

Chapter 181 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

Nora didn't look at him anymore. Instead, she went straight into the changing room.

Michael stood outside the door, totally frozen in place.

What Ms. Smith had said just now... Was she saying that she was Anti?

This... Surely not?

Michael swallowed hard. He had really never once imagined that Nora might possibly be Anti. After all, it took time for one to train their skills in surgery, and one needed to perform many operations in order to cultivate a feel for things.

Most of the amazing surgeons in their industry were middle-aged. Not only could they keep up in terms of stamina, but they were also experienced. Therefore, everyone assumed that Anti must be a middle-aged man or woman.

Nora... was a little too young!

Given her age, she might not even be good enough to be Lily, Anti's first assistant, right?

W-was... was she really Anti?

While Michael's expression was changing again and again, Nora had changed and came back out. Her hair was tied up, and she was wearing a surgical gown and a surgical cap.

Surgical caps were fastened very tightly to prevent hair from being exposed. This was to prevent people from bringing germs and bacteria into the operating room. Most people looked very ugly wearing it, but when Nora's face was fully exposed like this, it instead made her look even more stunning.

She had a very cold expression on her countenance, and her eyes were downcast. The air around her was still as casual as ever.

She had previously given Michael a lazy and frivolous feeling, but she felt completely different now—this was self-assurance and confidence!

As expected of his idol, indeed!

Michael's eyes were shining. He simply watched as she walked over to the sink next to him. After washing her hands and fingers carefully, she looked back at him...

Michael was so excited that he wanted to run a few laps around the hospital.

He had finally met his idol!!

At the sight of him staring at herself as though he had gone daft, Nora's almond-shaped eyes narrowed a little as she smiled at Michael and said, "Anti is human, not a god."

Michael, "!!"

He suddenly thought of how he had refuted Nora and misunderstood that she was looking down on Anti when she had said that previously. But in the end, she was just being self-effacing!

He suddenly flushed crimson all over his face. He swallowed and said, "Ant—"

However, before he could finish, footsteps coming toward them suddenly rang out. They were likely from the medical staff who had finished putting on their surgical gowns and were about to enter.

Nora abruptly turned her head and suddenly stretched out a finger, gesturing to him to keep quiet.

Michael's words immediately became stuck in his throat.

Nora took out a surgical mask and quickly put it on, followed by a pair of goggles. Her movements were neither too quick nor slow; it was as if she had calculated the time just right. By the time they entered, she had completely covered herself up.

No one could see her original appearance at all when she was all covered up like that.

"Is Anti ready, Michael?"

A voice reached them before the others even approached. Right on the heels of it, Tina led the few medical staff over to wash their hands. When they saw Anti, who had already changed, the whole group was stunned.

Someone couldn't stop themselves from asking softly, "Professor... Anti?"

Nora looked at them. Her gaze swept past Tina to ultimately fall on Lisa, who was standing at the back of the crowd but also staring at her with bright and shiny eyes like Michael.

She nodded slightly, making the group of people excited.

"Anti, you are my idol!"

"Professor Anti, I'm so lucky to be able to watch you perform an operation with my own eyes!"

"... Ahhh, I'm so excited!"

Nora raised her eyebrows. She smiled at the excited doctor and said jokingly, "Do remember to keep your hands steady."

The doctor immediately straightened his back and promised, "Rest assured, Anti! There definitely won't be any problems!"

Amid the cheer and harmony, a discordant voice rang out. "Where is Nora Smith, Dr. Lange?"

Tina's voice was neither loud nor soft, yet it was still within Nora's earshot. Tina looked at Michael and said, "I clearly saw her just now. Is she hiding somewhere so that she can sneak into the operating room?"

Michael, "..."

He wanted to say that Anti was Nora herself! But when he thought of how Anti had gestured him to keep quiet before the others came in... She must be asking him to keep her identity a secret, right?

Thus, Michael replied, "Don't bring that up anymore..."

"Why not? I'm just trying to warn Anti about it, lest she suddenly pops up out of nowhere during the operation." Tina deliberately heaved a sigh as she tried to give Anti a bad impression of Nora.

She was afraid that Anti would give Nora special treatment because of the Hunts.

It stood to reason that Anti would ask about what had happened after she said that, right? This way, she would be able to naturally say certain things after that.

But unexpectedly, those eyes behind the goggles looked as if there was only icy coldness in them.

She must be mistaken, though.

After all, Anti was joking with the others just now and seemed rather even-tempered.

Seeing that she wasn't saying anything, Tina went on by herself and said, "My apologies, Anti, this is an oversight on the school's part for allowing someone who really wanted to observe your surgery to break in. We will definitely sue her if we discover her later! This has reached the point of serious medical malpractice!"

Nora, "?"

With which eye had Tina seen her breaking in? Those who didn't know any better would have thought that she must have done something really nefarious!

Her expression became even colder.

Afraid that Anti would become angry, Michael stepped in front of Tina and said, "Alright, that's enough. Let's go to the operating room!"

On account of Michael, Tina nodded at everyone behind her.

Everyone had to enter the operating room to make preparations in advance and ready all the tools to be used later. When Lisa passed by Nora, she greeted her cautiously, "Hello, Professor Anti."

Nora smiled at her and said encouragingly, "I'm relatively busy at the moment, so follow Dr. Shaw and do your best to learn from him for now."

Her voice... It sounded rather familiar to Lisa.

She cast a hesitant glance at Nora again—those eyes behind the goggles also looked a little familiar. In the midst of her hesitance, Tina reprimanded her. “What are you spacing out for? Hurry up and go in!”

Lisa hurriedly retracted her gaze. She glanced at Nora again before she followed the rest into the operating room.

Nora frowned.

Her cousin was a little too much of a pushover. Did she allow just anyone to shout at her?

She was about to speak when Tina suddenly came up to her and said, “Professor Anti, I am Tina York, a professor that the medical university also specially invited. I am honored to take part in the same operation as you.”

Nora stared at her.

Tina said unhurriedly, “Professor Anti, did you take Lisa Black as your postgraduate student because of Nora Smith’s connections with Mr. Hunt?”

Nora, “?”

Tina continued to lodge a complaint against Nora. She said, “To be honest, Lisa’s exam results weren’t the best at that time. Moreover, the research topic she proposed is also an unpopular one. Oh, by the way, she is Nora Smith’s cousin, and is someone who cannot tell what’s good for herself, just like Nora...”

Now, that was going too far.

She was originally planning to get rid of the woman after the operation, but she was simply too noisy.

Nora suddenly raised her eyebrows and said, “I didn’t know I was someone who cannot tell what’s good for myself.”

“I didn’t know I was someone who cannot tell what’s good for myself.”

When the woman’s low voice reached her ears, it made Tina wonder if she had misheard.

She hurriedly explained, “I wasn’t talking about you. I...”

Before she could finish, though, she understood something in an instant. She looked at Nora incredulously and sputtered, “You... you... you...”

She didn’t manage to finish her words even after repeating ‘you’ thrice.

Nora, however, didn’t pay her any more attention. Instead, she turned and entered the operating room.

Tina, who was still in shock, stood where she was and stared after her.

This continued until someone called out, “Dr. York?”

Only then did Tina finally come back to her senses. She walked into the operating room like a zombie, glancing at the resolute-looking figure from time to time.

Nora Smith was Anti?

No, she must be dreaming! How could she possibly be Anti?!

Tina swallowed hard.

While she was in a daze, everyone in the operating room had begun making preparations for their respective tasks. The patient had been anesthetized and was currently unconscious.

Nora put on a pair of gloves, and started to draw the craniotomy’s incision lines on the child’s head with a marker pen. Then, she took a step back to take a scalpel.

At this point...

“Dr. York?”

Someone called out, making Tina snap back to reality. It was then that Nora realized that Tina was in a trance. Only after the person called out to her, did Tina finally hastily pick up a scalpel and step forward to perform the craniotomy.

Nora frowned.

Her gaze swept across everyone in the room—all of them looked serious, and their excitement at meeting her just now was all gone. Once they were at the operating table, they were doctors saving the sick and wounded.

Lisa was a newcomer who had never entered an operating room prior to this, and Tina had even deliberately made things difficult for her before they entered the operating room; but even she was staring at the patient seriously at this moment. She didn't make any mistakes in the tasks that she was assigned at all.

Nora felt that she hadn't misjudged her, after all. Even though her little cousin was quite the pushover in her daily life, she was able to focus and keep herself from being affected by anything at the operating table.

In contrast, Tina, as an experienced surgeon, had already performed innumerable operations before, yet she was still behaving like that. She was simply too irresponsible!

Her expression turned cold. She stepped forward, stopped Tina, and said, "I'll do it instead."

Although a craniotomy was a simple procedure, one must treat every operation with caution and reverence.

Everyone could tell that Tina wasn't in the right frame of mind. Thus, no one doubted Anti when she said that.

Tina was the only one who frowned and glared at her furiously.

However, no one was to refute the chief surgeon's instructions when they were in the operating room. Thus, she could only take a step back.

Nora lowered her head and started to perform the operation seriously.

For a while, the operating room was silent as everyone busied themselves with their tasks.

"Forceps."

Nora suddenly stretched out her hand behind her.

Tina, whom Nora had forced behind her, was stunned for a moment. She hurriedly picked up the forceps from the operating table and handed it to her, but Nora unexpectedly didn't take them from her.

Tina looked back up to see Anti, who felt so foreign to her, saying frigidly and slightly sarcastically, "Are you unable to even distinguish between forceps and hemostats, Dr. York? Were you really the head of the surgery department at Hospital Finest? Have you really performed operations before? Are the patients you operated on still alive? Also, I really suspect that the person who hired you must be blind."

Every word of hers was like a knife that ruthlessly lacerated Tina's cheeks, making her feel as if her skin had been sliced into ribbons and all fallen onto the floor.

The students around them also looked at her.

Tina felt as if all the blood in her had rushed to the top of her head in an instant. She suddenly said shrilly, "You're picking on me!"

Right after she shouted, she hurled the object in her hand at Nora!

Nora, who was already on the alert, abruptly stretched her leg out and kicked Tina away while her arm was swinging down!

Bam!

Tina slammed against the wall and fell onto the floor. She wanted to get up, but she instead tasted something sickly sweet in her mouth. The next moment, she coughed up a mouthful of blood.

None of the others in the operating room could react in time to her sudden lashing out.

Nora, however, had held on steadily to the craniotomy instrument with one hand without even moving.

"Forceps."

Her calm and contained voice brought everyone back to their senses. Michael was the calmest among them, but he was relatively far away. He was about to

walk over and pass Nora the tool when someone reacted and handed her the forceps.

Michael looked over—it was Lisa.

He was a little surprised, but after that, he couldn't help but sigh. Anti really did have a great eye for people. Everyone thought that the postgraduate student she had taken was too much of a pushover, but unexpectedly, she could actually react so quickly in the face of such an accident.

She was really devoting her whole mind and body to the operation.

—

Despite the small episode in the middle, the operation went on smoothly.

Four hours later, Nora finished the last step. She stepped aside and instructed Michael, "Stitch the wound."

"Roger."

The others helped Michael while he was stitching up the wound. Nora took the opportunity to move her fingers and her wrists, as well as her shoulders.

A four-hour operation was no biggie to her.

After she stretched, she finally looked at Tina, who had collapsed onto the floor and passed out in an area some distance away.

Her going crazy in the operating room was something that no one could have seen coming.

Otherwise, Nora would never have allowed her to enter the operating room and pose a threat to the patient.

It was also because of this that she had applied more force and made her pass out with a kick.

She casually picked Tina up and dragged her out of the operating room.

Some of the others happened to look over. When they caught sight of Anti's back view, they suddenly broke into a layer of cold sweat.

Twenty minutes later, Tina slowly opened her eyes.

Director Shaw and the others were standing in front of her. He berated her sternly. "You've really disappointed us, Tina! How could you get into a fight in the operating room?! If it weren't for Anti, were you also going to ruin the operation?!"

Tina's eyes widened in shock.

Director Shaw then announced her penalty. He said, "Your medical license will be revoked. The school will also cancel your qualification as a professor and dismiss you!"

They were going to revoke her license? If they did that, she would never be able to perform surgery ever again! Her career would be utterly ruined!

Tina panicked. She jumped right up from the bed and said, "Director Shaw, I—"

But before she could finish, the police came over and said, "I'm sorry, Dr. York, but the patient's family members have made a police report and accused you of interfering with the operation. Please assist us in the investigations."

"..."

While the police were taking Tina away, Nora changed back to her clothes. She dragged her feet and slowly shuffled off. She was about to leave the floor when a voice suddenly came from behind her.

"Ms. Smith?"

A surprised Nora turned around to see Joel standing behind her not too far away.

He looked as amicable as ever. His upturned eyes were slightly narrowed as he looked at her, and there was a scrutinizing look in his eyes...

Why was he here?

Nora was wondering about that when Joel walked over. There was also surprise on his countenance as he asked, "Why are you here?"

Nora raised her eyebrows and answered ambiguously, "I'm a doctor. Why are you here, though, Mr. Smith?"

She was a doctor?

Joel narrowed his eyes a little and looked at the operating room.

Anti had an operation here today, so he had especially rushed over here to ask Anti to treat his uncle's illness.

Due to Anti's presence, only one operation had been arranged on this particular floor.

Since she was here, then didn't that mean that she just met Anti?

Joel's gaze returned to the operating room. The operation should have ended by now, right?

He didn't have any more time to spend going back and forth with Nora, so he nodded and replied, "I'm here to look for someone."

After he said that, the doors to the operating room opened.

Michael walked out with the others. Joel strode over to them right away.

Michael had already finished the sutures long ago. The operation went perfectly.

Nora had only left after she was informed about it.

At the sight of Joel walking toward the operating room, Nora strode off and left.

She could finally go home and have good sleep now.

Joel didn't pay any more attention to her. Instead, he went straight to Michael and said, "Hello, Anti."

Michael, "?"

He took off his surgical mask and stared at Joel in astonishment. "I'm not Anti."

Joel was taken aback. “Then where’s Anti?”

“Anti has already left a long time ago.”

“What?”

Joel broke into a frown. He was already here when the operation was nearing its end and had been waiting outside the whole time. The only person that left at the end of the operation had been...

Just as Joel’s suspicions were starting to develop, Michael thought of how Nora hadn’t wanted to reveal her identity, so he said, “Yes, Mr. Anti has already left.”

Mister?

Was Anti male?

This wasn’t that surprising, though. Most surgeons were men.

Joel frowned. Although his uncle’s diagnosis hadn’t yet been confirmed, it would always be safer if they could find Anti.

He didn’t expect to actually miss him.

He heaved a sigh, left the operating room, and went downstairs. When he entered the car park, he happened to see the familiar jeep driving past him in front.

He glanced at it—the young woman in the driver’s seat stared straight ahead. As though she was in a rush to go home, she didn’t even glance at him when she passed by.

Joel shook his head and got into the car.

“Are you going home, Mr. Smith?” asked the chauffeur.

“I’m going to pick up Mia.”

“Okay.”

The chauffeur started the car and drove to the Golden Sunshine Kindergarten.

On the way there, Joel turned his head to the side and stared into the distance. The amicable look on his face had long since disappeared, and he fell silent. He had been sending and picking Mia up from school himself lately, but he hadn't seen her ever again...

When he asked Mia about it, she said that Ms. Turner was still working in the kindergarten. So, did that mean that he hadn't seen her because she was hiding from him?

—

At the kindergarten.

The last lesson of the day was a dance class.

The kindergarten's anniversary celebrations would be held in a few days. They would be performing on stage during the celebrations, so they had arranged extra dance classes recently.

Pete pulled a long face and danced expressionlessly with the rest of the children.

Fortunately for him, kids' dances didn't differentiate between boys and girls, but even so, he still felt a slight sense of embarrassment welling up in him.

Because!

He had to wear a skirt in the dance!

Pete couldn't help but heave a huge sigh while he danced.

Was Cherry so happy being with Daddy that she had forgotten about returning? To think they hadn't switched back yet! Should this go on any longer, he would become a little dancing genius very soon!

After another round of practice, Tanya clapped her hands and told the children to have a quick rest where they were.

Pete needed to take a leak, so he got up and walked over to the bathroom outside.

As soon as he exited the dance studio, he spotted a little fellow dancing outside the door.

Mia was frail, so she never attended any of the sports and dance classes. Yet, she was tiptoeing and gently turning her body at the moment.

It was the dance that they were doing just now.

Pete walked over. Seemingly having spotted him, Mia stopped moving. She stared at him with her big eyes and small oval-shaped face and said, "You guys looked great dancing just now, Cherry!"

"..."

Pete kept quiet for a while. Then, he asked, "Why are you here?"

The little Mia lowered her head and twiddled her thumbs. "I... I was too bored."

There were also painting lessons and writing lessons being conducted elsewhere during the dance lesson, yet Mia hadn't gone there but came over here to secretly watch them dance instead...

Pete suddenly understood something. He asked, "Do you like dancing?"

Mia hesitated for a moment before she nodded. However, she also shook her head right after that.

Her timid appearance was such that even Pete, who had never been one to be meddlesome, couldn't help but ask another question, "Do you like it or not?"

Mia had always been an introverted child who kept everything inside her.

But for some reason, when the one she was facing was the little boy version of Cherry, she was able to speak up. She replied, "I do, but my mommy doesn't allow me to dance."

Mia sadly hung her head a little.

She had always liked dancing, and could never resist dancing along whenever she heard music.

Yet, her mother had claimed that she wasn't in good health and forbade her from learning.

The doctor had obviously said before that they could consider letting her exercise and train her body, so why was Mommy always stopping her from exercising?

While Mia was puzzling over this, Pete suddenly took her hand, walked into the dance studio, and went up to Tanya. Then, he said to Mia, "Dance the routine from just now."

Tanya, "?"

Mia, "?"

Mia glanced at Tanya cautiously and then at Pete.

Seemingly having received encouragement, the timid girl performed the dance in front of Tanya.

Tanya's eyes lit up.

To be honest, all these years, she had been wanting to take an apprentice and let them participate in competitions in the future.

However, she had never found a suitable candidate.

She didn't expect the young Mia to be so talented in dancing!

She was practically the best dancer among all the children in the class!

Moreover, she was born with a small frame and was flexible, which made her very suitable for dancing!

Tanya gazed at her and asked, "Do you want to learn to dance?"

Mia looked at Pete.

Pete nodded at her.

Mia nodded fiercely. "Yeah!"

Tanya became tempted at once, and she almost blurted out the question 'Are you willing to learn from me?'.

But when she thought of Mia's identity, she hesitated for a very long time before she finally heaved a sigh and got onto her feet. She ultimately didn't say anything.

She was that man's daughter; Tanya mustn't take her as an apprentice. Otherwise, she would end up becoming entangled with him again.

The school bell just so happened to ring at this point, so Tanya said, "Alright, let's go back to your respective classes and get ready to go home!"

The students scattered and left. Mia was the only one who kept looking back at her.

Tanya steeled her heart and looked away.

At the entrance of the kindergarten.

Joel's cell phone rang while he was waiting for Mia. Quentin's voice came from the other end when he answered.

"The DNA test report is out."

Joel tensed up and he asked nervously, "How are the results?"

The previous generation of the Smiths had three sons, and Ian was the youngest. They didn't have any sisters.

No one had given birth to any daughters in their generation, either. Though, Ian had adopted a daughter. Should Nora really turn out to be their cousin, that would be great.

Besides, this would also give Ian the courage to live on.

Joel received a reply from Quentin while he was thinking about it. The reply took him by surprise. His upturned eyes slowly became downcast. A short while later, he said, "I see."

After he hung up, Joel turned to look out the window and went into deep contemplation.

Some time later, he finally retracted his gaze as if he had made up his mind about something. Students started to exit the kindergarten after that.

Joel got out of the car.

Golden Sunshine Kindergarten students were all children of the rich and powerful. Therefore, the parents picking up their children were also all either rich or of high social status.

In the past, it was Mia's mother who had picked up Mia and Brandon from school. However, Joel was the one coming over every day now, which caused the other parents to also start picking up their children themselves.

"Oh, are you here to pick up your child too, Mr. Smith? Nice to meet you!"

"What a coincidence, Mr. Smith! Are you here to pick up your child from school?"

"I'm the general manager of Glory Group, Mr. Smith. Nice to meet you..."

"..."

When Tanya, who was holding Pete's hand, was about to leave the kindergarten, she was greeted by the sight of directors from various corporations standing in a row at the door.

The teachers in the kindergarten couldn't help but marvel.

"Oh my goodness, those parents usually send nannies or bodyguards to pick up and drop off their children. Why are so many of them here in person today?"

"Anyone I hit with a random toss of a ball will probably have a net worth of millions of dollars!"

"I bet you don't understand why, right? Can't you see? Everyone's here for Mr. Smith!"

"Mr. Smith is so handsome! No wonder Mia is so good-looking even though she's so young. She must have inherited her looks from Mr. Smith! He's also so graceful, gentle, and elegant... Sigh, I'm so envious of Ms. Lynn! If only Mr. Smith would say something to me!"

"I know, right? Ms. Turner, you're a dance teacher, right? Why don't you go and have a word with Mr. Smith?"

Tanya, "..."

She lifted her head and glanced at the door. The graceful figure standing across the crowd seemed to stand aloof from the world and gave off an air like that of a noble gentleman.

Even after five years had passed, that man still shone so brightly and radiantly.

Five years ago, she had said, "I want to hide you away and not let anyone else see you. You're simply too outstanding; I'm afraid that someone will take you away from me!"

But he had ultimately still become someone else's husband.

When she thought of how he and Hillary were married, she immediately retracted her gaze.

Pete, who had caught a glimpse of her expression, became puzzled, and he asked, "Why aren't you teaching Mia how to dance, God-mom? I think she dances very well."

Mia was thinner than most other children, and she didn't have much baby fat on her small face. She had a small oval-shaped face and a pointed chin. When she danced, her form was very light and weightless as though she were a butterfly.

Pete felt that it would be a huge pity if she didn't dance.

Tanya touched Pete's head and replied, "It's because her parents don't allow her to dance."

Otherwise, why wouldn't she have been exposed to dancing when she was already five?

Besides, she also really didn't want to be involved with the Smiths anymore.

Pete tilted his head and nodded as if he had understood something.

Tanya took Pete to the roadside after they exited the kindergarten. The unreliable Nora had left with the car in the morning after she woke up, so the two of them could only take a cab home now.

The kindergarten was relatively far from the area where they could hail a cab, so they walked one street down and went to another road.

Joel had already spotted Tanya a long time ago.

She was a dancer, after all. Her legs were long and her waist slender, making her look as charming as ever despite just wearing ordinary-looking clothes.

He'd thought that they would at least make eye contact, but unexpectedly, Tanya didn't take even a glance at him and took the child straight to the other side of the street.

Light flickered in his upturned eyes. After clenching his fists a little, he picked up Mia and got into the car with her.

While Tanya and Pete were waiting for a cab, an extended Lincoln suddenly stopped in front of them. The door opened, and Joel's astonishingly good-looking visage appeared in front of them. He said, "Where are you going? I'll give you guys a ride."

Tanya was so shocked that she immediately looked around. When she saw that no one had noticed them, she breathed a sigh of relief. Then, she took Pete's hand, took a step back, and said with an air of resistance, "No, it's fine."

But as soon as she said that, Joel uttered a domineering reply in a gentle voice, "Don't make me get out of the car and kidnap you."

Tanya, "..."

The parents and teachers nearby were about to walk over. Tanya didn't want to cause any trouble, so she could only pick up Pete and quickly get into the car.

The car door slowly closed. Mia called out happily, "Cherry! Ms. Turner!"

Tanya smiled at her.

Pete took the initiative to sit beside Mia.

Tanya's brows knitted together—she could only sit next to Joel now. Nevertheless, she shifted away from him and put some distance between them.

Joel frowned at the sight.

He lowered his gaze and asked, "Your address?"

Only then did Tanya finally react. After she gave him the Andersons' address, Joel looked at her and asked, "Are you staying with the Andersons?"

Tanya nodded.

Joel cast his eyes down. "It's not very convenient staying in someone else's home, right? Don't you have anywhere else you can stay at?"

Tanya turned away and replied, "That doesn't seem to be any of your business, Mr. Smith."

She was calling him Mr. Smith again...

Joel took a deep breath and said, "That's true. We have nothing to do with each other."

Tanya clenched her jaw.

Indeed, they had nothing to do with each other.

In fact, that man must even hate her, right?

That was why he didn't allow his daughter to dance—because she was a dancer, right?

Tanya didn't expect that Joel would hate her that much. It was just that if he hated her so much, then why was he sending them home?

In the midst of her hesitance, Joel said, "It was my misunderstanding the other time."

The other time? Was he talking about that time in the hospital when he misunderstood that she was Mr. Hunt's lover?

With a cold look on her face, Tanya said sarcastically, "It's not your fault, Mr. Smith. It's because I look too much like someone's mistress."

Joel, "..."

He knew that she was dissing him, but from Tanya's reaction, he instead caught vague shadows of what they were like in the past.

He took a deep breath and said, "You don't have to say that about yourself. That's not what I meant, either... Never mind. I'm taking you home because I wanted to apologize to you."

"You can save the apology, Mr. Smith," Tanya replied coldly, "It'll be fine as long as you stay away from me in the future, lest I become an eyesore to you!"

Joel, "!!"

The kindergarten was very close to the Andersons' villa, so they had already arrived while they were talking.

The chauffeur even felt as if his boss had given him a cold look when he stopped the car.

"Let's get off."

Tanya was about to get out of the car with Pete when he suddenly looked at Joel and asked, "Mia's Daddy, why are you forbidding Mia from learning how to dance?"

His question stunned Joel. "What?"

Pete glanced at a cowering Mia and said sincerely, "She likes dancing very much. Restricting a child's hobbies and interests is not something that a good father does."

"..."

Seeing that Joel's expression had tensed up and that he wasn't speaking, Tanya beckoned to Pete and said, "Come on down now."

Pete hopped off the car.

The two of them entered the Andersons' villa hand in hand.

The car door slowly closed as they disappeared at the door. When the car started once more, Joel finally looked at Mia.

He beckoned to Mia, who went over to him docilely at once. She tried to please him and said cautiously, "Mia doesn't like dancing, Daddy..."

Her eyes flickered as she spoke, and there was a bit of panic in them.

Joel's heart ached for some reason. He asked, "Was it your mother who forbade you from learning how to dance, Mia?"

Mia nodded, but then shook her head again. In the end, she lowered her head and said uneasily, "Mommy said that Daddy hates someone who dances, and told me not to learn to dance. Don't worry, Daddy, Mia won't dance!"

Her words made Joel's eyes widen in shock.

Joel had always wanted to know Mia's interests and preferences while she was growing up, but he found that everything that the girl liked to eat and play with were all things that he liked.

He had always thought that she had inherited those traits from him.

Little did he expect that they were actually all a result of Hillary's training?

Joel's expression darkened. "Daddy doesn't dislike dancing."

Mia's eyes lit up at once, and she asked, "Then can Mia learn to dance with Ms. Turner?"

Joel looked at her. His jaw tensed up as he asked, "Do you like Ms. Turner very much, Mia?"

Mia gave him a timid smile and replied, "Yeah."

She lowered her head and twiddled her thumbs as she said, "Ms. Turner dances really beautifully, yeah. I secretly watched her a few times. She also really likes to smile. I like her very much... But Mommy doesn't like Ms. Turner..."

She looked rather depressed at this point. Then, she added, "Besides, Ms. Turner also doesn't like Mia."

The disappointed girl said, "She refused to teach me today."

Tanya had refused to teach her... It must be because she really didn't want to have anything to do with him, right?

Joel's long, slender fingers balled up slightly, and the look in his eyes turned even frostier than before. He rubbed Mia's head gently. After a short silence, he said, "It's okay. I'll think of something if you want to learn dancing."

—

At the Andersons'.

Nora had just come out of the bath when Pete got home. The woman, who was wearing a silk nightgown, let out a lazy yawn and collapsed onto the bed.

Pete greeted her. "Hi, Mommy."

Nora waved and said, "Yeah. Do your homework yourself."

"Okay."

Pete went to the study after that. Nora was about to go to bed when her cell phone suddenly rang. Cherry's young and tender voice rang out on the phone when she answered the call.

"My dearest Mommy, have you found out where Sponsor Grandpa is?"

They had been chatting on Messenger for more than a month. Their spark of friendship had been getting stronger and stronger, but their chat had been inactive the whole day the day before.

Why hadn't Sponsor Grandpa come online yet today?

Cherry was panicked.

As though her actions were right and justified, Nora replied, "Oh. I forgot about it."

"..."

Cherry sighed. "Then are you willing to look him up for me now, Mommy?"

"No, I'm not."

Cherry was so mad that her little chest was heaving up and down. She silently told herself that she was her biological mother... She could only grin and bear with it and ask, "Then when will you be free to look him up for me?"

Nora raised her eyebrows and replied, "When I wake up, I guess. Alright, I'm hanging up!"

She was really sleepy now.

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

The disconnected tone made Cherry's heart go cold. Her little shoulders drooped as she looked up at the big villa in front of her, on the brink of tears.

She was staying with her father at the Hunts' family home at the moment.

The family home was actually a manor.

By right, since Justin was the head of the Hunts, he should have been living in the manor. However, because the Hunts were all living together, this meant that his second uncle's family was also living there. Moreover, there was also that incident with the elderly Mrs. Hunt previously. Thus, Justin had taken Pete with him and resided elsewhere instead.

As Justin had taught his second uncle's family a good lesson and also gotten something on them after they made that mistake, they had become much more well-behaved and didn't dare to come over anymore. Coupled with the fact that the two of them were staying in the main house, this meant that Cherry still hadn't met anyone from the Hunts yet, even though it had been two days since they moved back.

In the midst of her thoughts, Justin strode into the room. He looked down at her and asked gently, "There's a family dinner tonight. Do you want to join them?"

A family dinner?

Cherry loved lively places the most.

Moreover, several of her elders would also be there, which meant that she would gain a few more people that doted on and loved her. Thus, she nodded and replied, "Yeah, I wanna go!"

“Okay.”

Justin smiled at her. Had it been his son instead, he definitely wouldn't have wanted to go. As expected, his daughter's personality was different. She was much livelier and more cheerful than his son.

He bent over, picked up Cherry with one arm, and carried her downstairs.

The Hunts hosted a family dinner every month. All the Hunts were required to attend it as long as they were in New York—this was a rule in the family.

By the time they went down to the main living room, the spacious living room was already full of people.

His second uncle, Roger Hunt, sat quietly in the corner.

Roger's son, Fatty, was playing with his cell phone with his head down. Apart from them, the other Hunts in the family were also present. The elderly Mrs. Hunt had already been discharged from the hospital and was currently seated on the chair next to the master seat.

The master seat belonged to the head of the family.

The moment Justin came down, all the Hunts stood up. Even if they were his elders, they were still required to show the head of the family courtesy.

Mrs. Hunt, who was the oldest there, said, “You're here, Justin.”

Justin nodded and greeted his grandmother. Then, as if he was teaching his child manners—even though he was, in fact, giving his daughter a reminder—he said, “Say hi to your Great-Grandma, Pete.”

Cherry looked at Mrs. Hunt eagerly.

So, was she the Great-Grandma who'd had a fall some time back, causing her brother to be accused of pushing her?

Mrs. Hunt was also looking at her.

She had come to know what had happened after she regained consciousness after the operation. The old lady had felt rather distressed that her son and his family had used her against a child.

Pete was not like other children; he was mildly autistic and didn't like to talk.

After that incident, the relationship that they had built after so much effort must be almost all gone by now, right?

Mrs. Hunt heaved a sigh at the thought and looked at Cherry cautiously. Knowing that her great-grandson probably didn't dare to approach her anymore, she said regretfully, "Never mind... Let's not make things difficult for the child anymore!"

"Yeah, that's right! Don't make things difficult for Pete anymore. He has mild autism, you know!" said Raymond Hunt, Justin's second uncle. He sounded as if he was echoing Mrs. Hunt, but in truth, he was embarrassing Pete in front of all the other Hunts. He added, "He doesn't like talking!!"

How could a child that didn't talk possibly inherit the company in the future?

Even if he was currently stripped of authority, once Justin became old, wouldn't the company still be theirs in the end anyway?

Mrs. Hunt became angry the moment Raymond said that. She snapped, "Pete isn't autistic, Raymond! Don't you dare spout nonsense!"

Raymond curled his lip disdainfully. "Yeah, yeah, Pete isn't autistic. He just doesn't like talking to people, that's all. Sigh, he can't just keep avoiding talking to people when he takes over the company in the future, right?"

Roger said, "Don't say that, Dad. Who knows, he may recover after he grows up."

Chester couldn't tell that they were mocking Pete. Neither did he recognize that the child was his leader, and thought she was his quiet and reticent little nephew, so he echoed them and said, "Yeah, it'll be fine once he grows up!"

Raymond, however, scoffed and said, "That's what everyone said when he was a baby, but you don't see his condition getting any better the last few years, either... But I'm just worrying over nothing, of course, because Justin will definitely have everything all nicely planned out for the company in the future, right?"

He then looked at Fatty and reprimanded him. "And you, too, Fatty. Don't just study all the time. What's the use of being so academic? All that studying has

made you stupid instead. What matters the most as a leader is eloquence! How can you make people trust and believe in you if you're not eloquent?"

He was both overtly and secretly demeaning Pete.

All the other Hunts looked at Pete when they heard what he said.

Indeed, what was the use of a genius if he was autistic?

Seeing that his words were showing effect, Raymond immediately became rather smug.

Roger, however, narrowed his eyes.

During past family dinners, Pete had either skipped it altogether and if he did attend, Justin would always lose his temper whenever someone mentioned the words 'mild autism'.

Why was he keeping quiet this time, though?

Could it be that...

He was still wondering about it when the little fellow in Justin's arms called out sweetly, "Hi, Great-Grandma!"

Roger, "?"

Raymond was also dumbfounded. He stared at the child in Justin's arms in disbelief and said, "Were you the one talking just now, Pete?"

Cherry rolled her eyes and looked at Justin. Then, in her young but clear voice, she asked, "Is that grandpa deaf or blind, Daddy? Why are his ears and eyes so bad? Since our family is so rich, you have to get the doctor to take a look at him!"

The corners of Justin's lips curled into a smile. His usually standoffish countenance looked rather relaxed. He glanced at Raymond and replied leisurely, "He's very old, so he can neither see nor hear anything clearly."

Raymond, "!!!"

Cherry replied adorably, "Oh, I see!"

As for Mrs. Hunt, she was so excited upon hearing Cherry's voice that her eyes reddened. She wanted to reach out and take her into her arms, but when she thought of how the little fellow loathed physical contact with others the most, she retracted her arms and asked with a smile, "Is Pete talking now? Has he recovered?"

Justin cast his eyes down dispassionately and kept quiet. Instead, he put his daughter down.

As soon as Cherry's feet touched the floor, she ran toward Mrs. Hunt. The little figure dived into the elderly lady's arms and she called out adorably and tenderly, "Great-Grandma!"

Not only was the little fellow sweet-smelling and tender, but 'he' was finally willing to let her hug 'him' now.

Mrs. Hunt became even more excited, so much so that her hands even started to shake. She let out an excited sound of acknowledgment and then, without a second thought, took off a ring she was wearing and stuffed it into Cherry's hands. She said, "Here, this is for you, Pete!"

Everyone present was shocked at the sight.

Mrs. Hunt's ring was made of top-quality jadeite that formed only in hundreds of thousands of years, and was worth over ten million dollars! The elderly Mr. Hunt had given it to her when they got married back then!

At that time, they had said that it was to be passed on to future generations as a family heirloom!

The elderly lady had also been urging Justin to get married all this time, so that she could gift the ring to her daughter-in-law. It was a symbol of one's status as the female master of the Hunts!

Why had she instead given the ring to Pete in a moment of excitement today?

Raymond panicked. He stepped forward and said with a smile, "Look at how muddleheaded you are, Mom. This is a woman's ring; why would you give it to Pete?"

The old lady glanced at him and replied with a smile, "Pete can keep it and give it to his wife in the future, then!"

In other words, she was saying that Pete's wife would be the female master of the Hunts in the future. In that case, Pete's position as the head of the family was not to be doubted!

The elderly lady was backing Pete up!

Raymond frowned and looked at Fatty with dissatisfaction. Then, he said, "You mustn't be biased, Mom. Since you've given that to Pete, what are you going to give Fatty?"

The fat little boy also looked at her expectantly.

Mrs. Hunt glanced at him and said with a smile, "Fatty can ask his Uncle Justin if there's anything he wants! Justin is rich! And he's also the head of the family!"

Raymond's expression darkened even further.

Roger also lowered his gaze.

Seeing that the two of them were no longer creating any more trouble, Mrs. Hunt finally looked at Cherry and said, "Put the ring away properly, Pete."

Cherry hastily said, "This is too precious, Great-Grandma. I can't accept it!"

"One shouldn't reject gifts from their elders. Just take it."

Cherry subconsciously wanted to look for Nora, but she suddenly realized that Mommy wasn't here, so she looked at Justin instead.

Justin cast his eyes down and smiled. Then, he stepped forward, took the ring from Cherry, and said, "Since Great-Grandma has given it to you, then just accept it. But you're still young, so you can't wear it yet. We'll let your Mommy wear it first."

'Mommy'?

Mrs. Hunt's eyes lit up the moment he said that. She asked, "What Mommy?"

The others also looked at him.

Was that man, who had made up his mind to remain single for his entire life, finally getting married?

Raymond and Roger instantly felt a sense of crisis.

Should Justin get married and have another two sons, wouldn't Fatty have even less of a chance?!

The two of them frowned.

All of a sudden, Raymond said, "Alright, the grownups are going to talk. Why don't you kids go to the side and play some games?"

He gave Fatty a look after he spoke.

Fatty immediately understood what he meant. He took a step forward, grabbed Cherry's hand, and said, "C'mon Pete, why don't we play some games? This mobile game is very popular now. Anyone can play it as long as they are not too stupid. Surely you know how to play it, right?"

It was common knowledge that Pete was a nerd whose only hobby was studying. This meant that he would definitely suck at playing games!

Cherry, "?"

Before she could even speak, Mrs. Hunt panicked and said, "Children shouldn't play games too much!"

Roger smiled and said, "That's a rather misguided statement, Grandma. Games can also reflect a person's intelligence. Besides, people who only know how to memorize their books and fail to exercise practical application in their studies tend to have one-track minds."

He looked at Justin and said, "Isn't Justin himself someone who excels in every aspect? I'm sure Pete is also someone like that, so let's just let him play!"

The way he spoke sounded as if people who were bad at games were very stupid!

Justin's lip corners curled into a smile when he heard what he said.

Wasn't that game that Fatty mentioned exactly the one that Cherry live-streamed herself playing?

He had already found out a long time ago that Cherry was the local server's top player in that game!

Over at the other side, Fatty had already taken out his cell phone. He asked, "Do you have an account? Come on, let's play a round! I can carry you in the game as long as you're not particularly stupid! This game is the best at reflecting whether someone is clever or not!"

Cherry, "?"

Were they asking her if she had ever played it before?

Kiddo, are you sure you aren't joking? she thought.

She looked down at the cell phone in her hands—it was her brother's. In order to prevent anyone from discovering that they had switched places, they would always switch cell phones with each other, too.

In order to play her game, she had prepared two cell phones for herself. The one that she had brought with her here was her brother's, so the game wasn't installed in it. She said, "Gimme a moment, I have to download the game first!"

Fatty nodded. "Okay, hurry up."

Cherry nodded and stretched out her chubby little finger. She pressed a few times nimbly on the phone and started the download.

On the other side, Chester panicked.

He was on his little nephew's side, after all!

Thus, he came over hastily and said, "What are you guys playing? I'll carry you guys!"

Fatty knew that this uncle of his was great at games, and even live-streamed. If he carried them in the game, it definitely wouldn't highlight Pete's stupidity.

Fatty's eyes swiveled around. Then, he grinned and said, "Pete has never played this game before, so he'll definitely have a hard time getting started. Why don't we have a PvP battle with each other first? This way, he can also familiarize himself with the game!"

PvP battles referred to one-on-one, player-versus-player battles in the game.

Once a player lost all of their HP, their character would die.

Fatty felt that Pete definitely wouldn't be familiar with the game, since this was his first time playing it. Wouldn't he be able to easily trash the other party and take several of his lives, then? If he could get a kill ratio of zero to several dozen, Daddy and Grandpa would definitely praise him!

He could also take the opportunity to show everyone present that he, Fatty, was the most outstanding child in this generation of the Hunts.

Chester was usually quite the dimwit, but he nevertheless instantly understood the seven to eight-year-old boy's intentions.

He said anxiously, "No, that won't do!"

"Why not?" asked Fatty.

Chester coughed and said, "Who would ask for a PvP battle right off the bat? I don't think this is fair to Pete."

Fatty argued for his case and said, "It isn't unfair. This would also allow us to see Pete's level, after all. Are you scared to have a PvP battle with me, Pete?"

Cherry, who was currently downloading the game, looked up with her big round eyes when she heard him.

She blinked and replied, "Sure, no problem!"

Her young, tender voice could practically make one melt.

Her voice made Mrs. Hunt feel as if someone had just coated her heart in honey. She beckoned to her and said, "We won't play with him if you don't want to, Pete! Come over to Great-Grandma instead!"

Cherry tilted her head and looked at Mrs. Hunt. When she saw the elderly lady's kind eyes, she smiled sweetly and said, "It'll be fine, Great-Grandma!"

Mrs. Hunt shook her head and said earnestly, "It's not good to immerse yourself in games. Take a look at Chester; weren't all of you opposed to him playing games?"

Raymond laughed and said, "It's not like Fatty is playing it as a profession. He's just cultivating the mind and spirit. Besides, I heard that playing games can also train a child's ability to focus, so it's not necessarily all bad. Clever children will always master everything at one go, no matter what they do."

A smiling Roger also said, "Don't worry, Grandma. Pete has always been smart ever since he was a baby. He has a very high IQ, so a bit of gaming won't be any trouble for him at all."

Then, Roger looked at Fatty and said, "Show your younger cousin some mercy."

Fatty grinned and replied, "No problem, Daddy!"

At the sight of his confidence, Roger suddenly suggested, "It certainly isn't quite appropriate to just focus on playing games. Why don't we have a bet?"

Raymond immediately spoke in favor of the suggestion. He said, "That's a good idea! Otherwise, the children won't be motivated to win, either! Why don't we have a bet? If Fatty loses, I'll give up 1% of my shares in the company. How does that sound?"

1% of his shares?

Now, that was going a little too far!

The Hunts' assets were worth trillions of dollars. Even though he only owned 20% of the company's shares, 1% of that 20% was still worth several millions of dollars!

Mrs. Hunt's expression darkened. "The children are just fooling around. The stakes are too high, Raymond!"

"What's the big deal?"

Raymond walked over to Mrs. Hunt with a smile and took her arm. The man was already in his fifties, yet he was behaving like a child. He said, "We're just having fun, Mom! Besides, we are a family. It's the same no matter who owns the shares! I'm sure Justin will rise up to the challenge, right?"

Justin cast his eyes down and said, "Are you talking about 1% of the company's shares, or 1% of your shares in the company, Uncle Raymond?"

Raymond was taken aback for a moment.

Justin sneered, "Since you want to have some fun, then let's up the stakes. What say you to 1% of the company's shares?"

Given how profitable the Hunt Corporation's shares were, 1% of the company's shares would involve a transfer of billions of dollars' worth of profits!

The stakes were too high!

Who would gamble dozens of billions of dollars on a one-time bet?

Raymond's expression darkened. He subconsciously looked at Roger.

Roger smiled and said, "Since Justin has said so, then let's do just that."

Raymond wanted to say something, but Roger tugged on his sleeve, lowered his voice, and said, "Justin must have suddenly raised the stakes because he thinks you won't bear to part with that much money, so you definitely won't dare to continue with the bet!"

Raymond immediately understood what Roger meant!

So, Justin was waging psychological warfare with him!

He let out a cold laugh and exchanged a look with Roger. Then, he lowered his voice and asked, "Are you sure Pete has never played that game before?"

Roger nodded. "He is always studying every day, so how would he possibly have any time to play games? He only downloaded it once in California and played it for an afternoon there, but he uninstalled it after that. I'm sure he can't play it."

Raymond looked at his little grandson again.

Fatty was seven to eight years old this year, and he was very good at games.

The Hunts were all very smart. Wouldn't it be a cinch for Fatty to bully a five-year-old?

Besides, no matter how clever a child was, they would still have to familiarize themselves with the game's workings before they could become adept at any

game. This pocket of time Pete would need, signified that victory was pretty much in the bag for Fatty!

Thus, Raymond immediately smiled and said, “Sure, Justin. I’ll bet 1% of the company’s shares. How about you?”

Justin was about to speak when Raymond suddenly added, “You’re the head of the Hunt Corporation, so I can’t possibly ask for your shares, either, right? How about this—if Fatty is lucky enough to win, then you’ll give me that ring that Mom gave Pete just now! This request isn’t too much, is it?”

At first glance, when one compared shares worth billions of dollars to a ring worth millions of dollars, it seemed like Raymond was losing out in the deal.

However, one could earn billions of dollars, but the ring was priceless!

Moreover, that wasn’t just a mere ring—it was also something that symbolized the wife of the next head of the family!

Raymond had certainly got it all figured out!

Mrs. Hunt became infuriated at once. She said, “How can you gamble with each other when the children are just playing some games at home? Besides, that’s a gift from me. How can it be transferred to someone else?”

Raymond looked at her and said, “How can you be so biased, Mom? Why didn’t you say that we’re going too far when I offered my shares worth billions of dollars? Or is it because... Justin doesn’t dare to take up the bet with me?”

A lot of people—most of them the Hunts’ collateral and direct descendants—had come for the Hunts’ family dinner. By repeatedly using phrases such as “Do you dare to do it or not” in front of so many people, Raymond was obviously leaving Justin no way out.

Should he refuse the bet at a time like this, it would be tantamount to him showing signs of cowardice!

Raymond was certain that Justin would agree to it—after all, that was the only option he had.

Sure enough, after a short silence, Justin slowly replied, “Let’s do it.”

Raymond and Roger exchanged a look and smirked.

How dare Pete attend the dinner! Mrs. Hunt was also too biased. Pete was just a five-year-old boy who hadn't even grown up, yet she was giving him the family heirloom! She was too much!

They were bent on making Pete make a fool out of himself today!

Mrs. Hunt wanted to stop them again, but Justin gave her a comforting look, which made the old lady close her mouth.

Fatty became even more excited when he heard their conversation. He selected the hero that he was the most skilled at playing as, and asked Cherry, "Which hero are you playing as, Pete? You can just pick any of them."

Cherry nodded, selected the little girl hero that she always played as, and replied, "I'm picking this one. What about you?"

Fatty answered, "I'm playing as this guy!"

"Pfft!" Cherry broke into a grin and laughed. As soon as she turned on the game, she transformed into her irritable little girl persona and started to diss her opponent. She said, "Okay. C'mon sonny, I'm going to beat you so bad today that your mom won't even recognize you!"

Fatty was taken aback. "Who do you think you're calling 'sonny'?"

"Your hero, of course. Isn't he my hero's son?"

"..."

Fatty, who had been taken advantage of for no reason whatsoever, was furious. He controlled his hero in the game and made him go straight to Cherry.

Cherry, who looked like she was in high spirits, had a triumphant look on her face.

She deliberately acted as if she was playing the game for the first time, making her hero walk about left and right awkwardly as if she didn't even know how to use the controls. "Oh no, why is she walking away?!" Cherry said.

Fatty was overjoyed. He chased after Cherry's hero and started to attack her.

Cherry didn't fight back in the early stages of the round. Instead, she deliberately made her hero sway left and right, making Fatty burst out laughing. "Dummy Pete, you're so stupid! Can't you even walk? I'm gonna teach you how to behave today!"

Cherry put on a feint in the first half and didn't fire even a single shot. She kept her HP under control and allowed Fatty to deplete it to the lowest it could go.

After that, she seemed to understand something and became so scared that she started to run toward her defensive tower.

Fatty chased after her.

She had only a little HP left! As long as he could make contact with Cherry, there would be absolutely no problem at all.

It would be fine even if he had to defend against her defensive tower.

Yet, as if Cherry had suddenly pressed something wrong by accident, she pressed the button for her first skill. Her hero immediately did a tuck-and-roll and moved to the left, causing Fatty to miss!

Right at this point, the sound indicating a kill rang out on the phone!

'Pete Hunt' had killed 'The Unbeatable And Most Handsome'!

"He lost so quickly?"

A triumphant Raymond said, "You're too lousy, Pete. Even if this is your first time playing, you still lost too quickly. It hasn't even been a minute, you know?"

Roger also smirked and said, "A bet's a bet, Justin. That ring..."

Justin looked at them, dark light flickering in his eyes. In front of all the Hunts, his lips slowly parted and he asked, "The children are fooling around. Are you sure that the bet just now is valid?"

Raymond chuckled at once and said, "You mustn't go back on your word, Justin. You're a man, right? Besides, you're even the man overseeing the Hunt Corporation. You have to keep your word; you can't renege on it!"

Justin raised his eyebrows. “Are you sure, Uncle Raymond?”

“Yes, I am.”

As soon as Raymond said that, Justin sighed and said, “In that case, I will graciously accept 1% of the company shares from you.”

He turned and looked at Sean, who was standing behind him, and instructed, “Prepare the share transfer agreement and let Uncle Raymond sign it later.”

“Yes, sir.”

Raymond was stunned.

Roger, who was also dumbfounded, subconsciously said, “Rather than us transferring shares to you, Justin, you should be giving us the ring instead. After all, Fatty is the one who won just now...”

However, he suddenly realized something at this point, and he looked at the children. He was dumbstruck when he saw Fatty’s reaction.

Fatty’s cell phone screen dimmed at this point.

Fatty was still dumbfounded. What had just happened?

When he looked back up, he saw Cherry patting her little chest. She looked at him and remarked, “Whew, that was so close...”

Fatty understood now—he must have been unlucky just now! He had been so close to killing her hero!

He demanded angrily, “Again!”

“... That’s not really good, is it?” asked Cherry.

Fatty panicked. “What’s so bad about it?”

Cherry sighed. “What I mean is that the stakes aren’t really good. I’ve already won, so I’m not going to play anymore!”

Fatty, “!”

He was so mad that he ran to Roger and said, "Daddy, let's bet on it again! Grandpa, take out another 1%!"

1% of the shares equated to billions of dollars!

Raymond, who had panicked after losing the huge sum of money, said anxiously, "No, no, no..."

When an indignant Fatty turned around, he immediately saw Cherry making faces at him. On top of that, she even looked as if she had just given herself a huge fright. The little fellow put on a pretense and said, "Pete was so scared just now, Daddy! I don't know what happened, either. How come Fatty died just like that? I was only left with the barest of HP!"

Justin, "..."

What was one supposed to do when their daughter suddenly started putting on a show with them?

Pamper her and go along with her, of course!

Justin stretched out his big hand, ruffled her hair, and said with a doting smile, "Pete is so awesome. To think you've actually won 1% of the company's shares for Daddy. You're so good at the game even though this is your first time playing it!"

Cherry grinned at him.

1

Their conversation made Raymond's face flush completely red.

As though a gambler's mindset, the loss of billions of dollars just now made him anxious and irritable. He looked at Fatty and asked, "Are you sure you can beat him if you go at it again?"

Fatty nodded, "Yes, I am! I was so close just now!"

"Okay! Grandpa will trust you once more!" Raymond looked straight at Justin and said, "One more time!"

Cherry buried her head into Justin's shoulder and said, "Pete doesn't wanna, Daddy! It's too scary! Pete is scared!"

Justin, "..."

He ruffled her hair and spoke gently as he appeased her. "Okay, okay. We won't play anymore..."

However, the more he refused to play, the more determined to continue Raymond became, so he said, "Are you stopping, Justin? Surely you can't just leave after you win, right? It doesn't work that way!"

Raymond, whose eyes were all red, stood and stared at him. "The bet between the children only involves a few billion dollars. I'm staking billions of dollars on this while you only need to offer up Mom's ring. It's not like you're too scared to bet, right?"

Seemingly driven into a corner, Justin could only pat Cherry on the shoulder and say, "Let's play another round, Pete?"

"But Daddy, I'm scared!"

"Don't be scared. Just close your eyes and mess around."

Cherry looked up at him 'timidly' and said, "Sigh, I thought you said that it's not good to gamble, Daddy... I'm going, then."

'Left with no other option', Cherry sat in front of Fatty with her cell phone and turned on the game again.

Fatty controlled his hero and rushed straight toward Cherry's hero again.

The two of them clashed in the middle of the arena. Cherry blinked and repeated the same trick. After allowing Fatty to reduce her HP to the barest minimum, she 'coincidentally' killed Fatty's hero instead!

Fatty jumped onto his feet. "Why am I dead again?"

Cherry blinked with her big round eyes. "Yeah, I didn't do anything, either. How did I fire a cannon? ... Oh, I get it now!"

Fatty, "?"

Cherry said with a straight face, "It's because your mom will always be your mom. Sons can't just usurp the throne whenever they want to~"

Fatty, “!!”

Her words made Roger narrow his eyes a little. By the time Fatty rushed over again to ask for another round, Raymond had already become thoroughly anxious and irritable at his losses.

Within a matter of a mere few minutes, he had actually lost 2% of the company’s shares and gone from owning 20% of the shares to 18%??

Raymond was so furious that he smacked the table. “One more time!”

Fatty nodded. He was about to set off when Roger grabbed his arm. Then, he looked at Justin and Cherry with a smile and said, “Nice one, Justin.”

Justin raised his eyebrows. “I told you, there’s no need to raise the stakes like that when the children are just fooling around. Look at how alarmed and anxious Uncle Raymond has become after he lost!”

His words made Raymond flush as red as a tomato. He pointed at Justin angrily and sputtered, “You, you, you...”

Justin’s expression turned cold and he said nothing.

Cherry, however, said, “Daddy, I’m so scared! Is that grandpa having a stroke? His fingers keep shaking!”

Raymond, “?”

Even Justin couldn’t help just smile. His anger from just now disappeared, and his voice was low and gentle as he replied, “No, Uncle Raymond is just being a sore loser. Forget it, you don’t need to prepare the agreement anymore, Sean.”

Raymond knew that Justin was provoking him the moment he heard what he said.

It was either he toughed it out and went along with Justin’s words—but he would probably never be able to hold his head up high in front of the Hunts after that since he was the one who suggested the bet, yet also the one being a sore loser in the end—or he surrendered the shares!

Raymond was thick-skinned. Thinking that he could just redeem his reputation in the future, he was about to speak when the same young and tender voice

said, "Why would he be a sore loser, Daddy? That grandpa was really amazing just now, and he even asked if you dared to bet with him. Is he the one who actually doesn't dare to? Also, can people just cancel their bets at will? Daddy taught me that I should always keep my word. Otherwise, it would be no different from a fart~!"

Raymond, "!!!"

Her words were too humiliating!

His words would be no different from a fart?!

He took a few deep breaths. There was no way he could part with the money, but the problem was that he would thoroughly embarrass himself... He couldn't quite stomach the aggravation.

At this point, Roger smiled and said, "That's impossible. It's just a few billion dollars. Dad, give it to him."

Raymond looked at Roger and exclaimed, "Roger!"

Roger's expression darkened. "Give it to him."

Raymond finally turned to Justin and said indignantly, "Prepare the agreement!"

Sean immediately nodded. "Yes, sir."

At the sight of him turning and leaving, Raymond said sarcastically, "Your assistant is terrible, Justin. How can he say that when you haven't even agreed?"

Sean ignored him. Instead, his footsteps toward the outside quickened as he got ready to print the papers.

To be honest, 2% of the shares were actually very important to them!

Justin, however, replied, "We're a family, Uncle Raymond. How would he possibly have the guts to disobey your instructions?"

Raymond, "??"

Was there even anyone who didn't know that no one could order about the few subordinates under Justin's command, except for Justin himself?

He was going too far by saying that!!!

—

While Cherry was provoking Raymond and his family at the Hunts', Pete was in school.

During class, a child raised his hand. "Ms. Lynn, my head hurts."

The teacher hurriedly walked over and asked, "What's wrong?"

The little fellow pointed to his head and replied, "It hurts."

Ms. Lynn had no choice but to let him rest at the side.

After class, everyone surrounded the boy with a headache.

"Jimmy, are you pretending to have a headache?"

The boy named Jimmy shook his head. "No, I'm not."

"But my mom said that your mom says you're just pretending to have a headache so that you can play truant!"

Jimmy's eyes reddened and he stood up. "That's not true! My head really hurts!"

"You're just pretending!"

"Yes, you're just pretending! Your mom said so in the kindergarten parents' group chat!"

Jimmy was so mad that he clenched his fists.

Mia came over and said softly, "Don't talk about Jimmy like that. I'm sure he's not pretending!"

Mia spoke very softly. Pete found the way she spoke very calming, so she was the only one with whom he was willing to play in the kindergarten.

Seeing that even she had spoken up, Pete glanced at Jimmy and sent a text message to Nora: 'Mommy, I have a classmate who keeps having a headache. What's going on?'

Meanwhile.

Jimmy's mother was complaining madly in the parents' group chat.

Jimmy's Mom: 'The teacher called me and said that Jimmy was having a headache again. Sigh, kids are so sly these days. It must be because I picked him up and brought him home the moment they called last time that he has learned to lie now.'

Brandon's Mom: 'Is he always having a headache? You'd best send him for a checkup.'

Jimmy's Mom: 'Is there even any need for a child to see a doctor because of headaches? I think he's fine. Besides, they'll definitely make him do a whole bunch of brain CT scans and MRI scans. Those will expose the child to radiation!'

Helen's Mom: 'Yes, kids nowadays are really smart. They know what works best for them and are always pretending.'

The messages from the group chat and Pete were so noisy that Nora couldn't sleep, so she picked up her phone. When she saw the messages, she sent one back to Pete.

Pete gave Nora a video call after seeing her reply. Then, he followed her instructions and gave Jimmy a checkup.

For example, he pressed the top of his head and asked, "Does it hurt here?"

After asking him a few questions, Nora's lazy voice came through the phone and she said, "I'm hanging up."

Then, she went to the group chat and sent a message.

Nora: 'Jimmy's mom, his situation is not promising. You should take him to the hospital for a lumbar puncture right away.'

The parents in the group chat, who were chatting about how their children were always playing tricks, were dumbfounded and all of them stopped talking.

A short while later, Jimmy's mother popped up.

Jimmy's Mom: '???'

Jimmy's Mom: 'Are you crazy? The most that's ever necessary when people have headaches are brain CT scans. Why would he need to do a lumbar puncture?'

Nora answered calmly: 'I am a doctor.'

Jimmy's Mom: 'Does being a doctor mean you can tell us to do things? We actually have a doctor in the group chat? The Golden Sunshine Kindergarten actually has parents who are doctors? Are you really lacking this bit of money for medical tests from me?'

The others echoed her:

'Yes, she's right. Hospitals keep prescribing this and that to patients these days. There are actually parents in this group chat who are so poor that they want to cheat others of this bit of money?'

'She must be a quack doctor, right?'

'Don't spout nonsense here just because you have a bit of knowledge. What does a lumbar puncture have to do with the brain?'

Jimmy's Mom: 'This is just a quack doctor's misdiagnosis! Get out of the group!'

Nora, who had seen family members of patients that were even more unreasonable, wasn't bothered. Instead, she wrote: 'Jimmy is likely suffering from encephalitis.'

She was about to send the message after drafting it when she suddenly saw a message prompt:

'You have been kicked out of the group chat by the administrator.'

Nora, "?"

She raised her eyebrows and stared at her phone for a while. A brief moment later, she scoffed and opened Cherry's chat window. Then, she sent a message to Pete: 'He is likely suffering from encephalitis. Have his father take him to the hospital for a checkup.'

Doctors should be benevolent.

The child was still so young. She didn't want to let the matter go unchecked.

Neither would she lower herself to his parent's level.

After sending the message, she lay down and got ready to sleep.

—

At the kindergarten.

Pete walked over to Jimmy after reading Nora's message and relayed her words to him.

Jimmy was so frightened that he burst into tears at once. "Sob! I have encephalitis! Am I going to die?!"

Ms. Lynn was dumbfounded when Jimmy burst into tears. She tried to coax him, but he cried and asked for his mother instead.

As a result, Ms. Lynn could only give Jimmy's mother a call.

Jimmy's mother was a hot-tempered and straightforward woman. After receiving the teacher's call, she went straight to the school swiftly and resolutely.

She spotted Jimmy, who was crying so hard that he couldn't breathe, right away.

Jimmy's mother panicked at once. "What's wrong? Did your classmates bully you?"

A sobbing Jimmy replied, "Mommy, I'm dying. I have a very serious illness. Sob..."

His mother frowned and asked, "Who told you that?"

“Cherry did.”

Jimmy’s mother became furious at once. She shouted at Ms. Lynn, “Who is Cherry?!”

Ms. Lynn wanted to stop her, but Jimmy’s mother, who was a tall and thick woman, was simply too strong. She pushed Ms. Lynn away, entered the classroom, and demanded, “Where is Cherry?”

Pete stood up leisurely and frowned.

At the sight of him, Jimmy’s mother immediately broke into a rant. She said, “Why did you say such nonsense to Jimmy? Don’t you know that it’s not right to scare kids?! Apologize to Jimmy at once!”

Jimmy was holding his mother’s hand. The five-year-old boy looked confused—obviously, he didn’t know what was going on.

He shook his mother’s hand and said, “Mommy, Cherry wasn’t trying to scare me. My head hurts. I really am sick...”

“What do you mean you’re sick?” Jimmy’s mother’s expression turned cold and she said, “It’s normal for a child to experience headaches and fevers. Besides, your head always stops hurting every time you get home. Moreover, people in our family are all in good health. What kind of sickness can you possibly be down with? What kind of nonsense are you saying?”

It wasn’t that Jimmy’s mother didn’t care about her son. It was just that every time she took Jimmy home during the last few incidents, his head would always stop hurting whenever they were about to go to the hospital.

After this happened several times, it was inevitable that Jimmy’s mother would suspect that he was just pretending to be sick.

Otherwise, why would his head only hurt in the kindergarten and never at home?

Jimmy’s mother pointed at Pete and sneered, “Fine, you’re a kid, so I won’t lower myself to your level. I’ll look for your mother instead!”

She looked at Ms. Lynn and said, "Tell Cherry's mother to come to the kindergarten! Otherwise, I won't let this matter rest today! How can I let my little Jimmy be bullied in school?"

Ms. Lynn breathed a sigh of relief.

Although Jimmy's mother was bad-tempered, she was reasonable and hadn't raised her hand against the child. She was a much more decent person than Whitney Lowe.

Ms. Lynn hurriedly called Nora.

Pete sat in his seat while Jimmy's mother waited with her son in Ms. Lynn's office.

Next to him, Mia was terribly nervous. She tugged Pete's sleeve and whispered, "Cherry, I heard that Jimmy's parents are prominent figures in the underworld. Whoever offends Jimmy will be..."

She held her hand up, drew it across her neck, and added, "... killed off secretly!"

Pete, "?"

Mia was so frightened that she shrank back after she spoke. "My mommy also told me not to offend Jimmy when I first came to school. Jimmy's mother looked so scary just now!"

The other children were also discussing the matter quietly among themselves.

"Will Cherry stop coming to school tomorrow?"

"I heard that Jimmy's father has a big pet tiger that only eats children! Will Cherry be eaten on her way home?"

"You mustn't die, Cherry!"

"Sob, Cherry, I really like you..."

A child's world was very simple and innocent, especially when Cherry the charmer had already become their favorite person in the class.

As a result, Pete was surrounded by the children. Their eyes were all red as they said their goodbyes to him.

“Cherry, I like you the most. You have to come to school alive tomorrow, okay?!”

“Cherry, why don’t you go and buy a piece of meat after school? This way, even if you encounter the big tiger, you can let it eat the meat so that it won’t eat you...”

“Here, Cherry, this is for you. It’s a little hammer that my mommy gave me. She said that I can use it to hammer anyone that bullies me. Why don’t you take this and beat the tiger with it?”

“...”

Pete, “...”

He couldn’t help rolling his eyes. These children were so silly... that they were so cute.

The feeling of loneliness that had been hidden in the depths of his heart ever since he was born seemed to have unknowingly faded away a lot during his days in kindergarten.

Mia became even more frightened. Her eyes reddened as she said, “How about letting Daddy send you home after school today?!”

To Mia, her father was the most powerful person ever!

“... No, it’s fine,” replied Pete.

As a result, when a displeased Nora rushed over to the kindergarten after being woken up, she immediately saw her son being surrounded and sent off by a crying crowd.

Nora, “...”

However, before she could even say anything, Jimmy’s mother rushed up to her. She jabbed her finger in her face and said angrily, “Never mind that you were talking nonsense in the group, but how can you also say such nonsense to a child? Look at how pale Jimmy has become because of you!”

Jimmy was following his mother at the back. The little boy was trembling all over, and he looked as if he was about to have a fit because he was crying so hard.

Nora frowned and said, "Now's not the time to be quarreling. I'd suggest that you take your son to the hospital for a checkup right away."

"To hell with the checkup!" Jimmy's mother shouted angrily, "We're already meeting in person, yet you're still so full of hot air! It's all because your daughter scared him that my son has become like this! Encephalitis? ... Would anyone need a lumbar puncture because of encephalitis? This is the first time I've ever heard about it! Aren't lumbar punctures related to leukemia or something? Are you sure you know what you're saying or not?!"

Nora, "..."

Jimmy's mother rolled up her sleeves as if she was about to hit someone. She demanded, "I want you to apologize to my son right away! Tell your daughter to apologize to my son, too! Take back what you said just now and tell him that all of that was just a joke!"

However, as soon as she said that, Jimmy suddenly held his head with his hands and threw up.

Chapter 182 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

"I didn't know I was someone who cannot tell what's good for myself."

When the woman's low voice reached her ears, it made Tina wonder if she had misheard.

She hurriedly explained, "I wasn't talking about you. I..."

Before she could finish, though, she understood something in an instant. She looked at Nora incredulously and sputtered, "You... you... you..."

She didn't manage to finish her words even after repeating 'you' thrice.

Nora, however, didn't pay her any more attention. Instead, she turned and entered the operating room.

Tina, who was still in shock, stood where she was and stared after her.

This continued until someone called out, “Dr. York?”

Only then did Tina finally come back to her senses. She walked into the operating room like a zombie, glancing at the resolute-looking figure from time to time.

Nora Smith was Anti?

No, she must be dreaming! How could she possibly be Anti?!

Tina swallowed hard.

While she was in a daze, everyone in the operating room had begun making preparations for their respective tasks. The patient had been anesthetized and was currently unconscious.

Nora put on a pair of gloves, and started to draw the craniotomy’s incision lines on the child’s head with a marker pen. Then, she took a step back to take a scalpel.

At this point...

“Dr. York?”

Someone called out, making Tina snap back to reality. It was then that Nora realized that Tina was in a trance. Only after the person called out to her, did Tina finally hastily pick up a scalpel and step forward to perform the craniotomy.

Nora frowned.

Her gaze swept across everyone in the room—all of them looked serious, and their excitement at meeting her just now was all gone. Once they were at the operating table, they were doctors saving the sick and wounded.

Lisa was a newcomer who had never entered an operating room prior to this, and Tina had even deliberately made things difficult for her before they entered the operating room; but even she was staring at the patient seriously at this moment. She didn’t make any mistakes in the tasks that she was assigned at all.

Nora felt that she hadn't misjudged her, after all. Even though her little cousin was quite the pushover in her daily life, she was able to focus and keep herself from being affected by anything at the operating table.

In contrast, Tina, as an experienced surgeon, had already performed innumerable operations before, yet she was still behaving like that. She was simply too irresponsible!

Her expression turned cold. She stepped forward, stopped Tina, and said, "I'll do it instead."

Although a craniotomy was a simple procedure, one must treat every operation with caution and reverence.

Everyone could tell that Tina wasn't in the right frame of mind. Thus, no one doubted Anti when she said that.

Tina was the only one who frowned and glared at her furiously.

However, no one was to refute the chief surgeon's instructions when they were in the operating room. Thus, she could only take a step back.

Nora lowered her head and started to perform the operation seriously.

For a while, the operating room was silent as everyone busied themselves with their tasks.

"Forceps."

Nora suddenly stretched out her hand behind her.

Tina, whom Nora had forced behind her, was stunned for a moment. She hurriedly picked up the forceps from the operating table and handed it to her, but Nora unexpectedly didn't take them from her.

Tina looked back up to see Anti, who felt so foreign to her, saying frigidly and slightly sarcastically, "Are you unable to even distinguish between forceps and hemostats, Dr. York? Were you really the head of the surgery department at Hospital Finest? Have you really performed operations before? Are the patients you operated on still alive? Also, I really suspect that the person who hired you must be blind."

Every word of hers was like a knife that ruthlessly lacerated Tina's cheeks, making her feel as if her skin had been sliced into ribbons and all fallen onto the floor.

The students around them also looked at her.

Tina felt as if all the blood in her had rushed to the top of her head in an instant. She suddenly said shrilly, "You're picking on me!"

Right after she shouted, she hurled the object in her hand at Nora!

Nora, who was already on the alert, abruptly stretched her leg out and kicked Tina away while her arm was swinging down!

Bam!

Tina slammed against the wall and fell onto the floor. She wanted to get up, but she instead tasted something sickly sweet in her mouth. The next moment, she coughed up a mouthful of blood.

None of the others in the operating room could react in time to her sudden lashing out.

Nora, however, had held on steadily to the craniotomy instrument with one hand without even moving.

"Forceps."

Her calm and contained voice brought everyone back to their senses. Michael was the calmest among them, but he was relatively far away. He was about to walk over and pass Nora the tool when someone reacted and handed her the forceps.

Michael looked over—it was Lisa.

He was a little surprised, but after that, he couldn't help but sigh. Anti really did have a great eye for people. Everyone thought that the postgraduate student she had taken was too much of a pushover, but unexpectedly, she could actually react so quickly in the face of such an accident.

She was really devoting her whole mind and body to the operation.

—

Despite the small episode in the middle, the operation went on smoothly.

Four hours later, Nora finished the last step. She stepped aside and instructed Michael, "Stitch the wound."

"Roger."

The others helped Michael while he was stitching up the wound. Nora took the opportunity to move her fingers and her wrists, as well as her shoulders.

A four-hour operation was no biggie to her.

After she stretched, she finally looked at Tina, who had collapsed onto the floor and passed out in an area some distance away.

Her going crazy in the operating room was something that no one could have seen coming.

Otherwise, Nora would never have allowed her to enter the operating room and pose a threat to the patient.

It was also because of this that she had applied more force and made her pass out with a kick.

She casually picked Tina up and dragged her out of the operating room.

Some of the others happened to look over. When they caught sight of Anti's back view, they suddenly broke into a layer of cold sweat.

Twenty minutes later, Tina slowly opened her eyes.

Director Shaw and the others were standing in front of her. He berated her sternly. "You've really disappointed us, Tina! How could you get into a fight in the operating room?! If it weren't for Anti, were you also going to ruin the operation?!"

Tina's eyes widened in shock.

Director Shaw then announced her penalty. He said, "Your medical license will be revoked. The school will also cancel your qualification as a professor and dismiss you!"

They were going to revoke her license? If they did that, she would never be able to perform surgery ever again! Her career would be utterly ruined!

Tina panicked. She jumped right up from the bed and said, "Director Shaw, I—"

But before she could finish, the police came over and said, "I'm sorry, Dr. York, but the patient's family members have made a police report and accused you of interfering with the operation. Please assist us in the investigations."

"..."

While the police were taking Tina away, Nora changed back to her clothes. She dragged her feet and slowly shuffled off. She was about to leave the floor when a voice suddenly came from behind her.

"Ms. Smith?"

A surprised Nora turned around to see Joel standing behind her not too far away.

He looked as amicable as ever. His upturned eyes were slightly narrowed as he looked at her, and there was a scrutinizing look in his eyes...

Why was he here?

Nora was wondering about that when Joel walked over. There was also surprise on his countenance as he asked, "Why are you here?"

Nora raised her eyebrows and answered ambiguously, "I'm a doctor. Why are you here, though, Mr. Smith?"

She was a doctor?

Joel narrowed his eyes a little and looked at the operating room.

Anti had an operation here today, so he had especially rushed over here to ask Anti to treat his uncle's illness.

Due to Anti's presence, only one operation had been arranged on this particular floor.

Since she was here, then didn't that mean that she just met Anti?

Joel's gaze returned to the operating room. The operation should have ended by now, right?

He didn't have any more time to spend going back and forth with Nora, so he nodded and replied, "I'm here to look for someone."

After he said that, the doors to the operating room opened.

Michael walked out with the others. Joel strode over to them right away.

Michael had already finished the sutures long ago. The operation went perfectly.

Nora had only left after she was informed about it.

At the sight of Joel walking toward the operating room, Nora strode off and left.

She could finally go home and have good sleep now.

Joel didn't pay any more attention to her. Instead, he went straight to Michael and said, "Hello, Anti."

Michael, "?"

He took off his surgical mask and stared at Joel in astonishment. "I'm not Anti."

Joel was taken aback. "Then where's Anti?"

"Anti has already left a long time ago."

"What?"

Joel broke into a frown. He was already here when the operation was nearing its end and had been waiting outside the whole time. The only person that left at the end of the operation had been...

Just as Joel's suspicions were starting to develop, Michael thought of how Nora hadn't wanted to reveal her identity, so he said, "Yes, Mr. Anti has already left."

Mister?

Was Anti male?

This wasn't that surprising, though. Most surgeons were men.

Joel frowned. Although his uncle's diagnosis hadn't yet been confirmed, it would always be safer if they could find Anti.

He didn't expect to actually miss him.

He heaved a sigh, left the operating room, and went downstairs. When he entered the car park, he happened to see the familiar jeep driving past him in front.

He glanced at it—the young woman in the driver's seat stared straight ahead. As though she was in a rush to go home, she didn't even glance at him when she passed by.

Joel shook his head and got into the car.

"Are you going home, Mr. Smith?" asked the chauffeur.

"I'm going to pick up Mia."

"Okay."

The chauffeur started the car and drove to the Golden Sunshine Kindergarten.

On the way there, Joel turned his head to the side and stared into the distance. The amicable look on his face had long since disappeared, and he fell silent. He had been sending and picking Mia up from school himself lately, but he hadn't seen her ever again...

When he asked Mia about it, she said that Ms. Turner was still working in the kindergarten. So, did that mean that he hadn't seen her because she was hiding from him?

—

At the kindergarten.

The last lesson of the day was a dance class.

The kindergarten's anniversary celebrations would be held in a few days. They would be performing on stage during the celebrations, so they had arranged extra dance classes recently.

Pete pulled a long face and danced expressionlessly with the rest of the children.

Fortunately for him, kids' dances didn't differentiate between boys and girls, but even so, he still felt a slight sense of embarrassment welling up in him.

Because!

He had to wear a skirt in the dance!

Pete couldn't help but heave a huge sigh while he danced.

Was Cherry so happy being with Daddy that she had forgotten about returning? To think they hadn't switched back yet! Should this go on any longer, he would become a little dancing genius very soon!

After another round of practice, Tanya clapped her hands and told the children to have a quick rest where they were.

Pete needed to take a leak, so he got up and walked over to the bathroom outside.

As soon as he exited the dance studio, he spotted a little fellow dancing outside the door.

Mia was frail, so she never attended any of the sports and dance classes. Yet, she was tiptoeing and gently turning her body at the moment.

It was the dance that they were doing just now.

Pete walked over. Seemingly having spotted him, Mia stopped moving. She stared at him with her big eyes and small oval-shaped face and said, "You guys looked great dancing just now, Cherry!"

"..."

Pete kept quiet for a while. Then, he asked, "Why are you here?"

The little Mia lowered her head and twiddled her thumbs. "I... I was too bored."

There were also painting lessons and writing lessons being conducted elsewhere during the dance lesson, yet Mia hadn't gone there but came over here to secretly watch them dance instead...

Pete suddenly understood something. He asked, "Do you like dancing?"

Mia hesitated for a moment before she nodded. However, she also shook her head right after that.

Her timid appearance was such that even Pete, who had never been one to be meddlesome, couldn't help but ask another question, "Do you like it or not?"

Mia had always been an introverted child who kept everything inside her.

But for some reason, when the one she was facing was the little boy version of Cherry, she was able to speak up. She replied, "I do, but my mommy doesn't allow me to dance."

Mia sadly hung her head a little.

She had always liked dancing, and could never resist dancing along whenever she heard music.

Yet, her mother had claimed that she wasn't in good health and forbade her from learning.

The doctor had obviously said before that they could consider letting her exercise and train her body, so why was Mommy always stopping her from exercising?

While Mia was puzzling over this, Pete suddenly took her hand, walked into the dance studio, and went up to Tanya. Then, he said to Mia, "Dance the routine from just now."

Tanya, "?"

Mia, "?"

Mia glanced at Tanya cautiously and then at Pete.

Seemingly having received encouragement, the timid girl performed the dance in front of Tanya.

Tanya's eyes lit up.

To be honest, all these years, she had been wanting to take an apprentice and let them participate in competitions in the future.

However, she had never found a suitable candidate.

She didn't expect the young Mia to be so talented in dancing!

She was practically the best dancer among all the children in the class!

Moreover, she was born with a small frame and was flexible, which made her very suitable for dancing!

Tanya gazed at her and asked, "Do you want to learn to dance?"

Mia looked at Pete.

Pete nodded at her.

Mia nodded fiercely. "Yeah!"

Tanya became tempted at once, and she almost blurted out the question 'Are you willing to learn from me?'.

But when she thought of Mia's identity, she hesitated for a very long time before she finally heaved a sigh and got onto her feet. She ultimately didn't say anything.

She was that man's daughter; Tanya mustn't take her as an apprentice. Otherwise, she would end up becoming entangled with him again.

The school bell just so happened to ring at this point, so Tanya said, "Alright, let's go back to your respective classes and get ready to go home!"

The students scattered and left. Mia was the only one who kept looking back at her.

Tanya steeled her heart and looked away.

At the entrance of the kindergarten.

Joel's cell phone rang while he was waiting for Mia. Quentin's voice came from the other end when he answered.

"The DNA test report is out."

Joel tensed up and he asked nervously, "How are the results?"

The previous generation of the Smiths had three sons, and Ian was the youngest. They didn't have any sisters.

No one had given birth to any daughters in their generation, either. Though, Ian had adopted a daughter. Should Nora really turn out to be their cousin, that would be great.

Besides, this would also give Ian the courage to live on.

Joel received a reply from Quentin while he was thinking about it. The reply took him by surprise. His upturned eyes slowly became downcast. A short while later, he said, "I see."

After he hung up, Joel turned to look out the window and went into deep contemplation.

Some time later, he finally retracted his gaze as if he had made up his mind about something. Students started to exit the kindergarten after that.

Joel got out of the car.

Golden Sunshine Kindergarten students were all children of the rich and powerful. Therefore, the parents picking up their children were also all either rich or of high social status.

In the past, it was Mia's mother who had picked up Mia and Brandon from school. However, Joel was the one coming over every day now, which caused the other parents to also start picking up their children themselves.

"Oh, are you here to pick up your child too, Mr. Smith? Nice to meet you!"

"What a coincidence, Mr. Smith! Are you here to pick up your child from school?"

“I’m the general manager of Glory Group, Mr. Smith. Nice to meet you...”

“ ... ”

When Tanya, who was holding Pete’s hand, was about to leave the kindergarten, she was greeted by the sight of directors from various corporations standing in a row at the door.

The teachers in the kindergarten couldn’t help but marvel.

“Oh my goodness, those parents usually send nannies or bodyguards to pick up and drop off their children. Why are so many of them here in person today?”

“Anyone I hit with a random toss of a ball will probably have a net worth of millions of dollars!”

“I bet you don’t understand why, right? Can’t you see? Everyone’s here for Mr. Smith!”

“Mr. Smith is so handsome! No wonder Mia is so good-looking even though she’s so young. She must have inherited her looks from Mr. Smith! He’s also so graceful, gentle, and elegant... Sigh, I’m so envious of Ms. Lynn! If only Mr. Smith would say something to me!”

“I know, right? Ms. Turner, you’re a dance teacher, right? Why don’t you go and have a word with Mr. Smith?”

Tanya, “ ... ”

She lifted her head and glanced at the door. The graceful figure standing across the crowd seemed to stand aloof from the world and gave off an air like that of a noble gentleman.

Even after five years had passed, that man still shone so brightly and radiantly.

Five years ago, she had said, “I want to hide you away and not let anyone else see you. You’re simply too outstanding; I’m afraid that someone will take you away from me!”

But he had ultimately still become someone else’s husband.

When she thought of how he and Hillary were married, she immediately retracted her gaze.

Pete, who had caught a glimpse of her expression, became puzzled, and he asked, "Why aren't you teaching Mia how to dance, God-mom? I think she dances very well."

Mia was thinner than most other children, and she didn't have much baby fat on her small face. She had a small oval-shaped face and a pointed chin. When she danced, her form was very light and weightless as though she were a butterfly.

Pete felt that it would be a huge pity if she didn't dance.

Tanya touched Pete's head and replied, "It's because her parents don't allow her to dance."

Otherwise, why wouldn't she have been exposed to dancing when she was already five?

Besides, she also really didn't want to be involved with the Smiths anymore.

Pete tilted his head and nodded as if he had understood something.

Tanya took Pete to the roadside after they exited the kindergarten. The unreliable Nora had left with the car in the morning after she woke up, so the two of them could only take a cab home now.

The kindergarten was relatively far from the area where they could hail a cab, so they walked one street down and went to another road.

Joel had already spotted Tanya a long time ago.

She was a dancer, after all. Her legs were long and her waist slender, making her look as charming as ever despite just wearing ordinary-looking clothes.

He'd thought that they would at least make eye contact, but unexpectedly, Tanya didn't take even a glance at him and took the child straight to the other side of the street.

Light flickered in his upturned eyes. After clenching his fists a little, he picked up Mia and got into the car with her.

While Tanya and Pete were waiting for a cab, an extended Lincoln suddenly stopped in front of them. The door opened, and Joel's astonishingly good-looking visage appeared in front of them. He said, "Where are you going? I'll give you guys a ride."

Tanya was so shocked that she immediately looked around. When she saw that no one had noticed them, she breathed a sigh of relief. Then, she took Pete's hand, took a step back, and said with an air of resistance, "No, it's fine."

But as soon as she said that, Joel uttered a domineering reply in a gentle voice, "Don't make me get out of the car and kidnap you."

Tanya, "..."

The parents and teachers nearby were about to walk over. Tanya didn't want to cause any trouble, so she could only pick up Pete and quickly get into the car.

The car door slowly closed. Mia called out happily, "Cherry! Ms. Turner!"

Tanya smiled at her.

Pete took the initiative to sit beside Mia.

Tanya's brows knitted together—she could only sit next to Joel now. Nevertheless, she shifted away from him and put some distance between them.

Joel frowned at the sight.

He lowered his gaze and asked, "Your address?"

Only then did Tanya finally react. After she gave him the Andersons' address, Joel looked at her and asked, "Are you staying with the Andersons?"

Tanya nodded.

Joel cast his eyes down. "It's not very convenient staying in someone else's home, right? Don't you have anywhere else you can stay at?"

Tanya turned away and replied, "That doesn't seem to be any of your business, Mr. Smith."

She was calling him Mr. Smith again...

Joel took a deep breath and said, "That's true. We have nothing to do with each other."

Tanya clenched her jaw.

Indeed, they had nothing to do with each other.

In fact, that man must even hate her, right?

That was why he didn't allow his daughter to dance—because she was a dancer, right?

Tanya didn't expect that Joel would hate her that much. It was just that if he hated her so much, then why was he sending them home?

In the midst of her hesitance, Joel said, "It was my misunderstanding the other time."

The other time? Was he talking about that time in the hospital when he misunderstood that she was Mr. Hunt's lover?

With a cold look on her face, Tanya said sarcastically, "It's not your fault, Mr. Smith. It's because I look too much like someone's mistress."

Joel, "..."

He knew that she was dissing him, but from Tanya's reaction, he instead caught vague shadows of what they were like in the past.

He took a deep breath and said, "You don't have to say that about yourself. That's not what I meant, either... Never mind. I'm taking you home because I wanted to apologize to you."

"You can save the apology, Mr. Smith," Tanya replied coldly, "It'll be fine as long as you stay away from me in the future, lest I become an eyesore to you!"

Joel, "!!"

The kindergarten was very close to the Andersons' villa, so they had already arrived while they were talking.

The chauffeur even felt as if his boss had given him a cold look when he stopped the car.

“Let’s get off.”

Tanya was about to get out of the car with Pete when he suddenly looked at Joel and asked, “Mia’s Daddy, why are you forbidding Mia from learning how to dance?”

His question stunned Joel. “What?”

Pete glanced at a cowering Mia and said sincerely, “She likes dancing very much. Restricting a child’s hobbies and interests is not something that a good father does.”

“ ... ”

Seeing that Joel’s expression had tensed up and that he wasn’t speaking, Tanya beckoned to Pete and said, “Come on down now.”

Pete hopped off the car.

The two of them entered the Andersons’ villa hand in hand.

The car door slowly closed as they disappeared at the door. When the car started once more, Joel finally looked at Mia.

He beckoned to Mia, who went over to him docilely at once. She tried to please him and said cautiously, “Mia doesn’t like dancing, Daddy...”

Her eyes flickered as she spoke, and there was a bit of panic in them.

Joel’s heart ached for some reason. He asked, “Was it your mother who forbade you from learning how to dance, Mia?”

Mia nodded, but then shook her head again. In the end, she lowered her head and said uneasily, “Mommy said that Daddy hates someone who dances, and told me not to learn to dance. Don’t worry, Daddy, Mia won’t dance!”

Her words made Joel’s eyes widen in shock.

Joel had always wanted to know Mia's interests and preferences while she was growing up, but he found that everything that the girl liked to eat and play with were all things that he liked.

He had always thought that she had inherited those traits from him.

Little did he expect that they were actually all a result of Hillary's training?

Joel's expression darkened. "Daddy doesn't dislike dancing."

Mia's eyes lit up at once, and she asked, "Then can Mia learn to dance with Ms. Turner?"

Joel looked at her. His jaw tensed up as he asked, "Do you like Ms. Turner very much, Mia?"

Mia gave him a timid smile and replied, "Yeah."

She lowered her head and twiddled her thumbs as she said, "Ms. Turner dances really beautifully, yeah. I secretly watched her a few times. She also really likes to smile. I like her very much... But Mommy doesn't like Ms. Turner..."

She looked rather depressed at this point. Then, she added, "Besides, Ms. Turner also doesn't like Mia."

The disappointed girl said, "She refused to teach me today."

Tanya had refused to teach her... It must be because she really didn't want to have anything to do with him, right?

Joel's long, slender fingers balled up slightly, and the look in his eyes turned even frostier than before. He rubbed Mia's head gently. After a short silence, he said, "It's okay. I'll think of something if you want to learn dancing."

—

At the Andersons'.

Nora had just come out of the bath when Pete got home. The woman, who was wearing a silk nightgown, let out a lazy yawn and collapsed onto the bed.

Pete greeted her. "Hi, Mommy."

Nora waved and said, "Yeah. Do your homework yourself."

"Okay."

Pete went to the study after that. Nora was about to go to bed when her cell phone suddenly rang. Cherry's young and tender voice rang out on the phone when she answered the call.

"My dearest Mommy, have you found out where Sponsor Grandpa is?"

They had been chatting on Messenger for more than a month. Their spark of friendship had been getting stronger and stronger, but their chat had been inactive the whole day the day before.

Why hadn't Sponsor Grandpa come online yet today?

Cherry was panicked.

As though her actions were right and justified, Nora replied, "Oh. I forgot about it."

"..."

Cherry sighed. "Then are you willing to look him up for me now, Mommy?"

"No, I'm not."

Cherry was so mad that her little chest was heaving up and down. She silently told herself that she was her biological mother... She could only grin and bear with it and ask, "Then when will you be free to look him up for me?"

Nora raised her eyebrows and replied, "When I wake up, I guess. Alright, I'm hanging up!"

She was really sleepy now.

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

The disconnected tone made Cherry's heart go cold. Her little shoulders drooped as she looked up at the big villa in front of her, on the brink of tears.

She was staying with her father at the Hunts' family home at the moment.

The family home was actually a manor.

By right, since Justin was the head of the Hunts, he should have been living in the manor. However, because the Hunts were all living together, this meant that his second uncle's family was also living there. Moreover, there was also that incident with the elderly Mrs. Hunt previously. Thus, Justin had taken Pete with him and resided elsewhere instead.

As Justin had taught his second uncle's family a good lesson and also gotten something on them after they made that mistake, they had become much more well-behaved and didn't dare to come over anymore. Coupled with the fact that the two of them were staying in the main house, this meant that Cherry still hadn't met anyone from the Hunts yet, even though it had been two days since they moved back.

In the midst of her thoughts, Justin strode into the room. He looked down at her and asked gently, "There's a family dinner tonight. Do you want to join them?"

A family dinner?

Cherry loved lively places the most.

Moreover, several of her elders would also be there, which meant that she would gain a few more people that doted on and loved her. Thus, she nodded and replied, "Yeah, I wanna go!"

"Okay."

Justin smiled at her. Had it been his son instead, he definitely wouldn't have wanted to go. As expected, his daughter's personality was different. She was much livelier and more cheerful than his son.

He bent over, picked up Cherry with one arm, and carried her downstairs.

The Hunts hosted a family dinner every month. All the Hunts were required to attend it as long as they were in New York—this was a rule in the family.

By the time they went down to the main living room, the spacious living room was already full of people.

His second uncle, Roger Hunt, sat quietly in the corner.

Roger's son, Fatty, was playing with his cell phone with his head down. Apart from them, the other Hunts in the family were also present. The elderly Mrs. Hunt had already been discharged from the hospital and was currently seated on the chair next to the master seat.

The master seat belonged to the head of the family.

The moment Justin came down, all the Hunts stood up. Even if they were his elders, they were still required to show the head of the family courtesy.

Mrs. Hunt, who was the oldest there, said, "You're here, Justin."

Justin nodded and greeted his grandmother. Then, as if he was teaching his child manners—even though he was, in fact, giving his daughter a reminder—he said, "Say hi to your Great-Grandma, Pete."

Cherry looked at Mrs. Hunt eagerly.

So, was she the Great-Grandma who'd had a fall some time back, causing her brother to be accused of pushing her?

Mrs. Hunt was also looking at her.

She had come to know what had happened after she regained consciousness after the operation. The old lady had felt rather distressed that her son and his family had used her against a child.

Pete was not like other children; he was mildly autistic and didn't like to talk.

After that incident, the relationship that they had built after so much effort must be almost all gone by now, right?

Mrs. Hunt heaved a sigh at the thought and looked at Cherry cautiously. Knowing that her great-grandson probably didn't dare to approach her anymore, she said regretfully, "Never mind... Let's not make things difficult for the child anymore!"

"Yeah, that's right! Don't make things difficult for Pete anymore. He has mild autism, you know!" said Raymond Hunt, Justin's second uncle. He sounded as if he was echoing Mrs. Hunt, but in truth, he was embarrassing Pete in front of all the other Hunts. He added, "He doesn't like talking!!"

How could a child that didn't talk possibly inherit the company in the future?

Even if he was currently stripped of authority, once Justin became old, wouldn't the company still be theirs in the end anyway?

Mrs. Hunt became angry the moment Raymond said that. She snapped, "Pete isn't autistic, Raymond! Don't you dare spout nonsense!"

Raymond curled his lip disdainfully. "Yeah, yeah, Pete isn't autistic. He just doesn't like talking to people, that's all. Sigh, he can't just keep avoiding talking to people when he takes over the company in the future, right?"

Roger said, "Don't say that, Dad. Who knows, he may recover after he grows up."

Chester couldn't tell that they were mocking Pete. Neither did he recognize that the child was his leader, and thought she was his quiet and reticent little nephew, so he echoed them and said, "Yeah, it'll be fine once he grows up!"

Raymond, however, scoffed and said, "That's what everyone said when he was a baby, but you don't see his condition getting any better the last few years, either... But I'm just worrying over nothing, of course, because Justin will definitely have everything all nicely planned out for the company in the future, right?"

He then looked at Fatty and reprimanded him. "And you, too, Fatty. Don't just study all the time. What's the use of being so academic? All that studying has made you stupid instead. What matters the most as a leader is eloquence! How can you make people trust and believe in you if you're not eloquent?"

He was both overtly and secretly demeaning Pete.

All the other Hunts looked at Pete when they heard what he said.

Indeed, what was the use of a genius if he was autistic?

Seeing that his words were showing effect, Raymond immediately became rather smug.

Roger, however, narrowed his eyes.

During past family dinners, Pete had either skipped it altogether and if he did attend, Justin would always lose his temper whenever someone mentioned the words 'mild autism'.

Why was he keeping quiet this time, though?

Could it be that...

He was still wondering about it when the little fellow in Justin's arms called out sweetly, "Hi, Great-Grandma!"

Roger, "?"

Raymond was also dumbfounded. He stared at the child in Justin's arms in disbelief and said, "Were you the one talking just now, Pete?"

Cherry rolled her eyes and looked at Justin. Then, in her young but clear voice, she asked, "Is that grandpa deaf or blind, Daddy? Why are his ears and eyes so bad? Since our family is so rich, you have to get the doctor to take a look at him!"

The corners of Justin's lips curled into a smile. His usually standoffish countenance looked rather relaxed. He glanced at Raymond and replied leisurely, "He's very old, so he can neither see nor hear anything clearly."

Raymond, "!!!"

Cherry replied adorably, "Oh, I see!"

As for Mrs. Hunt, she was so excited upon hearing Cherry's voice that her eyes reddened. She wanted to reach out and take her into her arms, but when she thought of how the little fellow loathed physical contact with others the most, she retracted her arms and asked with a smile, "Is Pete talking now? Has he recovered?"

Justin cast his eyes down dispassionately and kept quiet. Instead, he put his daughter down.

As soon as Cherry's feet touched the floor, she ran toward Mrs. Hunt. The little figure dived into the elderly lady's arms and she called out adorably and tenderly, "Great-Grandma!"

Not only was the little fellow sweet-smelling and tender, but 'he' was finally willing to let her hug 'him' now.

Mrs. Hunt became even more excited, so much so that her hands even started to shake. She let out an excited sound of acknowledgment and then,

without a second thought, took off a ring she was wearing and stuffed it into Cherry's hands. She said, "Here, this is for you, Pete!"

Everyone present was shocked at the sight.

Mrs. Hunt's ring was made of top-quality jadeite that formed only in hundreds of thousands of years, and was worth over ten million dollars! The elderly Mr. Hunt had given it to her when they got married back then!

At that time, they had said that it was to be passed on to future generations as a family heirloom!

The elderly lady had also been urging Justin to get married all this time, so that she could gift the ring to her daughter-in-law. It was a symbol of one's status as the female master of the Hunts!

Why had she instead given the ring to Pete in a moment of excitement today?

Raymond panicked. He stepped forward and said with a smile, "Look at how muddleheaded you are, Mom. This is a woman's ring; why would you give it to Pete?"

The old lady glanced at him and replied with a smile, "Pete can keep it and give it to his wife in the future, then!"

In other words, she was saying that Pete's wife would be the female master of the Hunts in the future. In that case, Pete's position as the head of the family was not to be doubted!

The elderly lady was backing Pete up!

Raymond frowned and looked at Fatty with dissatisfaction. Then, he said, "You mustn't be biased, Mom. Since you've given that to Pete, what are you going to give Fatty?"

The fat little boy also looked at her expectantly.

Mrs. Hunt glanced at him and said with a smile, "Fatty can ask his Uncle Justin if there's anything he wants! Justin is rich! And he's also the head of the family!"

Raymond's expression darkened even further.

Roger also lowered his gaze.

Seeing that the two of them were no longer creating any more trouble, Mrs. Hunt finally looked at Cherry and said, "Put the ring away properly, Pete."

Cherry hastily said, "This is too precious, Great-Grandma. I can't accept it!"

"One shouldn't reject gifts from their elders. Just take it."

Cherry subconsciously wanted to look for Nora, but she suddenly realized that Mommy wasn't here, so she looked at Justin instead.

Justin cast his eyes down and smiled. Then, he stepped forward, took the ring from Cherry, and said, "Since Great-Grandma has given it to you, then just accept it. But you're still young, so you can't wear it yet. We'll let your Mommy wear it first."

'Mommy'?

Mrs. Hunt's eyes lit up the moment he said that. She asked, "What Mommy?"

The others also looked at him.

Was that man, who had made up his mind to remain single for his entire life, finally getting married?

Raymond and Roger instantly felt a sense of crisis.

Should Justin get married and have another two sons, wouldn't Fatty have even less of a chance?!

The two of them frowned.

All of a sudden, Raymond said, "Alright, the grownups are going to talk. Why don't you kids go to the side and play some games?"

He gave Fatty a look after he spoke.

Fatty immediately understood what he meant. He took a step forward, grabbed Cherry's hand, and said, "C'mon Pete, why don't we play some games? This mobile game is very popular now. Anyone can play it as long as they are not too stupid. Surely you know how to play it, right?"

It was common knowledge that Pete was a nerd whose only hobby was studying. This meant that he would definitely suck at playing games!

Cherry, “?”

Before she could even speak, Mrs. Hunt panicked and said, “Children shouldn’t play games too much!”

Roger smiled and said, “That’s a rather misguided statement, Grandma. Games can also reflect a person’s intelligence. Besides, people who only know how to memorize their books and fail to exercise practical application in their studies tend to have one-track minds.”

He looked at Justin and said, “Isn’t Justin himself someone who excels in every aspect? I’m sure Pete is also someone like that, so let’s just let him play!”

The way he spoke sounded as if people who were bad at games were very stupid!

Justin’s lip corners curled into a smile when he heard what he said.

Wasn’t that game that Fatty mentioned exactly the one that Cherry live-streamed herself playing?

He had already found out a long time ago that Cherry was the local server’s top player in that game!

Over at the other side, Fatty had already taken out his cell phone. He asked, “Do you have an account? Come on, let’s play a round! I can carry you in the game as long as you’re not particularly stupid! This game is the best at reflecting whether someone is clever or not!”

Cherry, “?”

Were they asking her if she had ever played it before?

Kiddo, are you sure you aren’t joking? she thought.

She looked down at the cell phone in her hands—it was her brother’s. In order to prevent anyone from discovering that they had switched places, they would always switch cell phones with each other, too.

In order to play her game, she had prepared two cell phones for herself. The one that she had brought with her here was her brother's, so the game wasn't installed in it. She said, "Gimme a moment, I have to download the game first!"

Fatty nodded. "Okay, hurry up."

Cherry nodded and stretched out her chubby little finger. She pressed a few times nimbly on the phone and started the download.

On the other side, Chester panicked.

He was on his little nephew's side, after all!

Thus, he came over hastily and said, "What are you guys playing? I'll carry you guys!"

Fatty knew that this uncle of his was great at games, and even live-streamed. If he carried them in the game, it definitely wouldn't highlight Pete's stupidity.

Fatty's eyes swiveled around. Then, he grinned and said, "Pete has never played this game before, so he'll definitely have a hard time getting started. Why don't we have a PvP battle with each other first? This way, he can also familiarize himself with the game!"

PvP battles referred to one-on-one, player-versus-player battles in the game.

Once a player lost all of their HP, their character would die.

Fatty felt that Pete definitely wouldn't be familiar with the game, since this was his first time playing it. Wouldn't he be able to easily trash the other party and take several of his lives, then? If he could get a kill ratio of zero to several dozen, Daddy and Grandpa would definitely praise him!

He could also take the opportunity to show everyone present that he, Fatty, was the most outstanding child in this generation of the Hunts.

Chester was usually quite the dimwit, but he nevertheless instantly understood the seven to eight-year-old boy's intentions.

He said anxiously, "No, that won't do!"

"Why not?" asked Fatty.

Chester coughed and said, "Who would ask for a PvP battle right off the bat? I don't think this is fair to Pete."

Fatty argued for his case and said, "It isn't unfair. This would also allow us to see Pete's level, after all. Are you scared to have a PvP battle with me, Pete?"

Cherry, who was currently downloading the game, looked up with her big round eyes when she heard him.

She blinked and replied, "Sure, no problem!"

Her young, tender voice could practically make one melt.

Her voice made Mrs. Hunt feel as if someone had just coated her heart in honey. She beckoned to her and said, "We won't play with him if you don't want to, Pete! Come over to Great-Grandma instead!"

Cherry tilted her head and looked at Mrs. Hunt. When she saw the elderly lady's kind eyes, she smiled sweetly and said, "It'll be fine, Great-Grandma!"

Mrs. Hunt shook her head and said earnestly, "It's not good to immerse yourself in games. Take a look at Chester; weren't all of you opposed to him playing games?"

Raymond laughed and said, "It's not like Fatty is playing it as a profession. He's just cultivating the mind and spirit. Besides, I heard that playing games can also train a child's ability to focus, so it's not necessarily all bad. Clever children will always master everything at one go, no matter what they do."

A smiling Roger also said, "Don't worry, Grandma. Pete has always been smart ever since he was a baby. He has a very high IQ, so a bit of gaming won't be any trouble for him at all."

Then, Roger looked at Fatty and said, "Show your younger cousin some mercy."

Fatty grinned and replied, "No problem, Daddy!"

At the sight of his confidence, Roger suddenly suggested, "It certainly isn't quite appropriate to just focus on playing games. Why don't we have a bet?"

Raymond immediately spoke in favor of the suggestion. He said, "That's a good idea! Otherwise, the children won't be motivated to win, either! Why

don't we have a bet? If Fatty loses, I'll give up 1% of my shares in the company. How does that sound?"

1% of his shares?

Now, that was going a little too far!

The Hunts' assets were worth trillions of dollars. Even though he only owned 20% of the company's shares, 1% of that 20% was still worth several millions of dollars!

Mrs. Hunt's expression darkened. "The children are just fooling around. The stakes are too high, Raymond!"

"What's the big deal?"

Raymond walked over to Mrs. Hunt with a smile and took her arm. The man was already in his fifties, yet he was behaving like a child. He said, "We're just having fun, Mom! Besides, we are a family. It's the same no matter who owns the shares! I'm sure Justin will rise up to the challenge, right?"

Justin cast his eyes down and said, "Are you talking about 1% of the company's shares, or 1% of your shares in the company, Uncle Raymond?"

Raymond was taken aback for a moment.

Justin sneered, "Since you want to have some fun, then let's up the stakes. What say you to 1% of the company's shares?"

Given how profitable the Hunt Corporation's shares were, 1% of the company's shares would involve a transfer of billions of dollars' worth of profits!

The stakes were too high!

Who would gamble dozens of billions of dollars on a one-time bet?

Raymond's expression darkened. He subconsciously looked at Roger.

Roger smiled and said, "Since Justin has said so, then let's do just that."

Raymond wanted to say something, but Roger tugged on his sleeve, lowered his voice, and said, "Justin must have suddenly raised the stakes because he

thinks you won't bear to part with that much money, so you definitely won't dare to continue with the bet!"

Raymond immediately understood what Roger meant!

So, Justin was waging psychological warfare with him!

He let out a cold laugh and exchanged a look with Roger. Then, he lowered his voice and asked, "Are you sure Pete has never played that game before?"

Roger nodded. "He is always studying every day, so how would he possibly have any time to play games? He only downloaded it once in California and played it for an afternoon there, but he uninstalled it after that. I'm sure he can't play it."

Raymond looked at his little grandson again.

Fatty was seven to eight years old this year, and he was very good at games.

The Hunts were all very smart. Wouldn't it be a cinch for Fatty to bully a five-year-old?

Besides, no matter how clever a child was, they would still have to familiarize themselves with the game's workings before they could become adept at any game. This pocket of time Pete would need, signified that victory was pretty much in the bag for Fatty!

Thus, Raymond immediately smiled and said, "Sure, Justin. I'll bet 1% of the company's shares. How about you?"

Justin was about to speak when Raymond suddenly added, "You're the head of the Hunt Corporation, so I can't possibly ask for your shares, either, right? How about this—if Fatty is lucky enough to win, then you'll give me that ring that Mom gave Pete just now! This request isn't too much, is it?"

At first glance, when one compared shares worth billions of dollars to a ring worth millions of dollars, it seemed like Raymond was losing out in the deal.

However, one could earn billions of dollars, but the ring was priceless!

Moreover, that wasn't just a mere ring—it was also something that symbolized the wife of the next head of the family!

Raymond had certainly got it all figured out!

Mrs. Hunt became infuriated at once. She said, “How can you gamble with each other when the children are just playing some games at home? Besides, that’s a gift from me. How can it be transferred to someone else?”

Raymond looked at her and said, “How can you be so biased, Mom? Why didn’t you say that we’re going too far when I offered my shares worth billions of dollars? Or is it because... Justin doesn’t dare to take up the bet with me?”

A lot of people—most of them the Hunts’ collateral and direct descendants—had come for the Hunts’ family dinner. By repeatedly using phrases such as “Do you dare to do it or not” in front of so many people, Raymond was obviously leaving Justin no way out.

Should he refuse the bet at a time like this, it would be tantamount to him showing signs of cowardice!

Raymond was certain that Justin would agree to it—after all, that was the only option he had.

Sure enough, after a short silence, Justin slowly replied, “Let’s do it.”

Raymond and Roger exchanged a look and smirked.

How dare Pete attend the dinner! Mrs. Hunt was also too biased. Pete was just a five-year-old boy who hadn’t even grown up, yet she was giving him the family heirloom! She was too much!

They were bent on making Pete make a fool out of himself today!

Mrs. Hunt wanted to stop them again, but Justin gave her a comforting look, which made the old lady close her mouth.

Fatty became even more excited when he heard their conversation. He selected the hero that he was the most skilled at playing as, and asked Cherry, “Which hero are you playing as, Pete? You can just pick any of them.”

Cherry nodded, selected the little girl hero that she always played as, and replied, “I’m picking this one. What about you?”

Fatty answered, “I’m playing as this guy!”

“Pfft!” Cherry broke into a grin and laughed. As soon as she turned on the game, she transformed into her irritable little girl persona and started to diss her opponent. She said, “Okay. C’mon sonny, I’m going to beat you so bad today that your mom won’t even recognize you!”

Fatty was taken aback. “Who do you think you’re calling ‘sonny’?”

“Your hero, of course. Isn’t he my hero’s son?”

“ ... ”

Fatty, who had been taken advantage of for no reason whatsoever, was furious. He controlled his hero in the game and made him go straight to Cherry.

Cherry, who looked like she was in high spirits, had a triumphant look on her face.

She deliberately acted as if she was playing the game for the first time, making her hero walkabout left and right awkwardly as if she didn’t even know how to use the controls. “Oh no, why is she walking away?!” Cherry said.

Fatty was overjoyed. He chased after Cherry’s hero and started to attack her.

Cherry didn’t fight back in the early stages of the round. Instead, she deliberately made her hero sway left and right, making Fatty burst out laughing. “Dummy Pete, you’re so stupid! Can’t you even walk? I’m gonna teach you how to behave today!”

Cherry put on a feint in the first half and didn’t fire even a single shot. She kept her HP under control and allowed Fatty to deplete it to the lowest it could go.

After that, she seemed to understand something and became so scared that she started to run toward her defensive tower.

Fatty chased after her.

She had only a little HP left! As long as he could make contact with Cherry, there would be absolutely no problem at all.

It would be fine even if he had to defend against her defensive tower.

Yet, as if Cherry had suddenly pressed something wrong by accident, she pressed the button for her first skill. Her hero immediately did a tuck-and-roll and moved to the left, causing Fatty to miss!

Right at this point, the sound indicating a kill rang out on the phone!

'Pete Hunt' had killed 'The Unbeatable And Most Handsome'!

"He lost so quickly?"

A triumphant Raymond said, "You're too lousy, Pete. Even if this is your first time playing, you still lost too quickly. It hasn't even been a minute, you know?"

Roger also smirked and said, "A bet's a bet, Justin. That ring..."

Justin looked at them, dark light flickering in his eyes. In front of all the Hunts, his lips slowly parted and he asked, "The children are fooling around. Are you sure that the bet just now is valid?"

Raymond chuckled at once and said, "You mustn't go back on your word, Justin. You're a man, right? Besides, you're even the man overseeing the Hunt Corporation. You have to keep your word; you can't renege on it!"

Justin raised his eyebrows. "Are you sure, Uncle Raymond?"

"Yes, I am."

As soon as Raymond said that, Justin sighed and said, "In that case, I will graciously accept 1% of the company shares from you."

He turned and looked at Sean, who was standing behind him, and instructed, "Prepare the share transfer agreement and let Uncle Raymond sign it later."

"Yes, sir."

Raymond was stunned.

Roger, who was also dumbfounded, subconsciously said, "Rather than us transferring shares to you, Justin, you should be giving us the ring instead. After all, Fatty is the one who won just now..."

However, he suddenly realized something at this point, and he looked at the children. He was dumbstruck when he saw Fatty's reaction.

Fatty's cell phone screen dimmed at this point.

Fatty was still dumbfounded. What had just happened?

When he looked back up, he saw Cherry patting her little chest. She looked at him and remarked, "Whew, that was so close..."

Fatty understood now—he must have been unlucky just now! He had been so close to killing her hero!

He demanded angrily, "Again!"

"... That's not really good, is it?" asked Cherry.

Fatty panicked. "What's so bad about it?"

Cherry sighed. "What I mean is that the stakes aren't really good. I've already won, so I'm not going to play anymore!"

Fatty, "!"

He was so mad that he ran to Roger and said, "Daddy, let's bet on it again! Grandpa, take out another 1%!"

1% of the shares equated to billions of dollars!

Raymond, who had panicked after losing the huge sum of money, said anxiously, "No, no, no..."

When an indignant Fatty turned around, he immediately saw Cherry making faces at him. On top of that, she even looked as if she had just given herself a huge fright. The little fellow put on a pretense and said, "Pete was so scared just now, Daddy! I don't know what happened, either. How come Fatty died just like that? I was only left with the barest of HP!"

Justin, "..."

What was one supposed to do when their daughter suddenly started putting on a show with them?

Pamper her and go along with her, of course!

Justin stretched out his big hand, ruffled her hair, and said with a dotting smile, "Pete is so awesome. To think you've actually won 1% of the company's shares for Daddy. You're so good at the game even though this is your first time playing it!"

Cherry grinned at him.

1

Their conversation made Raymond's face flush completely red.

As though a gambler's mindset, the loss of billions of dollars just now made him anxious and irritable. He looked at Fatty and asked, "Are you sure you can beat him if you go at it again?"

Fatty nodded, "Yes, I am! I was so close just now!"

"Okay! Grandpa will trust you once more!" Raymond looked straight at Justin and said, "One more time!"

Cherry buried her head into Justin's shoulder and said, "Pete doesn't wanna, Daddy! It's too scary! Pete is scared!"

Justin, "..."

He ruffled her hair and spoke gently as he appeased her. "Okay, okay. We won't play anymore..."

However, the more he refused to play, the more determined to continue Raymond became, so he said, "Are you stopping, Justin? Surely you can't just leave after you win, right? It doesn't work that way!"

Raymond, whose eyes were all red, stood and stared at him. "The bet between the children only involves a few billion dollars. I'm staking billions of dollars on this while you only need to offer up Mom's ring. It's not like you're too scared to bet, right?"

Seemingly driven into a corner, Justin could only pat Cherry on the shoulder and say, "Let's play another round, Pete?"

"But Daddy, I'm scared!"

“Don’t be scared. Just close your eyes and mess around.”

Cherry looked up at him ‘timidly’ and said, “Sigh, I thought you said that it’s not good to gamble, Daddy... I’m going, then.”

‘Left with no other option’, Cherry sat in front of Fatty with her cell phone and turned on the game again.

Fatty controlled his hero and rushed straight toward Cherry’s hero again.

The two of them clashed in the middle of the arena. Cherry blinked and repeated the same trick. After allowing Fatty to reduce her HP to the barest minimum, she ‘coincidentally’ killed Fatty’s hero instead!

Fatty jumped onto his feet. “Why am I dead again?”

Cherry blinked with her big round eyes. “Yeah, I didn’t do anything, either. How did I fire a cannon? ... Oh, I get it now!”

Fatty, “?”

Cherry said with a straight face, “It’s because your mom will always be your mom. Sons can’t just usurp the throne whenever they want to~”

Fatty, “!!”

Her words made Roger narrow his eyes a little. By the time Fatty rushed over again to ask for another round, Raymond had already become thoroughly anxious and irritable at his losses.

Within a matter of a mere few minutes, he had actually lost 2% of the company’s shares and gone from owning 20% of the shares to 18%??

Raymond was so furious that he smacked the table. “One more time!”

Fatty nodded. He was about to set off when Roger grabbed his arm. Then, he looked at Justin and Cherry with a smile and said, “Nice one, Justin.”

Justin raised his eyebrows. “I told you, there’s no need to raise the stakes like that when the children are just fooling around. Look at how alarmed and anxious Uncle Raymond has become after he lost!”

His words made Raymond flush as red as a tomato. He pointed at Justin angrily and sputtered, “You, you, you...”

Justin’s expression turned cold and he said nothing.

Cherry, however, said, “Daddy, I’m so scared! Is that grandpa having a stroke? His fingers keep shaking!”

Raymond, “?”

Even Justin couldn’t help just smile. His anger from just now disappeared, and his voice was low and gentle as he replied, “No, Uncle Raymond is just being a sore loser. Forget it, you don’t need to prepare the agreement anymore, Sean.”

Raymond knew that Justin was provoking him the moment he heard what he said.

It was either he toughed it out and went along with Justin’s words—but he would probably never be able to hold his head up high in front of the Hunts after that since he was the one who suggested the bet, yet also the one being a sore loser in the end—or he surrendered the shares!

Raymond was thick-skinned. Thinking that he could just redeem his reputation in the future, he was about to speak when the same young and tender voice said, “Why would he be a sore loser, Daddy? That grandpa was really amazing just now, and he even asked if you dared to bet with him. Is he the one who actually doesn’t dare to? Also, can people just cancel their bets at will? Daddy taught me that I should always keep my word. Otherwise, it would be no different from a fart~!”

Raymond, “!!!”

Her words were too humiliating!

His words would be no different from a fart?!

He took a few deep breaths. There was no way he could part with the money, but the problem was that he would thoroughly embarrass himself... He couldn’t quite stomach the aggravation.

At this point, Roger smiled and said, “That’s impossible. It’s just a few billion dollars. Dad, give it to him.”

Raymond looked at Roger and exclaimed, “Roger!”

Roger’s expression darkened. “Give it to him.”

Raymond finally turned to Justin and said indignantly, “Prepare the agreement!”

Sean immediately nodded. “Yes, sir.”

At the sight of him turning and leaving, Raymond said sarcastically, “Your assistant is terrible, Justin. How can he say that when you haven’t even agreed?”

Sean ignored him. Instead, his footsteps toward the outside quickened as he got ready to print the papers.

To be honest, 2% of the shares were actually very important to them!

Justin, however, replied, “We’re a family, Uncle Raymond. How would he possibly have the guts to disobey your instructions?”

Raymond, “??”

Was there even anyone who didn’t know that no one could order about the few subordinates under Justin’s command, except for Justin himself?

He was going too far by saying that!!!

—

While Cherry was provoking Raymond and his family at the Hunts’, Pete was in school.

During class, a child raised his hand. “Ms. Lynn, my head hurts.”

The teacher hurriedly walked over and asked, “What’s wrong?”

The little fellow pointed to his head and replied, “It hurts.”

Ms. Lynn had no choice but to let him rest at the side.

After class, everyone surrounded the boy with a headache.

“Jimmy, are you pretending to have a headache?”

The boy named Jimmy shook his head. “No, I’m not.”

“But my mom said that your mom says you’re just pretending to have a headache so that you can play truant!”

Jimmy’s eyes reddened and he stood up. “That’s not true! My head really hurts!”

“You’re just pretending!”

“Yes, you’re just pretending! Your mom said so in the kindergarten parents’ group chat!”

Jimmy was so mad that he clenched his fists.

Mia came over and said softly, “Don’t talk about Jimmy like that. I’m sure he’s not pretending!”

Mia spoke very softly. Pete found the way she spoke very calming, so she was the only one with whom he was willing to play in the kindergarten.

Seeing that even she had spoken up, Pete glanced at Jimmy and sent a text message to Nora: ‘Mommy, I have a classmate who keeps having a headache. What’s going on?’

Meanwhile.

Jimmy’s mother was complaining madly in the parents’ group chat.

Jimmy’s Mom: ‘The teacher called me and said that Jimmy was having a headache again. Sigh, kids are so sly these days. It must be because I picked him up and brought him home the moment they called last time that he has learned to lie now.’

Brandon’s Mom: ‘Is he always having a headache? You’d best send him for a checkup.’

Jimmy’s Mom: ‘Is there even any need for a child to see a doctor because of headaches? I think he’s fine. Besides, they’ll definitely make him do a whole

bunch of brain CT scans and MRI scans. Those will expose the child to radiation!’

Helen’s Mom: ‘Yes, kids nowadays are really smart. They know what works best for them and are always pretending.’

The messages from the group chat and Pete were so noisy that Nora couldn’t sleep, so she picked up her phone. When she saw the messages, she sent one back to Pete.

Pete gave Nora a video call after seeing her reply. Then, he followed her instructions and gave Jimmy a checkup.

For example, he pressed the top of his head and asked, “Does it hurt here?”

After asking him a few questions, Nora’s lazy voice came through the phone and she said, “I’m hanging up.”

Then, she went to the group chat and sent a message.

Nora: ‘Jimmy’s mom, his situation is not promising. You should take him to the hospital for a lumbar puncture right away.’

The parents in the group chat, who were chatting about how their children were always playing tricks, were dumbfounded and all of them stopped talking.

A short while later, Jimmy’s mother popped up.

Jimmy’s Mom: ‘???’

Jimmy’s Mom: ‘Are you crazy? The most that’s ever necessary when people have headaches are brain CT scans. Why would he need to do a lumbar puncture?’

Nora answered calmly: ‘I am a doctor.’

Jimmy’s Mom: ‘Does being a doctor mean you can tell us to do things? We actually have a doctor in the group chat? The Golden Sunshine Kindergarten actually has parents who are doctors? Are you really lacking this bit of money for medical tests from me?’

The others echoed her:

'Yes, she's right. Hospitals keep prescribing this and that to patients these days. There are actually parents in this group chat who are so poor that they want to cheat others of this bit of money?'

'She must be a quack doctor, right?'

'Don't spout nonsense here just because you have a bit of knowledge. What does a lumbar puncture have to do with the brain?'

Jimmy's Mom: 'This is just a quack doctor's misdiagnosis! Get out of the group!'

Nora, who had seen family members of patients that were even more unreasonable, wasn't bothered. Instead, she wrote: 'Jimmy is likely suffering from encephalitis.'

She was about to send the message after drafting it when she suddenly saw a message prompt:

'You have been kicked out of the group chat by the administrator.'

Nora, "?"

She raised her eyebrows and stared at her phone for a while. A brief moment later, she scoffed and opened Cherry's chat window. Then, she sent a message to Pete: 'He is likely suffering from encephalitis. Have his father take him to the hospital for a checkup.'

Doctors should be benevolent.

The child was still so young. She didn't want to let the matter go unchecked.

Neither would she lower herself to his parent's level.

After sending the message, she lay down and got ready to sleep.

—

At the kindergarten.

Pete walked over to Jimmy after reading Nora's message and relayed her words to him.

Jimmy was so frightened that he burst into tears at once. “Sob! I have encephalitis! Am I going to die?!”

Ms. Lynn was dumbfounded when Jimmy burst into tears. She tried to coax him, but he cried and asked for his mother instead.

As a result, Ms. Lynn could only give Jimmy’s mother a call.

Jimmy’s mother was a hot-tempered and straightforward woman. After receiving the teacher’s call, she went straight to the school swiftly and resolutely.

She spotted Jimmy, who was crying so hard that he couldn’t breathe, right away.

Jimmy’s mother panicked at once. “What’s wrong? Did your classmates bully you?”

A sobbing Jimmy replied, “Mommy, I’m dying. I have a very serious illness. Sob...”

His mother frowned and asked, “Who told you that?”

“Cherry did.”

Jimmy’s mother became furious at once. She shouted at Ms. Lynn, “Who is Cherry?!”

Ms. Lynn wanted to stop her, but Jimmy’s mother, who was a tall and thick woman, was simply too strong. She pushed Ms. Lynn away, entered the classroom, and demanded, “Where is Cherry?”

Pete stood up leisurely and frowned.

At the sight of him, Jimmy’s mother immediately broke into a rant. She said, “Why did you say such nonsense to Jimmy? Don’t you know that it’s not right to scare kids?! Apologize to Jimmy at once!”

Jimmy was holding his mother’s hand. The five-year-old boy looked confused—obviously, he didn’t know what was going on.

He shook his mother’s hand and said, “Mommy, Cherry wasn’t trying to scare me. My head hurts. I really am sick...”

“What do you mean you’re sick?” Jimmy’s mother’s expression turned cold and she said, “It’s normal for a child to experience headaches and fevers. Besides, your head always stops hurting every time you get home. Moreover, people in our family are all in good health. What kind of sickness can you possibly be down with? What kind of nonsense are you saying?”

It wasn’t that Jimmy’s mother didn’t care about her son. It was just that every time she took Jimmy home during the last few incidents, his head would always stop hurting whenever they were about to go to the hospital.

After this happened several times, it was inevitable that Jimmy’s mother would suspect that he was just pretending to be sick.

Otherwise, why would his head only hurt in the kindergarten and never at home?

Jimmy’s mother pointed at Pete and sneered, “Fine, you’re a kid, so I won’t lower myself to your level. I’ll look for your mother instead!”

She looked at Ms. Lynn and said, “Tell Cherry’s mother to come to the kindergarten! Otherwise, I won’t let this matter rest today! How can I let my little Jimmy be bullied in school?”

Ms. Lynn breathed a sigh of relief.

Although Jimmy’s mother was bad-tempered, she was reasonable and hadn’t raised her hand against the child. She was a much more decent person than Whitney Lowe.

Ms. Lynn hurriedly called Nora.

Pete sat in his seat while Jimmy’s mother waited with her son in Ms. Lynn’s office.

Next to him, Mia was terribly nervous. She tugged Pete’s sleeve and whispered, “Cherry, I heard that Jimmy’s parents are prominent figures in the underworld. Whoever offends Jimmy will be...”

She held her hand up, drew it across her neck, and added, “... killed off secretly!”

Pete, “?”

Mia was so frightened that she shrank back after she spoke. "My mommy also told me not to offend Jimmy when I first came to school. Jimmy's mother looked so scary just now!"

The other children were also discussing the matter quietly among themselves.

"Will Cherry stop coming to school tomorrow?"

"I heard that Jimmy's father has a big pet tiger that only eats children! Will Cherry be eaten on her way home?"

"You mustn't die, Cherry!"

"Sob, Cherry, I really like you..."

A child's world was very simple and innocent, especially when Cherry the charmer had already become their favorite person in the class.

As a result, Pete was surrounded by the children. Their eyes were all red as they said their goodbyes to him.

"Cherry, I like you the most. You have to come to school alive tomorrow, okay?!"

"Cherry, why don't you go and buy a piece of meat after school? This way, even if you encounter the big tiger, you can let it eat the meat so that it won't eat you..."

"Here, Cherry, this is for you. It's a little hammer that my mommy gave me. She said that I can use it to hammer anyone that bullies me. Why don't you take this and beat the tiger with it?"

"..."

Pete, "..."

He couldn't help rolling his eyes. These children were so silly... that they were so cute.

The feeling of loneliness that had been hidden in the depths of his heart ever since he was born seemed to have unknowingly faded away a lot during his days in kindergarten.

Mia became even more frightened. Her eyes reddened as she said, "How about letting Daddy send you home after school today?!"

To Mia, her father was the most powerful person ever!

"... No, it's fine," replied Pete.

As a result, when a displeased Nora rushed over to the kindergarten after being woken up, she immediately saw her son being surrounded and sent off by a crying crowd.

Nora, "..."

However, before she could even say anything, Jimmy's mother rushed up to her. She jabbed her finger in her face and said angrily, "Never mind that you were talking nonsense in the group, but how can you also say such nonsense to a child? Look at how pale Jimmy has become because of you!"

Jimmy was following his mother at the back. The little boy was trembling all over, and he looked as if he was about to have a fit because he was crying so hard.

Nora frowned and said, "Now's not the time to be quarreling. I'd suggest that you take your son to the hospital for a checkup right away."

"To hell with the checkup!" Jimmy's mother shouted angrily, "We're already meeting in person, yet you're still so full of hot air! It's all because your daughter scared him that my son has become like this! Encephalitis? ... Would anyone need a lumbar puncture because of encephalitis? This is the first time I've ever heard about it! Aren't lumbar punctures related to leukemia or something? Are you sure you know what you're saying or not?!"

Nora, "..."

Jimmy's mother rolled up her sleeves as if she was about to hit someone. She demanded, "I want you to apologize to my son right away! Tell your daughter to apologize to my son, too! Take back what you said just now and tell him that all of that was just a joke!"

However, as soon as she said that, Jimmy suddenly held his head with his hands and threw up.

Chapter 183 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

Why was he here?

Nora was wondering about that when Joel walked over. There was also surprise on his countenance as he asked, "Why are you here?"

Nora raised her eyebrows and answered ambiguously, "I'm a doctor. Why are you here, though, Mr. Smith?"

She was a doctor?

Joel narrowed his eyes a little and looked at the operating room.

Anti had an operation here today, so he had especially rushed over here to ask Anti to treat his uncle's illness.

Due to Anti's presence, only one operation had been arranged on this particular floor.

Since she was here, then didn't that mean that she just met Anti?

Joel's gaze returned to the operating room. The operation should have ended by now, right?

He didn't have any more time to spend going back and forth with Nora, so he nodded and replied, "I'm here to look for someone."

After he said that, the doors to the operating room opened.

Michael walked out with the others. Joel strode over to them right away.

Michael had already finished the sutures long ago. The operation went perfectly.

Nora had only left after she was informed about it.

At the sight of Joel walking toward the operating room, Nora strode off and left.

She could finally go home and have good sleep now.

Joel didn't pay any more attention to her. Instead, he went straight to Michael and said, "Hello, Anti."

Michael, "?"

He took off his surgical mask and stared at Joel in astonishment. "I'm not Anti."

Joel was taken aback. "Then where's Anti?"

"Anti has already left a long time ago."

"What?"

Joel broke into a frown. He was already here when the operation was nearing its end and had been waiting outside the whole time. The only person that left at the end of the operation had been...

Just as Joel's suspicions were starting to develop, Michael thought of how Nora hadn't wanted to reveal her identity, so he said, "Yes, Mr. Anti has already left."

Mister?

Was Anti male?

This wasn't that surprising, though. Most surgeons were men.

Joel frowned. Although his uncle's diagnosis hadn't yet been confirmed, it would always be safer if they could find Anti.

He didn't expect to actually miss him.

He heaved a sigh, left the operating room, and went downstairs. When he entered the car park, he happened to see the familiar jeep driving past him in front.

He glanced at it—the young woman in the driver's seat stared straight ahead. As though she was in a rush to go home, she didn't even glance at him when she passed by.

Joel shook his head and got into the car.

“Are you going home, Mr. Smith?” asked the chauffeur.

“I’m going to pick up Mia.”

“Okay.”

The chauffeur started the car and drove to the Golden Sunshine Kindergarten.

On the way there, Joel turned his head to the side and stared into the distance. The amicable look on his face had long since disappeared, and he fell silent. He had been sending and picking Mia up from school himself lately, but he hadn’t seen her ever again...

When he asked Mia about it, she said that Ms. Turner was still working in the kindergarten. So, did that mean that he hadn’t seen her because she was hiding from him?

—

At the kindergarten.

The last lesson of the day was a dance class.

The kindergarten’s anniversary celebrations would be held in a few days. They would be performing on stage during the celebrations, so they had arranged extra dance classes recently.

Pete pulled a long face and danced expressionlessly with the rest of the children.

Fortunately for him, kids’ dances didn’t differentiate between boys and girls, but even so, he still felt a slight sense of embarrassment welling up in him.

Because!

He had to wear a skirt in the dance!

Pete couldn’t help but heave a huge sigh while he danced.

Was Cherry so happy being with Daddy that she had forgotten about returning? To think they hadn’t switched back yet! Should this go on any longer, he would become a little dancing genius very soon!

After another round of practice, Tanya clapped her hands and told the children to have a quick rest where they were.

Pete needed to take a leak, so he got up and walked over to the bathroom outside.

As soon as he exited the dance studio, he spotted a little fellow dancing outside the door.

Mia was frail, so she never attended any of the sports and dance classes. Yet, she was tiptoeing and gently turning her body at the moment.

It was the dance that they were doing just now.

Pete walked over. Seemingly having spotted him, Mia stopped moving. She stared at him with her big eyes and small oval-shaped face and said, "You guys looked great dancing just now, Cherry!"

"..."

Pete kept quiet for a while. Then, he asked, "Why are you here?"

The little Mia lowered her head and twiddled her thumbs. "I... I was too bored."

There were also painting lessons and writing lessons being conducted elsewhere during the dance lesson, yet Mia hadn't gone there but came over here to secretly watch them dance instead...

Pete suddenly understood something. He asked, "Do you like dancing?"

Mia hesitated for a moment before she nodded. However, she also shook her head right after that.

Her timid appearance was such that even Pete, who had never been one to be meddlesome, couldn't help but ask another question, "Do you like it or not?"

Mia had always been an introverted child who kept everything inside her.

But for some reason, when the one she was facing was the little boy version of Cherry, she was able to speak up. She replied, "I do, but my mommy doesn't allow me to dance."

Mia sadly hung her head a little.

She had always liked dancing, and could never resist dancing along whenever she heard music.

Yet, her mother had claimed that she wasn't in good health and forbade her from learning.

The doctor had obviously said before that they could consider letting her exercise and train her body, so why was Mommy always stopping her from exercising?

While Mia was puzzling over this, Pete suddenly took her hand, walked into the dance studio, and went up to Tanya. Then, he said to Mia, "Dance the routine from just now."

Tanya, "?"

Mia, "?"

Mia glanced at Tanya cautiously and then at Pete.

Seemingly having received encouragement, the timid girl performed the dance in front of Tanya.

Tanya's eyes lit up.

To be honest, all these years, she had been wanting to take an apprentice and let them participate in competitions in the future.

However, she had never found a suitable candidate.

She didn't expect the young Mia to be so talented in dancing!

She was practically the best dancer among all the children in the class!

Moreover, she was born with a small frame and was flexible, which made her very suitable for dancing!

Tanya gazed at her and asked, "Do you want to learn to dance?"

Mia looked at Pete.

Pete nodded at her.

Mia nodded fiercely. "Yeah!"

Tanya became tempted at once, and she almost blurted out the question 'Are you willing to learn from me?'.

But when she thought of Mia's identity, she hesitated for a very long time before she finally heaved a sigh and got onto her feet. She ultimately didn't say anything.

She was that man's daughter; Tanya mustn't take her as an apprentice. Otherwise, she would end up becoming entangled with him again.

The school bell just so happened to ring at this point, so Tanya said, "Alright, let's go back to your respective classes and get ready to go home!"

The students scattered and left. Mia was the only one who kept looking back at her.

Tanya steeled her heart and looked away.

At the entrance of the kindergarten.

Joel's cell phone rang while he was waiting for Mia. Quentin's voice came from the other end when he answered.

"The DNA test report is out."

Joel tensed up and he asked nervously, "How are the results?"

The previous generation of the Smiths had three sons, and Ian was the youngest. They didn't have any sisters.

No one had given birth to any daughters in their generation, either. Though, Ian had adopted a daughter. Should Nora really turn out to be their cousin, that would be great.

Besides, this would also give Ian the courage to live on.

Joel received a reply from Quentin while he was thinking about it. The reply took him by surprise. His upturned eyes slowly became downcast. A short while later, he said, "I see."

After he hung up, Joel turned to look out the window and went into deep contemplation.

Some time later, he finally retracted his gaze as if he had made up his mind about something. Students started to exit the kindergarten after that.

Joel got out of the car.

Golden Sunshine Kindergarten students were all children of the rich and powerful. Therefore, the parents picking up their children were also all either rich or of high social status.

In the past, it was Mia's mother who had picked up Mia and Brandon from school. However, Joel was the one coming over every day now, which caused the other parents to also start picking up their children themselves.

"Oh, are you here to pick up your child too, Mr. Smith? Nice to meet you!"

"What a coincidence, Mr. Smith! Are you here to pick up your child from school?"

"I'm the general manager of Glory Group, Mr. Smith. Nice to meet you..."

"..."

When Tanya, who was holding Pete's hand, was about to leave the kindergarten, she was greeted by the sight of directors from various corporations standing in a row at the door.

The teachers in the kindergarten couldn't help but marvel.

"Oh my goodness, those parents usually send nannies or bodyguards to pick up and drop off their children. Why are so many of them here in person today?"

"Anyone I hit with a random toss of a ball will probably have a net worth of millions of dollars!"

"I bet you don't understand why, right? Can't you see? Everyone's here for Mr. Smith!"

"Mr. Smith is so handsome! No wonder Mia is so good-looking even though she's so young. She must have inherited her looks from Mr. Smith! He's also

so graceful, gentle, and elegant... Sigh, I'm so envious of Ms. Lynn! If only Mr. Smith would say something to me!"

"I know, right? Ms. Turner, you're a dance teacher, right? Why don't you go and have a word with Mr. Smith?"

Tanya, "..."

She lifted her head and glanced at the door. The graceful figure standing across the crowd seemed to stand aloof from the world and gave off an air like that of a noble gentleman.

Even after five years had passed, that man still shone so brightly and radiantly.

Five years ago, she had said, "I want to hide you away and not let anyone else see you. You're simply too outstanding; I'm afraid that someone will take you away from me!"

But he had ultimately still become someone else's husband.

When she thought of how he and Hillary were married, she immediately retracted her gaze.

Pete, who had caught a glimpse of her expression, became puzzled, and he asked, "Why aren't you teaching Mia how to dance, God-mom? I think she dances very well."

Mia was thinner than most other children, and she didn't have much baby fat on her small face. She had a small oval-shaped face and a pointed chin. When she danced, her form was very light and weightless as though she were a butterfly.

Pete felt that it would be a huge pity if she didn't dance.

Tanya touched Pete's head and replied, "It's because her parents don't allow her to dance."

Otherwise, why wouldn't she have been exposed to dancing when she was already five?

Besides, she also really didn't want to be involved with the Smiths anymore.

Pete tilted his head and nodded as if he had understood something.

Tanya took Pete to the roadside after they exited the kindergarten. The unreliable Nora had left with the car in the morning after she woke up, so the two of them could only take a cab home now.

The kindergarten was relatively far from the area where they could hail a cab, so they walked one street down and went to another road.

Joel had already spotted Tanya a long time ago.

She was a dancer, after all. Her legs were long and her waist slender, making her look as charming as ever despite just wearing ordinary-looking clothes.

He'd thought that they would at least make eye contact, but unexpectedly, Tanya didn't take even a glance at him and took the child straight to the other side of the street.

Light flickered in his upturned eyes. After clenching his fists a little, he picked up Mia and got into the car with her.

While Tanya and Pete were waiting for a cab, an extended Lincoln suddenly stopped in front of them. The door opened, and Joel's astonishingly good-looking visage appeared in front of them. He said, "Where are you going? I'll give you guys a ride."

Tanya was so shocked that she immediately looked around. When she saw that no one had noticed them, she breathed a sigh of relief. Then, she took Pete's hand, took a step back, and said with an air of resistance, "No, it's fine."

But as soon as she said that, Joel uttered a domineering reply in a gentle voice, "Don't make me get out of the car and kidnap you."

Tanya, "..."

The parents and teachers nearby were about to walk over. Tanya didn't want to cause any trouble, so she could only pick up Pete and quickly get into the car.

The car door slowly closed. Mia called out happily, "Cherry! Ms. Turner!"

Tanya smiled at her.

Pete took the initiative to sit beside Mia.

Tanya's brows knitted together—she could only sit next to Joel now. Nevertheless, she shifted away from him and put some distance between them.

Joel frowned at the sight.

He lowered his gaze and asked, "Your address?"

Only then did Tanya finally react. After she gave him the Andersons' address, Joel looked at her and asked, "Are you staying with the Andersons?"

Tanya nodded.

Joel cast his eyes down. "It's not very convenient staying in someone else's home, right? Don't you have anywhere else you can stay at?"

Tanya turned away and replied, "That doesn't seem to be any of your business, Mr. Smith."

She was calling him Mr. Smith again...

Joel took a deep breath and said, "That's true. We have nothing to do with each other."

Tanya clenched her jaw.

Indeed, they had nothing to do with each other.

In fact, that man must even hate her, right?

That was why he didn't allow his daughter to dance—because she was a dancer, right?

Tanya didn't expect that Joel would hate her that much. It was just that if he hated her so much, then why was he sending them home?

In the midst of her hesitance, Joel said, "It was my misunderstanding the other time."

The other time? Was he talking about that time in the hospital when he misunderstood that she was Mr. Hunt's lover?

With a cold look on her face, Tanya said sarcastically, "It's not your fault, Mr. Smith. It's because I look too much like someone's mistress."

Joel, "..."

He knew that she was dissing him, but from Tanya's reaction, he instead caught vague shadows of what they were like in the past.

He took a deep breath and said, "You don't have to say that about yourself. That's not what I meant, either... Never mind. I'm taking you home because I wanted to apologize to you."

"You can save the apology, Mr. Smith," Tanya replied coldly, "It'll be fine as long as you stay away from me in the future, lest I become an eyesore to you!"

Joel, "!!"

The kindergarten was very close to the Andersons' villa, so they had already arrived while they were talking.

The chauffeur even felt as if his boss had given him a cold look when he stopped the car.

"Let's get off."

Tanya was about to get out of the car with Pete when he suddenly looked at Joel and asked, "Mia's Daddy, why are you forbidding Mia from learning how to dance?"

His question stunned Joel. "What?"

Pete glanced at a cowering Mia and said sincerely, "She likes dancing very much. Restricting a child's hobbies and interests is not something that a good father does."

"..."

Seeing that Joel's expression had tensed up and that he wasn't speaking, Tanya beckoned to Pete and said, "Come on down now."

Pete hopped off the car.

The two of them entered the Andersons' villa hand in hand.

The car door slowly closed as they disappeared at the door. When the car started once more, Joel finally looked at Mia.

He beckoned to Mia, who went over to him docilely at once. She tried to please him and said cautiously, "Mia doesn't like dancing, Daddy..."

Her eyes flickered as she spoke, and there was a bit of panic in them.

Joel's heart ached for some reason. He asked, "Was it your mother who forbade you from learning how to dance, Mia?"

Mia nodded, but then shook her head again. In the end, she lowered her head and said uneasily, "Mommy said that Daddy hates someone who dances, and told me not to learn to dance. Don't worry, Daddy, Mia won't dance!"

Her words made Joel's eyes widen in shock.

Joel had always wanted to know Mia's interests and preferences while she was growing up, but he found that everything that the girl liked to eat and play with were all things that he liked.

He had always thought that she had inherited those traits from him.

Little did he expect that they were actually all a result of Hillary's training?

Joel's expression darkened. "Daddy doesn't dislike dancing."

Mia's eyes lit up at once, and she asked, "Then can Mia learn to dance with Ms. Turner?"

Joel looked at her. His jaw tensed up as he asked, "Do you like Ms. Turner very much, Mia?"

Mia gave him a timid smile and replied, "Yeah."

She lowered her head and twiddled her thumbs as she said, "Ms. Turner dances really beautifully, yeah. I secretly watched her a few times. She also really likes to smile. I like her very much... But Mommy doesn't like Ms. Turner..."

She looked rather depressed at this point. Then, she added, “Besides, Ms. Turner also doesn’t like Mia.”

The disappointed girl said, “She refused to teach me today.”

Tanya had refused to teach her... It must be because she really didn’t want to have anything to do with him, right?

Joel’s long, slender fingers balled up slightly, and the look in his eyes turned even frostier than before. He rubbed Mia’s head gently. After a short silence, he said, “It’s okay. I’ll think of something if you want to learn dancing.”

—

At the Andersons’.

Nora had just come out of the bath when Pete got home. The woman, who was wearing a silk nightgown, let out a lazy yawn and collapsed onto the bed.

Pete greeted her. “Hi, Mommy.”

Nora waved and said, “Yeah. Do your homework yourself.”

“Okay.”

Pete went to the study after that. Nora was about to go to bed when her cell phone suddenly rang. Cherry’s young and tender voice rang out on the phone when she answered the call.

“My dearest Mommy, have you found out where Sponsor Grandpa is?”

They had been chatting on Messenger for more than a month. Their spark of friendship had been getting stronger and stronger, but their chat had been inactive the whole day the day before.

Why hadn’t Sponsor Grandpa come online yet today?

Cherry was panicked.

As though her actions were right and justified, Nora replied, “Oh. I forgot about it.”

“ ... ”

Cherry sighed. "Then are you willing to look him up for me now, Mommy?"

"No, I'm not."

Cherry was so mad that her little chest was heaving up and down. She silently told herself that she was her biological mother... She could only grin and bear with it and ask, "Then when will you be free to look him up for me?"

Nora raised her eyebrows and replied, "When I wake up, I guess. Alright, I'm hanging up!"

She was really sleepy now.

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

The disconnected tone made Cherry's heart go cold. Her little shoulders drooped as she looked up at the big villa in front of her, on the brink of tears.

She was staying with her father at the Hunts' family home at the moment.

The family home was actually a manor.

By right, since Justin was the head of the Hunts, he should have been living in the manor. However, because the Hunts were all living together, this meant that his second uncle's family was also living there. Moreover, there was also that incident with the elderly Mrs. Hunt previously. Thus, Justin had taken Pete with him and resided elsewhere instead.

As Justin had taught his second uncle's family a good lesson and also gotten something on them after they made that mistake, they had become much more well-behaved and didn't dare to come over anymore. Coupled with the fact that the two of them were staying in the main house, this meant that Cherry still hadn't met anyone from the Hunts yet, even though it had been two days since they moved back.

In the midst of her thoughts, Justin strode into the room. He looked down at her and asked gently, "There's a family dinner tonight. Do you want to join them?"

A family dinner?

Cherry loved lively places the most.

Moreover, several of her elders would also be there, which meant that she would gain a few more people that doted on and loved her. Thus, she nodded and replied, “Yeah, I wanna go!”

“Okay.”

Justin smiled at her. Had it been his son instead, he definitely wouldn't have wanted to go. As expected, his daughter's personality was different. She was much livelier and more cheerful than his son.

He bent over, picked up Cherry with one arm, and carried her downstairs.

The Hunts hosted a family dinner every month. All the Hunts were required to attend it as long as they were in New York—this was a rule in the family.

By the time they went down to the main living room, the spacious living room was already full of people.

His second uncle, Roger Hunt, sat quietly in the corner.

Roger's son, Fatty, was playing with his cell phone with his head down. Apart from them, the other Hunts in the family were also present. The elderly Mrs. Hunt had already been discharged from the hospital and was currently seated on the chair next to the master seat.

The master seat belonged to the head of the family.

The moment Justin came down, all the Hunts stood up. Even if they were his elders, they were still required to show the head of the family courtesy.

Mrs. Hunt, who was the oldest there, said, “You're here, Justin.”

Justin nodded and greeted his grandmother. Then, as if he was teaching his child manners—even though he was, in fact, giving his daughter a reminder—he said, “Say hi to your Great-Grandma, Pete.”

Cherry looked at Mrs. Hunt eagerly.

So, was she the Great-Grandma who'd had a fall some time back, causing her brother to be accused of pushing her?

Mrs. Hunt was also looking at her.

She had come to know what had happened after she regained consciousness after the operation. The old lady had felt rather distressed that her son and his family had used her against a child.

Pete was not like other children; he was mildly autistic and didn't like to talk.

After that incident, the relationship that they had built after so much effort must be almost all gone by now, right?

Mrs. Hunt heaved a sigh at the thought and looked at Cherry cautiously. Knowing that her great-grandson probably didn't dare to approach her anymore, she said regretfully, "Never mind... Let's not make things difficult for the child anymore!"

"Yeah, that's right! Don't make things difficult for Pete anymore. He has mild autism, you know!" said Raymond Hunt, Justin's second uncle. He sounded as if he was echoing Mrs. Hunt, but in truth, he was embarrassing Pete in front of all the other Hunts. He added, "He doesn't like talking!!"

How could a child that didn't talk possibly inherit the company in the future?

Even if he was currently stripped of authority, once Justin became old, wouldn't the company still be theirs in the end anyway?

Mrs. Hunt became angry the moment Raymond said that. She snapped, "Pete isn't autistic, Raymond! Don't you dare spout nonsense!"

Raymond curled his lip disdainfully. "Yeah, yeah, Pete isn't autistic. He just doesn't like talking to people, that's all. Sigh, he can't just keep avoiding talking to people when he takes over the company in the future, right?"

Roger said, "Don't say that, Dad. Who knows, he may recover after he grows up."

Chester couldn't tell that they were mocking Pete. Neither did he recognize that the child was his leader, and thought she was his quiet and reticent little nephew, so he echoed them and said, "Yeah, it'll be fine once he grows up!"

Raymond, however, scoffed and said, "That's what everyone said when he was a baby, but you don't see his condition getting any better the last few years, either... But I'm just worrying over nothing, of course, because Justin

will definitely have everything all nicely planned out for the company in the future, right?"

He then looked at Fatty and reprimanded him. "And you, too, Fatty. Don't just study all the time. What's the use of being so academic? All that studying has made you stupid instead. What matters the most as a leader is eloquence! How can you make people trust and believe in you if you're not eloquent?"

He was both overtly and secretly demeaning Pete.

All the other Hunts looked at Pete when they heard what he said.

Indeed, what was the use of a genius if he was autistic?

Seeing that his words were showing effect, Raymond immediately became rather smug.

Roger, however, narrowed his eyes.

During past family dinners, Pete had either skipped it altogether and if he did attend, Justin would always lose his temper whenever someone mentioned the words 'mild autism'.

Why was he keeping quiet this time, though?

Could it be that...

He was still wondering about it when the little fellow in Justin's arms called out sweetly, "Hi, Great-Grandma!"

Roger, "?"

Raymond was also dumbfounded. He stared at the child in Justin's arms in disbelief and said, "Were you the one talking just now, Pete?"

Cherry rolled her eyes and looked at Justin. Then, in her young but clear voice, she asked, "Is that grandpa deaf or blind, Daddy? Why are his ears and eyes so bad? Since our family is so rich, you have to get the doctor to take a look at him!"

The corners of Justin's lips curled into a smile. His usually standoffish countenance looked rather relaxed. He glanced at Raymond and replied leisurely, "He's very old, so he can neither see nor hear anything clearly."

Raymond, “!!!”

Cherry replied adorably, “Oh, I see!”

As for Mrs. Hunt, she was so excited upon hearing Cherry’s voice that her eyes reddened. She wanted to reach out and take her into her arms, but when she thought of how the little fellow loathed physical contact with others the most, she retracted her arms and asked with a smile, “Is Pete talking now? Has he recovered?”

Justin cast his eyes down dispassionately and kept quiet. Instead, he put his daughter down.

As soon as Cherry’s feet touched the floor, she ran toward Mrs. Hunt. The little figure dived into the elderly lady’s arms and she called out adorably and tenderly, “Great-Grandma!”

Not only was the little fellow sweet-smelling and tender, but ‘he’ was finally willing to let her hug ‘him’ now.

Mrs. Hunt became even more excited, so much so that her hands even started to shake. She let out an excited sound of acknowledgment and then, without a second thought, took off a ring she was wearing and stuffed it into Cherry’s hands. She said, “Here, this is for you, Pete!”

Everyone present was shocked at the sight.

Mrs. Hunt’s ring was made of top-quality jadeite that formed only in hundreds of thousands of years, and was worth over ten million dollars! The elderly Mr. Hunt had given it to her when they got married back then!

At that time, they had said that it was to be passed on to future generations as a family heirloom!

The elderly lady had also been urging Justin to get married all this time, so that she could gift the ring to her daughter-in-law. It was a symbol of one’s status as the female master of the Hunts!

Why had she instead given the ring to Pete in a moment of excitement today?

Raymond panicked. He stepped forward and said with a smile, “Look at how muddleheaded you are, Mom. This is a woman’s ring; why would you give it to Pete?”

The old lady glanced at him and replied with a smile, “Pete can keep it and give it to his wife in the future, then!”

In other words, she was saying that Pete’s wife would be the female master of the Hunts in the future. In that case, Pete’s position as the head of the family was not to be doubted!

The elderly lady was backing Pete up!

Raymond frowned and looked at Fatty with dissatisfaction. Then, he said, “You mustn’t be biased, Mom. Since you’ve given that to Pete, what are you going to give Fatty?”

The fat little boy also looked at her expectantly.

Mrs. Hunt glanced at him and said with a smile, “Fatty can ask his Uncle Justin if there’s anything he wants! Justin is rich! And he’s also the head of the family!”

Raymond’s expression darkened even further.

Roger also lowered his gaze.

Seeing that the two of them were no longer creating any more trouble, Mrs. Hunt finally looked at Cherry and said, “Put the ring away properly, Pete.”

Cherry hastily said, “This is too precious, Great-Grandma. I can’t accept it!”

“One shouldn’t reject gifts from their elders. Just take it.”

Cherry subconsciously wanted to look for Nora, but she suddenly realized that Mommy wasn’t here, so she looked at Justin instead.

Justin cast his eyes down and smiled. Then, he stepped forward, took the ring from Cherry, and said, “Since Great-Grandma has given it to you, then just accept it. But you’re still young, so you can’t wear it yet. We’ll let your Mommy wear it first.”

‘Mommy’?

Mrs. Hunt's eyes lit up the moment he said that. She asked, "What Mommy?"

The others also looked at him.

Was that man, who had made up his mind to remain single for his entire life, finally getting married?

Raymond and Roger instantly felt a sense of crisis.

Should Justin get married and have another two sons, wouldn't Fatty have even less of a chance?!

The two of them frowned.

All of a sudden, Raymond said, "Alright, the grownups are going to talk. Why don't you kids go to the side and play some games?"

He gave Fatty a look after he spoke.

Fatty immediately understood what he meant. He took a step forward, grabbed Cherry's hand, and said, "C'mon Pete, why don't we play some games? This mobile game is very popular now. Anyone can play it as long as they are not too stupid. Surely you know how to play it, right?"

It was common knowledge that Pete was a nerd whose only hobby was studying. This meant that he would definitely suck at playing games!

Cherry, "?"

Before she could even speak, Mrs. Hunt panicked and said, "Children shouldn't play games too much!"

Roger smiled and said, "That's a rather misguided statement, Grandma. Games can also reflect a person's intelligence. Besides, people who only know how to memorize their books and fail to exercise practical application in their studies tend to have one-track minds."

He looked at Justin and said, "Isn't Justin himself someone who excels in every aspect? I'm sure Pete is also someone like that, so let's just let him play!"

The way he spoke sounded as if people who were bad at games were very stupid!

Justin' lip corners curled into a smile when he heard what he said.

Wasn't that game that Fatty mentioned exactly the one that Cherry live-streamed herself playing?

He had already found out a long time ago that Cherry was the local server's top player in that game!

Over at the other side, Fatty had already taken out his cell phone. He asked, "Do you have an account? Come on, let's play a round! I can carry you in the game as long as you're not particularly stupid! This game is the best at reflecting whether someone is clever or not!"

Cherry, "?"

Were they asking her if she had ever played it before?

Kiddo, are you sure you aren't joking? she thought.

She looked down at the cell phone in her hands—it was her brother's. In order to prevent anyone from discovering that they had switched places, they would always switch cell phones with each other, too.

In order to play her game, she had prepared two cell phones for herself. The one that she had brought with her here was her brother's, so the game wasn't installed in it. She said, "Gimme a moment, I have to download the game first!"

Fatty nodded. "Okay, hurry up."

Cherry nodded and stretched out her chubby little finger. She pressed a few times nimbly on the phone and started the download.

On the other side, Chester panicked.

He was on his little nephew's side, after all!

Thus, he came over hastily and said, "What are you guys playing? I'll carry you guys!"

Fatty knew that this uncle of his was great at games, and even live-streamed. If he carried them in the game, it definitely wouldn't highlight Pete's stupidity.

Fatty's eyes swiveled around. Then, he grinned and said, "Pete has never played this game before, so he'll definitely have a hard time getting started. Why don't we have a PvP battle with each other first? This way, he can also familiarize himself with the game!"

PvP battles referred to one-on-one, player-versus-player battles in the game.

Once a player lost all of their HP, their character would die.

Fatty felt that Pete definitely wouldn't be familiar with the game, since this was his first time playing it. Wouldn't he be able to easily trash the other party and take several of his lives, then? If he could get a kill ratio of zero to several dozen, Daddy and Grandpa would definitely praise him!

He could also take the opportunity to show everyone present that he, Fatty, was the most outstanding child in this generation of the Hunts.

Chester was usually quite the dimwit, but he nevertheless instantly understood the seven to eight-year-old boy's intentions.

He said anxiously, "No, that won't do!"

"Why not?" asked Fatty.

Chester coughed and said, "Who would ask for a PvP battle right off the bat? I don't think this is fair to Pete."

Fatty argued for his case and said, "It isn't unfair. This would also allow us to see Pete's level, after all. Are you scared to have a PvP battle with me, Pete?"

Cherry, who was currently downloading the game, looked up with her big round eyes when she heard him.

She blinked and replied, "Sure, no problem!"

Her young, tender voice could practically make one melt.

Her voice made Mrs. Hunt feel as if someone had just coated her heart in honey. She beckoned to her and said, "We won't play with him if you don't want to, Pete! Come over to Great-Grandma instead!"

Cherry tilted her head and looked at Mrs. Hunt. When she saw the elderly lady's kind eyes, she smiled sweetly and said, "It'll be fine, Great-Grandma!"

Mrs. Hunt shook her head and said earnestly, "It's not good to immerse yourself in games. Take a look at Chester; weren't all of you opposed to him playing games?"

Raymond laughed and said, "It's not like Fatty is playing it as a profession. He's just cultivating the mind and spirit. Besides, I heard that playing games can also train a child's ability to focus, so it's not necessarily all bad. Clever children will always master everything at one go, no matter what they do."

A smiling Roger also said, "Don't worry, Grandma. Pete has always been smart ever since he was a baby. He has a very high IQ, so a bit of gaming won't be any trouble for him at all."

Then, Roger looked at Fatty and said, "Show your younger cousin some mercy."

Fatty grinned and replied, "No problem, Daddy!"

At the sight of his confidence, Roger suddenly suggested, "It certainly isn't quite appropriate to just focus on playing games. Why don't we have a bet?"

Raymond immediately spoke in favor of the suggestion. He said, "That's a good idea! Otherwise, the children won't be motivated to win, either! Why don't we have a bet? If Fatty loses, I'll give up 1% of my shares in the company. How does that sound?"

1% of his shares?

Now, that was going a little too far!

The Hunts' assets were worth trillions of dollars. Even though he only owned 20% of the company's shares, 1% of that 20% was still worth several millions of dollars!

Mrs. Hunt's expression darkened. "The children are just fooling around. The stakes are too high, Raymond!"

"What's the big deal?"

Raymond walked over to Mrs. Hunt with a smile and took her arm. The man was already in his fifties, yet he was behaving like a child. He said, "We're just

having fun, Mom! Besides, we are a family. It's the same no matter who owns the shares! I'm sure Justin will rise up to the challenge, right?"

Justin cast his eyes down and said, "Are you talking about 1% of the company's shares, or 1% of your shares in the company, Uncle Raymond?"

Raymond was taken aback for a moment.

Justin sneered, "Since you want to have some fun, then let's up the stakes. What say you to 1% of the company's shares?"

Given how profitable the Hunt Corporation's shares were, 1% of the company's shares would involve a transfer of billions of dollars' worth of profits!

The stakes were too high!

Who would gamble dozens of billions of dollars on a one-time bet?

Raymond's expression darkened. He subconsciously looked at Roger.

Roger smiled and said, "Since Justin has said so, then let's do just that."

Raymond wanted to say something, but Roger tugged on his sleeve, lowered his voice, and said, "Justin must have suddenly raised the stakes because he thinks you won't bear to part with that much money, so you definitely won't dare to continue with the bet!"

Raymond immediately understood what Roger meant!

So, Justin was waging psychological warfare with him!

He let out a cold laugh and exchanged a look with Roger. Then, he lowered his voice and asked, "Are you sure Pete has never played that game before?"

Roger nodded. "He is always studying every day, so how would he possibly have any time to play games? He only downloaded it once in California and played it for an afternoon there, but he uninstalled it after that. I'm sure he can't play it."

Raymond looked at his little grandson again.

Fatty was seven to eight years old this year, and he was very good at games.

The Hunts were all very smart. Wouldn't it be a cinch for Fatty to bully a five-year-old?

Besides, no matter how clever a child was, they would still have to familiarize themselves with the game's workings before they could become adept at any game. This pocket of time Pete would need, signified that victory was pretty much in the bag for Fatty!

Thus, Raymond immediately smiled and said, "Sure, Justin. I'll bet 1% of the company's shares. How about you?"

Justin was about to speak when Raymond suddenly added, "You're the head of the Hunt Corporation, so I can't possibly ask for your shares, either, right? How about this—if Fatty is lucky enough to win, then you'll give me that ring that Mom gave Pete just now! This request isn't too much, is it?"

At first glance, when one compared shares worth billions of dollars to a ring worth millions of dollars, it seemed like Raymond was losing out in the deal.

However, one could earn billions of dollars, but the ring was priceless!

Moreover, that wasn't just a mere ring—it was also something that symbolized the wife of the next head of the family!

Raymond had certainly got it all figured out!

Mrs. Hunt became infuriated at once. She said, "How can you gamble with each other when the children are just playing some games at home? Besides, that's a gift from me. How can it be transferred to someone else?"

Raymond looked at her and said, "How can you be so biased, Mom? Why didn't you say that we're going too far when I offered my shares worth billions of dollars? Or is it because... Justin doesn't dare to take up the bet with me?"

A lot of people—most of them the Hunts' collateral and direct descendants—had come for the Hunts' family dinner. By repeatedly using phrases such as "Do you dare to do it or not" in front of so many people, Raymond was obviously leaving Justin no way out.

Should he refuse the bet at a time like this, it would be tantamount to him showing signs of cowardice!

Raymond was certain that Justin would agree to it—after all, that was the only option he had.

Sure enough, after a short silence, Justin slowly replied, “Let’s do it.”

Raymond and Roger exchanged a look and smirked.

How dare Pete attend the dinner! Mrs. Hunt was also too biased. Pete was just a five-year-old boy who hadn’t even grown up, yet she was giving him the family heirloom! She was too much!

They were bent on making Pete make a fool out of himself today!

Mrs. Hunt wanted to stop them again, but Justin gave her a comforting look, which made the old lady close her mouth.

Fatty became even more excited when he heard their conversation. He selected the hero that he was the most skilled at playing as, and asked Cherry, “Which hero are you playing as, Pete? You can just pick any of them.”

Cherry nodded, selected the little girl hero that she always played as, and replied, “I’m picking this one. What about you?”

Fatty answered, “I’m playing as this guy!”

“Pfft!” Cherry broke into a grin and laughed. As soon as she turned on the game, she transformed into her irritable little girl persona and started to diss her opponent. She said, “Okay. C’mon sonny, I’m going to beat you so bad today that your mom won’t even recognize you!”

Fatty was taken aback. “Who do you think you’re calling ‘sonny’?”

“Your hero, of course. Isn’t he my hero’s son?”

“...”

Fatty, who had been taken advantage of for no reason whatsoever, was furious. He controlled his hero in the game and made him go straight to Cherry.

Cherry, who looked like she was in high spirits, had a triumphant look on her face.

She deliberately acted as if she was playing the game for the first time, making her hero walk about left and right awkwardly as if she didn't even know how to use the controls. "Oh no, why is she walking away?!" Cherry said.

Fatty was overjoyed. He chased after Cherry's hero and started to attack her.

Cherry didn't fight back in the early stages of the round. Instead, she deliberately made her hero sway left and right, making Fatty burst out laughing. "Dummy Pete, you're so stupid! Can't you even walk? I'm gonna teach you how to behave today!"

Cherry put on a feint in the first half and didn't fire even a single shot. She kept her HP under control and allowed Fatty to deplete it to the lowest it could go.

After that, she seemed to understand something and became so scared that she started to run toward her defensive tower.

Fatty chased after her.

She had only a little HP left! As long as he could make contact with Cherry, there would be absolutely no problem at all.

It would be fine even if he had to defend against her defensive tower.

Yet, as if Cherry had suddenly pressed something wrong by accident, she pressed the button for her first skill. Her hero immediately did a tuck-and-roll and moved to the left, causing Fatty to miss!

Right at this point, the sound indicating a kill rang out on the phone!

'Pete Hunt' had killed 'The Unbeatable And Most Handsome'!

"He lost so quickly?"

A triumphant Raymond said, "You're too lousy, Pete. Even if this is your first time playing, you still lost too quickly. It hasn't even been a minute, you know?"

Roger also smirked and said, "A bet's a bet, Justin. That ring..."

Justin looked at them, dark light flickering in his eyes. In front of all the Hunts, his lips slowly parted and he asked, “The children are fooling around. Are you sure that the bet just now is valid?”

Raymond chuckled at once and said, “You mustn’t go back on your word, Justin. You’re a man, right? Besides, you’re even the man overseeing the Hunt Corporation. You have to keep your word; you can’t renege on it!”

Justin raised his eyebrows. “Are you sure, Uncle Raymond?”

“Yes, I am.”

As soon as Raymond said that, Justin sighed and said, “In that case, I will graciously accept 1% of the company shares from you.”

He turned and looked at Sean, who was standing behind him, and instructed, “Prepare the share transfer agreement and let Uncle Raymond sign it later.”

“Yes, sir.”

Raymond was stunned.

Roger, who was also dumbfounded, subconsciously said, “Rather than us transferring shares to you, Justin, you should be giving us the ring instead. After all, Fatty is the one who won just now...”

However, he suddenly realized something at this point, and he looked at the children. He was dumbstruck when he saw Fatty’s reaction.

Fatty’s cell phone screen dimmed at this point.

Fatty was still dumbfounded. What had just happened?

When he looked back up, he saw Cherry patting her little chest. She looked at him and remarked, “Whew, that was so close...”

Fatty understood now—he must have been unlucky just now! He had been so close to killing her hero!

He demanded angrily, “Again!”

“... That’s not really good, is it?” asked Cherry.

Fatty panicked. "What's so bad about it?"

Cherry sighed. "What I mean is that the stakes aren't really good. I've already won, so I'm not going to play anymore!"

Fatty, "!"

He was so mad that he ran to Roger and said, "Daddy, let's bet on it again! Grandpa, take out another 1%!"

1% of the shares equated to billions of dollars!

Raymond, who had panicked after losing the huge sum of money, said anxiously, "No, no, no..."

When an indignant Fatty turned around, he immediately saw Cherry making faces at him. On top of that, she even looked as if she had just given herself a huge fright. The little fellow put on a pretense and said, "Pete was so scared just now, Daddy! I don't know what happened, either. How come Fatty died just like that? I was only left with the barest of HP!"

Justin, "..."

What was one supposed to do when their daughter suddenly started putting on a show with them?

Pamper her and go along with her, of course!

Justin stretched out his big hand, ruffled her hair, and said with a doting smile, "Pete is so awesome. To think you've actually won 1% of the company's shares for Daddy. You're so good at the game even though this is your first time playing it!"

Cherry grinned at him.

1

Their conversation made Raymond's face flush completely red.

As though a gambler's mindset, the loss of billions of dollars just now made him anxious and irritable. He looked at Fatty and asked, "Are you sure you can beat him if you go at it again?"

Fatty nodded, "Yes, I am! I was so close just now!"

"Okay! Grandpa will trust you once more!" Raymond looked straight at Justin and said, "One more time!"

Cherry buried her head into Justin's shoulder and said, "Pete doesn't wanna, Daddy! It's too scary! Pete is scared!"

Justin, "..."

He ruffled her hair and spoke gently as he appeased her. "Okay, okay. We won't play anymore..."

However, the more he refused to play, the more determined to continue Raymond became, so he said, "Are you stopping, Justin? Surely you can't just leave after you win, right? It doesn't work that way!"

Raymond, whose eyes were all red, stood and stared at him. "The bet between the children only involves a few billion dollars. I'm staking billions of dollars on this while you only need to offer up Mom's ring. It's not like you're too scared to bet, right?"

Seemingly driven into a corner, Justin could only pat Cherry on the shoulder and say, "Let's play another round, Pete?"

"But Daddy, I'm scared!"

"Don't be scared. Just close your eyes and mess around."

Cherry looked up at him 'timidly' and said, "Sigh, I thought you said that it's not good to gamble, Daddy... I'm going, then."

'Left with no other option', Cherry sat in front of Fatty with her cell phone and turned on the game again.

Fatty controlled his hero and rushed straight toward Cherry's hero again.

The two of them clashed in the middle of the arena. Cherry blinked and repeated the same trick. After allowing Fatty to reduce her HP to the barest minimum, she 'coincidentally' killed Fatty's hero instead!

Fatty jumped onto his feet. "Why am I dead again?"

Cherry blinked with her big round eyes. “Yeah, I didn’t do anything, either. How did I fire a cannon? ... Oh, I get it now!”

Fatty, “?”

Cherry said with a straight face, “It’s because your mom will always be your mom. Sons can’t just usurp the throne whenever they want to~”

Fatty, “!!”

Her words made Roger narrow his eyes a little. By the time Fatty rushed over again to ask for another round, Raymond had already become thoroughly anxious and irritable at his losses.

Within a matter of a mere few minutes, he had actually lost 2% of the company’s shares and gone from owning 20% of the shares to 18%??

Raymond was so furious that he smacked the table. “One more time!”

Fatty nodded. He was about to set off when Roger grabbed his arm. Then, he looked at Justin and Cherry with a smile and said, “Nice one, Justin.”

Justin raised his eyebrows. “I told you, there’s no need to raise the stakes like that when the children are just fooling around. Look at how alarmed and anxious Uncle Raymond has become after he lost!”

His words made Raymond flush as red as a tomato. He pointed at Justin angrily and sputtered, “You, you, you...”

Justin’s expression turned cold and he said nothing.

Cherry, however, said, “Daddy, I’m so scared! Is that grandpa having a stroke? His fingers keep shaking!”

Raymond, “?”

Even Justin couldn’t help just smile. His anger from just now disappeared, and his voice was low and gentle as he replied, “No, Uncle Raymond is just being a sore loser. Forget it, you don’t need to prepare the agreement anymore, Sean.”

Raymond knew that Justin was provoking him the moment he heard what he said.

It was either he toughed it out and went along with Justin's words—but he would probably never be able to hold his head up high in front of the Hunts after that since he was the one who suggested the bet, yet also the one being a sore loser in the end—or he surrendered the shares!

Raymond was thick-skinned. Thinking that he could just redeem his reputation in the future, he was about to speak when the same young and tender voice said, "Why would he be a sore loser, Daddy? That grandpa was really amazing just now, and he even asked if you dared to bet with him. Is he the one who actually doesn't dare to? Also, can people just cancel their bets at will? Daddy taught me that I should always keep my word. Otherwise, it would be no different from a fart~!"

Raymond, "!!!"

Her words were too humiliating!

His words would be no different from a fart?!

He took a few deep breaths. There was no way he could part with the money, but the problem was that he would thoroughly embarrass himself... He couldn't quite stomach the aggravation.

At this point, Roger smiled and said, "That's impossible. It's just a few billion dollars. Dad, give it to him."

Raymond looked at Roger and exclaimed, "Roger!"

Roger's expression darkened. "Give it to him."

Raymond finally turned to Justin and said indignantly, "Prepare the agreement!"

Sean immediately nodded. "Yes, sir."

At the sight of him turning and leaving, Raymond said sarcastically, "Your assistant is terrible, Justin. How can he say that when you haven't even agreed?"

Sean ignored him. Instead, his footsteps toward the outside quickened as he got ready to print the papers.

To be honest, 2% of the shares were actually very important to them!

Justin, however, replied, "We're a family, Uncle Raymond. How would he possibly have the guts to disobey your instructions?"

Raymond, "??"

Was there even anyone who didn't know that no one could order about the few subordinates under Justin's command, except for Justin himself?

He was going too far by saying that!!!

—

While Cherry was provoking Raymond and his family at the Hunts', Pete was in school.

During class, a child raised his hand. "Ms. Lynn, my head hurts."

The teacher hurriedly walked over and asked, "What's wrong?"

The little fellow pointed to his head and replied, "It hurts."

Ms. Lynn had no choice but to let him rest at the side.

After class, everyone surrounded the boy with a headache.

"Jimmy, are you pretending to have a headache?"

The boy named Jimmy shook his head. "No, I'm not."

"But my mom said that your mom says you're just pretending to have a headache so that you can play truant!"

Jimmy's eyes reddened and he stood up. "That's not true! My head really hurts!"

"You're just pretending!"

"Yes, you're just pretending! Your mom said so in the kindergarten parents' group chat!"

Jimmy was so mad that he clenched his fists.

Mia came over and said softly, “Don’t talk about Jimmy like that. I’m sure he’s not pretending!”

Mia spoke very softly. Pete found the way she spoke very calming, so she was the only one with whom he was willing to play in the kindergarten.

Seeing that even she had spoken up, Pete glanced at Jimmy and sent a text message to Nora: ‘Mommy, I have a classmate who keeps having a headache. What’s going on?’

Meanwhile.

Jimmy’s mother was complaining madly in the parents’ group chat.

Jimmy’s Mom: ‘The teacher called me and said that Jimmy was having a headache again. Sigh, kids are so sly these days. It must be because I picked him up and brought him home the moment they called last time that he has learned to lie now.’

Brandon’s Mom: ‘Is he always having a headache? You’d best send him for a checkup.’

Jimmy’s Mom: ‘Is there even any need for a child to see a doctor because of headaches? I think he’s fine. Besides, they’ll definitely make him do a whole bunch of brain CT scans and MRI scans. Those will expose the child to radiation!’

Helen’s Mom: ‘Yes, kids nowadays are really smart. They know what works best for them and are always pretending.’

The messages from the group chat and Pete were so noisy that Nora couldn’t sleep, so she picked up her phone. When she saw the messages, she sent one back to Pete.

Pete gave Nora a video call after seeing her reply. Then, he followed her instructions and gave Jimmy a checkup.

For example, he pressed the top of his head and asked, “Does it hurt here?”

After asking him a few questions, Nora’s lazy voice came through the phone and she said, “I’m hanging up.”

Then, she went to the group chat and sent a message.

Nora: 'Jimmy's mom, his situation is not promising. You should take him to the hospital for a lumbar puncture right away.'

The parents in the group chat, who were chatting about how their children were always playing tricks, were dumbfounded and all of them stopped talking.

A short while later, Jimmy's mother popped up.

Jimmy's Mom: '???'

Jimmy's Mom: 'Are you crazy? The most that's ever necessary when people have headaches are brain CT scans. Why would he need to do a lumbar puncture?'

Nora answered calmly: 'I am a doctor.'

Jimmy's Mom: 'Does being a doctor mean you can tell us to do things? We actually have a doctor in the group chat? The Golden Sunshine Kindergarten actually has parents who are doctors? Are you really lacking this bit of money for medical tests from me?'

The others echoed her:

'Yes, she's right. Hospitals keep prescribing this and that to patients these days. There are actually parents in this group chat who are so poor that they want to cheat others of this bit of money?'

'She must be a quack doctor, right?'

'Don't spout nonsense here just because you have a bit of knowledge. What does a lumbar puncture have to do with the brain?'

Jimmy's Mom: 'This is just a quack doctor's misdiagnosis! Get out of the group!'

Nora, who had seen family members of patients that were even more unreasonable, wasn't bothered. Instead, she wrote: 'Jimmy is likely suffering from encephalitis.'

She was about to send the message after drafting it when she suddenly saw a message prompt:

'You have been kicked out of the group chat by the administrator.'

Nora, “?”

She raised her eyebrows and stared at her phone for a while. A brief moment later, she scoffed and opened Cherry's chat window. Then, she sent a message to Pete: 'He is likely suffering from encephalitis. Have his father take him to the hospital for a checkup.'

Doctors should be benevolent.

The child was still so young. She didn't want to let the matter go unchecked.

Neither would she lower herself to his parent's level.

After sending the message, she lay down and got ready to sleep.

—

At the kindergarten.

Pete walked over to Jimmy after reading Nora's message and relayed her words to him.

Jimmy was so frightened that he burst into tears at once. "Sob! I have encephalitis! Am I going to die?!"

Ms. Lynn was dumbfounded when Jimmy burst into tears. She tried to coax him, but he cried and asked for his mother instead.

As a result, Ms. Lynn could only give Jimmy's mother a call.

Jimmy's mother was a hot-tempered and straightforward woman. After receiving the teacher's call, she went straight to the school swiftly and resolutely.

She spotted Jimmy, who was crying so hard that he couldn't breathe, right away.

Jimmy's mother panicked at once. "What's wrong? Did your classmates bully you?"

A sobbing Jimmy replied, “Mommy, I’m dying. I have a very serious illness. Sob...”

His mother frowned and asked, “Who told you that?”

“Cherry did.”

Jimmy’s mother became furious at once. She shouted at Ms. Lynn, “Who is Cherry?!”

Ms. Lynn wanted to stop her, but Jimmy’s mother, who was a tall and thick woman, was simply too strong. She pushed Ms. Lynn away, entered the classroom, and demanded, “Where is Cherry?”

Pete stood up leisurely and frowned.

At the sight of him, Jimmy’s mother immediately broke into a rant. She said, “Why did you say such nonsense to Jimmy? Don’t you know that it’s not right to scare kids?! Apologize to Jimmy at once!”

Jimmy was holding his mother’s hand. The five-year-old boy looked confused—obviously, he didn’t know what was going on.

He shook his mother’s hand and said, “Mommy, Cherry wasn’t trying to scare me. My head hurts. I really am sick...”

“What do you mean you’re sick?” Jimmy’s mother’s expression turned cold and she said, “It’s normal for a child to experience headaches and fevers. Besides, your head always stops hurting every time you get home. Moreover, people in our family are all in good health. What kind of sickness can you possibly be down with? What kind of nonsense are you saying?”

It wasn’t that Jimmy’s mother didn’t care about her son. It was just that every time she took Jimmy home during the last few incidents, his head would always stop hurting whenever they were about to go to the hospital.

After this happened several times, it was inevitable that Jimmy’s mother would suspect that he was just pretending to be sick.

Otherwise, why would his head only hurt in the kindergarten and never at home?

Jimmy's mother pointed at Pete and sneered, "Fine, you're a kid, so I won't lower myself to your level. I'll look for your mother instead!"

She looked at Ms. Lynn and said, "Tell Cherry's mother to come to the kindergarten! Otherwise, I won't let this matter rest today! How can I let my little Jimmy be bullied in school?"

Ms. Lynn breathed a sigh of relief.

Although Jimmy's mother was bad-tempered, she was reasonable and hadn't raised her hand against the child. She was a much more decent person than Whitney Lowe.

Ms. Lynn hurriedly called Nora.

Pete sat in his seat while Jimmy's mother waited with her son in Ms. Lynn's office.

Next to him, Mia was terribly nervous. She tugged Pete's sleeve and whispered, "Cherry, I heard that Jimmy's parents are prominent figures in the underworld. Whoever offends Jimmy will be..."

She held her hand up, drew it across her neck, and added, "... killed off secretly!"

Pete, "?"

Mia was so frightened that she shrank back after she spoke. "My mommy also told me not to offend Jimmy when I first came to school. Jimmy's mother looked so scary just now!"

The other children were also discussing the matter quietly among themselves.

"Will Cherry stop coming to school tomorrow?"

"I heard that Jimmy's father has a big pet tiger that only eats children! Will Cherry be eaten on her way home?"

"You mustn't die, Cherry!"

"Sob, Cherry, I really like you..."

A child's world was very simple and innocent, especially when Cherry the charmer had already become their favorite person in the class.

As a result, Pete was surrounded by the children. Their eyes were all red as they said their goodbyes to him.

"Cherry, I like you the most. You have to come to school alive tomorrow, okay?!"

"Cherry, why don't you go and buy a piece of meat after school? This way, even if you encounter the big tiger, you can let it eat the meat so that it won't eat you..."

"Here, Cherry, this is for you. It's a little hammer that my mommy gave me. She said that I can use it to hammer anyone that bullies me. Why don't you take this and beat the tiger with it?"

"..."

Pete, "..."

He couldn't help rolling his eyes. These children were so silly... that they were so cute.

The feeling of loneliness that had been hidden in the depths of his heart ever since he was born seemed to have unknowingly faded away a lot during his days in kindergarten.

Mia became even more frightened. Her eyes reddened as she said, "How about letting Daddy send you home after school today?!"

To Mia, her father was the most powerful person ever!

"... No, it's fine," replied Pete.

As a result, when a displeased Nora rushed over to the kindergarten after being woken up, she immediately saw her son being surrounded and sent off by a crying crowd.

Nora, "..."

However, before she could even say anything, Jimmy's mother rushed up to her. She jabbed her finger in her face and said angrily, "Never mind that you

were talking nonsense in the group, but how can you also say such nonsense to a child? Look at how pale Jimmy has become because of you!”

Jimmy was following his mother at the back. The little boy was trembling all over, and he looked as if he was about to have a fit because he was crying so hard.

Nora frowned and said, “Now’s not the time to be quarreling. I’d suggest that you take your son to the hospital for a checkup right away.”

“To hell with the checkup!” Jimmy’s mother shouted angrily, “We’re already meeting in person, yet you’re still so full of hot air! It’s all because your daughter scared him that my son has become like this! Encephalitis? ... Would anyone need a lumbar puncture because of encephalitis? This is the first time I’ve ever heard about it! Aren’t lumbar punctures related to leukemia or something? Are you sure you know what you’re saying or not?!”

Nora, “...”

Jimmy’s mother rolled up her sleeves as if she was about to hit someone. She demanded, “I want you to apologize to my son right away! Tell your daughter to apologize to my son, too! Take back what you said just now and tell him that all of that was just a joke!”

However, as soon as she said that, Jimmy suddenly held his head with his hands and threw up.

Chapter 184 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

Joel tensed up and he asked nervously, “How are the results?”

The previous generation of the Smiths had three sons, and Ian was the youngest. They didn’t have any sisters.

No one had given birth to any daughters in their generation, either. Though, Ian had adopted a daughter. Should Nora really turn out to be their cousin, that would be great.

Besides, this would also give Ian the courage to live on.

Joel received a reply from Quentin while he was thinking about it. The reply took him by surprise. His upturned eyes slowly became downcast. A short while later, he said, "I see."

After he hung up, Joel turned to look out the window and went into deep contemplation.

Some time later, he finally retracted his gaze as if he had made up his mind about something. Students started to exit the kindergarten after that.

Joel got out of the car.

Golden Sunshine Kindergarten students were all children of the rich and powerful. Therefore, the parents picking up their children were also all either rich or of high social status.

In the past, it was Mia's mother who had picked up Mia and Brandon from school. However, Joel was the one coming over every day now, which caused the other parents to also start picking up their children themselves.

"Oh, are you here to pick up your child too, Mr. Smith? Nice to meet you!"

"What a coincidence, Mr. Smith! Are you here to pick up your child from school?"

"I'm the general manager of Glory Group, Mr. Smith. Nice to meet you..."

"..."

When Tanya, who was holding Pete's hand, was about to leave the kindergarten, she was greeted by the sight of directors from various corporations standing in a row at the door.

The teachers in the kindergarten couldn't help but marvel.

"Oh my goodness, those parents usually send nannies or bodyguards to pick up and drop off their children. Why are so many of them here in person today?"

"Anyone I hit with a random toss of a ball will probably have a net worth of millions of dollars!"

“I bet you don’t understand why, right? Can’t you see? Everyone’s here for Mr. Smith!”

“Mr. Smith is so handsome! No wonder Mia is so good-looking even though she’s so young. She must have inherited her looks from Mr. Smith! He’s also so graceful, gentle, and elegant... Sigh, I’m so envious of Ms. Lynn! If only Mr. Smith would say something to me!”

“I know, right? Ms. Turner, you’re a dance teacher, right? Why don’t you go and have a word with Mr. Smith?”

Tanya, “...”

She lifted her head and glanced at the door. The graceful figure standing across the crowd seemed to stand aloof from the world and gave off an air like that of a noble gentleman.

Even after five years had passed, that man still shone so brightly and radiantly.

Five years ago, she had said, “I want to hide you away and not let anyone else see you. You’re simply too outstanding; I’m afraid that someone will take you away from me!”

But he had ultimately still become someone else’s husband.

When she thought of how he and Hillary were married, she immediately retracted her gaze.

Pete, who had caught a glimpse of her expression, became puzzled, and he asked, “Why aren’t you teaching Mia how to dance, God-mom? I think she dances very well.”

Mia was thinner than most other children, and she didn’t have much baby fat on her small face. She had a small oval-shaped face and a pointed chin. When she danced, her form was very light and weightless as though she were a butterfly.

Pete felt that it would be a huge pity if she didn’t dance.

Tanya touched Pete’s head and replied, “It’s because her parents don’t allow her to dance.”

Otherwise, why wouldn't she have been exposed to dancing when she was already five?

Besides, she also really didn't want to be involved with the Smiths anymore.

Pete tilted his head and nodded as if he had understood something.

Tanya took Pete to the roadside after they exited the kindergarten. The unreliable Nora had left with the car in the morning after she woke up, so the two of them could only take a cab home now.

The kindergarten was relatively far from the area where they could hail a cab, so they walked one street down and went to another road.

Joel had already spotted Tanya a long time ago.

She was a dancer, after all. Her legs were long and her waist slender, making her look as charming as ever despite just wearing ordinary-looking clothes.

He'd thought that they would at least make eye contact, but unexpectedly, Tanya didn't take even a glance at him and took the child straight to the other side of the street.

Light flickered in his upturned eyes. After clenching his fists a little, he picked up Mia and got into the car with her.

While Tanya and Pete were waiting for a cab, an extended Lincoln suddenly stopped in front of them. The door opened, and Joel's astonishingly good-looking visage appeared in front of them. He said, "Where are you going? I'll give you guys a ride."

Tanya was so shocked that she immediately looked around. When she saw that no one had noticed them, she breathed a sigh of relief. Then, she took Pete's hand, took a step back, and said with an air of resistance, "No, it's fine."

But as soon as she said that, Joel uttered a domineering reply in a gentle voice, "Don't make me get out of the car and kidnap you."

Tanya, "..."

The parents and teachers nearby were about to walk over. Tanya didn't want to cause any trouble, so she could only pick up Pete and quickly get into the car.

The car door slowly closed. Mia called out happily, "Cherry! Ms. Turner!"

Tanya smiled at her.

Pete took the initiative to sit beside Mia.

Tanya's brows knitted together—she could only sit next to Joel now. Nevertheless, she shifted away from him and put some distance between them.

Joel frowned at the sight.

He lowered his gaze and asked, "Your address?"

Only then did Tanya finally react. After she gave him the Andersons' address, Joel looked at her and asked, "Are you staying with the Andersons?"

Tanya nodded.

Joel cast his eyes down. "It's not very convenient staying in someone else's home, right? Don't you have anywhere else you can stay at?"

Tanya turned away and replied, "That doesn't seem to be any of your business, Mr. Smith."

She was calling him Mr. Smith again...

Joel took a deep breath and said, "That's true. We have nothing to do with each other."

Tanya clenched her jaw.

Indeed, they had nothing to do with each other.

In fact, that man must even hate her, right?

That was why he didn't allow his daughter to dance—because she was a dancer, right?

Tanya didn't expect that Joel would hate her that much. It was just that if he hated her so much, then why was he sending them home?

In the midst of her hesitance, Joel said, "It was my misunderstanding the other time."

The other time? Was he talking about that time in the hospital when he misunderstood that she was Mr. Hunt's lover?

With a cold look on her face, Tanya said sarcastically, "It's not your fault, Mr. Smith. It's because I look too much like someone's mistress."

Joel, "..."

He knew that she was dissing him, but from Tanya's reaction, he instead caught vague shadows of what they were like in the past.

He took a deep breath and said, "You don't have to say that about yourself. That's not what I meant, either... Never mind. I'm taking you home because I wanted to apologize to you."

"You can save the apology, Mr. Smith," Tanya replied coldly, "It'll be fine as long as you stay away from me in the future, lest I become an eyesore to you!"

Joel, "!!"

The kindergarten was very close to the Andersons' villa, so they had already arrived while they were talking.

The chauffeur even felt as if his boss had given him a cold look when he stopped the car.

"Let's get off."

Tanya was about to get out of the car with Pete when he suddenly looked at Joel and asked, "Mia's Daddy, why are you forbidding Mia from learning how to dance?"

His question stunned Joel. "What?"

Pete glanced at a cowering Mia and said sincerely, "She likes dancing very much. Restricting a child's hobbies and interests is not something that a good father does."

"..."

Seeing that Joel's expression had tensed up and that he wasn't speaking, Tanya beckoned to Pete and said, "Come on down now."

Pete hopped off the car.

The two of them entered the Andersons' villa hand in hand.

The car door slowly closed as they disappeared at the door. When the car started once more, Joel finally looked at Mia.

He beckoned to Mia, who went over to him docilely at once. She tried to please him and said cautiously, "Mia doesn't like dancing, Daddy..."

Her eyes flickered as she spoke, and there was a bit of panic in them.

Joel's heart ached for some reason. He asked, "Was it your mother who forbade you from learning how to dance, Mia?"

Mia nodded, but then shook her head again. In the end, she lowered her head and said uneasily, "Mommy said that Daddy hates someone who dances, and told me not to learn to dance. Don't worry, Daddy, Mia won't dance!"

Her words made Joel's eyes widen in shock.

Joel had always wanted to know Mia's interests and preferences while she was growing up, but he found that everything that the girl liked to eat and play with were all things that he liked.

He had always thought that she had inherited those traits from him.

Little did he expect that they were actually all a result of Hillary's training?

Joel's expression darkened. "Daddy doesn't dislike dancing."

Mia's eyes lit up at once, and she asked, "Then can Mia learn to dance with Ms. Turner?"

Joel looked at her. His jaw tensed up as he asked, “Do you like Ms. Turner very much, Mia?”

Mia gave him a timid smile and replied, “Yeah.”

She lowered her head and twiddled her thumbs as she said, “Ms. Turner dances really beautifully, yeah. I secretly watched her a few times. She also really likes to smile. I like her very much... But Mommy doesn’t like Ms. Turner...”

She looked rather depressed at this point. Then, she added, “Besides, Ms. Turner also doesn’t like Mia.”

The disappointed girl said, “She refused to teach me today.”

Tanya had refused to teach her... It must be because she really didn’t want to have anything to do with him, right?

Joel’s long, slender fingers balled up slightly, and the look in his eyes turned even frostier than before. He rubbed Mia’s head gently. After a short silence, he said, “It’s okay. I’ll think of something if you want to learn dancing.”

—

At the Andersons’.

Nora had just come out of the bath when Pete got home. The woman, who was wearing a silk nightgown, let out a lazy yawn and collapsed onto the bed.

Pete greeted her. “Hi, Mommy.”

Nora waved and said, “Yeah. Do your homework yourself.”

“Okay.”

Pete went to the study after that. Nora was about to go to bed when her cell phone suddenly rang. Cherry’s young and tender voice rang out on the phone when she answered the call.

“My dearest Mommy, have you found out where Sponsor Grandpa is?”

They had been chatting on Messenger for more than a month. Their spark of friendship had been getting stronger and stronger, but their chat had been inactive the whole day the day before.

Why hadn't Sponsor Grandpa come online yet today?

Cherry was panicked.

As though her actions were right and justified, Nora replied, "Oh. I forgot about it."

"..."

Cherry sighed. "Then are you willing to look him up for me now, Mommy?"

"No, I'm not."

Cherry was so mad that her little chest was heaving up and down. She silently told herself that she was her biological mother... She could only grin and bear with it and ask, "Then when will you be free to look him up for me?"

Nora raised her eyebrows and replied, "When I wake up, I guess. Alright, I'm hanging up!"

She was really sleepy now.

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

The disconnected tone made Cherry's heart go cold. Her little shoulders drooped as she looked up at the big villa in front of her, on the brink of tears.

She was staying with her father at the Hunts' family home at the moment.

The family home was actually a manor.

By right, since Justin was the head of the Hunts, he should have been living in the manor. However, because the Hunts were all living together, this meant that his second uncle's family was also living there. Moreover, there was also that incident with the elderly Mrs. Hunt previously. Thus, Justin had taken Pete with him and resided elsewhere instead.

As Justin had taught his second uncle's family a good lesson and also gotten something on them after they made that mistake, they had become much

more well-behaved and didn't dare to come over anymore. Coupled with the fact that the two of them were staying in the main house, this meant that Cherry still hadn't met anyone from the Hunts yet, even though it had been two days since they moved back.

In the midst of her thoughts, Justin strode into the room. He looked down at her and asked gently, "There's a family dinner tonight. Do you want to join them?"

A family dinner?

Cherry loved lively places the most.

Moreover, several of her elders would also be there, which meant that she would gain a few more people that doted on and loved her. Thus, she nodded and replied, "Yeah, I wanna go!"

"Okay."

Justin smiled at her. Had it been his son instead, he definitely wouldn't have wanted to go. As expected, his daughter's personality was different. She was much livelier and more cheerful than his son.

He bent over, picked up Cherry with one arm, and carried her downstairs.

The Hunts hosted a family dinner every month. All the Hunts were required to attend it as long as they were in New York—this was a rule in the family.

By the time they went down to the main living room, the spacious living room was already full of people.

His second uncle, Roger Hunt, sat quietly in the corner.

Roger's son, Fatty, was playing with his cell phone with his head down. Apart from them, the other Hunts in the family were also present. The elderly Mrs. Hunt had already been discharged from the hospital and was currently seated on the chair next to the master seat.

The master seat belonged to the head of the family.

The moment Justin came down, all the Hunts stood up. Even if they were his elders, they were still required to show the head of the family courtesy.

Mrs. Hunt, who was the oldest there, said, "You're here, Justin."

Justin nodded and greeted his grandmother. Then, as if he was teaching his child manners—even though he was, in fact, giving his daughter a reminder—he said, "Say hi to your Great-Grandma, Pete."

Cherry looked at Mrs. Hunt eagerly.

So, was she the Great-Grandma who'd had a fall some time back, causing her brother to be accused of pushing her?

Mrs. Hunt was also looking at her.

She had come to know what had happened after she regained consciousness after the operation. The old lady had felt rather distressed that her son and his family had used her against a child.

Pete was not like other children; he was mildly autistic and didn't like to talk.

After that incident, the relationship that they had built after so much effort must be almost all gone by now, right?

Mrs. Hunt heaved a sigh at the thought and looked at Cherry cautiously. Knowing that her great-grandson probably didn't dare to approach her anymore, she said regretfully, "Never mind... Let's not make things difficult for the child anymore!"

"Yeah, that's right! Don't make things difficult for Pete anymore. He has mild autism, you know!" said Raymond Hunt, Justin's second uncle. He sounded as if he was echoing Mrs. Hunt, but in truth, he was embarrassing Pete in front of all the other Hunts. He added, "He doesn't like talking!!"

How could a child that didn't talk possibly inherit the company in the future?

Even if he was currently stripped of authority, once Justin became old, wouldn't the company still be theirs in the end anyway?

Mrs. Hunt became angry the moment Raymond said that. She snapped, "Pete isn't autistic, Raymond! Don't you dare spout nonsense!"

Raymond curled his lip disdainfully. "Yeah, yeah, Pete isn't autistic. He just doesn't like talking to people, that's all. Sigh, he can't just keep avoiding talking to people when he takes over the company in the future, right?"

Roger said, "Don't say that, Dad. Who knows, he may recover after he grows up."

Chester couldn't tell that they were mocking Pete. Neither did he recognize that the child was his leader, and thought she was his quiet and reticent little nephew, so he echoed them and said, "Yeah, it'll be fine once he grows up!"

Raymond, however, scoffed and said, "That's what everyone said when he was a baby, but you don't see his condition getting any better the last few years, either... But I'm just worrying over nothing, of course, because Justin will definitely have everything all nicely planned out for the company in the future, right?"

He then looked at Fatty and reprimanded him. "And you, too, Fatty. Don't just study all the time. What's the use of being so academic? All that studying has made you stupid instead. What matters the most as a leader is eloquence! How can you make people trust and believe in you if you're not eloquent?"

He was both overtly and secretly demeaning Pete.

All the other Hunts looked at Pete when they heard what he said.

Indeed, what was the use of a genius if he was autistic?

Seeing that his words were showing effect, Raymond immediately became rather smug.

Roger, however, narrowed his eyes.

During past family dinners, Pete had either skipped it altogether and if he did attend, Justin would always lose his temper whenever someone mentioned the words 'mild autism'.

Why was he keeping quiet this time, though?

Could it be that...

He was still wondering about it when the little fellow in Justin's arms called out sweetly, "Hi, Great-Grandma!"

Roger, "?"

Raymond was also dumbfounded. He stared at the child in Justin's arms in disbelief and said, "Were you the one talking just now, Pete?"

Cherry rolled her eyes and looked at Justin. Then, in her young but clear voice, she asked, "Is that grandpa deaf or blind, Daddy? Why are his ears and eyes so bad? Since our family is so rich, you have to get the doctor to take a look at him!"

The corners of Justin's lips curled into a smile. His usually standoffish countenance looked rather relaxed. He glanced at Raymond and replied leisurely, "He's very old, so he can neither see nor hear anything clearly."

Raymond, "!!!"

Cherry replied adorably, "Oh, I see!"

As for Mrs. Hunt, she was so excited upon hearing Cherry's voice that her eyes reddened. She wanted to reach out and take her into her arms, but when she thought of how the little fellow loathed physical contact with others the most, she retracted her arms and asked with a smile, "Is Pete talking now? Has he recovered?"

Justin cast his eyes down dispassionately and kept quiet. Instead, he put his daughter down.

As soon as Cherry's feet touched the floor, she ran toward Mrs. Hunt. The little figure dived into the elderly lady's arms and she called out adorably and tenderly, "Great-Grandma!"

Not only was the little fellow sweet-smelling and tender, but 'he' was finally willing to let her hug 'him' now.

Mrs. Hunt became even more excited, so much so that her hands even started to shake. She let out an excited sound of acknowledgment and then, without a second thought, took off a ring she was wearing and stuffed it into Cherry's hands. She said, "Here, this is for you, Pete!"

Everyone present was shocked at the sight.

Mrs. Hunt's ring was made of top-quality jadeite that formed only in hundreds of thousands of years, and was worth over ten million dollars! The elderly Mr. Hunt had given it to her when they got married back then!

At that time, they had said that it was to be passed on to future generations as a family heirloom!

The elderly lady had also been urging Justin to get married all this time, so that she could gift the ring to her daughter-in-law. It was a symbol of one's status as the female master of the Hunts!

Why had she instead given the ring to Pete in a moment of excitement today?

Raymond panicked. He stepped forward and said with a smile, "Look at how muddleheaded you are, Mom. This is a woman's ring; why would you give it to Pete?"

The old lady glanced at him and replied with a smile, "Pete can keep it and give it to his wife in the future, then!"

In other words, she was saying that Pete's wife would be the female master of the Hunts in the future. In that case, Pete's position as the head of the family was not to be doubted!

The elderly lady was backing Pete up!

Raymond frowned and looked at Fatty with dissatisfaction. Then, he said, "You mustn't be biased, Mom. Since you've given that to Pete, what are you going to give Fatty?"

The fat little boy also looked at her expectantly.

Mrs. Hunt glanced at him and said with a smile, "Fatty can ask his Uncle Justin if there's anything he wants! Justin is rich! And he's also the head of the family!"

Raymond's expression darkened even further.

Roger also lowered his gaze.

Seeing that the two of them were no longer creating any more trouble, Mrs. Hunt finally looked at Cherry and said, "Put the ring away properly, Pete."

Cherry hastily said, "This is too precious, Great-Grandma. I can't accept it!"

"One shouldn't reject gifts from their elders. Just take it."

Cherry subconsciously wanted to look for Nora, but she suddenly realized that Mommy wasn't here, so she looked at Justin instead.

Justin cast his eyes down and smiled. Then, he stepped forward, took the ring from Cherry, and said, "Since Great-Grandma has given it to you, then just accept it. But you're still young, so you can't wear it yet. We'll let your Mommy wear it first."

'Mommy'?

Mrs. Hunt's eyes lit up the moment he said that. She asked, "What Mommy?"

The others also looked at him.

Was that man, who had made up his mind to remain single for his entire life, finally getting married?

Raymond and Roger instantly felt a sense of crisis.

Should Justin get married and have another two sons, wouldn't Fatty have even less of a chance?!

The two of them frowned.

All of a sudden, Raymond said, "Alright, the grownups are going to talk. Why don't you kids go to the side and play some games?"

He gave Fatty a look after he spoke.

Fatty immediately understood what he meant. He took a step forward, grabbed Cherry's hand, and said, "C'mon Pete, why don't we play some games? This mobile game is very popular now. Anyone can play it as long as they are not too stupid. Surely you know how to play it, right?"

It was common knowledge that Pete was a nerd whose only hobby was studying. This meant that he would definitely suck at playing games!

Cherry, "?"

Before she could even speak, Mrs. Hunt panicked and said, "Children shouldn't play games too much!"

Roger smiled and said, “That’s a rather misguided statement, Grandma. Games can also reflect a person’s intelligence. Besides, people who only know how to memorize their books and fail to exercise practical application in their studies tend to have one-track minds.”

He looked at Justin and said, “Isn’t Justin himself someone who excels in every aspect? I’m sure Pete is also someone like that, so let’s just let him play!”

The way he spoke sounded as if people who were bad at games were very stupid!

Justin’s lip corners curled into a smile when he heard what he said.

Wasn’t that game that Fatty mentioned exactly the one that Cherry live-streamed herself playing?

He had already found out a long time ago that Cherry was the local server’s top player in that game!

Over at the other side, Fatty had already taken out his cell phone. He asked, “Do you have an account? Come on, let’s play a round! I can carry you in the game as long as you’re not particularly stupid! This game is the best at reflecting whether someone is clever or not!”

Cherry, “?”

Were they asking her if she had ever played it before?

Kiddo, are you sure you aren’t joking? she thought.

She looked down at the cell phone in her hands—it was her brother’s. In order to prevent anyone from discovering that they had switched places, they would always switch cell phones with each other, too.

In order to play her game, she had prepared two cell phones for herself. The one that she had brought with her here was her brother’s, so the game wasn’t installed in it. She said, “Gimme a moment, I have to download the game first!”

Fatty nodded. “Okay, hurry up.”

Cherry nodded and stretched out her chubby little finger. She pressed a few times nimbly on the phone and started the download.

On the other side, Chester panicked.

He was on his little nephew's side, after all!

Thus, he came over hastily and said, "What are you guys playing? I'll carry you guys!"

Fatty knew that this uncle of his was great at games, and even live-streamed. If he carried them in the game, it definitely wouldn't highlight Pete's stupidity.

Fatty's eyes swiveled around. Then, he grinned and said, "Pete has never played this game before, so he'll definitely have a hard time getting started. Why don't we have a PvP battle with each other first? This way, he can also familiarize himself with the game!"

PvP battles referred to one-on-one, player-versus-player battles in the game.

Once a player lost all of their HP, their character would die.

Fatty felt that Pete definitely wouldn't be familiar with the game, since this was his first time playing it. Wouldn't he be able to easily trash the other party and take several of his lives, then? If he could get a kill ratio of zero to several dozen, Daddy and Grandpa would definitely praise him!

He could also take the opportunity to show everyone present that he, Fatty, was the most outstanding child in this generation of the Hunts.

Chester was usually quite the dimwit, but he nevertheless instantly understood the seven to eight-year-old boy's intentions.

He said anxiously, "No, that won't do!"

"Why not?" asked Fatty.

Chester coughed and said, "Who would ask for a PvP battle right off the bat? I don't think this is fair to Pete."

Fatty argued for his case and said, "It isn't unfair. This would also allow us to see Pete's level, after all. Are you scared to have a PvP battle with me, Pete?"

Cherry, who was currently downloading the game, looked up with her big round eyes when she heard him.

She blinked and replied, "Sure, no problem!"

Her young, tender voice could practically make one melt.

Her voice made Mrs. Hunt feel as if someone had just coated her heart in honey. She beckoned to her and said, "We won't play with him if you don't want to, Pete! Come over to Great-Grandma instead!"

Cherry tilted her head and looked at Mrs. Hunt. When she saw the elderly lady's kind eyes, she smiled sweetly and said, "It'll be fine, Great-Grandma!"

Mrs. Hunt shook her head and said earnestly, "It's not good to immerse yourself in games. Take a look at Chester; weren't all of you opposed to him playing games?"

Raymond laughed and said, "It's not like Fatty is playing it as a profession. He's just cultivating the mind and spirit. Besides, I heard that playing games can also train a child's ability to focus, so it's not necessarily all bad. Clever children will always master everything at one go, no matter what they do."

A smiling Roger also said, "Don't worry, Grandma. Pete has always been smart ever since he was a baby. He has a very high IQ, so a bit of gaming won't be any trouble for him at all."

Then, Roger looked at Fatty and said, "Show your younger cousin some mercy."

Fatty grinned and replied, "No problem, Daddy!"

At the sight of his confidence, Roger suddenly suggested, "It certainly isn't quite appropriate to just focus on playing games. Why don't we have a bet?"

Raymond immediately spoke in favor of the suggestion. He said, "That's a good idea! Otherwise, the children won't be motivated to win, either! Why don't we have a bet? If Fatty loses, I'll give up 1% of my shares in the company. How does that sound?"

1% of his shares?

Now, that was going a little too far!

The Hunts' assets were worth trillions of dollars. Even though he only owned 20% of the company's shares, 1% of that 20% was still worth several millions of dollars!

Mrs. Hunt's expression darkened. "The children are just fooling around. The stakes are too high, Raymond!"

"What's the big deal?"

Raymond walked over to Mrs. Hunt with a smile and took her arm. The man was already in his fifties, yet he was behaving like a child. He said, "We're just having fun, Mom! Besides, we are a family. It's the same no matter who owns the shares! I'm sure Justin will rise up to the challenge, right?"

Justin cast his eyes down and said, "Are you talking about 1% of the company's shares, or 1% of your shares in the company, Uncle Raymond?"

Raymond was taken aback for a moment.

Justin sneered, "Since you want to have some fun, then let's up the stakes. What say you to 1% of the company's shares?"

Given how profitable the Hunt Corporation's shares were, 1% of the company's shares would involve a transfer of billions of dollars' worth of profits!

The stakes were too high!

Who would gamble dozens of billions of dollars on a one-time bet?

Raymond's expression darkened. He subconsciously looked at Roger.

Roger smiled and said, "Since Justin has said so, then let's do just that."

Raymond wanted to say something, but Roger tugged on his sleeve, lowered his voice, and said, "Justin must have suddenly raised the stakes because he thinks you won't bear to part with that much money, so you definitely won't dare to continue with the bet!"

Raymond immediately understood what Roger meant!

So, Justin was waging psychological warfare with him!

He let out a cold laugh and exchanged a look with Roger. Then, he lowered his voice and asked, “Are you sure Pete has never played that game before?”

Roger nodded. “He is always studying every day, so how would he possibly have any time to play games? He only downloaded it once in California and played it for an afternoon there, but he uninstalled it after that. I’m sure he can’t play it.”

Raymond looked at his little grandson again.

Fatty was seven to eight years old this year, and he was very good at games.

The Hunts were all very smart. Wouldn’t it be a cinch for Fatty to bully a five-year-old?

Besides, no matter how clever a child was, they would still have to familiarize themselves with the game’s workings before they could become adept at any game. This pocket of time Pete would need, signified that victory was pretty much in the bag for Fatty!

Thus, Raymond immediately smiled and said, “Sure, Justin. I’ll bet 1% of the company’s shares. How about you?”

Justin was about to speak when Raymond suddenly added, “You’re the head of the Hunt Corporation, so I can’t possibly ask for your shares, either, right? How about this—if Fatty is lucky enough to win, then you’ll give me that ring that Mom gave Pete just now! This request isn’t too much, is it?”

At first glance, when one compared shares worth billions of dollars to a ring worth millions of dollars, it seemed like Raymond was losing out in the deal.

However, one could earn billions of dollars, but the ring was priceless!

Moreover, that wasn’t just a mere ring—it was also something that symbolized the wife of the next head of the family!

Raymond had certainly got it all figured out!

Mrs. Hunt became infuriated at once. She said, “How can you gamble with each other when the children are just playing some games at home? Besides, that’s a gift from me. How can it be transferred to someone else?”

Raymond looked at her and said, “How can you be so biased, Mom? Why didn’t you say that we’re going too far when I offered my shares worth billions of dollars? Or is it because... Justin doesn’t dare to take up the bet with me?”

A lot of people—most of them the Hunts’ collateral and direct descendants—had come for the Hunts’ family dinner. By repeatedly using phrases such as “Do you dare to do it or not” in front of so many people, Raymond was obviously leaving Justin no way out.

Should he refuse the bet at a time like this, it would be tantamount to him showing signs of cowardice!

Raymond was certain that Justin would agree to it—after all, that was the only option he had.

Sure enough, after a short silence, Justin slowly replied, “Let’s do it.”

Raymond and Roger exchanged a look and smirked.

How dare Pete attend the dinner! Mrs. Hunt was also too biased. Pete was just a five-year-old boy who hadn’t even grown up, yet she was giving him the family heirloom! She was too much!

They were bent on making Pete make a fool out of himself today!

Mrs. Hunt wanted to stop them again, but Justin gave her a comforting look, which made the old lady close her mouth.

Fatty became even more excited when he heard their conversation. He selected the hero that he was the most skilled at playing as, and asked Cherry, “Which hero are you playing as, Pete? You can just pick any of them.”

Cherry nodded, selected the little girl hero that she always played as, and replied, “I’m picking this one. What about you?”

Fatty answered, “I’m playing as this guy!”

“Pfft!” Cherry broke into a grin and laughed. As soon as she turned on the game, she transformed into her irritable little girl persona and started to diss her opponent. She said, “Okay. C’mon sonny, I’m going to beat you so bad today that your mom won’t even recognize you!”

Fatty was taken aback. “Who do you think you’re calling ‘sonny’?”

“Your hero, of course. Isn’t he my hero’s son?”

“ ... ”

Fatty, who had been taken advantage of for no reason whatsoever, was furious. He controlled his hero in the game and made him go straight to Cherry.

Cherry, who looked like she was in high spirits, had a triumphant look on her face.

She deliberately acted as if she was playing the game for the first time, making her hero walk about left and right awkwardly as if she didn’t even know how to use the controls. “Oh no, why is she walking away?!” Cherry said.

Fatty was overjoyed. He chased after Cherry’s hero and started to attack her.

Cherry didn’t fight back in the early stages of the round. Instead, she deliberately made her hero sway left and right, making Fatty burst out laughing. “Dummy Pete, you’re so stupid! Can’t you even walk? I’m gonna teach you how to behave today!”

Cherry put on a feint in the first half and didn’t fire even a single shot. She kept her HP under control and allowed Fatty to deplete it to the lowest it could go.

After that, she seemed to understand something and became so scared that she started to run toward her defensive tower.

Fatty chased after her.

She had only a little HP left! As long as he could make contact with Cherry, there would be absolutely no problem at all.

It would be fine even if he had to defend against her defensive tower.

Yet, as if Cherry had suddenly pressed something wrong by accident, she pressed the button for her first skill. Her hero immediately did a tuck-and-roll and moved to the left, causing Fatty to miss!

Right at this point, the sound indicating a kill rang out on the phone!

‘Pete Hunt’ had killed ‘The Unbeatable And Most Handsome’!

“He lost so quickly?”

A triumphant Raymond said, “You’re too lousy, Pete. Even if this is your first time playing, you still lost too quickly. It hasn’t even been a minute, you know?”

Roger also smirked and said, “A bet’s a bet, Justin. That ring...”

Justin looked at them, dark light flickering in his eyes. In front of all the Hunts, his lips slowly parted and he asked, “The children are fooling around. Are you sure that the bet just now is valid?”

Raymond chuckled at once and said, “You mustn’t go back on your word, Justin. You’re a man, right? Besides, you’re even the man overseeing the Hunt Corporation. You have to keep your word; you can’t renege on it!”

Justin raised his eyebrows. “Are you sure, Uncle Raymond?”

“Yes, I am.”

As soon as Raymond said that, Justin sighed and said, “In that case, I will graciously accept 1% of the company shares from you.”

He turned and looked at Sean, who was standing behind him, and instructed, “Prepare the share transfer agreement and let Uncle Raymond sign it later.”

“Yes, sir.”

Raymond was stunned.

Roger, who was also dumbfounded, subconsciously said, “Rather than us transferring shares to you, Justin, you should be giving us the ring instead. After all, Fatty is the one who won just now...”

However, he suddenly realized something at this point, and he looked at the children. He was dumbstruck when he saw Fatty’s reaction.

Fatty’s cell phone screen dimmed at this point.

Fatty was still dumbfounded. What had just happened?

When he looked back up, he saw Cherry patting her little chest. She looked at him and remarked, “Whew, that was so close...”

Fatty understood now—he must have been unlucky just now! He had been so close to killing her hero!

He demanded angrily, “Again!”

“... That’s not really good, is it?” asked Cherry.

Fatty panicked. “What’s so bad about it?”

Cherry sighed. “What I mean is that the stakes aren’t really good. I’ve already won, so I’m not going to play anymore!”

Fatty, “!”

He was so mad that he ran to Roger and said, “Daddy, let’s bet on it again! Grandpa, take out another 1%!”

1% of the shares equated to billions of dollars!

Raymond, who had panicked after losing the huge sum of money, said anxiously, “No, no, no...”

When an indignant Fatty turned around, he immediately saw Cherry making faces at him. On top of that, she even looked as if she had just given herself a huge fright. The little fellow put on a pretense and said, “Pete was so scared just now, Daddy! I don’t know what happened, either. How come Fatty died just like that? I was only left with the barest of HP!”

Justin, “...”

What was one supposed to do when their daughter suddenly started putting on a show with them?

Pamper her and go along with her, of course!

Justin stretched out his big hand, ruffled her hair, and said with a doting smile, “Pete is so awesome. To think you’ve actually won 1% of the company’s shares for Daddy. You’re so good at the game even though this is your first time playing it!”

Cherry grinned at him.

Their conversation made Raymond's face flush completely red.

As though a gambler's mindset, the loss of billions of dollars just now made him anxious and irritable. He looked at Fatty and asked, "Are you sure you can beat him if you go at it again?"

Fatty nodded, "Yes, I am! I was so close just now!"

"Okay! Grandpa will trust you once more!" Raymond looked straight at Justin and said, "One more time!"

Cherry buried her head into Justin's shoulder and said, "Pete doesn't wanna, Daddy! It's too scary! Pete is scared!"

Justin, "..."

He ruffled her hair and spoke gently as he appeased her. "Okay, okay. We won't play anymore..."

However, the more he refused to play, the more determined to continue Raymond became, so he said, "Are you stopping, Justin? Surely you can't just leave after you win, right? It doesn't work that way!"

Raymond, whose eyes were all red, stood and stared at him. "The bet between the children only involves a few billion dollars. I'm staking billions of dollars on this while you only need to offer up Mom's ring. It's not like you're too scared to bet, right?"

Seemingly driven into a corner, Justin could only pat Cherry on the shoulder and say, "Let's play another round, Pete?"

"But Daddy, I'm scared!"

"Don't be scared. Just close your eyes and mess around."

Cherry looked up at him 'timidly' and said, "Sigh, I thought you said that it's not good to gamble, Daddy... I'm going, then."

'Left with no other option', Cherry sat in front of Fatty with her cell phone and turned on the game again.

Fatty controlled his hero and rushed straight toward Cherry's hero again.

The two of them clashed in the middle of the arena. Cherry blinked and repeated the same trick. After allowing Fatty to reduce her HP to the barest minimum, she 'coincidentally' killed Fatty's hero instead!

Fatty jumped onto his feet. "Why am I dead again?"

Cherry blinked with her big round eyes. "Yeah, I didn't do anything, either. How did I fire a cannon? ... Oh, I get it now!"

Fatty, "?"

Cherry said with a straight face, "It's because your mom will always be your mom. Sons can't just usurp the throne whenever they want to~"

Fatty, "!!"

Her words made Roger narrow his eyes a little. By the time Fatty rushed over again to ask for another round, Raymond had already become thoroughly anxious and irritable at his losses.

Within a matter of a mere few minutes, he had actually lost 2% of the company's shares and gone from owning 20% of the shares to 18%??

Raymond was so furious that he smacked the table. "One more time!"

Fatty nodded. He was about to set off when Roger grabbed his arm. Then, he looked at Justin and Cherry with a smile and said, "Nice one, Justin."

Justin raised his eyebrows. "I told you, there's no need to raise the stakes like that when the children are just fooling around. Look at how alarmed and anxious Uncle Raymond has become after he lost!"

His words made Raymond flush as red as a tomato. He pointed at Justin angrily and sputtered, "You, you, you..."

Justin's expression turned cold and he said nothing.

Cherry, however, said, "Daddy, I'm so scared! Is that grandpa having a stroke? His fingers keep shaking!"

Raymond, "?"

Even Justin couldn't help just smile. His anger from just now disappeared, and his voice was low and gentle as he replied, "No, Uncle Raymond is just being a sore loser. Forget it, you don't need to prepare the agreement anymore, Sean."

Raymond knew that Justin was provoking him the moment he heard what he said.

It was either he toughed it out and went along with Justin's words—but he would probably never be able to hold his head up high in front of the Hunts after that since he was the one who suggested the bet, yet also the one being a sore loser in the end—or he surrendered the shares!

Raymond was thick-skinned. Thinking that he could just redeem his reputation in the future, he was about to speak when the same young and tender voice said, "Why would he be a sore loser, Daddy? That grandpa was really amazing just now, and he even asked if you dared to bet with him. Is he the one who actually doesn't dare to? Also, can people just cancel their bets at will? Daddy taught me that I should always keep my word. Otherwise, it would be no different from a fart~!"

Raymond, "!!!"

Her words were too humiliating!

His words would be no different from a fart?!

He took a few deep breaths. There was no way he could part with the money, but the problem was that he would thoroughly embarrass himself... He couldn't quite stomach the aggravation.

At this point, Roger smiled and said, "That's impossible. It's just a few billion dollars. Dad, give it to him."

Raymond looked at Roger and exclaimed, "Roger!"

Roger's expression darkened. "Give it to him."

Raymond finally turned to Justin and said indignantly, "Prepare the agreement!"

Sean immediately nodded. "Yes, sir."

At the sight of him turning and leaving, Raymond said sarcastically, “Your assistant is terrible, Justin. How can he say that when you haven’t even agreed?”

Sean ignored him. Instead, his footsteps toward the outside quickened as he got ready to print the papers.

To be honest, 2% of the shares were actually very important to them!

Justin, however, replied, “We’re a family, Uncle Raymond. How would he possibly have the guts to disobey your instructions?”

Raymond, “??”

Was there even anyone who didn’t know that no one could order about the few subordinates under Justin’s command, except for Justin himself?

He was going too far by saying that!!!

—

While Cherry was provoking Raymond and his family at the Hunts’, Pete was in school.

During class, a child raised his hand. “Ms. Lynn, my head hurts.”

The teacher hurriedly walked over and asked, “What’s wrong?”

The little fellow pointed to his head and replied, “It hurts.”

Ms. Lynn had no choice but to let him rest at the side.

After class, everyone surrounded the boy with a headache.

“Jimmy, are you pretending to have a headache?”

The boy named Jimmy shook his head. “No, I’m not.”

“But my mom said that your mom says you’re just pretending to have a headache so that you can play truant!”

Jimmy’s eyes reddened and he stood up. “That’s not true! My head really hurts!”

“You’re just pretending!”

“Yes, you’re just pretending! Your mom said so in the kindergarten parents’ group chat!”

Jimmy was so mad that he clenched his fists.

Mia came over and said softly, “Don’t talk about Jimmy like that. I’m sure he’s not pretending!”

Mia spoke very softly. Pete found the way she spoke very calming, so she was the only one with whom he was willing to play in the kindergarten.

Seeing that even she had spoken up, Pete glanced at Jimmy and sent a text message to Nora: ‘Mommy, I have a classmate who keeps having a headache. What’s going on?’

Meanwhile.

Jimmy’s mother was complaining madly in the parents’ group chat.

Jimmy’s Mom: ‘The teacher called me and said that Jimmy was having a headache again. Sigh, kids are so sly these days. It must be because I picked him up and brought him home the moment they called last time that he has learned to lie now.’

Brandon’s Mom: ‘Is he always having a headache? You’d best send him for a checkup.’

Jimmy’s Mom: ‘Is there even any need for a child to see a doctor because of headaches? I think he’s fine. Besides, they’ll definitely make him do a whole bunch of brain CT scans and MRI scans. Those will expose the child to radiation!’

Helen’s Mom: ‘Yes, kids nowadays are really smart. They know what works best for them and are always pretending.’

The messages from the group chat and Pete were so noisy that Nora couldn’t sleep, so she picked up her phone. When she saw the messages, she sent one back to Pete.

Pete gave Nora a video call after seeing her reply. Then, he followed her instructions and gave Jimmy a checkup.

For example, he pressed the top of his head and asked, “Does it hurt here?”

After asking him a few questions, Nora’s lazy voice came through the phone and she said, “I’m hanging up.”

Then, she went to the group chat and sent a message.

Nora: ‘Jimmy’s mom, his situation is not promising. You should take him to the hospital for a lumbar puncture right away.’

The parents in the group chat, who were chatting about how their children were always playing tricks, were dumbfounded and all of them stopped talking.

A short while later, Jimmy’s mother popped up.

Jimmy’s Mom: ‘???’

Jimmy’s Mom: ‘Are you crazy? The most that’s ever necessary when people have headaches are brain CT scans. Why would he need to do a lumbar puncture?’

Nora answered calmly: ‘I am a doctor.’

Jimmy’s Mom: ‘Does being a doctor mean you can tell us to do things? We actually have a doctor in the group chat? The Golden Sunshine Kindergarten actually has parents who are doctors? Are you really lacking this bit of money for medical tests from me?’

The others echoed her:

‘Yes, she’s right. Hospitals keep prescribing this and that to patients these days. There are actually parents in this group chat who are so poor that they want to cheat others of this bit of money?’

‘She must be a quack doctor, right?’

‘Don’t spout nonsense here just because you have a bit of knowledge. What does a lumbar puncture have to do with the brain?’

Jimmy’s Mom: ‘This is just a quack doctor’s misdiagnosis! Get out of the group!’

Nora, who had seen family members of patients that were even more unreasonable, wasn't bothered. Instead, she wrote: 'Jimmy is likely suffering from encephalitis.'

She was about to send the message after drafting it when she suddenly saw a message prompt:

'You have been kicked out of the group chat by the administrator.'

Nora, "?"

She raised her eyebrows and stared at her phone for a while. A brief moment later, she scoffed and opened Cherry's chat window. Then, she sent a message to Pete: 'He is likely suffering from encephalitis. Have his father take him to the hospital for a checkup.'

Doctors should be benevolent.

The child was still so young. She didn't want to let the matter go unchecked.

Neither would she lower herself to his parent's level.

After sending the message, she lay down and got ready to sleep.

—

At the kindergarten.

Pete walked over to Jimmy after reading Nora's message and relayed her words to him.

Jimmy was so frightened that he burst into tears at once. "Sob! I have encephalitis! Am I going to die?!"

Ms. Lynn was dumbfounded when Jimmy burst into tears. She tried to coax him, but he cried and asked for his mother instead.

As a result, Ms. Lynn could only give Jimmy's mother a call.

Jimmy's mother was a hot-tempered and straightforward woman. After receiving the teacher's call, she went straight to the school swiftly and resolutely.

She spotted Jimmy, who was crying so hard that he couldn't breathe, right away.

Jimmy's mother panicked at once. "What's wrong? Did your classmates bully you?"

A sobbing Jimmy replied, "Mommy, I'm dying. I have a very serious illness. Sob..."

His mother frowned and asked, "Who told you that?"

"Cherry did."

Jimmy's mother became furious at once. She shouted at Ms. Lynn, "Who is Cherry?!"

Ms. Lynn wanted to stop her, but Jimmy's mother, who was a tall and thick woman, was simply too strong. She pushed Ms. Lynn away, entered the classroom, and demanded, "Where is Cherry?"

Pete stood up leisurely and frowned.

At the sight of him, Jimmy's mother immediately broke into a rant. She said, "Why did you say such nonsense to Jimmy? Don't you know that it's not right to scare kids?! Apologize to Jimmy at once!"

Jimmy was holding his mother's hand. The five-year-old boy looked confused—obviously, he didn't know what was going on.

He shook his mother's hand and said, "Mommy, Cherry wasn't trying to scare me. My head hurts. I really am sick..."

"What do you mean you're sick?" Jimmy's mother's expression turned cold and she said, "It's normal for a child to experience headaches and fevers. Besides, your head always stops hurting every time you get home. Moreover, people in our family are all in good health. What kind of sickness can you possibly be down with? What kind of nonsense are you saying?"

It wasn't that Jimmy's mother didn't care about her son. It was just that every time she took Jimmy home during the last few incidents, his head would always stop hurting whenever they were about to go to the hospital.

After this happened several times, it was inevitable that Jimmy's mother would suspect that he was just pretending to be sick.

Otherwise, why would his head only hurt in the kindergarten and never at home?

Jimmy's mother pointed at Pete and sneered, "Fine, you're a kid, so I won't lower myself to your level. I'll look for your mother instead!"

She looked at Ms. Lynn and said, "Tell Cherry's mother to come to the kindergarten! Otherwise, I won't let this matter rest today! How can I let my little Jimmy be bullied in school?"

Ms. Lynn breathed a sigh of relief.

Although Jimmy's mother was bad-tempered, she was reasonable and hadn't raised her hand against the child. She was a much more decent person than Whitney Lowe.

Ms. Lynn hurriedly called Nora.

Pete sat in his seat while Jimmy's mother waited with her son in Ms. Lynn's office.

Next to him, Mia was terribly nervous. She tugged Pete's sleeve and whispered, "Cherry, I heard that Jimmy's parents are prominent figures in the underworld. Whoever offends Jimmy will be..."

She held her hand up, drew it across her neck, and added, "... killed off secretly!"

Pete, "?"

Mia was so frightened that she shrank back after she spoke. "My mommy also told me not to offend Jimmy when I first came to school. Jimmy's mother looked so scary just now!"

The other children were also discussing the matter quietly among themselves.

"Will Cherry stop coming to school tomorrow?"

"I heard that Jimmy's father has a big pet tiger that only eats children! Will Cherry be eaten on her way home?"

“You mustn’t die, Cherry!”

“Sob, Cherry, I really like you...”

A child’s world was very simple and innocent, especially when Cherry the charmer had already become their favorite person in the class.

As a result, Pete was surrounded by the children. Their eyes were all red as they said their goodbyes to him.

“Cherry, I like you the most. You have to come to school alive tomorrow, okay?!”

“Cherry, why don’t you go and buy a piece of meat after school? This way, even if you encounter the big tiger, you can let it eat the meat so that it won’t eat you...”

“Here, Cherry, this is for you. It’s a little hammer that my mommy gave me. She said that I can use it to hammer anyone that bullies me. Why don’t you take this and beat the tiger with it?”

“ ... ”

Pete, “ ... ”

He couldn’t help rolling his eyes. These children were so silly... that they were so cute.

The feeling of loneliness that had been hidden in the depths of his heart ever since he was born seemed to have unknowingly faded away a lot during his days in kindergarten.

Mia became even more frightened. Her eyes reddened as she said, “How about letting Daddy send you home after school today?!”

To Mia, her father was the most powerful person ever!

“... No, it’s fine,” replied Pete.

As a result, when a displeased Nora rushed over to the kindergarten after being woken up, she immediately saw her son being surrounded and sent off by a crying crowd.

Nora, "..."

However, before she could even say anything, Jimmy's mother rushed up to her. She jabbed her finger in her face and said angrily, "Never mind that you were talking nonsense in the group, but how can you also say such nonsense to a child? Look at how pale Jimmy has become because of you!"

Jimmy was following his mother at the back. The little boy was trembling all over, and he looked as if he was about to have a fit because he was crying so hard.

Nora frowned and said, "Now's not the time to be quarreling. I'd suggest that you take your son to the hospital for a checkup right away."

"To hell with the checkup!" Jimmy's mother shouted angrily, "We're already meeting in person, yet you're still so full of hot air! It's all because your daughter scared him that my son has become like this! Encephalitis? ... Would anyone need a lumbar puncture because of encephalitis? This is the first time I've ever heard about it! Aren't lumbar punctures related to leukemia or something? Are you sure you know what you're saying or not?!"

Nora, "..."

Jimmy's mother rolled up her sleeves as if she was about to hit someone. She demanded, "I want you to apologize to my son right away! Tell your daughter to apologize to my son, too! Take back what you said just now and tell him that all of that was just a joke!"

However, as soon as she said that, Jimmy suddenly held his head with his hands and threw up.

Chapter 185 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

His question stunned Joel. "What?"

Pete glanced at a cowering Mia and said sincerely, "She likes dancing very much. Restricting a child's hobbies and interests is not something that a good father does."

" ... "

Seeing that Joel's expression had tensed up and that he wasn't speaking, Tanya beckoned to Pete and said, "Come on down now."

Pete hopped off the car.

The two of them entered the Andersons' villa hand in hand.

The car door slowly closed as they disappeared at the door. When the car started once more, Joel finally looked at Mia.

He beckoned to Mia, who went over to him docilely at once. She tried to please him and said cautiously, "Mia doesn't like dancing, Daddy..."

Her eyes flickered as she spoke, and there was a bit of panic in them.

Joel's heart ached for some reason. He asked, "Was it your mother who forbade you from learning how to dance, Mia?"

Mia nodded, but then shook her head again. In the end, she lowered her head and said uneasily, "Mommy said that Daddy hates someone who dances, and told me not to learn to dance. Don't worry, Daddy, Mia won't dance!"

Her words made Joel's eyes widen in shock.

Joel had always wanted to know Mia's interests and preferences while she was growing up, but he found that everything that the girl liked to eat and play with were all things that he liked.

He had always thought that she had inherited those traits from him.

Little did he expect that they were actually all a result of Hillary's training?

Joel's expression darkened. "Daddy doesn't dislike dancing."

Mia's eyes lit up at once, and she asked, "Then can Mia learn to dance with Ms. Turner?"

Joel looked at her. His jaw tensed up as he asked, "Do you like Ms. Turner very much, Mia?"

Mia gave him a timid smile and replied, "Yeah."

She lowered her head and twiddled her thumbs as she said, “Ms. Turner dances really beautifully, yeah. I secretly watched her a few times. She also really likes to smile. I like her very much... But Mommy doesn’t like Ms. Turner...”

She looked rather depressed at this point. Then, she added, “Besides, Ms. Turner also doesn’t like Mia.”

The disappointed girl said, “She refused to teach me today.”

Tanya had refused to teach her... It must be because she really didn’t want to have anything to do with him, right?

Joel’s long, slender fingers balled up slightly, and the look in his eyes turned even frostier than before. He rubbed Mia’s head gently. After a short silence, he said, “It’s okay. I’ll think of something if you want to learn dancing.”

—

At the Andersons’.

Nora had just come out of the bath when Pete got home. The woman, who was wearing a silk nightgown, let out a lazy yawn and collapsed onto the bed.

Pete greeted her. “Hi, Mommy.”

Nora waved and said, “Yeah. Do your homework yourself.”

“Okay.”

Pete went to the study after that. Nora was about to go to bed when her cell phone suddenly rang. Cherry’s young and tender voice rang out on the phone when she answered the call.

“My dearest Mommy, have you found out where Sponsor Grandpa is?”

They had been chatting on Messenger for more than a month. Their spark of friendship had been getting stronger and stronger, but their chat had been inactive the whole day the day before.

Why hadn’t Sponsor Grandpa come online yet today?

Cherry was panicked.

As though her actions were right and justified, Nora replied, "Oh. I forgot about it."

"..."

Cherry sighed. "Then are you willing to look him up for me now, Mommy?"

"No, I'm not."

Cherry was so mad that her little chest was heaving up and down. She silently told herself that she was her biological mother... She could only grin and bear with it and ask, "Then when will you be free to look him up for me?"

Nora raised her eyebrows and replied, "When I wake up, I guess. Alright, I'm hanging up!"

She was really sleepy now.

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

The disconnected tone made Cherry's heart go cold. Her little shoulders drooped as she looked up at the big villa in front of her, on the brink of tears.

She was staying with her father at the Hunts' family home at the moment.

The family home was actually a manor.

By right, since Justin was the head of the Hunts, he should have been living in the manor. However, because the Hunts were all living together, this meant that his second uncle's family was also living there. Moreover, there was also that incident with the elderly Mrs. Hunt previously. Thus, Justin had taken Pete with him and resided elsewhere instead.

As Justin had taught his second uncle's family a good lesson and also gotten something on them after they made that mistake, they had become much more well-behaved and didn't dare to come over anymore. Coupled with the fact that the two of them were staying in the main house, this meant that Cherry still hadn't met anyone from the Hunts yet, even though it had been two days since they moved back.

In the midst of her thoughts, Justin strode into the room. He looked down at her and asked gently, "There's a family dinner tonight. Do you want to join them?"

A family dinner?

Cherry loved lively places the most.

Moreover, several of her elders would also be there, which meant that she would gain a few more people that doted on and loved her. Thus, she nodded and replied, “Yeah, I wanna go!”

“Okay.”

Justin smiled at her. Had it been his son instead, he definitely wouldn't have wanted to go. As expected, his daughter's personality was different. She was much livelier and more cheerful than his son.

He bent over, picked up Cherry with one arm, and carried her downstairs.

The Hunts hosted a family dinner every month. All the Hunts were required to attend it as long as they were in New York—this was a rule in the family.

By the time they went down to the main living room, the spacious living room was already full of people.

His second uncle, Roger Hunt, sat quietly in the corner.

Roger's son, Fatty, was playing with his cell phone with his head down. Apart from them, the other Hunts in the family were also present. The elderly Mrs. Hunt had already been discharged from the hospital and was currently seated on the chair next to the master seat.

The master seat belonged to the head of the family.

The moment Justin came down, all the Hunts stood up. Even if they were his elders, they were still required to show the head of the family courtesy.

Mrs. Hunt, who was the oldest there, said, “You're here, Justin.”

Justin nodded and greeted his grandmother. Then, as if he was teaching his child manners—even though he was, in fact, giving his daughter a reminder—he said, “Say hi to your Great-Grandma, Pete.”

Cherry looked at Mrs. Hunt eagerly.

So, was she the Great-Grandma who'd had a fall some time back, causing her brother to be accused of pushing her?

Mrs. Hunt was also looking at her.

She had come to know what had happened after she regained consciousness after the operation. The old lady had felt rather distressed that her son and his family had used her against a child.

Pete was not like other children; he was mildly autistic and didn't like to talk.

After that incident, the relationship that they had built after so much effort must be almost all gone by now, right?

Mrs. Hunt heaved a sigh at the thought and looked at Cherry cautiously. Knowing that her great-grandson probably didn't dare to approach her anymore, she said regretfully, "Never mind... Let's not make things difficult for the child anymore!"

"Yeah, that's right! Don't make things difficult for Pete anymore. He has mild autism, you know!" said Raymond Hunt, Justin's second uncle. He sounded as if he was echoing Mrs. Hunt, but in truth, he was embarrassing Pete in front of all the other Hunts. He added, "He doesn't like talking!!"

How could a child that didn't talk possibly inherit the company in the future?

Even if he was currently stripped of authority, once Justin became old, wouldn't the company still be theirs in the end anyway?

Mrs. Hunt became angry the moment Raymond said that. She snapped, "Pete isn't autistic, Raymond! Don't you dare spout nonsense!"

Raymond curled his lip disdainfully. "Yeah, yeah, Pete isn't autistic. He just doesn't like talking to people, that's all. Sigh, he can't just keep avoiding talking to people when he takes over the company in the future, right?"

Roger said, "Don't say that, Dad. Who knows, he may recover after he grows up."

Chester couldn't tell that they were mocking Pete. Neither did he recognize that the child was his leader, and thought she was his quiet and reticent little nephew, so he echoed them and said, "Yeah, it'll be fine once he grows up!"

Raymond, however, scoffed and said, “That’s what everyone said when he was a baby, but you don’t see his condition getting any better the last few years, either... But I’m just worrying over nothing, of course, because Justin will definitely have everything all nicely planned out for the company in the future, right?”

He then looked at Fatty and reprimanded him. “And you, too, Fatty. Don’t just study all the time. What’s the use of being so academic? All that studying has made you stupid instead. What matters the most as a leader is eloquence! How can you make people trust and believe in you if you’re not eloquent?”

He was both overtly and secretly demeaning Pete.

All the other Hunts looked at Pete when they heard what he said.

Indeed, what was the use of a genius if he was autistic?

Seeing that his words were showing effect, Raymond immediately became rather smug.

Roger, however, narrowed his eyes.

During past family dinners, Pete had either skipped it altogether and if he did attend, Justin would always lose his temper whenever someone mentioned the words ‘mild autism’.

Why was he keeping quiet this time, though?

Could it be that...

He was still wondering about it when the little fellow in Justin’s arms called out sweetly, “Hi, Great-Grandma!”

Roger, “?”

Raymond was also dumbfounded. He stared at the child in Justin’s arms in disbelief and said, “Were you the one talking just now, Pete?”

Cherry rolled her eyes and looked at Justin. Then, in her young but clear voice, she asked, “Is that grandpa deaf or blind, Daddy? Why are his ears and eyes so bad? Since our family is so rich, you have to get the doctor to take a look at him!”

The corners of Justin's lips curled into a smile. His usually standoffish countenance looked rather relaxed. He glanced at Raymond and replied leisurely, "He's very old, so he can neither see nor hear anything clearly."

Raymond, "!!!"

Cherry replied adorably, "Oh, I see!"

As for Mrs. Hunt, she was so excited upon hearing Cherry's voice that her eyes reddened. She wanted to reach out and take her into her arms, but when she thought of how the little fellow loathed physical contact with others the most, she retracted her arms and asked with a smile, "Is Pete talking now? Has he recovered?"

Justin cast his eyes down dispassionately and kept quiet. Instead, he put his daughter down.

As soon as Cherry's feet touched the floor, she ran toward Mrs. Hunt. The little figure dived into the elderly lady's arms and she called out adorably and tenderly, "Great-Grandma!"

Not only was the little fellow sweet-smelling and tender, but 'he' was finally willing to let her hug 'him' now.

Mrs. Hunt became even more excited, so much so that her hands even started to shake. She let out an excited sound of acknowledgment and then, without a second thought, took off a ring she was wearing and stuffed it into Cherry's hands. She said, "Here, this is for you, Pete!"

Everyone present was shocked at the sight.

Mrs. Hunt's ring was made of top-quality jadeite that formed only in hundreds of thousands of years, and was worth over ten million dollars! The elderly Mr. Hunt had given it to her when they got married back then!

At that time, they had said that it was to be passed on to future generations as a family heirloom!

The elderly lady had also been urging Justin to get married all this time, so that she could gift the ring to her daughter-in-law. It was a symbol of one's status as the female master of the Hunts!

Why had she instead given the ring to Pete in a moment of excitement today?

Raymond panicked. He stepped forward and said with a smile, "Look at how muddleheaded you are, Mom. This is a woman's ring; why would you give it to Pete?"

The old lady glanced at him and replied with a smile, "Pete can keep it and give it to his wife in the future, then!"

In other words, she was saying that Pete's wife would be the female master of the Hunts in the future. In that case, Pete's position as the head of the family was not to be doubted!

The elderly lady was backing Pete up!

Raymond frowned and looked at Fatty with dissatisfaction. Then, he said, "You mustn't be biased, Mom. Since you've given that to Pete, what are you going to give Fatty?"

The fat little boy also looked at her expectantly.

Mrs. Hunt glanced at him and said with a smile, "Fatty can ask his Uncle Justin if there's anything he wants! Justin is rich! And he's also the head of the family!"

Raymond's expression darkened even further.

Roger also lowered his gaze.

Seeing that the two of them were no longer creating any more trouble, Mrs. Hunt finally looked at Cherry and said, "Put the ring away properly, Pete."

Cherry hastily said, "This is too precious, Great-Grandma. I can't accept it!"

"One shouldn't reject gifts from their elders. Just take it."

Cherry subconsciously wanted to look for Nora, but she suddenly realized that Mommy wasn't here, so she looked at Justin instead.

Justin cast his eyes down and smiled. Then, he stepped forward, took the ring from Cherry, and said, "Since Great-Grandma has given it to you, then just accept it. But you're still young, so you can't wear it yet. We'll let your Mommy wear it first."

'Mommy'?

Mrs. Hunt's eyes lit up the moment he said that. She asked, "What Mommy?"

The others also looked at him.

Was that man, who had made up his mind to remain single for his entire life, finally getting married?

Raymond and Roger instantly felt a sense of crisis.

Should Justin get married and have another two sons, wouldn't Fatty have even less of a chance?!

The two of them frowned.

All of a sudden, Raymond said, "Alright, the grownups are going to talk. Why don't you kids go to the side and play some games?"

He gave Fatty a look after he spoke.

Fatty immediately understood what he meant. He took a step forward, grabbed Cherry's hand, and said, "C'mon Pete, why don't we play some games? This mobile game is very popular now. Anyone can play it as long as they are not too stupid. Surely you know how to play it, right?"

It was common knowledge that Pete was a nerd whose only hobby was studying. This meant that he would definitely suck at playing games!

Cherry, "?"

Before she could even speak, Mrs. Hunt panicked and said, "Children shouldn't play games too much!"

Roger smiled and said, "That's a rather misguided statement, Grandma. Games can also reflect a person's intelligence. Besides, people who only know how to memorize their books and fail to exercise practical application in their studies tend to have one-track minds."

He looked at Justin and said, "Isn't Justin himself someone who excels in every aspect? I'm sure Pete is also someone like that, so let's just let him play!"

The way he spoke sounded as if people who were bad at games were very stupid!

Justin' lip corners curled into a smile when he heard what he said.

Wasn't that game that Fatty mentioned exactly the one that Cherry live-streamed herself playing?

He had already found out a long time ago that Cherry was the local server's top player in that game!

Over at the other side, Fatty had already taken out his cell phone. He asked, "Do you have an account? Come on, let's play a round! I can carry you in the game as long as you're not particularly stupid! This game is the best at reflecting whether someone is clever or not!"

Cherry, "?"

Were they asking her if she had ever played it before?

Kiddo, are you sure you aren't joking? she thought.

She looked down at the cell phone in her hands—it was her brother's. In order to prevent anyone from discovering that they had switched places, they would always switch cell phones with each other, too.

In order to play her game, she had prepared two cell phones for herself. The one that she had brought with her here was her brother's, so the game wasn't installed in it. She said, "Gimme a moment, I have to download the game first!"

Fatty nodded. "Okay, hurry up."

Cherry nodded and stretched out her chubby little finger. She pressed a few times nimbly on the phone and started the download.

On the other side, Chester panicked.

He was on his little nephew's side, after all!

Thus, he came over hastily and said, "What are you guys playing? I'll carry you guys!"

Fatty knew that this uncle of his was great at games, and even live-streamed. If he carried them in the game, it definitely wouldn't highlight Pete's stupidity.

Fatty's eyes swiveled around. Then, he grinned and said, "Pete has never played this game before, so he'll definitely have a hard time getting started. Why don't we have a PvP battle with each other first? This way, he can also familiarize himself with the game!"

PvP battles referred to one-on-one, player-versus-player battles in the game.

Once a player lost all of their HP, their character would die.

Fatty felt that Pete definitely wouldn't be familiar with the game, since this was his first time playing it. Wouldn't he be able to easily trash the other party and take several of his lives, then? If he could get a kill ratio of zero to several dozen, Daddy and Grandpa would definitely praise him!

He could also take the opportunity to show everyone present that he, Fatty, was the most outstanding child in this generation of the Hunts.

Chester was usually quite the dimwit, but he nevertheless instantly understood the seven to eight-year-old boy's intentions.

He said anxiously, "No, that won't do!"

"Why not?" asked Fatty.

Chester coughed and said, "Who would ask for a PvP battle right off the bat? I don't think this is fair to Pete."

Fatty argued for his case and said, "It isn't unfair. This would also allow us to see Pete's level, after all. Are you scared to have a PvP battle with me, Pete?"

Cherry, who was currently downloading the game, looked up with her big round eyes when she heard him.

She blinked and replied, "Sure, no problem!"

Her young, tender voice could practically make one melt.

Her voice made Mrs. Hunt feel as if someone had just coated her heart in honey. She beckoned to her and said, "We won't play with him if you don't want to, Pete! Come over to Great-Grandma instead!"

Cherry tilted her head and looked at Mrs. Hunt. When she saw the elderly lady's kind eyes, she smiled sweetly and said, "It'll be fine, Great-Grandma!"

Mrs. Hunt shook her head and said earnestly, "It's not good to immerse yourself in games. Take a look at Chester; weren't all of you opposed to him playing games?"

Raymond laughed and said, "It's not like Fatty is playing it as a profession. He's just cultivating the mind and spirit. Besides, I heard that playing games can also train a child's ability to focus, so it's not necessarily all bad. Clever children will always master everything at one go, no matter what they do."

A smiling Roger also said, "Don't worry, Grandma. Pete has always been smart ever since he was a baby. He has a very high IQ, so a bit of gaming won't be any trouble for him at all."

Then, Roger looked at Fatty and said, "Show your younger cousin some mercy."

Fatty grinned and replied, "No problem, Daddy!"

At the sight of his confidence, Roger suddenly suggested, "It certainly isn't quite appropriate to just focus on playing games. Why don't we have a bet?"

Raymond immediately spoke in favor of the suggestion. He said, "That's a good idea! Otherwise, the children won't be motivated to win, either! Why don't we have a bet? If Fatty loses, I'll give up 1% of my shares in the company. How does that sound?"

1% of his shares?

Now, that was going a little too far!

The Hunts' assets were worth trillions of dollars. Even though he only owned 20% of the company's shares, 1% of that 20% was still worth several millions of dollars!

Mrs. Hunt's expression darkened. "The children are just fooling around. The stakes are too high, Raymond!"

"What's the big deal?"

Raymond walked over to Mrs. Hunt with a smile and took her arm. The man was already in his fifties, yet he was behaving like a child. He said, "We're just having fun, Mom! Besides, we are a family. It's the same no matter who owns the shares! I'm sure Justin will rise up to the challenge, right?"

Justin cast his eyes down and said, "Are you talking about 1% of the company's shares, or 1% of your shares in the company, Uncle Raymond?"

Raymond was taken aback for a moment.

Justin sneered, "Since you want to have some fun, then let's up the stakes. What say you to 1% of the company's shares?"

Given how profitable the Hunt Corporation's shares were, 1% of the company's shares would involve a transfer of billions of dollars' worth of profits!

The stakes were too high!

Who would gamble dozens of billions of dollars on a one-time bet?

Raymond's expression darkened. He subconsciously looked at Roger.

Roger smiled and said, "Since Justin has said so, then let's do just that."

Raymond wanted to say something, but Roger tugged on his sleeve, lowered his voice, and said, "Justin must have suddenly raised the stakes because he thinks you won't bear to part with that much money, so you definitely won't dare to continue with the bet!"

Raymond immediately understood what Roger meant!

So, Justin was waging psychological warfare with him!

He let out a cold laugh and exchanged a look with Roger. Then, he lowered his voice and asked, "Are you sure Pete has never played that game before?"

Roger nodded. "He is always studying every day, so how would he possibly have any time to play games? He only downloaded it once in California and played it for an afternoon there, but he uninstalled it after that. I'm sure he can't play it."

Raymond looked at his little grandson again.

Fatty was seven to eight years old this year, and he was very good at games.

The Hunts were all very smart. Wouldn't it be a cinch for Fatty to bully a five-year-old?

Besides, no matter how clever a child was, they would still have to familiarize themselves with the game's workings before they could become adept at any game. This pocket of time Pete would need, signified that victory was pretty much in the bag for Fatty!

Thus, Raymond immediately smiled and said, "Sure, Justin. I'll bet 1% of the company's shares. How about you?"

Justin was about to speak when Raymond suddenly added, "You're the head of the Hunt Corporation, so I can't possibly ask for your shares, either, right? How about this—if Fatty is lucky enough to win, then you'll give me that ring that Mom gave Pete just now! This request isn't too much, is it?"

At first glance, when one compared shares worth billions of dollars to a ring worth millions of dollars, it seemed like Raymond was losing out in the deal.

However, one could earn billions of dollars, but the ring was priceless!

Moreover, that wasn't just a mere ring—it was also something that symbolized the wife of the next head of the family!

Raymond had certainly got it all figured out!

Mrs. Hunt became infuriated at once. She said, "How can you gamble with each other when the children are just playing some games at home? Besides, that's a gift from me. How can it be transferred to someone else?"

Raymond looked at her and said, "How can you be so biased, Mom? Why didn't you say that we're going too far when I offered my shares worth billions of dollars? Or is it because... Justin doesn't dare to take up the bet with me?"

A lot of people—most of them the Hunts' collateral and direct descendants—had come for the Hunts' family dinner. By repeatedly using phrases such as "Do you dare to do it or not" in front of so many people, Raymond was obviously leaving Justin no way out.

Should he refuse the bet at a time like this, it would be tantamount to him showing signs of cowardice!

Raymond was certain that Justin would agree to it—after all, that was the only option he had.

Sure enough, after a short silence, Justin slowly replied, “Let’s do it.”

Raymond and Roger exchanged a look and smirked.

How dare Pete attend the dinner! Mrs. Hunt was also too biased. Pete was just a five-year-old boy who hadn’t even grown up, yet she was giving him the family heirloom! She was too much!

They were bent on making Pete make a fool out of himself today!

Mrs. Hunt wanted to stop them again, but Justin gave her a comforting look, which made the old lady close her mouth.

Fatty became even more excited when he heard their conversation. He selected the hero that he was the most skilled at playing as, and asked Cherry, “Which hero are you playing as, Pete? You can just pick any of them.”

Cherry nodded, selected the little girl hero that she always played as, and replied, “I’m picking this one. What about you?”

Fatty answered, “I’m playing as this guy!”

“Pfft!” Cherry broke into a grin and laughed. As soon as she turned on the game, she transformed into her irritable little girl persona and started to diss her opponent. She said, “Okay. C’mon sonny, I’m going to beat you so bad today that your mom won’t even recognize you!”

Fatty was taken aback. “Who do you think you’re calling ‘sonny’?”

“Your hero, of course. Isn’t he my hero’s son?”

“ ... ”

Fatty, who had been taken advantage of for no reason whatsoever, was furious. He controlled his hero in the game and made him go straight to Cherry.

Cherry, who looked like she was in high spirits, had a triumphant look on her face.

She deliberately acted as if she was playing the game for the first time, making her hero walk about left and right awkwardly as if she didn't even know how to use the controls. "Oh no, why is she walking away?!" Cherry said.

Fatty was overjoyed. He chased after Cherry's hero and started to attack her.

Cherry didn't fight back in the early stages of the round. Instead, she deliberately made her hero sway left and right, making Fatty burst out laughing. "Dummy Pete, you're so stupid! Can't you even walk? I'm gonna teach you how to behave today!"

Cherry put on a feint in the first half and didn't fire even a single shot. She kept her HP under control and allowed Fatty to deplete it to the lowest it could go.

After that, she seemed to understand something and became so scared that she started to run toward her defensive tower.

Fatty chased after her.

She had only a little HP left! As long as he could make contact with Cherry, there would be absolutely no problem at all.

It would be fine even if he had to defend against her defensive tower.

Yet, as if Cherry had suddenly pressed something wrong by accident, she pressed the button for her first skill. Her hero immediately did a tuck-and-roll and moved to the left, causing Fatty to miss!

Right at this point, the sound indicating a kill rang out on the phone!

'Pete Hunt' had killed 'The Unbeatable And Most Handsome'!

"He lost so quickly?"

A triumphant Raymond said, "You're too lousy, Pete. Even if this is your first time playing, you still lost too quickly. It hasn't even been a minute, you know?"

Roger also smirked and said, "A bet's a bet, Justin. That ring..."

Justin looked at them, dark light flickering in his eyes. In front of all the Hunts, his lips slowly parted and he asked, “The children are fooling around. Are you sure that the bet just now is valid?”

Raymond chuckled at once and said, “You mustn’t go back on your word, Justin. You’re a man, right? Besides, you’re even the man overseeing the Hunt Corporation. You have to keep your word; you can’t renege on it!”

Justin raised his eyebrows. “Are you sure, Uncle Raymond?”

“Yes, I am.”

As soon as Raymond said that, Justin sighed and said, “In that case, I will graciously accept 1% of the company shares from you.”

He turned and looked at Sean, who was standing behind him, and instructed, “Prepare the share transfer agreement and let Uncle Raymond sign it later.”

“Yes, sir.”

Raymond was stunned.

Roger, who was also dumbfounded, subconsciously said, “Rather than us transferring shares to you, Justin, you should be giving us the ring instead. After all, Fatty is the one who won just now...”

However, he suddenly realized something at this point, and he looked at the children. He was dumbstruck when he saw Fatty’s reaction.

Fatty’s cell phone screen dimmed at this point.

Fatty was still dumbfounded. What had just happened?

When he looked back up, he saw Cherry patting her little chest. She looked at him and remarked, “Whew, that was so close...”

Fatty understood now—he must have been unlucky just now! He had been so close to killing her hero!

He demanded angrily, “Again!”

“... That’s not really good, is it?” asked Cherry.

Fatty panicked. "What's so bad about it?"

Cherry sighed. "What I mean is that the stakes aren't really good. I've already won, so I'm not going to play anymore!"

Fatty, "!"

He was so mad that he ran to Roger and said, "Daddy, let's bet on it again! Grandpa, take out another 1%!"

1% of the shares equated to billions of dollars!

Raymond, who had panicked after losing the huge sum of money, said anxiously, "No, no, no..."

When an indignant Fatty turned around, he immediately saw Cherry making faces at him. On top of that, she even looked as if she had just given herself a huge fright. The little fellow put on a pretense and said, "Pete was so scared just now, Daddy! I don't know what happened, either. How come Fatty died just like that? I was only left with the barest of HP!"

Justin, "..."

What was one supposed to do when their daughter suddenly started putting on a show with them?

Pamper her and go along with her, of course!

Justin stretched out his big hand, ruffled her hair, and said with a dotting smile, "Pete is so awesome. To think you've actually won 1% of the company's shares for Daddy. You're so good at the game even though this is your first time playing it!"

Cherry grinned at him.

1

Their conversation made Raymond's face flush completely red.

As though a gambler's mindset, the loss of billions of dollars just now made him anxious and irritable. He looked at Fatty and asked, "Are you sure you can beat him if you go at it again?"

Fatty nodded, "Yes, I am! I was so close just now!"

"Okay! Grandpa will trust you once more!" Raymond looked straight at Justin and said, "One more time!"

Cherry buried her head into Justin's shoulder and said, "Pete doesn't wanna, Daddy! It's too scary! Pete is scared!"

Justin, "..."

He ruffled her hair and spoke gently as he appeased her. "Okay, okay. We won't play anymore..."

However, the more he refused to play, the more determined to continue Raymond became, so he said, "Are you stopping, Justin? Surely you can't just leave after you win, right? It doesn't work that way!"

Raymond, whose eyes were all red, stood and stared at him. "The bet between the children only involves a few billion dollars. I'm staking billions of dollars on this while you only need to offer up Mom's ring. It's not like you're too scared to bet, right?"

Seemingly driven into a corner, Justin could only pat Cherry on the shoulder and say, "Let's play another round, Pete?"

"But Daddy, I'm scared!"

"Don't be scared. Just close your eyes and mess around."

Cherry looked up at him 'timidly' and said, "Sigh, I thought you said that it's not good to gamble, Daddy... I'm going, then."

'Left with no other option', Cherry sat in front of Fatty with her cell phone and turned on the game again.

Fatty controlled his hero and rushed straight toward Cherry's hero again.

The two of them clashed in the middle of the arena. Cherry blinked and repeated the same trick. After allowing Fatty to reduce her HP to the barest minimum, she 'coincidentally' killed Fatty's hero instead!

Fatty jumped onto his feet. "Why am I dead again?"

Cherry blinked with her big round eyes. “Yeah, I didn’t do anything, either. How did I fire a cannon? ... Oh, I get it now!”

Fatty, “?”

Cherry said with a straight face, “It’s because your mom will always be your mom. Sons can’t just usurp the throne whenever they want to~”

Fatty, “!!”

Her words made Roger narrow his eyes a little. By the time Fatty rushed over again to ask for another round, Raymond had already become thoroughly anxious and irritable at his losses.

Within a matter of a mere few minutes, he had actually lost 2% of the company’s shares and gone from owning 20% of the shares to 18%??

Raymond was so furious that he smacked the table. “One more time!”

Fatty nodded. He was about to set off when Roger grabbed his arm. Then, he looked at Justin and Cherry with a smile and said, “Nice one, Justin.”

Justin raised his eyebrows. “I told you, there’s no need to raise the stakes like that when the children are just fooling around. Look at how alarmed and anxious Uncle Raymond has become after he lost!”

His words made Raymond flush as red as a tomato. He pointed at Justin angrily and sputtered, “You, you, you...”

Justin’s expression turned cold and he said nothing.

Cherry, however, said, “Daddy, I’m so scared! Is that grandpa having a stroke? His fingers keep shaking!”

Raymond, “?”

Even Justin couldn’t help just smile. His anger from just now disappeared, and his voice was low and gentle as he replied, “No, Uncle Raymond is just being a sore loser. Forget it, you don’t need to prepare the agreement anymore, Sean.”

Raymond knew that Justin was provoking him the moment he heard what he said.

It was either he toughed it out and went along with Justin's words—but he would probably never be able to hold his head up high in front of the Hunts after that since he was the one who suggested the bet, yet also the one being a sore loser in the end—or he surrendered the shares!

Raymond was thick-skinned. Thinking that he could just redeem his reputation in the future, he was about to speak when the same young and tender voice said, "Why would he be a sore loser, Daddy? That grandpa was really amazing just now, and he even asked if you dared to bet with him. Is he the one who actually doesn't dare to? Also, can people just cancel their bets at will? Daddy taught me that I should always keep my word. Otherwise, it would be no different from a fart~!"

Raymond, "!!!"

Her words were too humiliating!

His words would be no different from a fart?!

He took a few deep breaths. There was no way he could part with the money, but the problem was that he would thoroughly embarrass himself... He couldn't quite stomach the aggravation.

At this point, Roger smiled and said, "That's impossible. It's just a few billion dollars. Dad, give it to him."

Raymond looked at Roger and exclaimed, "Roger!"

Roger's expression darkened. "Give it to him."

Raymond finally turned to Justin and said indignantly, "Prepare the agreement!"

Sean immediately nodded. "Yes, sir."

At the sight of him turning and leaving, Raymond said sarcastically, "Your assistant is terrible, Justin. How can he say that when you haven't even agreed?"

Sean ignored him. Instead, his footsteps toward the outside quickened as he got ready to print the papers.

To be honest, 2% of the shares were actually very important to them!

Justin, however, replied, "We're a family, Uncle Raymond. How would he possibly have the guts to disobey your instructions?"

Raymond, "??"

Was there even anyone who didn't know that no one could order about the few subordinates under Justin's command, except for Justin himself?

He was going too far by saying that!!!

—

While Cherry was provoking Raymond and his family at the Hunts', Pete was in school.

During class, a child raised his hand. "Ms. Lynn, my head hurts."

The teacher hurriedly walked over and asked, "What's wrong?"

The little fellow pointed to his head and replied, "It hurts."

Ms. Lynn had no choice but to let him rest at the side.

After class, everyone surrounded the boy with a headache.

"Jimmy, are you pretending to have a headache?"

The boy named Jimmy shook his head. "No, I'm not."

"But my mom said that your mom says you're just pretending to have a headache so that you can play truant!"

Jimmy's eyes reddened and he stood up. "That's not true! My head really hurts!"

"You're just pretending!"

"Yes, you're just pretending! Your mom said so in the kindergarten parents' group chat!"

Jimmy was so mad that he clenched his fists.

Mia came over and said softly, “Don’t talk about Jimmy like that. I’m sure he’s not pretending!”

Mia spoke very softly. Pete found the way she spoke very calming, so she was the only one with whom he was willing to play in the kindergarten.

Seeing that even she had spoken up, Pete glanced at Jimmy and sent a text message to Nora: ‘Mommy, I have a classmate who keeps having a headache. What’s going on?’

Meanwhile.

Jimmy’s mother was complaining madly in the parents’ group chat.

Jimmy’s Mom: ‘The teacher called me and said that Jimmy was having a headache again. Sigh, kids are so sly these days. It must be because I picked him up and brought him home the moment they called last time that he has learned to lie now.’

Brandon’s Mom: ‘Is he always having a headache? You’d best send him for a checkup.’

Jimmy’s Mom: ‘Is there even any need for a child to see a doctor because of headaches? I think he’s fine. Besides, they’ll definitely make him do a whole bunch of brain CT scans and MRI scans. Those will expose the child to radiation!’

Helen’s Mom: ‘Yes, kids nowadays are really smart. They know what works best for them and are always pretending.’

The messages from the group chat and Pete were so noisy that Nora couldn’t sleep, so she picked up her phone. When she saw the messages, she sent one back to Pete.

Pete gave Nora a video call after seeing her reply. Then, he followed her instructions and gave Jimmy a checkup.

For example, he pressed the top of his head and asked, “Does it hurt here?”

After asking him a few questions, Nora’s lazy voice came through the phone and she said, “I’m hanging up.”

Then, she went to the group chat and sent a message.

Nora: 'Jimmy's mom, his situation is not promising. You should take him to the hospital for a lumbar puncture right away.'

The parents in the group chat, who were chatting about how their children were always playing tricks, were dumbfounded and all of them stopped talking.

A short while later, Jimmy's mother popped up.

Jimmy's Mom: '???'

Jimmy's Mom: 'Are you crazy? The most that's ever necessary when people have headaches are brain CT scans. Why would he need to do a lumbar puncture?'

Nora answered calmly: 'I am a doctor.'

Jimmy's Mom: 'Does being a doctor mean you can tell us to do things? We actually have a doctor in the group chat? The Golden Sunshine Kindergarten actually has parents who are doctors? Are you really lacking this bit of money for medical tests from me?'

The others echoed her:

'Yes, she's right. Hospitals keep prescribing this and that to patients these days. There are actually parents in this group chat who are so poor that they want to cheat others of this bit of money?'

'She must be a quack doctor, right?'

'Don't spout nonsense here just because you have a bit of knowledge. What does a lumbar puncture have to do with the brain?'

Jimmy's Mom: 'This is just a quack doctor's misdiagnosis! Get out of the group!'

Nora, who had seen family members of patients that were even more unreasonable, wasn't bothered. Instead, she wrote: 'Jimmy is likely suffering from encephalitis.'

She was about to send the message after drafting it when she suddenly saw a message prompt:

'You have been kicked out of the group chat by the administrator.'

Nora, “?”

She raised her eyebrows and stared at her phone for a while. A brief moment later, she scoffed and opened Cherry's chat window. Then, she sent a message to Pete: 'He is likely suffering from encephalitis. Have his father take him to the hospital for a checkup.'

Doctors should be benevolent.

The child was still so young. She didn't want to let the matter go unchecked.

Neither would she lower herself to his parent's level.

After sending the message, she lay down and got ready to sleep.

—

At the kindergarten.

Pete walked over to Jimmy after reading Nora's message and relayed her words to him.

Jimmy was so frightened that he burst into tears at once. "Sob! I have encephalitis! Am I going to die?!"

Ms. Lynn was dumbfounded when Jimmy burst into tears. She tried to coax him, but he cried and asked for his mother instead.

As a result, Ms. Lynn could only give Jimmy's mother a call.

Jimmy's mother was a hot-tempered and straightforward woman. After receiving the teacher's call, she went straight to the school swiftly and resolutely.

She spotted Jimmy, who was crying so hard that he couldn't breathe, right away.

Jimmy's mother panicked at once. "What's wrong? Did your classmates bully you?"

A sobbing Jimmy replied, “Mommy, I’m dying. I have a very serious illness. Sob...”

His mother frowned and asked, “Who told you that?”

“Cherry did.”

Jimmy’s mother became furious at once. She shouted at Ms. Lynn, “Who is Cherry?!”

Ms. Lynn wanted to stop her, but Jimmy’s mother, who was a tall and thick woman, was simply too strong. She pushed Ms. Lynn away, entered the classroom, and demanded, “Where is Cherry?”

Pete stood up leisurely and frowned.

At the sight of him, Jimmy’s mother immediately broke into a rant. She said, “Why did you say such nonsense to Jimmy? Don’t you know that it’s not right to scare kids?! Apologize to Jimmy at once!”

Jimmy was holding his mother’s hand. The five-year-old boy looked confused—obviously, he didn’t know what was going on.

He shook his mother’s hand and said, “Mommy, Cherry wasn’t trying to scare me. My head hurts. I really am sick...”

“What do you mean you’re sick?” Jimmy’s mother’s expression turned cold and she said, “It’s normal for a child to experience headaches and fevers. Besides, your head always stops hurting every time you get home. Moreover, people in our family are all in good health. What kind of sickness can you possibly be down with? What kind of nonsense are you saying?”

It wasn’t that Jimmy’s mother didn’t care about her son. It was just that every time she took Jimmy home during the last few incidents, his head would always stop hurting whenever they were about to go to the hospital.

After this happened several times, it was inevitable that Jimmy’s mother would suspect that he was just pretending to be sick.

Otherwise, why would his head only hurt in the kindergarten and never at home?

Jimmy's mother pointed at Pete and sneered, "Fine, you're a kid, so I won't lower myself to your level. I'll look for your mother instead!"

She looked at Ms. Lynn and said, "Tell Cherry's mother to come to the kindergarten! Otherwise, I won't let this matter rest today! How can I let my little Jimmy be bullied in school?"

Ms. Lynn breathed a sigh of relief.

Although Jimmy's mother was bad-tempered, she was reasonable and hadn't raised her hand against the child. She was a much more decent person than Whitney Lowe.

Ms. Lynn hurriedly called Nora.

Pete sat in his seat while Jimmy's mother waited with her son in Ms. Lynn's office.

Next to him, Mia was terribly nervous. She tugged Pete's sleeve and whispered, "Cherry, I heard that Jimmy's parents are prominent figures in the underworld. Whoever offends Jimmy will be..."

She held her hand up, drew it across her neck, and added, "... killed off secretly!"

Pete, "?"

Mia was so frightened that she shrank back after she spoke. "My mommy also told me not to offend Jimmy when I first came to school. Jimmy's mother looked so scary just now!"

The other children were also discussing the matter quietly among themselves.

"Will Cherry stop coming to school tomorrow?"

"I heard that Jimmy's father has a big pet tiger that only eats children! Will Cherry be eaten on her way home?"

"You mustn't die, Cherry!"

"Sob, Cherry, I really like you..."

A child's world was very simple and innocent, especially when Cherry the charmer had already become their favorite person in the class.

As a result, Pete was surrounded by the children. Their eyes were all red as they said their goodbyes to him.

"Cherry, I like you the most. You have to come to school alive tomorrow, okay?!"

"Cherry, why don't you go and buy a piece of meat after school? This way, even if you encounter the big tiger, you can let it eat the meat so that it won't eat you..."

"Here, Cherry, this is for you. It's a little hammer that my mommy gave me. She said that I can use it to hammer anyone that bullies me. Why don't you take this and beat the tiger with it?"

"..."

Pete, "..."

He couldn't help rolling his eyes. These children were so silly... that they were so cute.

The feeling of loneliness that had been hidden in the depths of his heart ever since he was born seemed to have unknowingly faded away a lot during his days in kindergarten.

Mia became even more frightened. Her eyes reddened as she said, "How about letting Daddy send you home after school today?!"

To Mia, her father was the most powerful person ever!

"... No, it's fine," replied Pete.

As a result, when a displeased Nora rushed over to the kindergarten after being woken up, she immediately saw her son being surrounded and sent off by a crying crowd.

Nora, "..."

However, before she could even say anything, Jimmy's mother rushed up to her. She jabbed her finger in her face and said angrily, "Never mind that you

were talking nonsense in the group, but how can you also say such nonsense to a child? Look at how pale Jimmy has become because of you!”

Jimmy was following his mother at the back. The little boy was trembling all over, and he looked as if he was about to have a fit because he was crying so hard.

Nora frowned and said, “Now’s not the time to be quarreling. I’d suggest that you take your son to the hospital for a checkup right away.”

“To hell with the checkup!” Jimmy’s mother shouted angrily, “We’re already meeting in person, yet you’re still so full of hot air! It’s all because your daughter scared him that my son has become like this! Encephalitis? ... Would anyone need a lumbar puncture because of encephalitis? This is the first time I’ve ever heard about it! Aren’t lumbar punctures related to leukemia or something? Are you sure you know what you’re saying or not?!”

Nora, “...”

Jimmy’s mother rolled up her sleeves as if she was about to hit someone. She demanded, “I want you to apologize to my son right away! Tell your daughter to apologize to my son, too! Take back what you said just now and tell him that all of that was just a joke!”

However, as soon as she said that, Jimmy suddenly held his head with his hands and threw up.