

Chapter 196 – Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

Mrs. Hoffman was startled to hear that. She frowned and asked, “What happened? Did he wake up in fear again?”

After saying that, she didn’t have the luxury of bothering with Nora anymore, so she turned around and walked out.

Jordan also followed closely behind the few of them. Jimmy was his only son, after all, so he cared very much about him.

Nora wanted to follow them up the stairs but was stopped. Someone said, “You can’t go up there, Ms. Smith!”

Nora’s brows were drawn together, and she was rather anxious.

This was a moment of life and death!

Nora didn’t have the luxury of caring that much anymore. She reached out, hooked her arm around the man’s, and pulled him over forcefully at once. She threw him over her shoulder and flipped him onto the ground.

The rest of the thugs rushed toward her one by one at the sight.

Nora stretched out her leg and kicked one of them away. The man, who had been sent flying sideways, blocked the rest of the people rushing toward her, which allowed her to run upstairs.

As soon as she went up, she heard Mrs. Hoffman screaming shrilly, “Jimmy! Jimmy, wake up! Wake up!”

The nanny next to them was also shouting anxiously, “Jimmy, Jimmy...! What’s wrong with him, Mrs. Hoffman?”

Jordan yelled, “Get out of the way! Call 911! Hurry!”

Nora’s eyes widened in horror. She rushed straight to the room and saw Jimmy lying on a clean bed in the brightly-lit room. He was foaming at the mouth and convulsing.

Mrs. Hoffman touched his forehead and exclaimed, "Why is he so warm?!" Jordan, hurry up and call 911!"

Nora rushed over anxiously. Jordan, who was on the phone, noticed her. He frowned at once and was about to speak when Nora bypassed him and stood at Jimmy's bed.

Jordan was furious. "You—"

But before he could finish, Nora ordered coldly, "Get out of the way!"

Mrs. Hoffman was dumbfounded.

Nora grabbed her by the arm. Then, she looked at the nanny and instructed, "Get me some diluted alcohol to lower his temperature."

Then, she immediately pulled Jimmy's eyelids up skillfully and checked his eyes—the boy's pupils were already dilating. She didn't have the luxury of caring that much anymore. She immediately took out a pill from her pocket, tore off the tinfoil, and fed it to Jimmy!

Mrs. Hoffman finally came back to her senses at this point. She rushed over and shouted, "What did you feed Jimmy?!"

Nora looked at her coldly. "If you continue to stop me, your son will die!"

Her calm and steady voice, as well as her words, made Mrs. Hoffman dumbfounded.

Seeing that she finally wasn't coming forward anymore, Nora took the diluted alcohol from the nanny and physically cooled the boy's temperature.

The bodyguards at the door rushed up at this point and said, "Mr. Hoffman! Nora, she—"

Before he could finish, he was stunned by the sight of Nora repeatedly torturing Jimmy.

Jordan, whose eyes were red, glared at Nora menacingly. However, he suddenly said, "Let her do it. Nora, if anything happens to my son, I won't let you off!"

The bodyguards finally retreated.

The long-overdue ambulance finally came. By the time the paramedics came upstairs, Jimmy had already fallen into a deep sleep. His breathing had also become much more even, and he looked much better.

Worried about their son, Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman hurriedly followed them into the ambulance.

It was only after they got into the ambulance that they realized that Nora had already left at some point. Mrs. Hoffman frowned. "Why did she leave?"

The nanny replied, "It seems like she only left after she saw that the ambulance was here."

Mrs. Hoffman bit her lip.

Jordan said, "It's fine. She may have left, but her home is still there! If anything happens to Jimmy, I will look for the Andersons!"

Mrs. Hoffman nodded. She gritted her teeth and said, "There's the kindergarten, too. She can run, but she can't hide! Besides, even if she did save Jimmy's life, he was sick in the first place because of her!"

Jordan nodded.

The group of them finally arrived at the hospital. By the time the doctor came over, Jimmy was already awake and muttering about having a headache.

A nurse said, "Doctor, he had already undergone professional first aid measures by the time we went over. That person also told me that we must conduct a lumbar puncture on the patient."

A lumbar puncture...

Something clicked in the doctor's head at once and he said, "Don't bother with the brain CT and MRI for now. Perform a lumbar puncture on him right away instead!"

"Yes, sir!"

After the staff took Jimmy away, the doctor also left to attend to his duties.

It was only at daybreak that the doctor finally walked out of the ward while wiping his perspiration. Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman went up to him at once and asked, "Doctor, how is my son?"

The doctor took a deep breath and held their hands excitedly. He asked, "Who performed first aid on the child? What exactly did she feed him?"

Mrs. Hoffman flew into a rage at once. "What's wrong? Did something bad happen because of what he was fed? Ahhh!! I'm going to kill her!"

Jordan also panicked. He asked, "Doctor, what exactly is going on? Is there something wrong with that pill? My son was having convulsions because she scared him so badly!"

The doctor was dumbfounded at how agitated the two of them were. He said, "Convulsions from fright? What nonsense! The child has acute meningitis! If it weren't for the person who saved him in time, the child would probably be dead now!"

The doctor then went on and said, "I'm just very curious about the medicine she fed the child. To think it's so amazing! The fever had already subsided by the time the child was sent to the hospital. His condition had mostly also stabilized by then. They basically saved his life!"

" ... "

—

At the Andersons'.

By the time Nora got home after the whole hullabaloo the night before, it was already one o'clock in the morning.

After washing up, she slept all the way until noon the following day, where she was woken up by people knocking on the door downstairs.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The banging on the door was deafening, as if some kind of underworld force was at their doorstep.

Nora got out of bed lazily. The moment she exited her bedroom, she saw Logan going down the stairs quickly. He went to the door and opened it. When

he saw Jordan, who was wearing a thick gold chain around his neck, at the door, he was utterly stunned. “Mr. Hoffman? Why are you here?”

Jordan stared at Logan. After a long silence, he finally asked, “Where is Nora Smith?”

Logan narrowed his eyes. He blocked the way in at once and said, “Mr. Hoffman, she’s just a woman. Come at me if there’s anything you want.”

Jordan thought of what his subordinates had reported to him the night before—she had beaten up five or six of them all by herself and rushed up the stairs after that. The corners of his lips suddenly spasmed a little and he replied, “She’s not just any ordinary woman.”

Logan’s misunderstanding deepened even further. He said, “Which part of her isn’t ordinary? Mr. Hoffman, just come at me if there’s anything you want...”

However, the men behind Jordan pushed him away. The group of them entered the villa with great momentum, alarming the elderly Mrs. Anderson upstairs so badly that even she came out and asked, “What’s going on? Huh? Logan...”

Logan’s brows drew together tightly as he watched Jordan walking toward Nora, who was upstairs.

The woman even yawned. Obviously, she had just woken up and was completely unaware that danger was descending upon her!

He immediately went forward anxiously to stop them, but...

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Jordan, the big and rough boor, bowed at Nora and said, “Ms. Smith!”

Logan, “??”

Utterly astounded by the sight, he felt like his eyes were about to fall out of their sockets.

Nora waved casually and asked, “Yeah. Is Jimmy alright now?”

Jordan was exceptionally respectful toward her. He replied, "He's fine now. His mother wanted to come over and apologize to you in person, but Jimmy is still hospitalized for now, so she can't come over for the time being. This is all her fault for not appreciating your kindness. Don't worry, Ms. Smith, I will definitely teach her a good lesson!"

Nora raised her brows when she heard what he said.

Sure enough, the next moment, Jordan explained, "To be honest, this incident resulted from our negligence as parents. We didn't expect that Jimmy couldn't explain his symptoms clearly due to his young age, so he didn't express them clearly to the doctor even when we brought him to the hospital, which ended up delaying his treatment in the beginning. Sigh! It's fortunate that you came to my place last night. Otherwise, we wouldn't have been able to save Jimmy this time! By the way, the hospital asked about the pill that you fed Jimmy last night. They want to buy a batch of it..."

Nora yawned and replied, "You can contact my uncle with regard to that."

Simon was in charge of all of Harmonia Pharmacy's matters.

Jordan immediately nodded and said, "Okay, no problem!"

Nora nodded. When she saw that Jordan was still staring at her, she asked hesitantly, "Is there anything else?"

Jordan immediately shook his head. "No, there's nothing else. You saved Jimmy's life, Ms. Smith. If there's anything you need in the future, I, Jordan, will do anything you ask!"

"... Oh, okay." Nora paused for a moment before she yawned again. Then, she said, "Okay, I'm going to sleep."

She turned to enter the bedroom but instead saw Pete standing there and looking at her expectantly. He let out a silent sigh and said, "Mommy."

Nora, "?"

It was only then that she remembered what had happened to Pete. Thus, she said to Jordan, "By the way, Mr. Hoffman, can you ask your wife to withdraw her complaint against Pete... I mean Cherry, and let her return to school?"

Jordan nodded at once. “No problem! The Hoffmans will cover Cherry’s tuition fees in the future!”

“... You don’t need to do that.”

“Don’t stand on ceremony, Ms. Smith. Also, I will get Jimmy to protect Cherry in school in the future, so that no one will bully her!”

Pete, “...”

He quietly packed his schoolbag, slung it over his shoulders, and went downstairs. Then, he asked the Andersons’ chauffeur, “Mister, can you take me to the kindergarten?”

Nora, “...”

Nora went back into her bedroom to sleep after the little fellow left.

Logan and Jordan were the only ones left flabbergasted downstairs.

Jordan walked over casually to Logan and patted him on the shoulder. He sighed and said, “Boy, we need to give a notice of at least three days in advance if we want to postpone a race. We’ve already missed the deadline today. How about this? I’ll try and contact Yanci for you and see if he’s willing to come back and help you take part in the race. If he isn’t willing to do it, then you’ll have to prepare 50 million dollars. I’ll guarantee your safety after the race.”

In the past, the Andersons would definitely be able to fork out 50 million dollars.

But now...

Logan knew that Jordan had already tried his best, though, so he nodded.

Before they left, Logan asked, “What’s going on between you and Nora, Mr. Hoffman?”

Jordan gave him a simple recount of what had happened and then left.

After he left, Logan went upstairs. Before going into his bedroom, he glanced at the bedroom where Nora was.

He knew that Nora was a doctor, but he didn't expect her to actually be so skilled that she could save Jordan's son.

Logan looked at his ankle... He wondered if Nora could heal his injury?

But even if she could, there was no way she could do it anymore at the moment.

The race was in two days. They really didn't have any more time to waste. He would just ask her again after the race instead.

With that in mind, Logan entered his room.

He mustn't just sit around and do nothing.

Given his ankle's condition, he would definitely lose if he took part in the race.

He sat up and took out his computer. He found Yanci's email address and sent her an email: 'Yanci, may I know if you're interested in racing competitions held in the US?'

He lay down on the bed after he sent the email. Then, he suddenly received a call from Jordan. Jordan's voice was very loud as he said, "It suddenly occurred to me that I may have a way to contact Yanci. How about this? I'll contact him for you."

Logan replied, "I just sent him an email, but I don't know if he'll come."

Jordan said in a friendly manner, "Let me do it instead. I'm a little more familiar with him than you are. After all, we've talked before."

When he said that they had talked before, he was referring to their email correspondence in the past.

Logan was very grateful to him. He said, "Okay. Thank you, Mr. Hoffman."

"You're welcome."

—

At the Hunts'.

"Wow, Little Yellow is so eye-catching!"

Cherry circled Logan's sports car and inspected it excitedly. Sean watched the little mister from the side. He couldn't but keep feeling there was something off with him lately.

He asked respectfully, "Shall we put the car in the garage?"

"No!"

Cherry said childishly, "I wanna change its color!"

Sean nodded.

He didn't find yellow that attractive a color, either. It was too ostentatious and not low-key enough. Neither did it conform to Mr. Hunt's sense of aesthetics. Having it changed to black, white, or gray sounded like a pretty good idea.

He was about to suggest it when Cherry declared, "I want it changed to pink, yeah!"

Sean, "?"

He was taken aback for a moment. He stared at 'Pete' in disbelief and uttered, "What?"

"Pink, yeah!"

Cherry skipped back home after saying that. Sean followed behind her. When they entered the room together, Justin had just finished processing a few documents and was walking out.

When the two met, Sean suddenly said, "Mr. Hunt, Pete just told me to change the color of the sports car to pink. What do you..."

Justin smiled and replied, "Okay, do as he says."

"..."

Sean was stunned.

Mr. Hunt, are you serious? Are you sure you want to raise the little mister into a little princess?!

While he was dumbfounded, he saw Justin walking over to Cherry. He bent over, picked her up, and asked, "Shall Daddy play Barbies with you today?"

"Okay! Daddy's the best, yeah!"

Sean, "..."

Sean swallowed hard. Then, he looked at Justin and recounted to him what he'd encountered earlier that day. Justin, who was about to leave, paused for a moment.

Cherry said, "Did someone bully Uncle Logan? Daddy, let's help him! Even though Uncle Logan pretends to be cool all the time, he's actually very nice!"

When Justin heard what she said, he looked at Cherry dotingly and asked, "Do you want to watch car racing?"

Cherry nodded repeatedly.

Justin looked at Sean and said, "Get two tickets ready."

"Yes, sir."

Elsewhere, when Pete got home, Nora said, "There's an underground car race in two days. Do you want to go and watch?"

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"... Okay, let's."

At the sight of Nora staring at him expectantly, Pete gave a resigned reply. To be honest, he wasn't very interested in such things.

It was rare to see Mommy interested in something other than sleeping, though, so he would just accompany her there.

The next day.

Pete went to school.

Jimmy was still hospitalized, so he didn't come to class. The children were still very concerned about Pete.

"Cherry, Jimmy is still unwell. His mother won't let your mother off. You have to be careful!"

"Cherry, will you have to drop out of school when Jimmy returns? I'm so worried about you~"

Their kindness warmed Pete's heart very much. He said, "Don't worry. Everything is fine..."

But right after he spoke, he met Mia's curious eyes, so he quietly added, "... yeah."

The other children didn't believe him, though.

"How can that be? I heard that the big tiger in Jimmy's house is really fierce and menacing. It can eat a child with each bite!"

"I've also heard about it! They say Jimmy's mother is a tigress, and that his father has three legs, four arms, and five pairs of eyes! He's even fiercer than a tiger!"

Some of the children even started to cry. "Cherry, I can't bear to part with you. Sob..."

Pete, "..."

Was it really alright for children to be so ignorant?

The corners of his lips spasmed a little. He was about to speak when Mia said, "Don't worry, everyone. Cherry will be fine, yeah!"

"Why?"

"Because Cherry's father is Justin Hunt! Jimmy's father is afraid of Cherry's father!"

Mia replied innocently.

"Really?"

The other adorable children congratulated him one by one.

“Have you found your Daddy, Cherry? That’s great!”

“Wow, Cherry, so you have a father. I always thought that you didn’t have one. Did your mommy give birth to you with a rock?”

“Huh? Wasn’t Cherry given to her mom as a gift with purchase? When I asked Mom who Cherry’s dad was, she told me that her mom got her free of charge when she bought something!”

Pete was rendered speechless by how everyone was digressing from the topic.

However, there were also some who didn’t believe it. They asked, “Cherry, is your father really Justin Hunt?”

Pete wanted to deny it, but when he met Mia’s innocent eyes, he could only silently reply, “I guess you can say that.”

As Justin’s son, Pete had always taken his safety very seriously ever since he was a baby.

He didn’t have any bodyguards with him here, so he mustn’t expose his identity so casually!

The bell finally rang, and the children scattered.

Mia sat next to Pete and asked softly, “Don’t you like your father, Cherry?”

Pete nodded. “Yeah, the tyrant is too fierce.”

Mia rested her chin on her hands and said, “Your father won’t be so fierce anymore if you become a girl~”

Pete was taken aback. “Why?” he asked.

Mia looked at him and replied, “Because that’s what my father says. He says that girls should be pampered and brought up lovingly! You must have gone to your father as a boy, right?”

Pete, “?”

So, was the tyrant so strict and harsh on him because he was a boy?

After class.

A few children from the higher grade came to the classroom.

The person leading them was very big and well-built, which made him look very domineering. A few people followed behind him.

The height difference between children who were even just a year older was very obvious. Moreover, Pete had always been in rather poor health all these years because he had stopped breathing once when he was an infant, so he was about the same height as Cherry. Therefore, those children were a whole half a head taller than Pete.

They gathered in front of Pete. The one leading them pushed Pete and said, "I heard that you bullied Jimmy? I'm so happy to hear that!"

Pete frowned. "I didn't."

"What didn't you do? Do you know who I am?" The burly kid said, "My father is Paul Quinlan. He's enemies with Jimmy's father! It makes me happy that you bullied him! I hereby announce that you can be my little sidekick from now on."

Pete, "?"

He looked at the person in front of him lazily, bypassed him from the side, and said, "I'm not interested."

The child immediately grabbed his sleeve and said, "You're Cherry Smith, right? Don't you dare think that I won't beat you up just because you're a girl. Do you know how great an honor it is to be my sidekick? I heard that you don't have a father, right? Do you know who my father is?"

Pete, "??"

The child patted his chest and said, "My name is Terence Quinlan, and my father, Paul Quinlan, is even more impressive than Jordan Hoffman! He's very amazing! If you choose to follow me, you won't have to be afraid of Jimmy's father anymore! You can ask the people behind me—who doesn't know that I'm the most awesome around these parts?"

Pete, "..."

Mia took a step forward and said, "Terence, you're not allowed to bully Cherry!"

Terence looked at her and curled his lip disdainfully. He said, "Go away, you invalid! It's only on account of your father that I'm not holding it against you. Otherwise, I'd have beaten you up long ago!"

As he spoke, he pushed Mia and said, "You invalid! My father said that out of everyone in the entire kindergarten, your father is the only one he'll show some courtesy to, so he told me not to bully you. But everyone else has to listen to me! Heh, I heard your father has driven away your mother, though? You're now a motherless child! Your father will marry another woman after this. When they have a few sons, you'll become an illegitimate daughter, and your father won't care about you anymore!"

Mia stumbled quite a few steps backward before she finally steadied herself.

Upon hearing that her mother had been driven away and that she would become an illegitimate daughter, Mia's eyes reddened and she said, "That's not true. Don't you spout nonsense."

Pete frowned and stepped in front of Mia. He said, "Apologize to her!"

Terence sneered, "Who do you think you are? You don't even have a father. What makes you think I should listen to you and apologize to her?"

Pete was about to speak when Brandon rushed over and said, "Terence, his father is Justin Hunt! He's someone that even your father cannot afford to offend!"

A look of disbelief appeared on Terence's chubby face. Then, he guffawed and said, "Are you daydreaming? Justin Hunt...? Don't you even think a little before you brag? Or do you think you can scare me with just a few words? I'm not a three or four-year-old kid anymore!"

Mia pouted and said, "His father really is Justin Hunt!"

Terence sneered, "That's impossible! My father said that Justin Hunt only has a son, and he keeps him super protected. He has bodyguards with him everywhere he goes, and no one can see what he looks like! Cherry is a girl, so how can she possibly be Justin Hunt's child?"

Mia got anxious and argued, “Cherry is a boy today!”

Terence burst into loud, raucous laughter at once. He said, “By the way, didn’t they say that Cherry can become a boy? I can’t believe you guys will actually believe something like that! You’re so naive! So, Cherry Smith, your father is Justin Hunt, right? Do you dare to call him right now?”

“Why not?”

Without a second thought, Brandon stood beside Pete and said, “Cherry, call your father now!”

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“Yes, that’s right!” Mia anxiously took out her cell phone and looked at Pete. She said, “Cherry, what’s your father’s phone number? I’ll call him for you!”

Pete, “?”

He didn’t want to do it. After all, his parents hadn’t acknowledged each other yet. It probably wasn’t a good idea to just call Justin like that.

For a moment, he kept quiet.

Terence immediately laughed and said, “Hah, did you see that? He doesn’t dare to call him! Cherry, you’re just bragging! It’s impossible for your father to be Justin Hunt!”

“It’s true!” Mia’s eyes were red. Her father had told her that. There was no way there would be any mistake about it.

Besides, she was the one who said that Justin was Cherry’s father. It had nothing to do with Cherry at all. Even if there really was a mistake, it wasn’t because Cherry was bragging but because she was mistaken instead.

Yet, she didn’t know how to explain herself and ended up panicking.

Terence looked at her. “What are you being so anxious for? It’s as if you’re his wife. How would you know who his father is?”

“I just do!” Mia had always been a pushover. This was the first time she was being so aggressive. She insisted, “Cherry wasn’t bragging! Neither did she lie!”

Terence scoffed and said, “You little liar. You lie even about your own affairs. Your mother was rejected by your father, yet you insist that it isn’t true... Little illegitimate daughter, if you’re that impressive, then why don’t you get Cherry to give us the phone number?!”

Mia was about to cry. Just as she was about to say something, Pete stepped forward and said coolly, “212XXXXXXX.”

“ ... ”

The place fell quiet for a moment.

Terence looked at Pete. “Cherry, what do you mean by that?”

Pete didn’t look at him but at Mia instead. “That’s my Daddy’s phone number. You weren’t lying.”

Mia finally came back to her senses. She hurriedly dialed the number on her cell phone.

“Toot... toot... toot...”

Mia and Brandon both held their breaths together with the dial tone.

Even Terence was keeping quiet. For a while, the atmosphere around them became very quiet.

However, after the phone rang three times, the recipient didn’t answer but rejected the call instead.

“Beep... beep... beep...”

“ ... ”

Mia was dumbfounded.

Brandon was also stunned.

Terence, however, burst into laughter and said, “You saw that, right? You were just giving us some random number! The recipient didn’t even pick up! Cherry, you’re a wild child without a father! You don’t have a father at all!”

Mia, who was panicking, dialed the number again.

However, after it rang a few times, a message instead played: “The number you have dialed does not exist...”

Mia’s phone number had been blocked!

Mia, “...”

Brandon was also dumbfounded. He asked, “Cherry, what’s the matter with your father?”

Pete replied very calmly, “My father doesn’t answer calls from strangers.”

Brandon believed him immediately. “I see, so that’s how it is!”

Mia also nodded. “Oh, that’s true. My father doesn’t answer calls from strangers, either!”

People of Justin’s and Joel’s class all owned private phone numbers. It was standard protocol for them to reject calls from strangers on their private phone numbers.

Additionally, in the case of people like them, apart from their family and other people of the same class as them, others rarely were able to get a hold of their private phone numbers.

While they were talking, Terence sneered, “Of course, my father doesn’t answer calls from strangers, either. But why don’t you use your own cell phone to call him? Cherry, it’s because you know everyone has that habit that you deliberately said that, right? The number you gave us isn’t Justin Hunt’s at all!”

“212XXXXXXX,” said Pete again suddenly. Then, he asked, “Have you remembered it?”

Terence curled his lip disdainfully. “What?”

Pete said coolly, “Your father should have my father’s private phone number. You can go home and confirm it with your dad after you remember it. You’ll see after that.”

Terence, “?”

He was taken aback for a moment, but right after that, he sneered, “I get it now—you’re stalling for time! But even if you gloss it over today, you’ll still be a wild child without a father tomorrow! Hmph, I’ll go home and cross-check the phone numbers right now!”

Terence turned around and led the group of children away after he spoke.

To be honest, he was actually a little scared that Justin Hunt would really turn out to be Cherry’s father. If that happened, things would become troublesome.

His father had warned him several times not to mess with the two children from the Smiths in school. Additionally, he wasn’t to mess with children from the Hunts, either. It was just that the Hunts didn’t send their children to the school, so he wasn’t that worried about it.

After Terence left, Mia and Brandon looked at Pete. Mia asked timidly, “Cherry, did I cause trouble for you...”

If she hadn’t revealed Cherry’s father’s information in school, Terence and the others wouldn’t have known about it at all.

It was indeed troublesome.

Pete, who was a little troubled, glanced at Mia—only to see that the tiny little girl’s pointed, oval-shaped face and big eyes were filled with a look of tentativeness.

This made Pete calmly reply, “It’s not a big deal.”

After he said that, Tanya called out to him from a distance, “Cherry, come for your dance class! Stop dilly-dallying. You’re about to be late!”

Pete, “...”

He massaged his temples and walked toward the dance studio with a headache.

When exactly was Cherry switching back with him?

As he walked over, he suddenly looked back—sure enough, he saw a look of envy all over Mia's face.

Tanya was also looking at Mia when Pete walked up to her.

The little fellow looked at her timidly, unable to conceal the longing in her eyes. It made an indescribable sense of acerbity well up at the depths of her heart.

Come to think of it, this was rather strange.

She was obviously Hillary's daughter, yet she found him very lovable.

Was she really that much of a cheap woman?

After all, she was technically Hillary's half-sister. Mia should actually be calling her Aunt Tanya.

At the thought, Tanya forced herself to look away.

She took Pete to the dance studio resolutely, leaving behind Mia with a longing look on her face, and disappointment and sadness in her eyes.

Next to her, Brandon said carelessly, "Cherry is really almighty. Not only is she great at solving Mathematical Olympiad problems, but she can even dance. Mia, do you want to learn to dance?"

Mia lowered her head and stared at her toes as she replied, "Yes, I do."

Brandon said casually, "Then let's ask Ms. Turner to teach you! She is the best dance teacher ever! Just tell your father; he will definitely agree to it!"

Mia heaved a sigh, turned around unhappily, and returned to the classroom.

—

After school.

Terence dashed out of the school and got into the car. As expected, his father, Paul Quinlan, had come to pick him up.

The six-year-old child was as stout and muscular as a bull. Paul, on the other hand, looked more refined. It was just that his eyes looked particularly sinister.

Terence whined, “Daddy, there’s a brat in the kindergarten who’s actually pretending to be Justin Hunt’s daughter!”

Paul was taken aback. “What?”

Terence suddenly thought of something and recited a series of numbers. Then, he said, “Quick, Daddy, can you check if this is Justin Hunt’s phone number?”

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Paul frowned as he listened to what he said.

He picked up his cell phone, went to Justin’s private number, and took a look. Then, he said, “No, it isn’t. It’s quite the coincidence, though. To think he’s only off by two numbers.”

Terence curled his lip at once. “I knew she was a fake!”

Paul scoffed and said, “Someone is actually pretending to be Justin Hunt’s daughter? Now, that’s hilarious. After all, he has never had a daughter!”

The fact that Justin had a son was already kept a secret.

However, that was only in outsiders’ cases. Families like the Quinlans had to pay close attention to the changes among the wealthy.

Paul had also tried various ways and means to ask around over the years, but in the end, he only managed to find out that Justin had a five-year-old son. Apart from that, he didn’t find out anything else at all.

Terence became even angrier when he heard that. He clenched his fists and said, “Hmph, how dare she lie to me! I’m going to punch her teeth out on Monday!”

It was Friday, so it was the weekend the next day. They didn't have any classes on the weekends, so he could only take his revenge on Monday instead!

Terence then looked at Paul again and asked, "Daddy, can I go and watch the car race tomorrow?"

A smiling Paul replied, "Sure, no problem. We're also part of the racetracks that Jordan Hoffman established, aren't we?"

He fell silent for a moment at this point, and the look in his eyes became a little more sinister and ruthless.

The Hoffmans and the Quinlans were of equal standing in the underworld.

However, everyone knew that Paul was fiercer and more ruthless than Jordan, so they were more afraid of him. This was because even though he looked polite and refined, deep down, he was actually much more vicious and violent than Jordan.

That guy had a scary face, but he had a lot of reservations and boundaries in the way he did things.

The two families had been competing with each other all this time.

Therefore, he had agreed to it when Winston wanted to make things difficult for Logan. After all, Jordan had made a lot of money through Logan—The Racing King!

Winston had used his name to threaten people in New York, such that they wouldn't dare to buy Logan's sports car.

However, someone had actually refused to show him courtesy in the end.

When he asked who they were, he learned that it was the Hunts.

Paul let out an icy laugh. What a small world, huh.

However, he wasn't going to mess with the Hunts if he could help it. After all, should they back up Jordan, he would become even more difficult to deal with!

With that in mind, Paul said coldly, “Stay away from the Hunts’ children if you encounter them in the future, no matter what kind of occasion it is. Don’t mess with them.”

Terence had always relied on his father backing him up to carry out his misdeeds, so he knew especially well who he could mess with and who he couldn’t. Thus, he hastily nodded.

—

Elsewhere.

Pete went home with Tanya as usual.

After the two got into the car and Tanya drove away in the jeep, Joel finally reluctantly retracted his gaze.

Brandon and Mia came out together and got into Joel’s car.

As soon as he got in the car, Brandon asked, “Uncle Joel, is Cherry’s father Justin Hunt?”

Joel nodded. “Yeah.”

He then looked at his daughter. Mia was hanging her head—obviously, she was not in high spirits.

Joel looked at her gently and dotingly and ruffled her hair. He asked, “What’s wrong, Mia?”

Mia glanced at him and hung her head again. “It’s nothing, Daddy.”

When Joel wanted to ask further, Brandon piped up and said, “I know what’s going on, Uncle Joel! Mia wants to dance, but Ms. Turner won’t take her in!”

Mia hurriedly raised her head and waved her hands while she said, “N-no, that’s not true. I... I don’t actually like dancing that much.”

Mia didn’t want her father to force Ms. Turner to teach her. If that happened, Ms. Turner would suffer too much injustice.

Besides, her mother didn’t like her dancing, either.

Joel's eyes flickered. He ruffled Mia's hair again and said comfortingly, "Okay, I see."

Brandon had a restless look in his eyes and was unable to sit still the whole way home. It was as if he was holding in a little secret. Joel saw it all but did not interfere.

When they got home, Joel saw Brandon making an excuse and dragging Mia off to play.

Joel gave the nanny a look. She immediately nodded and followed after the two.

Less than half an hour later, the nanny came back and reported, "Brandon is trying to get Mia to go and watch a car race tomorrow afternoon."

Joel, "..."

The nanny lowered her head and asked, "Do you want to stop them?"

Joel thought of the timid look in his daughter's eyes. Then, he thought of how gutsy Brandon was to take a knife to cut off his little willy so that he could become a little girl. He held his forehead.

He wanted to encourage his daughter to become more cheerful, but he couldn't help but be worried about Brandon's presence. Thus, he said, "Let them go, but get a few people to protect them secretly."

"Yes, sir."

—

The next day at the Andersons'.

Nora slept all the way until the time to watch the race. After she got up, she lazily put on a black baseball cap, a black shirt, and trousers. Without bothering to dress up, she took Pete out with her.

As soon as she exited the bedroom, she saw Logan walking out of his room.

He had an especially awful look on his face, and it seemed like his foot injury hadn't healed yet, causing him to limp as he walked. The sight made Nora frown. She asked, "Are you still going to take part in the race today?"

Logan let out an annoyed grunt.

Yanci hadn't replied to his email at all. Jordan had also called and said that he hadn't managed to contact him. Thus, he could only brace himself and go for it today.

Losing meant that he would have to pay back 50 million dollars.

The profits from the Carefree Pills probably wouldn't amount to that much even if the Andersons were to receive them now.

Logan had never wanted to cause the Andersons any trouble. He gritted his teeth and walked out.

Nora followed behind him.

When they went out, Logan's friend came over to pick him up.

He got into the car and left.

As for Nora, she drove off in the jeep after Pete sat in the backseat obediently and fastened his seatbelt.

The race was held in an abandoned factory in the suburbs. A professional racetrack had been built inside. The abandoned area was relatively big, so it was impossible for one to tell from the outside at all that there was a racetrack inside.

Jordan had actually already bought the whole plot of land there.

The security there was very good, and everyone going in had to go through strict inspections and show their admission tickets!

The car stopped. When Logan got out of the car and was about to enter, his friend tugged on his sleeve and asked, "Logan, isn't that your cousin and niece?"

Logan, "?"

He turned around to see Nora parking her car behind theirs. The woman got out of the car without paying any attention to the person in the backseat.

His little niece unfastened the seatbelt herself and pushed the car door open. Then, the little fellow hopped off the thick chassis, jumped, and closed the car door strenuously herself...

Logan frowned. His friend asked, "Did you get them tickets?"

Logan, "..."

His friend went on and said, "It'll be very difficult for them to get in without tickets. Mr. Hoffman has strengthened the security for today's race."

Logan became even more irritable.

They should have told him in advance if they wanted to watch the race. Instead, they had followed him like that! How troublesome!

Just as he was about to walk over, he instead saw...