

Chapter 214 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

“If you run out of money, you can ask me for it.”

Nora’s cold voice traveled over. “How did you end up in a training class?”

Lucas could hear her displeasure and immediately understood something. He said directly, “I understand what you mean! And...”

“Lucas, Master is coughing?” Nora interrupted him.

Lucas agreed, “I knew Miss Smith cared about Master. You’re cold on the outside but warm on the inside...”

“Two taels of herb, three taels of chrysanthemum...” Nora gave him a bunch of names for medicine and flower tea. Then, she continued, “Warm up a bowl of water for him to drink every day. It will ensure that he’s refreshed. His lungs will be revitalized, and his body will be healthy. It won’t be a problem for him to live to 180 years old. When that time comes, Cherry or Pete would have grown up.”

Lucas: “?”

Nora yawned again. “If he’s sick, look for a doctor. Is there anything else?”

Lucas: “?”

“I’m hanging up.”

Nora hung up the phone in a snap.

What a joke.

Quinn School of Martial Arts had been in New York for so many years. Together with the Irvin School of Martial Arts, they were ranked at the top in the martial arts world. There were many miscellaneous matters inside, and they were all intertwined. Why should she take care of them?

It would probably cost her two to three hours of sleep a day!

After hanging up, she turned around and fell asleep again.

—
At the Quinn School of Martial Arts.

Mr. Quinn looked at Lucas eagerly. He heard Lucas say, “I know what to do.” He stroked his beard happily.

Then, Lucas hung up the phone with a constipated expression and looked at him.

Mr. Quinn frowned. “What’s wrong?”

Lucas coughed and said Nora’s exact words. Mr. Quinn was so angry that his beard trembled. He shouted angrily, “This unfilial disciple!”

Lucas also felt unfair for him. “That’s right, Master. Miss Smith is too irresponsible. The majestic Quinn School of Martial Arts still needs you to manage it!”

Mr. Quinn immediately frowned and said coldly, “How can you say that about a senior of yours? Isn’t it because she’s not in good health? If she doesn’t sleep for fourteen hours a day, she’ll have a headache! Why don’t you know to feel sorry for her? She practiced martial arts and inherited the ultimate arts of Quinn School of Martial Arts. That’s already the greatest contribution to Quinn School of Martial Arts! She’s not as stupid as you. Master has taught you for so many years and you still haven’t understood the essence of Quinn School of Martial Arts!”

Lucas:”...” Master, I was just following your instructions!

However, Lucas did not have any objections to Nora. After all, the essence of Quinn School of Martial Arts’ techniques was very difficult to learn. Among the direct disciples, Nora had learned it in the shortest time. She was the fastest to understand it among them.

There was nothing wrong with Mr. Quinn handing over Quinn School of Martial Arts to her!

Miss Smith was just... too lazy!

At such a young age, she was always thinking about retirement. What a headache!

As Lucas was thinking, Mr. Quinn suddenly thought of something. “Speaking of Pete, he hasn’t been here for a long time, right? Give Justin a call and ask him when he plans to send Pete over!”

Lucas: “...”

During this period of time, he had called her almost every day to urge her to come.

He had never seen his master so patient with anyone!

However, Justin always found excuses. Things like feeling unwell, it being too stressful on a child, not wanting to learn today, and so on. He had been pushing it back for half a month!

He clearly did not want to learn anymore, right?

However, Mr. Quinn always persevered and made him call to ask.

Lucas had been rejected by Nora and now he was going to meet Justin again. He called him and said politely, “Hello, Mr. Justin. This is Lucas from the Quinn School of Martial Arts. May I ask when Little Young Master will be coming to learn martial arts?”

His words were very marketing!

Miss Smith had just said that their Quinn School of Martial Arts was not a kindergarten or a training class!

As Lucas was cursing in his heart, Justin’s deep voice sounded. “I’ll send him over later.”

Lucas subconsciously repeated what he had been saying for the past half a month. “Okay, I understand. If Little Young Master is unwilling to study, he must... What?”

His eyes widened, “Soon?”

“Mm-hm.”

Justin hung up.

Lucas, “!!!”

He looked at Mr. Quinn in disbelief. Mr. Quinn looked at him and sighed. "He's not coming again? Why is he as lazy as his mom..."

As soon as he finished speaking, Lucas said, "He said he'll be here soon."

Mr. Quinn was still looking at his old body when he suddenly jumped up like a rabbit. "Then I'll prepare a martial arts hall for him!"

Lucas: "..."

—

At the Hunts'.

Pete, who had woken up in the morning, stared at the ceiling for a long time.

The pink color over the entire room pierced his eyes, making him feel like he had entered the wrong room for a moment when he woke up.

Was this still his black-and-white style?

He recalled the situation in this room after returning last night. He immediately looked at Justin silently, but he did not expect the tyrant to say, "Isn't this all according to your request?"

Pete, "..."

Cherry liked pink. She was a little princess, so he could only silently endure it!

There was no other way!

He sighed and got out of bed. After washing up in the bathroom, he walked out and opened the wardrobe. Then, he was stunned.

He saw that the large dressing room was filled with small dresses.

Pink, purple, white, gauze dress, floral dress... There was everything!

After searching through the room, he found a few pitiful old clothes in the corner.

He could only keep them aside and change into them later in the class at the Hunts' old residence.

There was a class at the Hunts' old residence. The children of the Hunts did not go to school. They were all in the class, and the teachers were allowed to teach each child one-on-one.

Before he entered, Fatty was talking to a child from the collateral descendant. "Are you serious? Does Pete really not know how to do it?"

The child nodded. "Yes, I'm sure. Last week, I did see Pete nibbling on a pen at that very simple question. He really doesn't know how to do it!"

Fatty was puzzled. "But why? He had always gotten full marks in the past!"

The child said, "He has been engrossed in Mobile Legends recently! He's playing games there every day. His mind must be muddled!"

Fatty snorted. It seemed like Pete had indeed secretly contacted him to play games. Otherwise, he would not have won against him last time.

But look, games really made people addicted. Their gaming had caused their learning to deteriorate!

Last time, he had lost a large sum of money through gaming. When he returned home, his grandfather had beaten him up. He had to make up for it today!

At this thought, he saw Pete walk in with a straight face.

Fatty turned around and suddenly smiled. "Little Brother Pete, I don't know how to do this question. Can you help me answer it? I remember that you have already learned this question. Did you forget?"

Pete, "?"

He looked at the question on the worksheet—it was a very simple Mathematical Olympiad problem.

Fatty couldn't even solve a problem like this? Either he was too stupid, or he must be setting a trap for him again.

Pete fell silent. He decided to counter every possible scenario firmly.

Seeing that he was keeping quiet, Fatty became more convinced of what the other child had said just now.

Pete had become obsessed with games and was neglecting his studies, causing his learning progress to fall behind!

A child's learning process was, from the start, one where they tended to immediately forget what they had just learned. It was just like how Fatty himself had behaved in his early childhood, memorizing a poem and then forgetting how it went the very next moment.

To think the Hunts' little genius had also become like that! This was fantastic!

Fatty grinned. "Do you really not know how to solve it, Pete? We're still young, so we mustn't be addicted to games, okay? If your studies continue to fall behind so badly, I'll have to tell Great-Grandma about it!"

Pete, "..."

The few children around them from the Hunts all looked over.

Pete was a loner in the class from the start, but because his IQ was very high and children all looked up to the strong, the distant and brooding image he unintentionally created had inspired awe in them.

Had that genius high up in the air actually fallen into the realm of mortals now, though?

Didn't things like becoming addicted to games and having their studies fall behind as a result, happen only to people like them? Since when was Peter Hunt that lacking in self-control?!

Seeing how the looks in everyone's eyes had changed, Fatty was filled with self-satisfaction at once.

He raised his chin and said, "As the saying goes, God helps those who help themselves. Even though we children of the Hunts have super-high IQs, we mustn't think little of putting in hard work and effort, either. Don't you agree, Pete?"

Pete glanced at him again and sat in his seat.

His seat was in the first row. Additionally, it was a single-seat by itself, which highlighted his position and status.

Fatty curled his lip disdainfully.

Hmph, hadn't he become a lot glibber recently? Why was he being so quiet today? He must be having a guilty conscience!

While he was thinking about it, the tutor came in with the test papers in his hand. He said, "Alright, since everyone is here, let's begin the test for what all of you have learned this month!"

At the sight, Fatty immediately realized something. He thought to himself, Oh, that's right! It's the monthly test today! The test results will be ranked, and the ranking will be posted for everyone to see!

Pete must be so listless because he was scared!

Fatty smirked and said, "You have to do well in the test later, Pete. After all, you've always been the top student in our class, haven't you?"

Pete's brows knitted together, but he continued to keep quiet.

Soon, the papers were distributed.

The tutor also looked at Pete with a troubled look.

Pete was a relatively special case and he also received very special treatment in the class. Oftentimes, after he attended classes for half a month, Justin would get a tutor to teach Pete in private.

Therefore, he didn't spend much time in the Hunts' tuition classes, resulting in the tutor having little understanding of him.

All he knew was that the child was born with a very high IQ and picked up things very quickly. However, there was also a time after he was taken away for private tuition when the tutor reported that his grades had declined.

But when he came back for the exams, he still took first place in the ranking.

However, during this recent period of time... Pete had been taking naps in class and then becoming full of energy and playing games once class ended. In the past, he could last a full day of classes, but now, he only attended three hours of classes a day before Mr. Hunt would pick him up and take him away to have fun.

The tutor was very troubled about this and had talked to Mr. Hunt about it several times in private before.

However, Mr. Hunt had actually said, “The child is still young after all, so just let him play if that’s what he wants. Don’t be too strict on him.”

The teacher found his response totally unexpected and was utterly bewildered.

Was he the same Mr. Hunt who was so strict on the little mister that he measured and weighed everything the boy ate for each meal?

The tutor hadn’t deliberately reduced the level of difficulty for the test this time. After all, Pete’s studies had indeed fallen behind too much recently. On top of that, his assignments were also done shoddily, with many simple questions left unanswered because he didn’t know how to solve them.

He wanted Pete to score badly in the test, so that both Mr. Hunt and the boy would realize that something was wrong with him lately!

The test was two hours long.

The classroom was quiet, and all the children were answering the questions seriously.

At the end of the test, the tutor collected the papers.

The classroom also became lively in an instant.

Fatty ran over to Pete and shouted boastfully, “Did you finish all the questions on the test, Pete?”

Pete only glanced at him and said nothing, like what he did before.

Fatty, who misunderstood his reaction, said with a smirk, “It’s okay. It doesn’t matter even if you don’t score well on the test. A one-time failure doesn’t mean that you’ll never get back up ever again. As long as you give up your games and get back on track, everything will be fine!”

Pete, “...”

After keeping quiet for a long time, at last, he couldn’t help but ask, “The questions were so simple. Do you mean to say that you couldn’t answer them?”

Fatty, “???”

The current Pete was too much like his past self, which took Fatty aback for a moment. But right after, he said spitefully, "Hmph, to think you're still being so stubborn when things have already turned out like this! Fine, in that case, let's wait for the results and see how many marks you score!"

Fatty left the classroom huffily.

After he left, the rest of the children gathered around Pete and said, "Don't be sad, Peter. It's not a big deal even if you score badly once."

"That's right. You were just too addicted to games recently!"

"My father said that one month's grades don't mean anything..."

While the children were talking, someone called out at the door, "Pete."

Everyone turned over as one to see Sean standing at the door. He looked at Pete respectfully and said, "Mr. Hunt has instructed me to take you to the martial arts school."

Pete went to the martial arts school for training twice a week. This was no secret. Though, no one knew which martial arts school it was.

Pete stood up and followed Sean out.

Once they came out, they immediately saw Justin, who was sitting in the backseat of the black Lincoln and looking at documents with his head down.

Sean opened the car door and the little Pete climbed into the car on his own. Justin didn't even lift his head.

Sean fell silent for a moment when he noticed.

What was the matter with Mr. Hunt? Was he in a bad mood? One must know that just a few days ago, he had never let the little mister climb into the car himself like that. Instead, he had always carried him into the car himself!

Pete was completely unaware of Sean's thoughts. After getting in the car, just as the car was about to start, the tutor walked out of the classroom with the test papers in his hand.

Upon seeing Justin, he immediately stepped forward and stopped the car. He said, "Mr. Hunt, I'd like to speak with you about Pete's exam results."

Justin lifted his head when he heard him.

Although he preferred his daughter, he was ultimately still very strict with his son. He also wanted to know if Pete's grades had fallen behind during this period of time, so he asked, "Are the results out?"

The tutor replied, "I will mark them now. I'd like you to also have a look, so that you can understand his learning progress."

"Okay."

Justin got out of the car. He had often communicated with the tutors when he was taking care of his son by himself in the past, so he was accustomed to it.

After the two went to the office, the tutor took out Pete's test paper from the stack and started to review it.

Before marking the paper, the tutor even said, "He has been obsessed with games for the past month, so it's understandable even if he scores badly on the test..."

After saying that, he looked at the multiple-choice questions in front of him.

Marking multiple-choice questions was very simple. He skimmed downward and found that the answers were exactly the same as the standard answer sheet's. He was taken aback.

At the sight, Justin raised his eyebrows and asked, "How is it?"

The tutor looked up at him incredulously. "... They are all correct."

How could that be?

Pete's level of understanding had obviously regressed to a first-grader's a few days ago. Why had it risen out of the blue again?

He was in charge of the Hunts' children's education matters, so he understood these children the best.

When Pete's standard suddenly dropped, he had panicked right away. He had wanted to use the test results to make Mr. Hunt realize just how serious the matter was, but this...

The tutor, who was in disbelief, continued to mark the paper...

A small head suddenly appeared at the door during this time.

Justin looked over to see Fatty standing there and peeking at them. When he saw Justin looking over, he shrank back in fright. But after that, he poked his big fat head out again. The chubby boy came up to Justin and asked, "Uncle Justin, did Pete do badly on the test?"

He let out a sigh and said, "Look at how awful the look on the tutor's face is. By right, scoring badly once shouldn't actually matter, but Pete is a special case... Uncle Justin, you may not know this, but he has been playing games every day and neglecting his studies recently! I saw him using his cell phone quite a few times!"

Justin glanced at the little fellow.

The seven to eight-year-old boy was big and tall. He was a full head taller than Pete and looked very naive and honest. However, the child's thoughts were written all over his face, and Justin could see through what he was thinking with just a glance.

The little fellow wanted to one-up Pete.

The boy had been totally led astray by his uncle's family.

Justin looked at Pete and asked coldly, "How did you do on the test?"

Pete replied, "Alright, I suppose."

Justin snorted and said, "If you don't score full marks, then you'll have to kneel in the ancestral hall as punishment."

Even if he had been sent to Nora, he, a child whom Justin had personally brought up and taught, should still be strict with himself and not slack off in his studies.

Pete replied very confidently, "... 'kay."

Without a tutor supervising him, his self-studying speed had become even faster. Additionally, for some reason, when he was with Nora, he kept feeling as if his mind had become clearer than before. His mother had a special scent

on her that put him very much at ease, making him not as sensitive and paranoid as before.

Justin nodded at his reply.

Fatty looked at Justin, and then at Pete.

The adult was expressionless with his eyes slightly lidded, while the child looked almost exactly the same as the adult. Both father and son were so unfathomable that no one could guess their thoughts.

However!

Fatty's eyes brightened. He suddenly walked out of the office and called his grandfather. He said, "Grandpa, Pete messed up his test this time! The tutor is marking his paper now!"

Raymond became excited at once. "Really?"

"It's true, Grandpa! Uncle Justin is also here right now. He even said just now that Pete has to kneel in the ancestral hall as punishment if he doesn't get full marks!"

"Hah!" Raymond said, "I'm coming over right away!"

After saying that, Raymond rushed someplace and shouted, "Mom, hurry and go and have a look! Pete did poorly on his test this time, so Justin wants to beat him!"

The elderly Mrs. Hunt panicked at once. "Help me over there right away. How can he hit the boy just because he did poorly on his exams?"

Was Great-Grandma coming too?

Fatty's eyes lit up at once. That would be even better! This way, Great-Grandma would also see how badly her favorite Pete had scored on the test this time!

Fatty rushed into the classroom and shouted to all the children of the Hunts, "Pete is dead meat this time! The tutor is marking his paper right now! Uncle Justin is here, too!"

Upon hearing that Justin was also present, the children became excited at once.

He was a legend that they worshiped the most!

He was also the legendary “someone else’s child” that their parents always went on and on about!

They had practically grown up listening to tales of Justin on their knees. Justin possessed the highest IQ among all the Hunts thus far!

He had completed a double master’s degree at fifteen!

These feelings of worship had also fallen onto Pete by association.

In everyone’s eyes and hearts, Pete was a child who would never suffer any disciplinary beatings, and Justin was no ordinary parent, either!

But now, not only had Pete fallen from grace, but Justin was also going to become a parent who disciplined his child?

The little fellows dashed out of the classroom one by one. They gathered outside the tutor’s office and looked inside through the window.

Justin, who wasn’t speaking, sat on the leather sofa with a very powerful aura around him.

Pete was sitting on a bench with his little hands clasped together and was muttering under his breath. From the looks of it, he seemed to be memorizing some kind of formula. As for the tutor marking the paper, he was frowning.

“Did Pete really do poorly on the test? Look at how tightly drawn the tutor’s brows are! I’ve only seen that expression on him when he talks to me!” said a child, who was the naughtiest and had the poorest grades among all the Hunts’ children.

A commotion broke out at the entrance at this point. Raymond, who was supporting the elderly Mrs. Hunt, walked over. As soon as she came in, the old lady shouted, “Who dares to hit my little Pete?”

Raymond also stepped forward. He smiled and said, “Justin, what’s the big deal about a child doing poorly on an exam just once? How can you be so strict with him? Pete is still young! Besides, he’s ultimately a sensitive soul

with autism! Since he became a little livelier recently, it's inevitable that his studies would fall behind... It's not like he's a genius anyway. How can a child play games every day and still do well in his studies?

"Playing games?"

Mrs. Hunt was dumbfounded.

Raymond took the opportunity to complain, "Yes, that's right. We are to blame for this. Pete has been addicted to games every day recently. Sigh, Fatty plays it in order to cultivate the mind and spirit, but he knows to play it in moderation. Pete, on the other hand, doesn't understand that. Fatty has already warned him several times, but he refuses to listen..."

Raymond outright portrayed Pete as a child with poor self-control.

Mrs. Hunt frowned and looked around—the children's ears were all perked up. In just a few days' time, news about Pete's mediocre aptitude would reach all the parents' ears.

How could a child like that possibly take over the family business?

Mrs. Hunt immediately understood Raymond's intentions. She also hated herself for coming over and blowing up the matter. However, since things had already come to this point, she had no choice but to brace herself and go on.

She entered the office cheerfully and said, "So, our little Pete played games for a month? It's not a big deal. Is there anyone who wasn't playful when they were young? I don't think there's a need to publicly announce the scores anymore. None of the elementary schools publicly announce the students' scores nowadays anyway!"

The tutor had already finished marking all the test papers by then. He lifted his head blankly and looked at Mrs. Hunt and Raymond.

Raymond, however, took a step forward and said with a smile, "How can we do that? Pete scores full marks all the time. I want Fatty to learn from him. Quick, mister, show me how many marks Pete scored!"

He pulled out Pete's test paper.

What entered his view was the score '120' written in big red text.

Raymond was dumbfounded. He swallowed, looked at Fatty, and subconsciously asked, "How many marks is a perfect score?"

A puzzled Fatty answered, "100, of course!"

Raymond breathed a sigh of relief. He looked at the tutor and said, "Mister, even if you're trying to give Pete extra marks, surely you can't just go beyond the full score? This is a test with a perfect score of 100, yet he scored 120?"

As soon as Raymond said that, the whole room fell silent.

The children of the Hunts outside the office were utterly stunned.

However, Raymond was still going on. He asked, "Is he cheating? Could it be that this is how Pete had gotten all his scores in the past? Justin, even if you want to highlight how clever your son is, surely you can't do that, right?"

He prattled on and on until Fatty, whose expression had already changed next to him, pulled on his arm.

Only then did Raymond stop. He looked at him and asked, "What's the matter?"

Fatty, who couldn't hold his head high anymore, said, "Grandpa! There are also bonus questions in the paper. The bonus questions are usually questions beyond our current level of difficulty and are worth twenty marks!"

Raymond, "!!"

Dumbfounded, he flipped to the back of the paper. Sure enough, he saw two bonus questions worth ten marks each. Pete had answered both correctly.

Those were questions beyond their current level of difficulty, yet he could answer them perfectly?

Raymond swallowed. "H-how can this be? Didn't they say that he has been playing games the whole month?"

The tutor was totally convinced by now. He stood and said, "Mr. Hunt, I was opposed to Pete playing games previously, but I didn't expect that it wouldn't affect his studies at all. I was worrying too much!"

As soon as he said that, Mrs. Hunt immediately understood. She burst into laughter at once, hugged Pete, and kept calling him her little baby. She said, "My goodness, my Pete is just so smart. He can still get the first place even if he plays games for a month. Now, this is what you call a genius, Raymond! No matter how hard a normal person tries, they can never catch up with a genius!"

Raymond, "!!"

She was shutting him up with his own words from just now!

Raymond was so furious that even his expression changed. He looked straight at Fatty and smacked him on the head. "What kind of inaccurate info are you sending me?"

Fatty rubbed his head and burst into tears. "How could I have known that Pete would turn out to be that huge of a mutant? He really did play games for a month! Yet, his learning progress hasn't fallen behind at all!"

The children around them also sighed in admiration.

"Pete is as impressive as ever!"

"I'm so impressed!"

"No wonder Mom and Dad said that Peter is a genius! The Hunts will definitely do even better in his hands in the future!"

"..."

Raymond had originally come here to blow things up, and like what he had hoped for, things had indeed blown up. However, it had instead brought even more prestige to Peter!

He had totally shot himself in the foot!

He was so furious that he pulled Fatty's ears. "So, the test is over, right? Then come with me!"

"Grandpa, don't be so rough! It hurts!"

A hint of murderous intent and frostiness flashed across Justin's eyes as he watched the pair walk off. However, when he saw Mrs. Hunt, he concealed the emotions in his eyes.

Since his grandmother was still around, he would ultimately still have to show a bit of mercy to certain people.

He got up and saw Mrs. Hunt back home. Then, he took Pete to the Quinn School of Martial Arts.

When Quinn was receiving Pete, Justin deliberately gave Pete a reminder and said, "Remember to let Ms. Smith know that you've come for training."

Pete was puzzled. "Why?"

It's to see whether she'll come over to pick you up or not, of course! This way, you can switch places with Cherry!

However, Justin did not voice that thought out loud. Instead, he lowered his gaze dispassionately and said, "Let her know that you're working hard to become a man and that you will protect her in the future. Don't you want her to be your Mommy? Feelings have to be cultivated."

"... Oh."

He couldn't help but feel like the tyrant was acting weirdly. Had he found out something? Surely not, right?

But when he observed the tyrant's expression, he found that his eyes were deep and his countenance expressionless. He couldn't tell at all.

Pete couldn't make out what he was thinking, so he simply entered the Quinn School of Martial Arts.

Justin turned and drove off. When he was turning the corner, a car went past his and stopped at the entrance to the Quinn School of Martial Arts.

Paul got out of the car and neatened his suit. Then, he strode toward the entrance and entered.

One could say that Paul was doing the best among all of the Quinn School of Martial Arts' unofficial disciples. Therefore, the sect would usually show him

some courtesy. Seeing that he was here, Lucas himself came over to receive him.

Paul asked, "Where's Master? I'll go and pay him a visit."

Lucas replied, "He's teaching a junior martial arts at the moment, and has forbidden others from disturbing them."

Paul frowned. "A junior? When did he take another disciple?"

Lucas smiled and replied, "He took one recently. Our first senior, Big Sister, is too lazy to take over the sect, so Master has no choice but to look for a little disciple. He calls him his little disciple, but he's actually training a successor for Big Sister!"

The first senior disciple...

It was known to all that the Quinn School of Martial Arts had a Big Sister. She was a disciple that Quinn had taken over twenty years ago. However, her identity was a mystery, and no one had ever seen her except for a few selected people.

However, the legendary Big Sister's words carried a lot of weight in the Quinn School of Martial Arts.

Paul grabbed Lucas and said, "On account of how we've been fellow disciples for so many years, can you tell me who Big Sister is? Lest we engage in friendly fire and end up attacking our own!"

The Quinn School of Martial Arts held a very weighty position in the pugilistic world. Their direct disciples were not allowed to operate in other industries outside.

Paul and Jordan had both set up their own factions in the pugilistic world and specialized in helping others do things that they found inconvenient to do themselves. They were considered underworld forces. This violated the Quinn School of Martial Arts' principles, so Paul had never become an official disciple all this time. Instead, he stayed as a titular unofficial disciple.

Of course, Quinn also felt that he overly pursued material things, so he had always disliked him.

Lucas smiled and said, "I can't tell you that."

He led Paul into the Quinn School of Martial Arts' reception hall and changed the subject. He said, "By the way, your request for an additional five places has been rejected by the official disciples."

Paul narrowed his eyes. "Oh? Why not? From what I remember, Master doesn't bother with trivial matters like that."

Lucas smiled and replied, "It's Big Sister's order."

Paul knew at once that it was a lost cause the moment he heard that. Big Sister had always stood by her words.

After a brief moment of hesitation, he said, "Since Big Sister has given the order, and the sect has rejected my son's friends, the sect won't accept other children, either, right?"

Lucas lifted his chin and replied, "Of course."

Paul nodded. "Alright, then."

Pulling strings for his son was just his secondary objective in coming here. What mattered the most was keeping in contact with the Quinn School of Martial Arts. Although he couldn't get another five places for his son, he could at least ensure that Cherry, or whatever her name was, couldn't bring anyone in, either. This way, his son wouldn't be embarrassed. Thus, he didn't pester them about it anymore.

He got up, looked at the training gym, and walked straight over.. He said, "How about letting me take a look at who Master's newest little disciple is, Lucas? I want to see just who it is that can make Master personally teach him."

Lucas stopped Paul after he took a couple of steps toward the training gym. He said, "Master doesn't allow unofficial disciples to enter the training gym, Paul. No one is allowed to break that rule."

The Quinn School of Martial Arts only imparted martial arts techniques to their official disciples and never the unofficial ones.

All official disciples were required to be in the training gym when they were practicing their techniques. The reason why Paul had tried so many times to go there was just so he could take a look at the sect's official disciple-exclusive techniques.

Upon being stopped by Lucas, he laughed and smacked his head lightly. "Oh, would you look at that? The moment I get busy, I just forget all the rules. Alright, I'll just sit outside and have some coffee for a while, then!"

Lucas nodded. The two of them stayed outside and chatted for two hours before Paul finally left with a big smile.

Paul didn't go home. Instead, he went to the Hoffmans'.

Jordan was currently training in the gym. Fierce and menacing-looking veins surfaced on his arms as he lifted the dumbbells, forming a fearsome sight.

Paul was also taken aback when he entered and saw his sturdy and muscular physique.

To be honest, it was hard to say whether or not he could really beat Jordan in a one-on-one fight. After all, the martial arts techniques that he had picked up at the Quinn School of Martial Arts were just some fancy-looking moves that were all show and no substance.

However, that didn't stand in the way of him expanding the Quinlan Sect.

A smiling Paul said, "Sorry for coming over unannounced so abruptly, Mr. Hoffman!"

Jordan was a boor, so he detested such meaningless small talk from Paul the most. He put down his dumbbells, patted his arms, and bellowed in a voice so loud that it could deafen, "What brings you here, Mr. Quinlan?"

Paul walked over, sat down, and replied, "I'm here to discuss a business opportunity with you, Mr. Hoffman."

The Hoffmans and the Quinlan Sect were rivals, and both had different turfs, so what kind of business opportunity could they possibly share?

Jordan's eyes narrowed. He picked up a bottle of mineral water and poured it all over himself from the top of his head. It was only after he rinsed off the cold

sweat on himself that he felt much more comfortable. “What business opportunity can we possibly share?” He asked.

Paul gave him a smile. “That sports car club of yours is suffering from poor management, right? The Quinlan Sect intends to buy it. What do you say?”

Jordan’s men, who were standing behind him, were furious to hear that. They stepped forward at once and shouted, “What the hell do you mean by saying it’s suffering from poor management? You have no idea how much money our sports car club is making!”

Paul neatened his suit. He continued to say with a smile, “When has it ever been the subordinates’ place to interrupt us when we’re talking, Mr. Hoffman?”

Jordan’s subordinate in question became even angrier. “You—”

However, Jordan stretched out his arm to stop him. “Alright, that’s enough. Let’s listen to what Mr. Quilan has to say first.”

To outsiders, calling it a sports car club might sound pretty nice, but in truth, it was actually their private racetrack. All gambling dens charged entry fees, so how would it possibly not make any money?

This was especially so after Yanci’s appearance brought even more people to the sports car club, causing it to become all the more overcrowded.

This was because Logan had races scheduled throughout the upcoming month, so Nora would undoubtedly have to race in his stead. With that, even if the car racing enthusiasts didn’t place any bets, they would still purchase admission tickets to watch the races.

That must be the part that had caught Paul’s interest, right?

That was why he had developed thoughts of taking a shot at the sports car club!

Paul adjusted his sleeves again and said with a smile, “Linson Leigh can be said to be someone under my care, but he’s currently lying paralyzed in the hospital, unable to ever stand for the rest of his life. Of course, I’m not here to hold anyone accountable for it. It’s just that I personally also like racing very much, so I’d like to buy over the club.”

Jordan's jaw tensed up. "How much are you offering?"

Paul replied unhurriedly, "\$800,000."

Jordan, "?"

He was livid. "Mr. Quinlan, you must be kidding, right? Can you even buy that piece of land with \$800,000?"

Every inch of land in New York cost an arm and a leg. Even though it was a suburban area, it was a huge plot of land. There was no way \$800,000 would ever be enough to buy it.

Paul smiled. "Didn't you buy that piece of land for \$800,000 twenty years ago?"

Jordan, "!!"

Property prices had multiplied dozens of times by now!

His expression darkened. "If you're just here to joke around, then you can go now, Mr. Quinlan!"

Paul stood and said, "Well, I'll leave you with what I've said. Do give it some proper thought, Mr. Hoffman."

Jordan sneered, "There's no need for that. If you're short of money, I can sponsor you some, Mr. Quinlan. Why bother coming over to beg? How unbecoming!"

Paul didn't get angry. "Do you know where I was before I came here?"

Jordan, "?"

Paul gave him a smile but didn't say anything. Instead, he turned and left.

Mrs. Hoffman entered the room after he left. She asked with a frown, "What did he mean by that?"

Jordan's brows drew together. He beckoned to his subordinate and instructed, "Ask around and find out where he was before he came here."

"Yes, sir."

Five minutes later, his subordinate got the answer. He said, "He was at the Quinn School of Martial Arts."

Jordan was astonished.

The man explained, "He supposedly chatted for over two hours with Lucas, who oversees all miscellaneous affairs at the Quinn School of Martial Arts. He came straight to us after he left the sect. Could it be the Quinn School of Martial Arts that had told him to take the car racing club from us?"

Jordan frowned. "The Quinn School of Martial Arts is a very big sect with many disciples. Not only do they have to sustain such a big sect's expenses, but they are also located in the city center of New York. Their expenses are indeed significant. It's said that Paul has been amassing wealth all these years outside because of the Quinn School of Martial Arts' instructions."

Mrs. Hoffman became angry at once. "They are too much! It was on account of the Quinn School of Martial Arts that we allowed Paul to be one up on us all this time, but they have come right up to our doorstep to slap us in the face now! How can you tolerate that, Jordan?"

Jordan held her hand and patted the back of her hand lightly. He heaved a sigh and replied, "The Quinn School of Martial Arts and the Irvin School of Martial Arts are the two sects that we cannot afford to mess with the most. I've been wanting to seek refuge with the Irvin School of Martial Arts all these years so that I can contend with Paul, but that person is their current leader. That person has never been short of money, so they are not interested in the olive branch that we offer."

Mrs. Hoffman became even more furious. "But how can we just let him go so far? If you back down this time, he'll buy over all of the Hoffmans' assets at a low price sooner or later!"

Jordan paced about anxiously. The muscles on his big and sturdy body moved under his skin as he did. His fingers tightened and loosened periodically, but a short while later, he hung his head despondently. "But what can we do? We have no more than 200 men under us, but how many disciples do you think the Quinn School of Martial Arts has in the pugilistic world?"

Mrs. Hoffman fell silent.

Everyone in the pugilistic world knew how important sects were.

The Quinn School of Martial Arts had developed very well over the years, so the number of unofficial and official disciples they had could probably add up to almost 10,000!

How were the Hoffmans going to fight against the Quinn School of Martial Arts?

Jordan's subordinates standing behind him all hung their heads dejectedly. They had followed their boss from their hometown to New York, and only managed to build what they currently had after much difficulty. Yet, in the end, was a mere word from someone else enough to erase it all?

Mrs. Hoffman turned around despondently. She took out her cell phone and said, "I'll give Ms. Smith a call."

Jordan was taken aback. "What are you calling her for?"

Mrs. Hoffman's eyes were all red. She replied, "I'm going to tell her not to participate in the races anymore! Why should we make things easy for Paul?"

Mrs. Hoffman's intentions were very simple—if they were really going to transfer the car racing club's ownership rights, then she would minimize the profits! So that Paul wouldn't make any money!

However, before she could dial Nora's number, Jordan stopped her.

Mrs. Hoffman looked up to see Jordan with a serious look on his face. With a frown, he said, "Don't call Ms. Smith yet."

Mrs. Hoffman was taken aback. "Have you thought of a solution, Jordan?"

Jordan took a deep breath and said, "I'll head over to the Quinn School of Martial Arts first, and see if we can work with them instead!"

Mrs. Hoffman frowned. "Are we going to let the Quinn School of Martial Arts take part of the dividends without any contributions from them?"

Jordan heaved a sigh. "We don't have any other choice. What kind of status do you think the Quinn School of Martial Arts holds? In front of the powerful, we can only back down and yield the profits. Besides, they may not even give

us that opportunity. Don't forget, Paul is their unofficial disciple, whereas we're nothing to them!"

Mrs. Hoffman clenched her jaw, but sighed and nodded in the end.

A decisive Jordan promptly found someone to go to the Quinn School of Martial Arts to find out who he should talk to about such matters.

There were also Quinn School of Martial Arts disciples among the Hoffmans; it was just that they weren't well-known within the sect. However, they did still have connections in the sect, so they quickly found the information they wanted through said connections.

"Lucas is the one in charge of all of the Quinn School of Martial Arts' miscellaneous affairs now, but he has made it clear before that the sect will not take part in any sectarian disputes."

The disciple frowned and went on. "However, the Quinn School of Martial Arts does indeed receive a sum of money in their accounts every month, and it's not a small sum. Everyone secretly guesses that it's Paul Quinlan who's providing them with the money."

Jordan understood what he was implying.

The Quinn School of Martial Arts had strict rules, and it was imperative that they comply with the rules that they had publicly stated. Therefore, they definitely would not accept his peace offering, because it would be too obvious otherwise.

This was different in Paul's case, however. Not only was he on close ties with the Quinn School of Martial Arts, but he also made frequent contact with Lucas. As long as neither party admitted to it, no one would know about the matter!

Jordan was in such a panic that he was pacing around the room. He asked, "Is there no way of getting through to Lucas?"

His subordinate replied, "Lucas and Paul Quinlan are on very good terms. Moreover, Lucas does things fairly and by the book, so there's no way we can convince him. But..."

Jordan prompted him anxiously. "But what?"

His subordinate replied, "I heard that the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister has returned to the city. Big Sister holds a very high position in the sect. If we can get in touch with her, it won't be impossible for us to replace Paul Quinlan."

"Big Sister..."

Jordan muttered the two words over and over. Then, he sighed. "But where are we going to find the so-called Big Sister? Has any particularly powerful and impressive woman made an appearance in New York recently?"

A particularly powerful and impressive woman?

Mrs. Hoffman subconsciously thought of Nora, but she immediately shook her head. If Nora was the car racer whom Jordan had talked about, then she couldn't possibly be Big Sister or whatever her name was, anymore, right?

Besides, it seemed like her profession was of a doctor!

She sighed. "I don't have any impression of anyone like that."

Jordan gave a wave of his hand and instructed, "Alright, that's enough. Have all of our men search for Big Sister! I simply don't believe that we can't find her if we really search high and low for her!"

"Yes, sir!"

—

At the Andersons', when Nora woke up after sleeping for another day, she saw a text message on the phone. It was from Pete. He wrote: 'Mommy, I'm at the Quinn School of Martial Arts.'

Nora was taken aback for a moment. She looked at the time—it was only four o'clock in the afternoon.

Classes were about to end for Cherry. It seemed like she would be just in time to have the two children switch places if Pete wanted to come over.

She was too lazy to type, so she sent a voice message instead: "Shall I pick you up?"

Pete was likely training at the moment, so he didn't reply to her message in time. It was only ten minutes later when Nora came out of the bathroom after rinsing her face that she saw his reply: 'I'm alright with anything. Ask Cherry about it.'

Nora raised her brows.

Unexpectedly, her son actually had a sister complex.

She had subtly used a self-concocted calming fragrance to calm and soothe her son's mind when he was with her. In the kindergarten, he was also gradually opening up to the world, and his autism was taking a turn for the better.

When she thought of that, she felt that it was better for him to be by her side for the time being.

Besides...

Cherry had always been by her side ever since she was born. She also wanted Pete to come over so that she could make it up to him for everything she owed him during the last five years.

Yep, it definitely wasn't because Cherry was too noisy, whereas Pete was just right.

With that in mind, Nora sent another voice message: "I'll come pick you up."

She went downstairs and drove out in the jeep. She went to the kindergarten to pick up Cherry after school first. The little fellow skipped and bounced as she walked, making her look adorable and vivacious. After waving goodbye to all her friends, she finally got into the car.

Tanya also put on a look of astonishment. "Has hell frozen over today? You actually came to pick us up?"

Nora's lips curled into a smile. She replied, "I'm not here to pick you up. Go home by yourself."

Tanya, "???"

Nora nodded at Cherry and asked, "Shall we go to the Quinn School of Martial Arts?"

Cherry nodded at once.

It was great being at the Hunts. Not only did she not have to go to school, but she could even play after just three hours of classes every day! In addition, her handsome Daddy never forced her to do anything she didn't want to!

She would let Pete go to school instead.

When the two of them arrived at the Quinn School of Martial Arts, Lucas hurriedly came out to receive them. When he spotted Nora, he immediately greeted her respectfully. "You're here, Miss Smith!"

Nora uttered a sound of acknowledgment and took the initiative to walk in front leisurely.

Cherry followed her at the back obediently.

Lucas said, "Everyone wants to meet you after they heard that you've come to New York."

"Reject them," replied a direct and decisive Nora. There were so many people in the Quinn School of Martial Arts; how troublesome would it be if she had to meet them all? She mustn't let anyone find out about her identity!

The corners of Lucas's lips spasmed a little. He had already gained a good understanding of what Nora was like a long time ago, so he instead said, "By the way, this month's funds have been credited into the accounts. Is the sum larger than last month's?"

Nora let out an 'oh' and replied casually, "Don't let children come over to disturb the sect. I'm not strapped for cash."

Lucas, "!!!"

The corners of his lips spasmed. He nodded and said, "Okay, I'll cancel the classes for the unofficial disciple's children, then."

Then, he explained, "The sect isn't holding a class for them for the money, Miss Smith. We're doing it free of charge. It's because the unofficial disciple begged the sect to help out, so I gave special permission this once."

"Oh."

Nora didn't hold much of an opinion on these matters. It was fine as long as they didn't bother the old man about it, and in turn, cause him to insist on her coming back to take care of such miscellaneous affairs.

After she entered, she left Cherry to Quinn, picked up Pete, and turned to leave.

Meanwhile, Justin had also arrived.

Even as the car came to a stop, he was still wondering about who he would meet after he entered the sect—was it going to be his sweet-smelling and tender daughter, or the stinky little brat?

It wasn't that he disliked Pete or anything like that, though. It was just that he still hadn't had enough of spending time with his daughter after realizing that he had a cute and adorable one. Besides... Nora was a doctor, so she could treat Pete's illness if he stayed by her side. Pete's depression symptoms had evidently become better when he came back recently. Moreover, his grades hadn't fallen behind, either.

While thinking about it, he entered the sect. As soon as he did, he saw Nora and Pete walking toward him...

Justin paused in his tracks.

Nora and Pete also stopped.

All three of them simultaneously thought—'It's lucky that we left Cherry in the training gym.' Otherwise, our family of four would have run into one another. I really won't know what to do if that happens!

They stared at one another while facing one another. Due to their guilty consciences, all of them were rather awkward.

Justin was the first to come back to his senses. He asked, "Why are you here, Ms. Smith? Are you here to visit Pete?"

Nora breathed a sigh of relief. "Yeah."

Pete's lip corners spasmed. From the looks of it, he wouldn't be able to leave with Mommy anymore today.

Justin fell silent for a while. Then, he finally suggested, “In that case, how about having Pete go with you to the Andersons’ to play?”

Pete, “?”

The tyrant had always kept a very strict eye on him. No matter where he went, he would always be accompanied by a group of bodyguards. Why was he suddenly allowing him to go back with Mommy now?

Pete looked at the tyrant hesitantly, thinking that perhaps he had already sensed something. However, the man remained expressionless and no one could see through his thoughts.

Nora didn’t expect the problem to be resolved so easily. The two children could also bond with each other if they went to the Andersons, so she nodded and replied, “Okay!”

She stroked her chin.

This was a rare opportunity. Should she just get a private jet and straight-up run away with the two babies?

Just as she was thinking about it, Justin chuckled and said, “It’s my fault.”

Nora, “?”

What mistake was he admitting to when everything was fine?

The next moment, Justin straightened his back, adjusted his tie, and said, “I was too busy lately, so I didn’t spend any time with you, causing you to have designs on Pete again.”

Nora, “!!!”

The corners of her lips spasmed. She was about to speak when the scumbag went on. He said, “It doesn’t look like Ms. Smith is very busy every day, either. Why don’t we have a date once every two days?”

“... You’re a very busy man, Mr. Hunt. We don’t have to go to such trouble.”

“Not at all.”

Justin leaned against the wall and overlooked the adult-child pair from the top. Nora's almond-shaped eyes raised slightly and the corners of her lips spasmed a little.

Pete's lip corners also spasmed and he looked at Justin with disdain.

Justin ignored the look in his son's eyes and calmly said, "You and I have already reached this stage in our relationship. Wouldn't I have lived the past twenty-odd years of my life in vain if I still allow work to chain down my freedom? I can just handle my work affairs every other day instead, just like how you only do two operations a month, right, Dr. Anti?"

Nora, "!!"

The corners of her lips spasmed. Left with no other reason to refute him with, she could only say resignedly, "If you say so."

Then, she took Pete's hand and got ready to leave.

She had only just taken a couple of steps when her cell phone suddenly rang.

It was an unfamiliar phone number. When she answered the call, a sinister voice said, "Long time no see, Ms. Smith."

Nora, "?"

"Never would I have expected Ms. Smith to be Yanci, the famous international car racer. The last time we met, we were in opposing circumstances, which ended up in us separating on a sour note. I wonder if we can meet and talk about partnering with each other for the car racing club?"

Nora raised her brows. "Who are you?"

"..." The other party was clearly gnashing his teeth in fury. "I'm Winston!"

"Who's that?" asked Nora.

Clearly, she had already forgotten who Winston was.

Winston, "..."

His voice became even stiffer. "I proposed to you before. Have you forgotten? My father is Jon Myers of the traditional medicine industry!"

At last, Nora recalled his insignificant existence and uttered a detached 'oh'. Then, she yawned and asked, "Is something up?"

"..."

Winston felt as if he was about to crack. He could only force out word after word and say, "Stop pretending, Ms. Smith. I know you understand what I'm saying! Your fiancé is in my hands right now. You'd best come over and meet me for a talk right away. Otherwise, I won't be able to guarantee his safety."

Her fiancé?

Nora clicked her tongue and said, "I don't have a fiancé."

She hung up immediately after saying that, utterly nonplussed about how furious the man on the other side would be.

She had already broken off her engagement a long time ago, so how would she possibly have a fiancé?

She was just thinking about that when her cell phone beeped. She looked down to see that the unfamiliar number had sent her a short video.

In the video was a man who had been tied up. He was in a dimly lit room. Light streamed in through a small window and illuminated his face. The man was bespectacled and looked very polite and refined. He was actually... Caleb Gray?

Beep.

Winston sent another text message, as well as an address. He wrote: 'I'll give you half an hour. Come over right away. For every minute that you're late, I'll sever one of his fingers!'

Nora, "..."

She massaged her temples. She knew that Caleb had likely been implicated by her.

Moreover, when Henry Smith went to the Andersons' to kick up a huge fuss the other time, Caleb had produced an audio recording that her mother had left behind back then as evidence, and helped her to reverse public opinion.

When one thought about it like that, the Andersons actually owed the Grays a favor.

She looked at Pete and ruffled his hair. Her voice was low and hoarse as she said, “Be good and wait for me here.”

Pete nodded.

Nora walked ahead right after that. After taking a couple of steps, she suddenly heard footsteps behind her. She turned around to see Justin following her. He said, “It’s not quite right of you to go and meet your ex-fiancé right in front of me, is it, Ms. Smith?”

Nora raised her eyebrows. “Oh. Then I’ll save him behind your back?”

“...” Justin fell silent but continued to follow beside her.

When the two of them exited the Quinn School of Martial Arts, Nora went straight to her car. When she opened the door and got into the driver’s seat, Justin also got into the passenger seat in a practiced manner.

The jeep was very big and spacious. Even at Nora’s height, she still looked petite in the driver’s seat. However, when Justin sat in the passenger seat, it made the car ultimately still seem a little small.

Nora was a little surprised. “Are you also coming?”

“Of course.”

Justin replied confidently, “How can I let you go on a date with your ex-fiancé?”

The corners of Nora’s lips quirked upward and she said unhurriedly, “Sit tight.”

At practically the moment she said that, she stepped on the gas pedal, causing the car to zoom forward with a whoosh. She drove to the address that Winston had given her at the speed of light.

Inertia threw Justin right against the seat, and he grabbed the handlebar at the top of the car door with his right hand. He looked at Nora—the woman seemed to be a completely different person when she drove. There was none of her usual laziness and carelessness, and her serious demeanor looked exceptionally charming.

Half an hour later...

Screeeeech!

The car tires emitted a harsh screech as they rubbed against the road. Together with the sound, the car stopped inside a dilapidated abandoned factory.

When Nora jumped out of the car, there was already someone waiting for her. Without even looking at Justin, the person said, "Come with me!"

Nora followed behind the person, took a couple of steps, and entered a room.

Caleb was seated on a chair, all tied up. His shirt was a little dirty and messy, and there was dust on his usually clean face. His hair was in a mess, which actually gave off a disheveled kind of beauty.

Winston jumped out at this point.. He said, "As long as you sign this contract to provide your services to the Quinlan Sect, Ms. Smith, I will let you guys go!"