me? We’re family! Blood is thicker than water!”

His eyes reddened as he spoke.

Henry was actually decent-looking. He had a squarish face, thick eyebrows, and big eyes, making him look like an upright man. His behavior instantly sparked intense discussion among netizens.

People were leaving comments at high speed in Roxanne’s live-stream:

‘She’s refusing to acknowledge her father? What kind of reasoning is that?’

‘That Cinderella must find her father too tacky after she became a princess!’

‘The Andersons are too much. They look like decent human beings, but how can they stop them from acknowledging each other?! They’re father and daughter, after all!’

‘Ms. Smith is still asleep even at this time? She sounds like such an unreliable person... What’s the point of bringing such a woman back home?’

‘Wow, is this what the wealthy look like? That house looks so high-end!’

...

All sorts of discussions filled the live-stream.

No one knew who it was, but someone had put money into the live-stream and increased the traffic, causing Roxanne’s live-stream to instantly have more than a million viewers.

Everyone loved gossip. Moreover, this was about the secrets of the rich. Once one entered the live-stream, they would want to know what exactly was going on.

—

In the university.

Tina, who was surfing the Internet on her cell phone, accidentally saw a post on Angela's social media. She immediately broke into a smile and entered the live-stream

Tina raised her eyebrows when she saw the exciting content inside.

Tsk.

How lively.

She had originally kept Angela with her just to give Nora trouble, but she didn't expect to receive such a surprise!

Abandoning one's father—now, that was an awful offense to be known for among the wealthy.

After all, one was indebted to their parents for raising them, no matter what.

Besides, most of the general public sympathized with the underdog, causing the comments to be filled with condemning voices directed at Ms. Smith!

Tina smiled. Suddenly, she picked up her cell phone and paid to promote the live-stream on social media so that it would trend. At the same time, she also got a group of trolls to leave comments in the live-stream.

'The Andersons? Aren't they the family behind Harmonia Pharmacy?'

'Harmonia Pharmacy? The one selling traditional medicine? Their medicines are pretty good. I've always thought that people in the field of medicine are kind-hearted, but unexpectedly, they're actually involved in gossip like this?'

'Ms. Smith's aunt, too. She speaks in a nice way, but why does she feel so annoying? Why does she keep stopping them from getting Ms. Smith to come downstairs? It's as if she's deliberately stopping the father and daughter from being reunited.'

'That's why I say that the richer one is, the stingier they are!'

'Boycott Harmonia Pharmacy! I'm never buying medicines from them ever again!'

...

The comments were full of condemnation.

In the live-stream, Henry was still accusing Nora of various unfilial behaviors. His words made most of the parents watching the live-stream tear up.

“I just want to acknowledge my daughter again and ensure that she’s doing well. You can’t just spoil her like that and let her stay at home all day! She needs to be self-reliant! I didn’t painstakingly raise her to let her sink into such depravity...”

Melissa found Henry shameless to the extreme. She yelled angrily, “Nora has been locked up at home by you ever since she was a child, and has never been out of the house. Which part of that was painstaking for you?!”

Henry sighed. “Yes, that’s right. She’s not in good health, so schools didn’t want to accept her. On top of that, she has low self-esteem because she’s so fat, so she also refuses to go to school. I was the one who taught her and raised her into an adult at home.”

Melissa retorted, “You raised her into an adult? It’s a blessing that you didn’t starve her to death!”

Henry’s eyes flickered the moment she said that.

Wendy, however, started to cry. She said, “That’s too much, Melissa! Nora has been fat ever since she was a child. We fed her as much as she wanted, so why would she go hungry? If she had gone hungry, would she have become that fat?”

Melissa, “!!”

Her obesity was because of hormonal injections, of course!

After being injected with hormones, even plain water would make one gain weight.

How could these two people distort the truth like that?!

Wendy lowered her head again and held her hand over her mouth as she sobbed.

“The only time I didn’t keep an eye on Nora was when she went out and fooled around, causing her to become pregnant before marriage. She even

insisted on giving birth to the child after that. Her father and I didn't want her to, so she fell out with us..."

Roxanne asked, "Why didn't the two of you want her to?"

A fake Wendy replied, "The child's father is a ruffian. He didn't even dare to come to us to ask for her hand in marriage. Moreover, Nora was only 19 years old at that time, so of course, we did everything with her interests in mind! It's also because of this that she distanced herself from us. She insisted on giving birth and moving abroad. We continued to support her financially. It's because we know that she doesn't like living with us that we even sent her money for her living expenses every month. But Mrs. Anderson, anyone who has family, and anyone who has a daughter, would know that we made the right decision! How can you use that to sow discord between the father and daughter?"

Another intense discussion broke out in the comments:

'What the f\*ck! So, it's because of this that they fell out!'

'A ruffian? Getting pregnant when you aren't even married yet? Seems that Ms. Smith is a real piece of work. She hasn't even appeared yet, but I already dislike her!'

'If I were her parents, I would definitely want to beat her to death! Her father and stepmother have done well enough. Not only did they send her abroad, but they even raised her child for her!'

'Gosh, how can such an insensible daughter exist?'

Melissa held her chest in fury. The elderly Mrs. Anderson, who was sitting on the sofa in the room, was livid when she heard the arguing outside.

Wealthy families were very particular about handling matters in a low-key manner.

Yet, Henry had actually brought such a huge crowd with him and set up a live-stream?

He was trying to thoroughly embarrass the Andersons!

How was this a reconciliatory live-stream? They were obviously trying to force them to give in again!

Mrs. Anderson slammed her walking stick against the floor a few times in anger. It was at this point that Nora came downstairs from the upper floor. She yawned and said lazily, "Don't be angry, Grandma."