

Chapter 170 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

Farrell entered the room, looking livid.

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

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

Surprised, a puzzled Miranda called out, "Farrell?"

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

She was absolutely stunned.

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

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

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

A dumbfounded Miranda was in shock.

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

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

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

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

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

Miranda also nodded. "Yes, it must be her!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Miranda was stunned.

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

Miranda was stunned.

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

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

Rachel was dumbfounded.

So was Miranda.

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

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

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

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

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

Ah, well.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The villa...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ding-dong! The doorbell suddenly rang.

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