

Chapter 26 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

“ ... ”

One was big and tall while the other was small and short. The two stared at each other for a full two or three seconds before the shocked Cherry subconsciously tried to close the door.

Pete had told her that they mustn't acknowledge each other before Mommy and Daddy fell in love with each other. Otherwise, it would trigger a terrible battle for custody!

However, the man reached out and held the door open. He asked in surprise, “Why are you here, Pete?”

Cherry was terribly alarmed.

Justin's expression was dark and overcast.

He bent over, picked up Cherry, and ordered, “Come upstairs with me!”

But Daddy will discover what's going on when we go up and run into Pete!

Cherry struggled and shouted, “Let me go! Mommy, help!”

Mrs. Lewis, who heard her cries, rushed out of the kitchen to see Justin entering the elevator with Cherry in his arms.

Shocked, she ran over to the bedroom in a panic and woke Nora who was in a deep sleep. “Nora! Wake up! Something has happened! Mr. Hunt took Cherry!”

Nora was in a deep sleep, but she instantly woke up when Mrs. Lewis shook her awake.

She got up and went straight out after putting on her slippers. She didn't even have the time to change.

At this point, Cherry had already been brought upstairs.

After they entered the presidential suite, as she watched her angry and handsome father walk toward the study with her in his arms, she thought to herself, We're finished! We're finished!

Because her father was holding her tightly, she couldn't even inform Pete about what was going on.

They would definitely be exposed now.

Creak!

Justin stopped in his tracks as he opened the door to the study.

To prevent her father from scolding and disciplining her, the quick-witted Cherry decided to take the initiative to admit her mistake first. She said weakly, "I'm sorry, Daddy. Cherr—"

Before she could say "Cherry didn't mean to keep it from you", she saw that... The study was actually empty?

After a short pause, the words at the tip of her tongue turned into "—y Pit didn't mean it."

Her large eyes were full of confusion.

Where was Pete? Where had he gone?

His son's soft and tender voice made Justin's anger slowly fade away, and he couldn't bring himself to lecture him anymore.

He gently put Cherry down and held her shoulders tightly as he said, "Don't leave the top floor so casually, no matter what happens, Pete."

He was trembling.

As the heir to the number one family in the States, a lot of people had their eyes on the Hunts.

Justin had been kidnapped before when he was a child and had only managed to return alive after going through hell. The events had almost traumatized him. That was why he had worked so hard all these years to protect and hide his son from the public eye.

But how few many times had Pete met Nora Smith? Yet he had sneaked downstairs! And, the most frightening thing was that he didn't even notice it!

What if she had ill intentions, or what if someone were to kidnap him on the way downstairs? The consequences... He didn't even dare to think about it!

Sensing her father's inexplicable fear, Cherry suddenly hugged him and patted him comfortingly on the shoulder. "I won't do it anymore, Daddy."

The soft and tiny figure in his arms made Justin stiffen again.

This was the first time in all these years that his son had been so affectionate to him.

Justin's turbulent emotions gradually calmed down as he took in the faint milk-like scent on her. He sighed deeply and, as a compromise, said, "If you really like Miss Smith that much, we can let her come up here to spend some time with you."

Cherry was at a loss for words.

Seeing that she had successfully glossed over the issue with her dad, Cherry looked at the half-completed workbook on the desk and wondered, where's Pete?

Meanwhile, Chester, whom the other two had neglected, was currently on the sofa in the living room and doubting his life choices.

Two minutes ago, he was playing games with his team leader when he suddenly heard Justin's angry voice and his nephew's calls for help.

As his sidekick in the game, Chester absolutely had to stick up for him. Thus, even though he was terribly afraid of the tyrant, he had still rushed over, intending to save Pete from 'danger'. This way, Pete would probably scold him a little less often in the game, right?

But in the end, what he saw was that Pete was currently safe and sound while doing his homework?

He had suspected that his eyes were deceiving him at that time, and he even deliberately rubbed his eyes. But when he looked over again, he found that his nephew was still sitting right there.

He picked up the phone again after that. The game's voice chat was still connected, and he could clearly hear his team leader calling for help: "Stupid Daddy, let me go! I'm gonna look for Mommy! I don't wanna go upstairs!"

"..."

Then, he saw his nephew put down the pen and rush out without a word.

About twenty seconds later, the door was pushed open. Justin walked in with Pete and the two of them entered the study again.

Chester rubbed his eyes again.

The child that Justin was carrying did indeed look exactly like his nephew.

And, her conversation with Justin was also still being transmitted to his cell phone through the game's voice chat... But if the person who had been playing games with him all this time was his nephew, then who was it doing homework here just now?

Also!

His nephew had changed into another outfit in the span of twenty seconds?

He stood up blankly and walked out with his cell phone. As soon as he went out, he ran into the family doctor. He grabbed the doctor's hand right away and said in a troubled voice, "Please give me a checkup, Doc. Why am I hallucinating when I'm still so young? Do I have some kind of mental illness? I don't want to die yet!"

The doctor was rendered speechless. It seemed like he had suddenly become terribly busy.

Meanwhile.

Pete was in the stairwell and going down the stairs.

Through the glass on the door to the stairwell, he saw his father enter the suite with Cherry in his arms, and he became relieved right away.

It was fortunate that Uncle Chester had arrived in time. Otherwise, everything would really be exposed.

He waited there for a while until Cherry sent him a voice message. After the two little ones exchanged information with each other, a troubled Cherry asked, "Uncle Chester saw both you and me just now. Will he realize something?"

Pete replied, "No."

"Why?"

Pete pursed his lips and replied, "He's a single-celled organism. He can't imagine anything that complicated."

None of them knew that he had a younger twin sister. Had he not bumped into Cherry, he wouldn't have understood why Mommy had acted so familiarly with him.

Even the tyrant had never once imagined anything like that, let alone his simple-minded uncle?

Pete put down his phone and walked downstairs.

He had only just taken a step down when he heard hurried footsteps. Right after that, Nora came rushing up.

She looked terribly angry as if she wanted to fight someone to the death. When she saw him, relief came over her and she asked, "Are you on your way back, Cherry?"

Pete nodded. "Yeah."

Nora hesitated for a moment but didn't say much in the end. She turned around to head back down and said, "Let's go home first."

Then, she took Pete's hand and went downstairs.

On the way back, she felt as if her daughter had become a lot quieter than before.

After returning to the room, Nora scanned Pete up and down. She stared at him and asked, “Are you sure Justin didn’t do anything to you, Cherry?”

Seeing how Mommy was so nervous, Pete nodded.

At this point, Mrs. Lewis came over. She frowned and asked, “Why are you in a different set of pajamas, Cherry?”

The look in Nora’s eyes instantly sharpened when she heard this.

A girl going out and returning in different clothes—now, this was no doubt something serious.

Seeing that Mommy had become suspicious, Pete looked at Mrs. Lewis calmly and replied, “No, I’m not. Did you remember wrongly?”

Mrs. Lewis hesitated when she saw how sure he was. “Really?”

“Uh-huh.” Pete then changed the subject. He imitated Cherry’s way of speaking and said, “Go to bed, Mommy. I’m gonna go play games too!”

Her daughter was behaving a little weirdly, but Nora was simply too sleepy. Even her mind was in a total daze. She nodded and said, “Alright.”

She would settle the scores with Justin again after she woke up.

Abducting her daughter from her place without even so much as a greeting was absolutely intolerable.

This time, she slept straight until noon the next day.

When Nora woke up, she saw a text message from Lisa saying that her aunt was awake and that she wanted her to visit her together with Cherry if she was free.

Nora went to wash up first. But when she came out, she instead saw Mrs. Lewis having a staredown with her daughter again.

Mrs. Lewis, who was holding a beautiful princess dress, was trying to coax Cherry into wearing it. She said, “Why don’t you wear this, Cherry? You’re visiting your elders, so you have to be appropriately dressed.”

Pete was expressionless as he stared at the pink puffy dress. "..."

He felt that he would probably die of embarrassment if he put on the dress!

Nora frowned and asked softly, "Can you tell Mommy why you don't want to wear a princess dress today, baby?"

Although Cherry had boys' clothing, deep down, she was actually a little princess. She loved dressing up the most whenever she had to visit her elders.

Seeing that Nora had become a little suspicious, Pete could only grit his teeth and take the dress from Mrs. Lewis.

Because it was autumn, the dress even came with a pair of white leggings.

Pete was lost for words.

He entered the bedroom, put on the dress with much difficulty, and came back out after that. When he saw Nora's satisfied expression, he heaved a silent sigh.

For the sake of their reunion as a family, he was really doing so much!

When she saw how her daughter looked as if she couldn't even walk properly anymore after not having worn a princess dress for so long, Nora decided to just pick her up. Then, she walked out.

When she entered the hallway, she subconsciously hid her daughter's face.

Nora's mother had passed away just a year after she was born. She left behind only her last words that forbade her from behaving in a way that showed off her abilities. She was to keep a low profile and be plain and mediocre until she gained the ability to protect herself. Otherwise, she would be in danger.

She didn't know what kind of danger her mother was referring to, but she had always followed her instructions. This led to her forming a habit of being cautious and staying low-key.

The two of them went downstairs and took a cab to the hospital. When they arrived, they went straight to the VIP ward.

Irene, who had bandages around her head, was already awake. A checkup in the hospital had shown that she didn't suffer any damage to the brain at all. The operation had practically gone perfectly.

The troubled looks on Lisa and Will's faces a few days ago had already disappeared, and they were elated to see her. Lisa even rushed up to them and hugged Pete. "Are you Cherry? You're so cute and pretty!"

Pete was lost for words.

Amidst all the joy and happiness in the ward, a hostile voice suddenly reached them. "Tsk, disappearing during the operation because you were afraid of being held responsible, and then returning like a good person once the operation went smoothly. Nora, you're very scheming, indeed."

What accompanied the voice was a red-eyed Angela walking in. She had rather serious dark circles under her eyes filled with a hateful look.

The school had issued her a warning after Dr. Anti exposed her the day before, which cost her the title of Most Excellent Graduate in her college's School of Medicine this year.

She tried to incite discord between Nora and the Blacks and said hatefully, "All she did was just move her fingers a little and send an email to Anti, and all of you are already so grateful to her? If she really cared about Aunt Irene, she wouldn't have left during the operation!"

As the patient in question, Aunt Irene would definitely be sad, right?

As soon as the thought formed in Angela's mind, she heard Irene say, "Thanks for yesterday, Nora."

Nora chuckled and replied, "No problem at all."

The two exchanged a look. As if they had some kind of tacit understanding between them, both of them turned a deaf ear to Angela's words, which made

her cheeks burn. She looked like a clown for trying to sow discord between them just now!

Mad and anxious, she was about to say something when Wendy asked, "Is this your daughter, Nora? She's so cute."

Nora frowned. She found her annoying.

At this point, Irene also asked, "Why are all of you here?"

The Smiths had never once expressed any concern when she was hospitalized, yet they were coming here so frequently these days. They were really getting in the way of her catching up with Nora.

A look of disdain flashed across Wendy's eyes.

Did Irene really think that she wanted to come to a place like a hospital? It was all because Nora refused to answer their calls, so they had to come to the hospital to look for her.

Henry, who was the last to enter, frowned and replied, "We're here to visit you, of course."

After speaking, he followed Wendy's gaze and looked at Pete. He put on a fake smile and said, "So, is this Cherry? Although her father may be a ruffian, she looks pretty cute."

Pete retorted, "My father is not a ruffian."

Angela scoffed and said, "You're right. Not even your mother knows who your father is. Maybe he's not a ruffian but an even more unbearable beggar? Or perhaps a criminal? In any case, based on your mother's looks back then, no man who's even slightly normal would ever take a fancy to her!"

Nora blocked Pete from them, rolled up her sleeves, and asked coldly, "Was the beating last time not enough?"

She didn't care about their mockery, but she was afraid that Cherry would be sad.

Thinking of the slap Nora had given her previously, Angela took a step back and hid behind Henry. “Dad, look at her! She wants to hit me even when you’re here. She’s too overbearing!”

Henry threatened angrily, “You just try laying a hand on her, Nora! You’re really running riot, aren’t you?!”

Wendy stepped forward to mediate between them. She said, “Don’t be violent in front of children. Nora, when I saw Cherry, I couldn’t help but wonder, if that little boy from back then is still alive, he’d probably also be very good-looking, won’t he?”

When she said that, Nora suddenly looked at her.

All these years, she had repeatedly asked Henry where he had abandoned the child from back then. He had always kept mum about it, so why were they bringing it up today?

Sure enough, Henry took out the agreement again the next moment. “Aren’t you looking for your son? Sign the ownership transfer agreement and I’ll tell you where I abandoned that little bastard!”

Nora clenched her fists. A grave look appeared in her eyes.

Henry added forcefully, “You’ve been back in the States for a week, haven’t you? You’ve also approached a few private investigators, but I believe they don’t have any news, right? I’ll tell you this—I’m the only one in this world who knows where your son is. If you really want your son back, then sign the agreement.”

Nora’s son was her weakness.

Nora took the pen from Henry without hesitation to sign the agreement.

At the sight, the eyes of Pete, who was next to her, widened in horror. “Mommy, don’t!”

Nora turned to him and said, “Stop making a fuss, Cherry. If we can find your brother, I’m willing to give up everything I have, let alone the company.”

He realized how much Mommy loved him.

Pete's eyes reddened and he hurriedly grabbed Nora's hand.

Pete wanted to tell the truth, but if Nora were to know the truth now, she would definitely take him and his sister away and leave their father here alone.

Although he was always going against the tyrant, Justin was nonetheless still a qualified father.

He still remembered how the tyrant would always bring him to work and all his meetings when he was a baby...

Seeing that Mommy was about to sign the agreement, in that split second, Pete suddenly picked up the glass of milk next to him and splashed it all on the papers!

Nora had only written a word when the milk soaked through the papers. The ink immediately ran, obviously invalidating the agreement.

Henry cursed angrily, "What are you doing, you little bastard?"

Pete held the glass with an innocent look and replied, "My hand slipped..."

Upon hearing his reply, Angela stepped forward angrily and raised her hand immediately. "You little bastard, you did that on purpose! I'm going to kill you!"

Nora bent over, picked him up, and held him protectively in her arms. With a sinister look, she snapped, "How dare you!"

Lisa braced herself and held Angela back. "I'm sure she didn't do it on purpose, Angela..."

Irene also stretched out her arm anxiously. "What are you being serious with a five-year-old for, Henry? It's just a contract. Just print another copy!"

Henry was terribly furious. He was just about to get his hands on the agreement, but a five-year-old had actually ruined everything!

Wendy gnashed her teeth in fury. However, she managed to stay more rational and she ordered, "Go back to the Smiths and reprint the agreement."

Nora narrowed her eyes. She looked at her daughter in her arms and said, "I'm sending Cherry back to the hotel first."

Even if it was for the sake of finding her son, there was no way she would let her daughter come to any harm.

Henry sneered, "Heh, you sure are being rather protective of a little girl who isn't even worth a few dollars. We'll wait for you at the Smiths."

Nora walked out with Pete in her arms.

Wendy pushed Angela lightly and said, "Take the car and follow your sister to the hotel, Angela. Your dad and I will take a cab back home."

Angela stomped her foot and demanded, "Mom, why?"

Wendy lowered her voice and replied, "What if she doesn't come over after returning to the hotel? Go and keep tabs on her."

Only then did Angela finally realize what she meant and hurriedly chased after Nora.

On the way to the hotel, Pete sat in the car's back seat, his eyes cast downward in deep thought.

He had only temporarily interrupted Mommy from signing the agreement just now. If he wanted to destroy the baddies' plans, he'd need to think of another solution.

He quietly picked up his cell phone and sent a text message to Cherry: "Cherry, are you there? It's urgent!"

Cherry replied very quickly: "I'm here! What's up?"

With his eyes downcast, Pete continued to send her messages: "Use Daddy's cell phone and send an anonymous email to Mommy. Do it fast! The email's content is..."

Nora's cat-like eyes were slightly downcast. She looked unperturbed, but in truth, waves had long been churning in her heart, and she felt awfully restless.

Would her father really tell her where her son was after she signed the agreement?

She was still thinking about it when her cell phone suddenly vibrated. She picked it up casually, but after glancing at it, she suddenly froze.

An anonymous email lay quietly in her mailbox.

There were only a few words in the email:

“I know your son’s whereabouts. Don’t sign the agreement.”

The look in Nora’s eyes immediately turned cold. Who had sent her the email?

She placed the phone horizontally in her lap. Her two cool, pale, and slender fingers quickly tapped away on it as she tried to track the sender’s location. Suddenly, her eyes widened in shock and her hands abruptly drew back.

That was so close!

It was fortunate that she had stopped in time. A little more and her cell phone would have been forcefully shut down and rendered useless.

Who exactly had sent her the email? They were actually able to get Y, the internationally renowned hacker, to write firewall software for them!

The authenticity of the email’s content was worth considering, but more importantly, it had suddenly given her a wakeup call.

Nora’s long slender fingers tapped against the car seat as she thought about everything that had happened during this week after she returned to the States.

Both the Grays and the Smiths seemed to hold great interest in the small company that her mother had left her.

There were definitely secrets that she was unaware of hidden in the company.

The car quickly arrived at the hotel.

“What? You’re not signing the agreement anymore?” Angela yelled sharply, “Don’t you want to look for your son anymore?!”

Nora raised an eyebrow and sneered, “I’m not stupid. What if Dad gives me false information after I sign the agreement? How am I supposed to tell whether it’s true or not?”

Angela stomped her foot in anger. “Nora, how can you go back on your word?!”

Nora took Pete’s hand and, with her eyes downcast, said coldly, “You want me to give you the company? Sure. Tell him to find my son and bring him to me first.”

After leaving behind those words, she took Pete’s hand and walked straight into the hotel.

She had only just taken a couple of steps when she suddenly heard someone exclaim, “Wake up! Wake up!”

Her keen intuition as a doctor made her look over abruptly. At once, she saw a middle-aged man collapsed at the side. His face had turned pale and he was clearly not breathing anymore.

Nora said to Pete, “Go upstairs by yourself first, Cherry. I’ll go over and take a look.”

On the top floor of the hotel.

Cherry was combing her newly bought Barbie’s hair.

Justin was seated on the sofa next to her and staring at his cell phone solemnly.

Q, the international hacker, had actually tried to bypass his cell phone’s firewall just now. He didn’t know what Q’s purpose in doing so was.

While he was musing over it, Cherry picked a pink tutu dress from the Barbie’s row of princess dresses and asked, “How does this one look, Daddy?”

Justin, who couldn’t bring himself to watch, replied, “... It’s passable.”

“What about this one? There are so many pearls on it and it’s shiny!”

“...It’ll do.”

“Daddy, you’re so patronizing! You didn’t even look at it!”

Justin looked up to see his son with his hands on his hips. He looked very adorable and very much like a little princess with his cheeks all puffed up angrily.

“...”

Although Justin liked his son lively, he was nevertheless still blinded by how he looked. Thus, he simply stood up and went to the study. “I’ll go and finish some work.”

He needed some time alone.

He tried hard to convince himself to accept it. In the end, he consoled himself by telling himself that as long as his son didn’t wear a princess dress, everything was fine!

At this point, Lawrence walked in and gave him his report. He said respectfully, “Mr. Hunt, we’ve re-investigated Miss Smith.”

Justin sat upright and said coldly, “Tell me.”

“Nora Smith has been fat since she was a child. Due to poor health, she didn’t go to school much.

“Five years ago, she couldn’t bear the loneliness and became impregnated by an unknown man before marriage. She gave birth to a daughter afterward. It’s said that the Grays were very displeased about it, so the Smiths had to send them abroad to get out of the public eye...”

Lawrence frowned after he finished going through the basic information.

“There’s something very strange, though. There’s no information at all about Miss Smith during her five years abroad. It’s as if someone had erased all the traces.”

Anti had become famous three years ago. It was very hard for someone to pick up medicine in just two years. Moreover, her technique was so immaculate, so she must have gone through a great deal of practice.

Lawrence continued and said, “But one thing is for certain—Nora Smith has never learned any medicine. Therefore, we can nearly rule out the possibility that she’s Anti.”

Justin was a little disappointed.

At this point, Lawrence suddenly heard a voice in his earphones. After listening, his expression changed slightly. “Something has gone wrong in the hotel lobby.”

Justin asked solemnly, “What happened?”

Lawrence explained, “A guest fainted in the lobby. According to the lobby manager, he’s not breathing anymore. They’ve already dialed 911. A doctor happened to be nearby, so they are currently giving him first aid.”

Hotel Finest’s guests were either rich or enjoyed a high social standing.

The hotel would also be held responsible if something were to happen, so Justin immediately instructed, “Go and take a look.”

“Yes, sir.”

After Lawrence went out, Justin walked out of the study and found that his son was not in the living room. He asked, “Where’s Pete?”

The nanny replied, “He went next door.”

Justin was puzzled.

A foreboding feeling arose in him.

In the suite next door.

Chester pointed to the mountain of clothes piled up on the sofa and announced, “These are for you!”

Cherry exclaimed, “All of them?!”

“Yep, I went to a few children’s wear stores and got them to give me one of each design in your size!” Chester circled around her a few times and asked, “Can you scold me a little less in the game in the future?”

Cherry looked at her poor uncle and blinked. “I’ll try!”

Whenever she started playing, she would immediately transform uncontrollably into a little ogre. This really wasn’t her fault, though, because it was her uncle who was simply too lousy!

Cherry sighed and rummaged casually through the clothes. While doing so, she suddenly took out a pink princess tutu dress.

“They must have packed it in by mistake.” Chester reached over to set the dress aside, but he instead saw his nephew’s eyes lighting up. “This is beautiful!”

Chester was perplexed.

Cherry said, “I’m gonna try it on!”

In order to play the role of her brother, she had been forced to dress like a tomboy every day. This had seriously impaired her looks!

Cherry entered the bedroom, changed into the dress, and looked at herself left and right in the mirror. It was at this moment that her cell phone suddenly rang.

She picked up. “Hi, Pete!”

Pete said, “Let’s switch back right away, Cherry. You used Daddy’s phone to send an email just now, so I have to remove the traces, or he’ll find out otherwise!”

“Okie-Dokie!”

Cherry slipped out of the bedroom. She was about to leave when she saw Justin exit their suite and about to come over. She panicked and said, “I’m at Uncle Chester’s, but Daddy’s coming over now!”

Pete, who was hiding in the stairwell, stuck his head out.

If Daddy brought Cherry away with him, they would probably have to wait for another chance to switch back. However, if that happened, the likelihood of Daddy finding out about the email would increase.

Pete decided to wager on his uncle's IQ.

Pete suddenly darted out of the stairwell and called out, "Daddy!"

Justin, who was about to knock, was taken aback for a moment. He glanced over at the source of the voice and found that Pete was standing nearby in a princess dress.

The sight shocked Justin.

With a troubled expression, he took Pete back to their suite.

After the two of them went in, Cherry quietly opened the door, ran to the stairwell while holding her dress up, and went downstairs.

A stunned Chester was rooted to the ground.

His nephew had gone home in a princess dress?!

After a while, he suddenly thought of something and rushed next door in a panic. "Justin, I was the one that bought the dress, but listen to me... It's not what you're thinking!"

Bam!

Justin slammed the door shut and gritted his teeth as he said, "Stay away from my son!"

Chester was lost for words. I'm innocent! He thought.

After shutting out the culprit that was to blame for all these, Justin turned back to look at his son and observed him seriously.

Pete was wearing a princess dress, and there was a pink headband on his naturally wavy short hair. His exquisite facial features, as well as the smooth and practiced way he had combed Barbie's hair today...

Doubts finally formed in Justin's mind and he asked, "Are you really my son?"

Pete nodded seriously.

Justin suddenly asked, "What did I get you for your birthday when you were three?"

Pete was silent for a moment before he answered, "...French For Kids: First 100 Words and Introduction to Programming."

"How much Christmas money did Grandma give you last year?"

"... Two million dollars."

"..."

At the sight of Justin's look of self-doubt, Pete couldn't help but feel a little bad. He tugged on his dress and said, "I'll go and change."

Justin watched his son enter the bedroom, but even after thinking about it for a while, he simply couldn't help but feel like something wasn't right. He suddenly walked over and pushed the door open.

There was no one in the bedroom, but he could hear the sound of running water from the bathroom.

His son was probably peeing.

Ever since Pete turned five, he refused to let him bathe him anymore.

Justin strode over. The head of the dignified number one family in the States, at his height of 6'2", stood secretly at the door and glanced into the bathroom...

It really was his son. He hadn't been replaced.

While he was relieved, he actually found himself a little disappointed.

How nice would it be if the one spending time with him before had been a daughter instead!

After relieving himself, Pete turned to see Justin staring at him. Their eyes met, and the two of them kept quiet for a long time.

At last, Pete frowned and said, "... What a pervert."

"..."

He walked out disdainfully as he said, "Daddy, you should go see a psychiatrist."

"..."

—

At the lobby downstairs.

Nora looked at the man who had collapsed. He was motionless, and it looked like he wasn't breathing anymore.

"I am a medical student. Step aside, I'll perform CPR on him!"

Angela had also rushed over. She took out a piece of paper to cover the man's mouth and then, she started to perform CPR on him.

It was obvious at first glance that the man who had collapsed was either wealthy or enjoyed a high social status. If she saved him, she would definitely be handsomely rewarded.

However, even after doing chest compressions for two minutes, the man still showed no response.

Nora pushed her aside. "Let me take a look."

Angela, who was pushed aside, frowned and yelled angrily, "What for? Nora, you're not a doctor. Don't waste time that I can use to save him instead!"

Nora quickly pressed down on the man's chest a few times.

He was experiencing tension pneumothorax.

This was an acute condition. As there was fluid accumulation in the chest, performing CPR was useless. By the time the ambulance comes, it would probably be too late.

He needed immediate chest drainage surgery!

When she saw that Nora was ignoring her, Angela shouted even more angrily, "I get it now! Are you trying to curry a favor because he looks important? Come on, take her away! Don't waste time that I can use to save him! I can't continue with the CPR if she's here!"

The middle-aged woman kneeling next to the man looked at Nora when she heard Angela's words. She said, "You're not a doctor? Then get out of the way!"

Nora turned a deaf ear to their words. She stood up and rushed over to the front desk. After asking them for the first aid kit, she quickly returned. She took out gloves and rubbing alcohol, pulled a paring knife from her waist, and sterilized the tools.

Then, she pulled the man's shirt open, pressed down on the mid-clavicular line of his second intercostal space, and plunged the knife down without hesitation!

Splurt!

Blood spurted from the wound, scaring everyone around them into backing away. However, the man on the ground still didn't show any response.

"Murder! Murder!" A bright-eyed Angela shouted, "Call the cops! Arrest her!"

She had tried every possible means she could to get rid of that damned fatty, but little did she expect that she would actually self-combust!

Just as Angela was all smug and triumphant, her expression suddenly froze.

The crowd around them went into a furor.

The man's wife also shouted, "What are you doing?!"

But the next moment, the man, who had been motionless, suddenly started breathing again!

Everyone shut up.

Seeing that the ambulance hadn't arrived yet, Nora took out an infusion tube from the first aid kit and inserted one end into the patient's chest cavity. The other end was inserted into a latex finger glove.

She cut an opening slightly smaller than half an inch wide on the hard end of the finger glove. This was to act as a flap to allow air from inside the chest cavity to be easily discharged while preventing the outside air from entering.

The breathing of the man on the ground gradually became steady.

"He's alive! He's alive!"

The people around them started clapping while the man's wife also heaved a sigh of relief. She fell onto her bottom on the ground as if she had just had a narrow escape from death as she repeated, "Thank you, thank you..."

There still wasn't much of an expression on Nora's face.

The patient was fine now. It would be fine once the ambulance arrived and took him to the hospital. She stood up to leave, but at this point, Angela yelled sharply,

"Thank you? Simple CPR could've saved him, but she insisted on operating on him instead!"

Everyone was taken aback. "What?"

Angela took out her student ID and said, "I'm a senior at the School of Medicine in my college, and I'm about to go for my internship soon. This gentleman here obviously just lost consciousness temporarily and went into shock. CPR would have been enough to resuscitate him. Nora, how could you perform surgery on him under those chaotic circumstances?"

She reproached, "All operations have to be performed under sterile conditions. Do you know how many germs and bacteria there are here?! What if his wound becomes infected?"

The man's wife didn't believe her one-sided opinion. "But it didn't work even when you performed CPR for so long. It was this young lady here that helped my husband to breathe again!"

Angela sneered, "CPR needs time for effects to show. How can he possibly get better in two minutes? If she hadn't stopped me, your husband would have been totally fine now. He wouldn't have had to lose so much blood!"

The man's wife frowned. She didn't know much about medicine, so she became a little unsure. However, she didn't say anything.

Angela then spoke again. She said, "What's more is that she isn't even a doctor. She was probably bold enough to mess around because she's watched a few episodes of some medical TV drama?"

The wife looked at her husband who was still lying on the ground, his breathing steady. Then, she looked at Nora uncertainly and asked, "Are you really not a doctor?"

Nora found the whole thing awfully stupid. She said coldly, "Does it matter whether I'm a doctor? The point is that he's still alive."

Angela replied aggressively, "Of course it matters. He didn't need to be operated on. It's all because you pretended to know more than you actually do and messed around!"

Nora yawned. "Everything will be clear once the ambulance gets here."

Unless she exposed her identity as Anti, these people would never believe her, no matter what she said.

Angela scoffed and said, "You'd better not leave, then. Why don't you stay here and prove your innocence? Ma'am, I'd advise you to call the police now. This is assault!"

While she was being noisy, the ambulance arrived fashionably late.

The paramedics hurriedly carried the stretcher down. A doctor that had followed them here quickly rushed in front of the patient. After performing a full-body examination, he asked grimly, "Who performed first aid on him?!"

Angela's face lit up. She pointed at Nora as she answered, "She's the one that did it! She's just an idiot who has never even gone to school. How dare she operate on someone else..."

The doctor's expression instantly became hesitant when she said that. He asked, "She's never even gone to school before? How did you learn your medical skills, then?"

Before Nora could reply, Angela spoke again. She scoffed, "She probably just blindly copied whatever they did on TV... Doctor, it's illegal to treat someone's illness without proper knowledge, right?"

As soon as she said that, she saw an astonished look form on the doctor's face. He exclaimed, "You can actually perform such a flawless chest drainage operation when you haven't studied medicine professionally before? And, you're so young, too! You must be a genius!"

Angela's triumphant expression suddenly froze!

What? A genius? Was someone like Nora even worthy of the title 'genius'?!

The corners of Nora's lips spasmed a little. Any doctor would know first aid common sense like this. How did that make her a genius...

Next to them, the man's wife immediately understood after hearing their conversation. She said, "Doctor, about my husband's condition..."

The doctor said, "We would have treated him in the same way even if he was sent to the hospital. It's just that the equipment would be more professional. There aren't any chest drainage bottles here, so she could only make do like she did.

"Also, it was fortunate that the operation was done in time. Otherwise, due to his inability to breathe, once suffocation had sustained for a long time, his internal organs would have suffered damage."

After the doctor finished the explanation, he got the others to carry the patient into the ambulance.

It was only after the man's wife got into the ambulance that she suddenly realized that she hadn't thanked her husband's savior yet. However, when she turned, she could no longer find any traces of Nora among the crowd...

By the time Lawrence came down, the ambulance had already left.

After hearing about what had happened from the service staff, Lawrence asked, "Do you know who the patient is?"

The service staff replied, "It's Mr. Anderson from the second-highest floor."

Mr. Anderson?

Lawrence suddenly realized something. His eyes widened and he hurriedly picked up his cell phone and called Justin. He said, "Mr. Hunt, this is terrible. The person who was feeling unwell just now is Mr. Simon Anderson."

The Andersons from New York and the Hunts had been on close terms for generations.

Now that Simon was hospitalized, it was common courtesy for Justin to visit him.

Justin immediately said, "I'm coming down."

He went to the study to check on Pete, who was reading. He seemed to have reverted to his taciturn temperament in the past.

After notifying Pete that he was going out, Justin left. Before stepping out of the suite, he wordlessly picked up the dress that his son had set aside and tossed it into the trash as he went out.

In the hospital.

When Justin arrived, Simon was still undergoing an operation. His wife, Melissa Anderson, was seated on the bench outside the operating room, her well-maintained face full of worry.

Justin walked over and greeted her. "Aunt Melissa."

Melissa's eyes reddened when she saw him. She said, "He rushed over here because he heard that someone in California had news about his eldest sister. But when he heard that his sister may have already died 23 years ago and only left a daughter behind, he suddenly got sick and almost died."

More than twenty years ago, the Andersons' eldest daughter had run away from home. She disappeared without a trace ever since.

Over the years, the Andersons had been searching for her everywhere.

Justin consoled her and said, “Uncle Simon will be fine. I’ve already talked to the doctors just now. They said that he received timely treatment, so he’s not in danger anymore.”

At the mention of that, Melissa immediately said, “Justin, it was a young lady that saved Simon today. We’re deeply indebted to her. Can you find out who she is? When Simon’s condition stabilizes, I’d like to pay her a visit and thank her.”

Justin nodded.

After Simon was pushed out of the operating room and his condition stabilized, Justin returned to the hotel with Lawrence.

When they were getting out of the car, Lawrence said, “Mr. Hunt, let’s go to the control room and check the cameras to see who that kind soul is.”

Chapter 27 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

The look in Nora’s eyes instantly sharpened when she heard this.

A girl going out and returning in different clothes—now, this was no doubt something serious.

Seeing that Mommy had become suspicious, Pete looked at Mrs. Lewis calmly and replied, “No, I’m not. Did you remember wrongly?”

Mrs. Lewis hesitated when she saw how sure he was. “Really?”

“Uh-huh.” Pete then changed the subject. He imitated Cherry’s way of speaking and said, “Go to bed, Mommy. I’m gonna go play games too!”

Her daughter was behaving a little weirdly, but Nora was simply too sleepy. Even her mind was in a total daze. She nodded and said, “Alright.”

She would settle the scores with Justin again after she woke up.

Abducting her daughter from her place without even so much as a greeting was absolutely intolerable.

This time, she slept straight until noon the next day.

When Nora woke up, she saw a text message from Lisa saying that her aunt was awake and that she wanted her to visit her together with Cherry if she was free.

Nora went to wash up first. But when she came out, she instead saw Mrs. Lewis having a staredown with her daughter again.

Mrs. Lewis, who was holding a beautiful princess dress, was trying to coax Cherry into wearing it. She said, "Why don't you wear this, Cherry? You're visiting your elders, so you have to be appropriately dressed."

Pete was expressionless as he stared at the pink puffy dress. "..."

He felt that he would probably die of embarrassment if he put on the dress!

Nora frowned and asked softly, "Can you tell Mommy why you don't want to wear a princess dress today, baby?"

Although Cherry had boys' clothing, deep down, she was actually a little princess. She loved dressing up the most whenever she had to visit her elders.

Seeing that Nora had become a little suspicious, Pete could only grit his teeth and take the dress from Mrs. Lewis.

Because it was autumn, the dress even came with a pair of white leggings.

Pete was lost for words.

He entered the bedroom, put on the dress with much difficulty, and came back out after that. When he saw Nora's satisfied expression, he heaved a silent sigh.

For the sake of their reunion as a family, he was really doing so much!

When she saw how her daughter looked as if she couldn't even walk properly anymore after not having worn a princess dress for so long, Nora decided to just pick her up. Then, she walked out.

When she entered the hallway, she subconsciously hid her daughter's face.

Nora's mother had passed away just a year after she was born. She left behind only her last words that forbade her from behaving in a way that showed off her abilities. She was to keep a low profile and be plain and mediocre until she gained the ability to protect herself. Otherwise, she would be in danger.

She didn't know what kind of danger her mother was referring to, but she had always followed her instructions. This led to her forming a habit of being cautious and staying low-key.

The two of them went downstairs and took a cab to the hospital. When they arrived, they went straight to the VIP ward.

Irene, who had bandages around her head, was already awake. A checkup in the hospital had shown that she didn't suffer any damage to the brain at all. The operation had practically gone perfectly.

The troubled looks on Lisa and Will's faces a few days ago had already disappeared, and they were elated to see her. Lisa even rushed up to them and hugged Pete. "Are you Cherry? You're so cute and pretty!"

Pete was lost for words.

Amidst all the joy and happiness in the ward, a hostile voice suddenly reached them. "Tsk, disappearing during the operation because you were afraid of being held responsible, and then returning like a good person once the operation went smoothly. Nora, you're very scheming, indeed."

What accompanied the voice was a red-eyed Angela walking in. She had rather serious dark circles under her eyes filled with a hateful look.

The school had issued her a warning after Dr. Anti exposed her the day before, which cost her the title of Most Excellent Graduate in her college's School of Medicine this year.

She tried to incite discord between Nora and the Blacks and said hatefully, “All she did was just move her fingers a little and send an email to Anti, and all of you are already so grateful to her? If she really cared about Aunt Irene, she wouldn’t have left during the operation!”

As the patient in question, Aunt Irene would definitely be sad, right?

As soon as the thought formed in Angela’s mind, she heard Irene say, “Thanks for yesterday, Nora.”

Nora chuckled and replied, “No problem at all.”

The two exchanged a look. As if they had some kind of tacit understanding between them, both of them turned a deaf ear to Angela’s words, which made her cheeks burn. She looked like a clown for trying to sow discord between them just now!

Mad and anxious, she was about to say something when Wendy asked, “Is this your daughter, Nora? She’s so cute.”

Nora frowned. She found her annoying.

At this point, Irene also asked, “Why are all of you here?”

The Smiths had never once expressed any concern when she was hospitalized, yet they were coming here so frequently these days. They were really getting in the way of her catching up with Nora.

A look of disdain flashed across Wendy’s eyes.

Did Irene really think that she wanted to come to a place like a hospital? It was all because Nora refused to answer their calls, so they had to come to the hospital to look for her.

Henry, who was the last to enter, frowned and replied, “We’re here to visit you, of course.”

After speaking, he followed Wendy’s gaze and looked at Pete. He put on a fake smile and said, “So, is this Cherry? Although her father may be a ruffian, she looks pretty cute.”

Pete retorted, "My father is not a ruffian."

Angela scoffed and said, "You're right. Not even your mother knows who your father is. Maybe he's not a ruffian but an even more unbearable beggar? Or perhaps a criminal? In any case, based on your mother's looks back then, no man who's even slightly normal would ever take a fancy to her!"

Nora blocked Pete from them, rolled up her sleeves, and asked coldly, "Was the beating last time not enough?"

She didn't care about their mockery, but she was afraid that Cherry would be sad.

Thinking of the slap Nora had given her previously, Angela took a step back and hid behind Henry. "Dad, look at her! She wants to hit me even when you're here. She's too overbearing!"

Henry threatened angrily, "You just try laying a hand on her, Nora! You're really running riot, aren't you?!"

Wendy stepped forward to mediate between them. She said, "Don't be violent in front of children. Nora, when I saw Cherry, I couldn't help but wonder, if that little boy from back then is still alive, he'd probably also be very good-looking, won't he?"

When she said that, Nora suddenly looked at her.

All these years, she had repeatedly asked Henry where he had abandoned the child from back then. He had always kept mum about it, so why were they bringing it up today?

Sure enough, Henry took out the agreement again the next moment. "Aren't you looking for your son? Sign the ownership transfer agreement and I'll tell you where I abandoned that little bastard!"

Nora clenched her fists. A grave look appeared in her eyes.

Henry added forcefully, "You've been back in the States for a week, haven't you? You've also approached a few private investigators, but I believe they don't have any news, right? I'll tell you this—I'm the only one in this world who

knows where your son is. If you really want your son back, then sign the agreement.”

Nora’s son was her weakness.

Nora took the pen from Henry without hesitation to sign the agreement.

At the sight, the eyes of Pete, who was next to her, widened in horror.
“Mommy, don’t!”

Nora turned to him and said, “Stop making a fuss, Cherry. If we can find your brother, I’m willing to give up everything I have, let alone the company.”

He realized how much Mommy loved him.

Pete’s eyes reddened and he hurriedly grabbed Nora’s hand.

Pete wanted to tell the truth, but if Nora were to know the truth now, she would definitely take him and his sister away and leave their father here alone.

Although he was always going against the tyrant, Justin was nonetheless still a qualified father.

He still remembered how the tyrant would always bring him to work and all his meetings when he was a baby...

Seeing that Mommy was about to sign the agreement, in that split second, Pete suddenly picked up the glass of milk next to him and splashed it all on the papers!

Nora had only written a word when the milk soaked through the papers. The ink immediately ran, obviously invalidating the agreement.

Henry cursed angrily, “What are you doing, you little bastard?”

Pete held the glass with an innocent look and replied, “My hand slipped...”

Upon hearing his reply, Angela stepped forward angrily and raised her hand immediately. “You little bastard, you did that on purpose! I’m going to kill you!”

Nora bent over, picked him up, and held him protectively in her arms. With a sinister look, she snapped, “How dare you!”

Lisa braced herself and held Angela back. "I'm sure she didn't do it on purpose, Angela..."

Irene also stretched out her arm anxiously. "What are you being serious with a five-year-old for, Henry? It's just a contract. Just print another copy!"

Henry was terribly furious. He was just about to get his hands on the agreement, but a five-year-old had actually ruined everything!

Wendy gnashed her teeth in fury. However, she managed to stay more rational and she ordered, "Go back to the Smiths and reprint the agreement."

Nora narrowed her eyes. She looked at her daughter in her arms and said, "I'm sending Cherry back to the hotel first."

Even if it was for the sake of finding her son, there was no way she would let her daughter come to any harm.

Henry sneered, "Heh, you sure are being rather protective of a little girl who isn't even worth a few dollars. We'll wait for you at the Smiths."

Nora walked out with Pete in her arms.

Wendy pushed Angela lightly and said, "Take the car and follow your sister to the hotel, Angela. Your dad and I will take a cab back home."

Angela stomped her foot and demanded, "Mom, why?"

Wendy lowered her voice and replied, "What if she doesn't come over after returning to the hotel? Go and keep tabs on her."

Only then did Angela finally realize what she meant and hurriedly chased after Nora.

On the way to the hotel, Pete sat in the car's back seat, his eyes cast downward in deep thought.

He had only temporarily interrupted Mommy from signing the agreement just now. If he wanted to destroy the baddies' plans, he'd need to think of another solution.

He quietly picked up his cell phone and sent a text message to Cherry: "Cherry, are you there? It's urgent!"

Cherry replied very quickly: "I'm here! What's up?"

With his eyes downcast, Pete continued to send her messages: "Use Daddy's cell phone and send an anonymous email to Mommy. Do it fast! The email's content is..."

Nora's cat-like eyes were slightly downcast. She looked unperturbed, but in truth, waves had long been churning in her heart, and she felt awfully restless.

Would her father really tell her where her son was after she signed the agreement?

She was still thinking about it when her cell phone suddenly vibrated. She picked it up casually, but after glancing at it, she suddenly froze.

An anonymous email lay quietly in her mailbox.

There were only a few words in the email:

"I know your son's whereabouts. Don't sign the agreement."

The look in Nora's eyes immediately turned cold. Who had sent her the email?

She placed the phone horizontally in her lap. Her two cool, pale, and slender fingers quickly tapped away on it as she tried to track the sender's location. Suddenly, her eyes widened in shock and her hands abruptly drew back.

That was so close!

It was fortunate that she had stopped in time. A little more and her cell phone would have been forcefully shut down and rendered useless.

Who exactly had sent her the email? They were actually able to get Y, the internationally renowned hacker, to write firewall software for them!

The authenticity of the email's content was worth considering, but more importantly, it had suddenly given her a wakeup call.

Nora's long slender fingers tapped against the car seat as she thought about everything that had happened during this week after she returned to the States.

Both the Grays and the Smiths seemed to hold great interest in the small company that her mother had left her.

There were definitely secrets that she was unaware of hidden in the company.

The car quickly arrived at the hotel.

"What? You're not signing the agreement anymore?" Angela yelled sharply, "Don't you want to look for your son anymore?!"

Nora raised an eyebrow and sneered, "I'm not stupid. What if Dad gives me false information after I sign the agreement? How am I supposed to tell whether it's true or not?"

Angela stomped her foot in anger. "Nora, how can you go back on your word?!"

Nora took Pete's hand and, with her eyes downcast, said coldly, "You want me to give you the company? Sure. Tell him to find my son and bring him to me first."

After leaving behind those words, she took Pete's hand and walked straight into the hotel.

She had only just taken a couple of steps when she suddenly heard someone exclaim, "Wake up! Wake up!"

Her keen intuition as a doctor made her look over abruptly. At once, she saw a middle-aged man collapsed at the side. His face had turned pale and he was clearly not breathing anymore.

Nora said to Pete, "Go upstairs by yourself first, Cherry. I'll go over and take a look."

On the top floor of the hotel.

Cherry was combing her newly bought Barbie's hair.

Justin was seated on the sofa next to her and staring at his cell phone solemnly.

Q, the international hacker, had actually tried to bypass his cell phone's firewall just now. He didn't know what Q's purpose in doing so was.

While he was musing over it, Cherry picked a pink tutu dress from the Barbie's row of princess dresses and asked, "How does this one look, Daddy?"

Justin, who couldn't bring himself to watch, replied, "... It's passable."

"What about this one? There are so many pearls on it and it's shiny!"

"...It'll do."

"Daddy, you're so patronizing! You didn't even look at it!"

Justin looked up to see his son with his hands on his hips. He looked very adorable and very much like a little princess with his cheeks all puffed up angrily.

"..."

Although Justin liked his son lively, he was nevertheless still blinded by how he looked. Thus, he simply stood up and went to the study. "I'll go and finish some work."

He needed some time alone.

He tried hard to convince himself to accept it. In the end, he consoled himself by telling himself that as long as his son didn't wear a princess dress, everything was fine!

At this point, Lawrence walked in and gave him his report. He said respectfully, "Mr. Hunt, we've re-investigated Miss Smith."

Justin sat upright and said coldly, "Tell me."

"Nora Smith has been fat since she was a child. Due to poor health, she didn't go to school much.

“Five years ago, she couldn’t bear the loneliness and became impregnated by an unknown man before marriage. She gave birth to a daughter afterward. It’s said that the Grays were very displeased about it, so the Smiths had to send them abroad to get out of the public eye...”

Lawrence frowned after he finished going through the basic information. “There’s something very strange, though. There’s no information at all about Miss Smith during her five years abroad. It’s as if someone had erased all the traces.”

Anti had become famous three years ago. It was very hard for someone to pick up medicine in just two years. Moreover, her technique was so immaculate, so she must have gone through a great deal of practice.

Lawrence continued and said, “But one thing is for certain—Nora Smith has never learned any medicine. Therefore, we can nearly rule out the possibility that she’s Anti.”

Justin was a little disappointed.

At this point, Lawrence suddenly heard a voice in his earphones. After listening, his expression changed slightly. “Something has gone wrong in the hotel lobby.”

Justin asked solemnly, “What happened?”

Lawrence explained, “A guest fainted in the lobby. According to the lobby manager, he’s not breathing anymore. They’ve already dialed 911. A doctor happened to be nearby, so they are currently giving him first aid.”

Hotel Finest’s guests were either rich or enjoyed a high social standing.

The hotel would also be held responsible if something were to happen, so Justin immediately instructed, “Go and take a look.”

“Yes, sir.”

After Lawrence went out, Justin walked out of the study and found that his son was not in the living room. He asked, “Where’s Pete?”

The nanny replied, “He went next door.”

Justin was puzzled.

A foreboding feeling arose in him.

In the suite next door.

Chester pointed to the mountain of clothes piled up on the sofa and announced, "These are for you!"

Cherry exclaimed, "All of them?!"

"Yep, I went to a few children's wear stores and got them to give me one of each design in your size!" Chester circled around her a few times and asked, "Can you scold me a little less in the game in the future?"

Cherry looked at her poor uncle and blinked. "I'll try!"

Whenever she started playing, she would immediately transform uncontrollably into a little ogre. This really wasn't her fault, though, because it was her uncle who was simply too lousy!

Cherry sighed and rummaged casually through the clothes. While doing so, she suddenly took out a pink princess tutu dress.

"They must have packed it in by mistake." Chester reached over to set the dress aside, but he instead saw his nephew's eyes lighting up. "This is beautiful!"

Chester was perplexed.

Cherry said, "I'm gonna try it on!"

In order to play the role of her brother, she had been forced to dress like a tomboy every day. This had seriously impaired her looks!

Cherry entered the bedroom, changed into the dress, and looked at herself left and right in the mirror. It was at this moment that her cell phone suddenly rang.

She picked up. "Hi, Pete!"

Pete said, "Let's switch back right away, Cherry. You used Daddy's phone to send an email just now, so I have to remove the traces, or he'll find out otherwise!"

"Okie-Dokie!"

Cherry slipped out of the bedroom. She was about to leave when she saw Justin exit their suite and about to come over. She panicked and said, "I'm at Uncle Chester's, but Daddy's coming over now!"

Pete, who was hiding in the stairwell, stuck his head out.

If Daddy brought Cherry away with him, they would probably have to wait for another chance to switch back. However, if that happened, the likelihood of Daddy finding out about the email would increase.

Pete decided to wager on his uncle's IQ.

Pete suddenly darted out of the stairwell and called out, "Daddy!"

Justin, who was about to knock, was taken aback for a moment. He glanced over at the source of the voice and found that Pete was standing nearby in a princess dress.

The sight shocked Justin.

With a troubled expression, he took Pete back to their suite.

After the two of them went in, Cherry quietly opened the door, ran to the stairwell while holding her dress up, and went downstairs.

A stunned Chester was rooted to the ground.

His nephew had gone home in a princess dress?!

After a while, he suddenly thought of something and rushed next door in a panic. "Justin, I was the one that bought the dress, but listen to me... It's not what you're thinking!"

Bam!

Justin slammed the door shut and gritted his teeth as he said, "Stay away from my son!"

Chester was lost for words. I'm innocent! He thought.

After shutting out the culprit that was to blame for all these, Justin turned back to look at his son and observed him seriously.

Pete was wearing a princess dress, and there was a pink headband on his naturally wavy short hair. His exquisite facial features, as well as the smooth and practiced way he had combed Barbie's hair today...

Doubts finally formed in Justin's mind and he asked, "Are you really my son?"

Pete nodded seriously.

Justin suddenly asked, "What did I get you for your birthday when you were three?"

Pete was silent for a moment before he answered, "...French For Kids: First 100 Words and Introduction to Programming."

"How much Christmas money did Grandma give you last year?"

"... Two million dollars."

"..."

At the sight of Justin's look of self-doubt, Pete couldn't help but feel a little bad. He tugged on his dress and said, "I'll go and change."

Justin watched his son enter the bedroom, but even after thinking about it for a while, he simply couldn't help but feel like something wasn't right. He suddenly walked over and pushed the door open.

There was no one in the bedroom, but he could hear the sound of running water from the bathroom.

His son was probably peeing.

Ever since Pete turned five, he refused to let him bathe him anymore.

Justin strode over. The head of the dignified number one family in the States, at his height of 6'2", stood secretly at the door and glanced into the bathroom...

It really was his son. He hadn't been replaced.

While he was relieved, he actually found himself a little disappointed.

How nice would it be if the one spending time with him before had been a daughter instead!

After relieving himself, Pete turned to see Justin staring at him. Their eyes met, and the two of them kept quiet for a long time.

At last, Pete frowned and said, "... What a pervert."

"..."

He walked out disdainfully as he said, "Daddy, you should go see a psychiatrist."

"..."

—

At the lobby downstairs.

Nora looked at the man who had collapsed. He was motionless, and it looked like he wasn't breathing anymore.

"I am a medical student. Step aside, I'll perform CPR on him!"

Angela had also rushed over. She took out a piece of paper to cover the man's mouth and then, she started to perform CPR on him.

It was obvious at first glance that the man who had collapsed was either wealthy or enjoyed a high social status. If she saved him, she would definitely be handsomely rewarded.

However, even after doing chest compressions for two minutes, the man still showed no response.

Nora pushed her aside. "Let me take a look."

Angela, who was pushed aside, frowned and yelled angrily, "What for? Nora, you're not a doctor. Don't waste time that I can use to save him instead!"

Nora quickly pressed down on the man's chest a few times.

He was experiencing tension pneumothorax.

This was an acute condition. As there was fluid accumulation in the chest, performing CPR was useless. By the time the ambulance comes, it would probably be too late.

He needed immediate chest drainage surgery!

When she saw that Nora was ignoring her, Angela shouted even more angrily, "I get it now! Are you trying to curry a favor because he looks important? Come on, take her away! Don't waste time that I can use to save him! I can't continue with the CPR if she's here!"

The middle-aged woman kneeling next to the man looked at Nora when she heard Angela's words. She said, "You're not a doctor? Then get out of the way!"

Nora turned a deaf ear to their words. She stood up and rushed over to the front desk. After asking them for the first aid kit, she quickly returned. She took out gloves and rubbing alcohol, pulled a paring knife from her waist, and sterilized the tools.

Then, she pulled the man's shirt open, pressed down on the mid-clavicular line of his second intercostal space, and plunged the knife down without hesitation!

Splurt!

Blood spurted from the wound, scaring everyone around them into backing away. However, the man on the ground still didn't show any response.

"Murder! Murder!" A bright-eyed Angela shouted, "Call the cops! Arrest her!"

She had tried every possible means she could to get rid of that damned fatty, but little did she expect that she would actually self-combust!

Just as Angela was all smug and triumphant, her expression suddenly froze.

The crowd around them went into a furor.

The man's wife also shouted, "What are you doing?!"

But the next moment, the man, who had been motionless, suddenly started breathing again!

Everyone shut up.

Seeing that the ambulance hadn't arrived yet, Nora took out an infusion tube from the first aid kit and inserted one end into the patient's chest cavity. The other end was inserted into a latex finger glove.

She cut an opening slightly smaller than half an inch wide on the hard end of the finger glove. This was to act as a flap to allow air from inside the chest cavity to be easily discharged while preventing the outside air from entering.

The breathing of the man on the ground gradually became steady.

"He's alive! He's alive!"

The people around them started clapping while the man's wife also heaved a sigh of relief. She fell onto her bottom on the ground as if she had just had a narrow escape from death as she repeated, "Thank you, thank you..."

There still wasn't much of an expression on Nora's face.

The patient was fine now. It would be fine once the ambulance arrived and took him to the hospital. She stood up to leave, but at this point, Angela yelled sharply,

"Thank you? Simple CPR could've saved him, but she insisted on operating on him instead!"

Everyone was taken aback. "What?"

Angela took out her student ID and said, "I'm a senior at the School of Medicine in my college, and I'm about to go for my internship soon. This gentleman here obviously just lost consciousness temporarily and went into

shock. CPR would have been enough to resuscitate him. Nora, how could you perform surgery on him under those chaotic circumstances?”

She reproached, “All operations have to be performed under sterile conditions. Do you know how many germs and bacteria there are here?! What if his wound becomes infected?”

The man’s wife didn’t believe her one-sided opinion. “But it didn’t work even when you performed CPR for so long. It was this young lady here that helped my husband to breathe again!”

Angela sneered, “CPR needs time for effects to show. How can he possibly get better in two minutes? If she hadn’t stopped me, your husband would have been totally fine now. He wouldn’t have had to lose so much blood!”

The man’s wife frowned. She didn’t know much about medicine, so she became a little unsure. However, she didn’t say anything.

Angela then spoke again. She said, “What’s more is that she isn’t even a doctor. She was probably bold enough to mess around because she’s watched a few episodes of some medical TV drama?”

The wife looked at her husband who was still lying on the ground, his breathing steady. Then, she looked at Nora uncertainly and asked, “Are you really not a doctor?”

Nora found the whole thing awfully stupid. She said coldly, “Does it matter whether I’m a doctor? The point is that he’s still alive.”

Angela replied aggressively, “Of course it matters. He didn’t need to be operated on. It’s all because you pretended to know more than you actually do and messed around!”

Nora yawned. “Everything will be clear once the ambulance gets here.”

Unless she exposed her identity as Anti, these people would never believe her, no matter what she said.

Angela scoffed and said, “You’d better not leave, then. Why don’t you stay here and prove your innocence? Ma’am, I’d advise you to call the police now. This is assault!”

While she was being noisy, the ambulance arrived fashionably late.

The paramedics hurriedly carried the stretcher down. A doctor that had followed them here quickly rushed in front of the patient. After performing a full-body examination, he asked grimly, “Who performed first aid on him?!”

Angela’s face lit up. She pointed at Nora as she answered, “She’s the one that did it! She’s just an idiot who has never even gone to school. How dare she operate on someone else...”

The doctor’s expression instantly became hesitant when she said that. He asked, “She’s never even gone to school before? How did you learn your medical skills, then?”

Before Nora could reply, Angela spoke again. She scoffed, “She probably just blindly copied whatever they did on TV... Doctor, it’s illegal to treat someone’s illness without proper knowledge, right?”

As soon as she said that, she saw an astonished look form on the doctor’s face. He exclaimed, “You can actually perform such a flawless chest drainage operation when you haven’t studied medicine professionally before? And, you’re so young, too! You must be a genius!”

Angela’s triumphant expression suddenly froze!

What? A genius? Was someone like Nora even worthy of the title ‘genius’?!

The corners of Nora’s lips spasmed a little. Any doctor would know first aid common sense like this. How did that make her a genius...

Next to them, the man’s wife immediately understood after hearing their conversation. She said, “Doctor, about my husband’s condition...”

The doctor said, “We would have treated him in the same way even if he was sent to the hospital. It’s just that the equipment would be more professional.

There aren't any chest drainage bottles here, so she could only make do like she did.

"Also, it was fortunate that the operation was done in time. Otherwise, due to his inability to breathe, once suffocation had sustained for a long time, his internal organs would have suffered damage."

After the doctor finished the explanation, he got the others to carry the patient into the ambulance.

It was only after the man's wife got into the ambulance that she suddenly realized that she hadn't thanked her husband's savior yet. However, when she turned, she could no longer find any traces of Nora among the crowd...

By the time Lawrence came down, the ambulance had already left.

After hearing about what had happened from the service staff, Lawrence asked, "Do you know who the patient is?"

The service staff replied, "It's Mr. Anderson from the second-highest floor."

Mr. Anderson?

Lawrence suddenly realized something. His eyes widened and he hurriedly picked up his cell phone and called Justin. He said, "Mr. Hunt, this is terrible. The person who was feeling unwell just now is Mr. Simon Anderson."

The Andersons from New York and the Hunts had been on close terms for generations.

Now that Simon was hospitalized, it was common courtesy for Justin to visit him.

Justin immediately said, "I'm coming down."

He went to the study to check on Pete, who was reading. He seemed to have reverted to his taciturn temperament in the past.

After notifying Pete that he was going out, Justin left. Before stepping out of the suite, he wordlessly picked up the dress that his son had set aside and tossed it into the trash as he went out.

In the hospital.

When Justin arrived, Simon was still undergoing an operation. His wife, Melissa Anderson, was seated on the bench outside the operating room, her well-maintained face full of worry.

Justin walked over and greeted her. "Aunt Melissa."

Melissa's eyes reddened when she saw him. She said, "He rushed over here because he heard that someone in California had news about his eldest sister. But when he heard that his sister may have already died 23 years ago and only left a daughter behind, he suddenly got sick and almost died."

More than twenty years ago, the Andersons' eldest daughter had run away from home. She disappeared without a trace ever since.

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Justin consoled her and said, "Uncle Simon will be fine. I've already talked to the doctors just now. They said that he received timely treatment, so he's not in danger anymore."

At the mention of that, Melissa immediately said, "Justin, it was a young lady that saved Simon today. We're deeply indebted to her. Can you find out who she is? When Simon's condition stabilizes, I'd like to pay her a visit and thank her."

Justin nodded.

After Simon was pushed out of the operating room and his condition stabilized, Justin returned to the hotel with Lawrence.

When they were getting out of the car, Lawrence said, "Mr. Hunt, let's go to the control room and check the cameras to see who that kind soul is."

Chapter 28 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

Pete wanted to tell the truth, but if Nora were to know the truth now, she would definitely take him and his sister away and leave their father here alone.

Although he was always going against the tyrant, Justin was nonetheless still a qualified father.

He still remembered how the tyrant would always bring him to work and all his meetings when he was a baby...

Seeing that Mommy was about to sign the agreement, in that split second, Pete suddenly picked up the glass of milk next to him and splashed it all on the papers!

Nora had only written a word when the milk soaked through the papers. The ink immediately ran, obviously invalidating the agreement.

Henry cursed angrily, "What are you doing, you little bastard?"

Pete held the glass with an innocent look and replied, "My hand slipped..."

Upon hearing his reply, Angela stepped forward angrily and raised her hand immediately. "You little bastard, you did that on purpose! I'm going to kill you!"

Nora bent over, picked him up, and held him protectively in her arms. With a sinister look, she snapped, "How dare you!"

Lisa braced herself and held Angela back. "I'm sure she didn't do it on purpose, Angela..."

Irene also stretched out her arm anxiously. "What are you being serious with a five-year-old for, Henry? It's just a contract. Just print another copy!"

Henry was terribly furious. He was just about to get his hands on the agreement, but a five-year-old had actually ruined everything!

Wendy gnashed her teeth in fury. However, she managed to stay more rational and she ordered, "Go back to the Smiths and reprint the agreement."

Nora narrowed her eyes. She looked at her daughter in her arms and said, "I'm sending Cherry back to the hotel first."

Even if it was for the sake of finding her son, there was no way she would let her daughter come to any harm.

Henry sneered, "Heh, you sure are being rather protective of a little girl who isn't even worth a few dollars. We'll wait for you at the Smiths."

Nora walked out with Pete in her arms.

Wendy pushed Angela lightly and said, "Take the car and follow your sister to the hotel, Angela. Your dad and I will take a cab back home."

Angela stomped her foot and demanded, "Mom, why?"

Wendy lowered her voice and replied, "What if she doesn't come over after returning to the hotel? Go and keep tabs on her."

Only then did Angela finally realize what she meant and hurriedly chased after Nora.

On the way to the hotel, Pete sat in the car's back seat, his eyes cast downward in deep thought.

He had only temporarily interrupted Mommy from signing the agreement just now. If he wanted to destroy the baddies' plans, he'd need to think of another solution.

He quietly picked up his cell phone and sent a text message to Cherry: "Cherry, are you there? It's urgent!"

Cherry replied very quickly: "I'm here! What's up?"

With his eyes downcast, Pete continued to send her messages: "Use Daddy's cell phone and send an anonymous email to Mommy. Do it fast! The email's content is..."

Nora's cat-like eyes were slightly downcast. She looked unperturbed, but in truth, waves had long been churning in her heart, and she felt awfully restless.

Would her father really tell her where her son was after she signed the agreement?

She was still thinking about it when her cell phone suddenly vibrated. She picked it up casually, but after glancing at it, she suddenly froze.

An anonymous email lay quietly in her mailbox.

There were only a few words in the email:

“I know your son’s whereabouts. Don’t sign the agreement.”

The look in Nora’s eyes immediately turned cold. Who had sent her the email?

She placed the phone horizontally in her lap. Her two cool, pale, and slender fingers quickly tapped away on it as she tried to track the sender’s location. Suddenly, her eyes widened in shock and her hands abruptly drew back.

That was so close!

It was fortunate that she had stopped in time. A little more and her cell phone would have been forcefully shut down and rendered useless.

Who exactly had sent her the email? They were actually able to get Y, the internationally renowned hacker, to write firewall software for them!

The authenticity of the email’s content was worth considering, but more importantly, it had suddenly given her a wakeup call.

Nora’s long slender fingers tapped against the car seat as she thought about everything that had happened during this week after she returned to the States.

Both the Grays and the Smiths seemed to hold great interest in the small company that her mother had left her.

There were definitely secrets that she was unaware of hidden in the company.

The car quickly arrived at the hotel.

“What? You’re not signing the agreement anymore?” Angela yelled sharply, “Don’t you want to look for your son anymore?!”

Nora raised an eyebrow and sneered, “I’m not stupid. What if Dad gives me false information after I sign the agreement? How am I supposed to tell whether it’s true or not?”

Angela stomped her foot in anger. “Nora, how can you go back on your word?!”

Nora took Pete's hand and, with her eyes downcast, said coldly, "You want me to give you the company? Sure. Tell him to find my son and bring him to me first."

After leaving behind those words, she took Pete's hand and walked straight into the hotel.

She had only just taken a couple of steps when she suddenly heard someone exclaim, "Wake up! Wake up!"

Her keen intuition as a doctor made her look over abruptly. At once, she saw a middle-aged man collapsed at the side. His face had turned pale and he was clearly not breathing anymore.

Nora said to Pete, "Go upstairs by yourself first, Cherry. I'll go over and take a look."

On the top floor of the hotel.

Cherry was combing her newly bought Barbie's hair.

Justin was seated on the sofa next to her and staring at his cell phone solemnly.

Q, the international hacker, had actually tried to bypass his cell phone's firewall just now. He didn't know what Q's purpose in doing so was.

While he was musing over it, Cherry picked a pink tutu dress from the Barbie's row of princess dresses and asked, "How does this one look, Daddy?"

Justin, who couldn't bring himself to watch, replied, "... It's passable."

"What about this one? There are so many pearls on it and it's shiny!"

"...It'll do."

"Daddy, you're so patronizing! You didn't even look at it!"

Justin looked up to see his son with his hands on his hips. He looked very adorable and very much like a little princess with his cheeks all puffed up angrily.

“ ... ”

Although Justin liked his son lively, he was nevertheless still blinded by how he looked. Thus, he simply stood up and went to the study. “I’ll go and finish some work.”

He needed some time alone.

He tried hard to convince himself to accept it. In the end, he consoled himself by telling himself that as long as his son didn’t wear a princess dress, everything was fine!

At this point, Lawrence walked in and gave him his report. He said respectfully, “Mr. Hunt, we’ve re-investigated Miss Smith.”

Justin sat upright and said coldly, “Tell me.”

“Nora Smith has been fat since she was a child. Due to poor health, she didn’t go to school much.

“Five years ago, she couldn’t bear the loneliness and became impregnated by an unknown man before marriage. She gave birth to a daughter afterward. It’s said that the Grays were very displeased about it, so the Smiths had to send them abroad to get out of the public eye...”

Lawrence frowned after he finished going through the basic information.

“There’s something very strange, though. There’s no information at all about Miss Smith during her five years abroad. It’s as if someone had erased all the traces.”

Anti had become famous three years ago. It was very hard for someone to pick up medicine in just two years. Moreover, her technique was so immaculate, so she must have gone through a great deal of practice.

Lawrence continued and said, “But one thing is for certain—Nora Smith has never learned any medicine. Therefore, we can nearly rule out the possibility that she’s Anti.”

Justin was a little disappointed.

At this point, Lawrence suddenly heard a voice in his earphones. After listening, his expression changed slightly. "Something has gone wrong in the hotel lobby."

Justin asked solemnly, "What happened?"

Lawrence explained, "A guest fainted in the lobby. According to the lobby manager, he's not breathing anymore. They've already dialed 911. A doctor happened to be nearby, so they are currently giving him first aid."

Hotel Finest's guests were either rich or enjoyed a high social standing.

The hotel would also be held responsible if something were to happen, so Justin immediately instructed, "Go and take a look."

"Yes, sir."

After Lawrence went out, Justin walked out of the study and found that his son was not in the living room. He asked, "Where's Pete?"

The nanny replied, "He went next door."

Justin was puzzled.

A foreboding feeling arose in him.

In the suite next door.

Chester pointed to the mountain of clothes piled up on the sofa and announced, "These are for you!"

Cherry exclaimed, "All of them?!"

"Yep, I went to a few children's wear stores and got them to give me one of each design in your size!" Chester circled around her a few times and asked, "Can you scold me a little less in the game in the future?"

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Cherry sighed and rummaged casually through the clothes. While doing so, she suddenly took out a pink princess tutu dress.

“They must have packed it in by mistake.” Chester reached over to set the dress aside, but he instead saw his nephew’s eyes lighting up. “This is beautiful!”

Chester was perplexed.

Cherry said, “I’m gonna try it on!”

In order to play the role of her brother, she had been forced to dress like a tomboy every day. This had seriously impaired her looks!

Cherry entered the bedroom, changed into the dress, and looked at herself left and right in the mirror. It was at this moment that her cell phone suddenly rang.

She picked up. “Hi, Pete!”

Pete said, “Let’s switch back right away, Cherry. You used Daddy’s phone to send an email just now, so I have to remove the traces, or he’ll find out otherwise!”

“Okie-Dokie!”

Cherry slipped out of the bedroom. She was about to leave when she saw Justin exit their suite and about to come over. She panicked and said, “I’m at Uncle Chester’s, but Daddy’s coming over now!”

Pete, who was hiding in the stairwell, stuck his head out.

If Daddy brought Cherry away with him, they would probably have to wait for another chance to switch back. However, if that happened, the likelihood of Daddy finding out about the email would increase.

Pete decided to wager on his uncle’s IQ.

Pete suddenly darted out of the stairwell and called out, “Daddy!”

Justin, who was about to knock, was taken aback for a moment. He glanced over at the source of the voice and found that Pete was standing nearby in a princess dress.

The sight shocked Justin.

With a troubled expression, he took Pete back to their suite.

After the two of them went in, Cherry quietly opened the door, ran to the stairwell while holding her dress up, and went downstairs.

A stunned Chester was rooted to the ground.

His nephew had gone home in a princess dress?!

After a while, he suddenly thought of something and rushed next door in a panic. “Justin, I was the one that bought the dress, but listen to me... It’s not what you’re thinking!”

Bam!

Justin slammed the door shut and gritted his teeth as he said, “Stay away from my son!”

Chester was lost for words. I’m innocent! He thought.

After shutting out the culprit that was to blame for all these, Justin turned back to look at his son and observed him seriously.

Pete was wearing a princess dress, and there was a pink headband on his naturally wavy short hair. His exquisite facial features, as well as the smooth and practiced way he had combed Barbie’s hair today...

Doubts finally formed in Justin’s mind and he asked, “Are you really my son?”

Pete nodded seriously.

Justin suddenly asked, “What did I get you for your birthday when you were three?”

Pete was silent for a moment before he answered, “...French For Kids: First 100 Words and Introduction to Programming.”

“How much Christmas money did Grandma give you last year?”

“... Two million dollars.”

“...”

At the sight of Justin’s look of self-doubt, Pete couldn’t help but feel a little bad. He tugged on his dress and said, “I’ll go and change.”

Justin watched his son enter the bedroom, but even after thinking about it for a while, he simply couldn’t help but feel like something wasn’t right. He suddenly walked over and pushed the door open.

There was no one in the bedroom, but he could hear the sound of running water from the bathroom.

His son was probably peeing.

Ever since Pete turned five, he refused to let him bathe him anymore.

Justin strode over. The head of the dignified number one family in the States, at his height of 6’2”, stood secretly at the door and glanced into the bathroom...

It really was his son. He hadn’t been replaced.

While he was relieved, he actually found himself a little disappointed.

How nice would it be if the one spending time with him before had been a daughter instead!

After relieving himself, Pete turned to see Justin staring at him. Their eyes met, and the two of them kept quiet for a long time.

At last, Pete frowned and said, “... What a pervert.”

“...”

He walked out disdainfully as he said, “Daddy, you should go see a psychiatrist.”

“ ... ”

—
At the lobby downstairs.

Nora looked at the man who had collapsed. He was motionless, and it looked like he wasn't breathing anymore.

“I am a medical student. Step aside, I'll perform CPR on him!”

Angela had also rushed over. She took out a piece of paper to cover the man's mouth and then, she started to perform CPR on him.

It was obvious at first glance that the man who had collapsed was either wealthy or enjoyed a high social status. If she saved him, she would definitely be handsomely rewarded.

However, even after doing chest compressions for two minutes, the man still showed no response.

Nora pushed her aside. “Let me take a look.”

Angela, who was pushed aside, frowned and yelled angrily, “What for? Nora, you're not a doctor. Don't waste time that I can use to save him instead!”

Nora quickly pressed down on the man's chest a few times.

He was experiencing tension pneumothorax.

This was an acute condition. As there was fluid accumulation in the chest, performing CPR was useless. By the time the ambulance comes, it would probably be too late.

He needed immediate chest drainage surgery!

When she saw that Nora was ignoring her, Angela shouted even more angrily, “I get it now! Are you trying to curry a favor because he looks important? Come on, take her away! Don't waste time that I can use to save him! I can't continue with the CPR if she's here!”

The middle-aged woman kneeling next to the man looked at Nora when she heard Angela's words. She said, "You're not a doctor? Then get out of the way!"

Nora turned a deaf ear to their words. She stood up and rushed over to the front desk. After asking them for the first aid kit, she quickly returned. She took out gloves and rubbing alcohol, pulled a paring knife from her waist, and sterilized the tools.

Then, she pulled the man's shirt open, pressed down on the mid-clavicular line of his second intercostal space, and plunged the knife down without hesitation!

Splurt!

Blood spurted from the wound, scaring everyone around them into backing away. However, the man on the ground still didn't show any response.

"Murder! Murder!" A bright-eyed Angela shouted, "Call the cops! Arrest her!"

She had tried every possible means she could to get rid of that damned fatty, but little did she expect that she would actually self-combust!

Just as Angela was all smug and triumphant, her expression suddenly froze.

The crowd around them went into a furor.

The man's wife also shouted, "What are you doing?!"

But the next moment, the man, who had been motionless, suddenly started breathing again!

Everyone shut up.

Seeing that the ambulance hadn't arrived yet, Nora took out an infusion tube from the first aid kit and inserted one end into the patient's chest cavity. The other end was inserted into a latex finger glove.

She cut an opening slightly smaller than half an inch wide on the hard end of the finger glove. This was to act as a flap to allow air from inside the chest cavity to be easily discharged while preventing the outside air from entering.

The breathing of the man on the ground gradually became steady.

“He’s alive! He’s alive!”

The people around them started clapping while the man’s wife also heaved a sigh of relief. She fell onto her bottom on the ground as if she had just had a narrow escape from death as she repeated, “Thank you, thank you...”

There still wasn’t much of an expression on Nora’s face.

The patient was fine now. It would be fine once the ambulance arrived and took him to the hospital. She stood up to leave, but at this point, Angela yelled sharply,

“Thank you? Simple CPR could’ve saved him, but she insisted on operating on him instead!”

Everyone was taken aback. “What?”

Angela took out her student ID and said, “I’m a senior at the School of Medicine in my college, and I’m about to go for my internship soon. This gentleman here obviously just lost consciousness temporarily and went into shock. CPR would have been enough to resuscitate him. Nora, how could you perform surgery on him under those chaotic circumstances?”

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Chapter 29 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

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Cherry entered the bedroom, changed into the dress, and looked at herself left and right in the mirror. It was at this moment that her cell phone suddenly rang.

She picked up. "Hi, Pete!"

Pete said, "Let's switch back right away, Cherry. You used Daddy's phone to send an email just now, so I have to remove the traces, or he'll find out otherwise!"

"Okie-Dokie!"

Cherry slipped out of the bedroom. She was about to leave when she saw Justin exit their suite and about to come over. She panicked and said, "I'm at Uncle Chester's, but Daddy's coming over now!"

Pete, who was hiding in the stairwell, stuck his head out.

If Daddy brought Cherry away with him, they would probably have to wait for another chance to switch back. However, if that happened, the likelihood of Daddy finding out about the email would increase.

Pete decided to wager on his uncle's IQ.

Pete suddenly darted out of the stairwell and called out, "Daddy!"

Justin, who was about to knock, was taken aback for a moment. He glanced over at the source of the voice and found that Pete was standing nearby in a princess dress.

The sight shocked Justin.

With a troubled expression, he took Pete back to their suite.

After the two of them went in, Cherry quietly opened the door, ran to the stairwell while holding her dress up, and went downstairs.

A stunned Chester was rooted to the ground.

His nephew had gone home in a princess dress?!

After a while, he suddenly thought of something and rushed next door in a panic. "Justin, I was the one that bought the dress, but listen to me... It's not what you're thinking!"

Bam!

Justin slammed the door shut and gritted his teeth as he said, "Stay away from my son!"

Chester was lost for words. I'm innocent! He thought.

After shutting out the culprit that was to blame for all these, Justin turned back to look at his son and observed him seriously.

Pete was wearing a princess dress, and there was a pink headband on his naturally wavy short hair. His exquisite facial features, as well as the smooth and practiced way he had combed Barbie's hair today...

Doubts finally formed in Justin's mind and he asked, "Are you really my son?"

Pete nodded seriously.

Justin suddenly asked, "What did I get you for your birthday when you were three?"

Pete was silent for a moment before he answered, "...French For Kids: First 100 Words and Introduction to Programming."

"How much Christmas money did Grandma give you last year?"

"... Two million dollars."

"..."

At the sight of Justin's look of self-doubt, Pete couldn't help but feel a little bad. He tugged on his dress and said, "I'll go and change."

Justin watched his son enter the bedroom, but even after thinking about it for a while, he simply couldn't help but feel like something wasn't right. He suddenly walked over and pushed the door open.

There was no one in the bedroom, but he could hear the sound of running water from the bathroom.

His son was probably peeing.

Ever since Pete turned five, he refused to let him bathe him anymore.

Justin strode over. The head of the dignified number one family in the States, at his height of 6'2", stood secretly at the door and glanced into the bathroom...

It really was his son. He hadn't been replaced.

While he was relieved, he actually found himself a little disappointed.

How nice would it be if the one spending time with him before had been a daughter instead!

After relieving himself, Pete turned to see Justin staring at him. Their eyes met, and the two of them kept quiet for a long time.

At last, Pete frowned and said, "... What a pervert."

"..."

He walked out disdainfully as he said, "Daddy, you should go see a psychiatrist."

"..."

—

At the lobby downstairs.

Nora looked at the man who had collapsed. He was motionless, and it looked like he wasn't breathing anymore.

"I am a medical student. Step aside, I'll perform CPR on him!"

Angela had also rushed over. She took out a piece of paper to cover the man's mouth and then, she started to perform CPR on him.

It was obvious at first glance that the man who had collapsed was either wealthy or enjoyed a high social status. If she saved him, she would definitely be handsomely rewarded.

However, even after doing chest compressions for two minutes, the man still showed no response.

Nora pushed her aside. "Let me take a look."

Angela, who was pushed aside, frowned and yelled angrily, "What for? Nora, you're not a doctor. Don't waste time that I can use to save him instead!"

Nora quickly pressed down on the man's chest a few times.

He was experiencing tension pneumothorax.

This was an acute condition. As there was fluid accumulation in the chest, performing CPR was useless. By the time the ambulance comes, it would probably be too late.

He needed immediate chest drainage surgery!

When she saw that Nora was ignoring her, Angela shouted even more angrily, "I get it now! Are you trying to curry a favor because he looks important? Come on, take her away! Don't waste time that I can use to save him! I can't continue with the CPR if she's here!"

The middle-aged woman kneeling next to the man looked at Nora when she heard Angela's words. She said, "You're not a doctor? Then get out of the way!"

Nora turned a deaf ear to their words. She stood up and rushed over to the front desk. After asking them for the first aid kit, she quickly returned. She took out gloves and rubbing alcohol, pulled a paring knife from her waist, and sterilized the tools.

Then, she pulled the man's shirt open, pressed down on the mid-clavicular line of his second intercostal space, and plunged the knife down without hesitation!

Splurt!

Blood spurted from the wound, scaring everyone around them into backing away. However, the man on the ground still didn't show any response.

"Murder! Murder!" A bright-eyed Angela shouted, "Call the cops! Arrest her!"

She had tried every possible means she could to get rid of that damned fatty, but little did she expect that she would actually self-combust!

Just as Angela was all smug and triumphant, her expression suddenly froze.

The crowd around them went into a furor.

The man's wife also shouted, "What are you doing?!"

But the next moment, the man, who had been motionless, suddenly started breathing again!

Everyone shut up.

Seeing that the ambulance hadn't arrived yet, Nora took out an infusion tube from the first aid kit and inserted one end into the patient's chest cavity. The other end was inserted into a latex finger glove.

She cut an opening slightly smaller than half an inch wide on the hard end of the finger glove. This was to act as a flap to allow air from inside the chest cavity to be easily discharged while preventing the outside air from entering.

The breathing of the man on the ground gradually became steady.

"He's alive! He's alive!"

The people around them started clapping while the man's wife also heaved a sigh of relief. She fell onto her bottom on the ground as if she had just had a narrow escape from death as she repeated, "Thank you, thank you..."

There still wasn't much of an expression on Nora's face.

The patient was fine now. It would be fine once the ambulance arrived and took him to the hospital. She stood up to leave, but at this point, Angela yelled sharply,

"Thank you? Simple CPR could've saved him, but she insisted on operating on him instead!"

Everyone was taken aback. "What?"

Angela took out her student ID and said, "I'm a senior at the School of Medicine in my college, and I'm about to go for my internship soon. This gentleman here obviously just lost consciousness temporarily and went into shock. CPR would have been enough to resuscitate him. Nora, how could you perform surgery on him under those chaotic circumstances?"

She reproached, "All operations have to be performed under sterile conditions. Do you know how many germs and bacteria there are here?! What if his wound becomes infected?"

The man's wife didn't believe her one-sided opinion. "But it didn't work even when you performed CPR for so long. It was this young lady here that helped my husband to breathe again!"

Angela sneered, "CPR needs time for effects to show. How can he possibly get better in two minutes? If she hadn't stopped me, your husband would have been totally fine now. He wouldn't have had to lose so much blood!"

The man's wife frowned. She didn't know much about medicine, so she became a little unsure. However, she didn't say anything.

Angela then spoke again. She said, "What's more is that she isn't even a doctor. She was probably bold enough to mess around because she's watched a few episodes of some medical TV drama?"

The wife looked at her husband who was still lying on the ground, his breathing steady. Then, she looked at Nora uncertainly and asked, "Are you really not a doctor?"

Nora found the whole thing awfully stupid. She said coldly, "Does it matter whether I'm a doctor? The point is that he's still alive."

Angela replied aggressively, "Of course it matters. He didn't need to be operated on. It's all because you pretended to know more than you actually do and messed around!"

Nora yawned. "Everything will be clear once the ambulance gets here."

Unless she exposed her identity as Anti, these people would never believe her, no matter what she said.

Angela scoffed and said, "You'd better not leave, then. Why don't you stay here and prove your innocence? Ma'am, I'd advise you to call the police now. This is assault!"

While she was being noisy, the ambulance arrived fashionably late.

The paramedics hurriedly carried the stretcher down. A doctor that had followed them here quickly rushed in front of the patient. After performing a full-body examination, he asked grimly, "Who performed first aid on him?!"

Angela's face lit up. She pointed at Nora as she answered, "She's the one that did it! She's just an idiot who has never even gone to school. How dare she operate on someone else..."

The doctor's expression instantly became hesitant when she said that. He asked, "She's never even gone to school before? How did you learn your medical skills, then?"

Before Nora could reply, Angela spoke again. She scoffed, "She probably just blindly copied whatever they did on TV... Doctor, it's illegal to treat someone's illness without proper knowledge, right?"

As soon as she said that, she saw an astonished look form on the doctor's face. He exclaimed, "You can actually perform such a flawless chest drainage operation when you haven't studied medicine professionally before? And, you're so young, too! You must be a genius!"

Angela's triumphant expression suddenly froze!

What? A genius? Was someone like Nora even worthy of the title 'genius'?!

The corners of Nora's lips spasmed a little. Any doctor would know first aid common sense like this. How did that make her a genius...

Next to them, the man's wife immediately understood after hearing their conversation. She said, "Doctor, about my husband's condition..."

The doctor said, "We would have treated him in the same way even if he was sent to the hospital. It's just that the equipment would be more professional. There aren't any chest drainage bottles here, so she could only make do like she did.

"Also, it was fortunate that the operation was done in time. Otherwise, due to his inability to breathe, once suffocation had sustained for a long time, his internal organs would have suffered damage."

After the doctor finished the explanation, he got the others to carry the patient into the ambulance.

It was only after the man's wife got into the ambulance that she suddenly realized that she hadn't thanked her husband's savior yet. However, when she turned, she could no longer find any traces of Nora among the crowd...

By the time Lawrence came down, the ambulance had already left.

After hearing about what had happened from the service staff, Lawrence asked, "Do you know who the patient is?"

The service staff replied, "It's Mr. Anderson from the second-highest floor."

Mr. Anderson?

Lawrence suddenly realized something. His eyes widened and he hurriedly picked up his cell phone and called Justin. He said, "Mr. Hunt, this is terrible. The person who was feeling unwell just now is Mr. Simon Anderson."

The Andersons from New York and the Hunts had been on close terms for generations.

Now that Simon was hospitalized, it was common courtesy for Justin to visit him.

Justin immediately said, "I'm coming down."

He went to the study to check on Pete, who was reading. He seemed to have reverted to his taciturn temperament in the past.

After notifying Pete that he was going out, Justin left. Before stepping out of the suite, he wordlessly picked up the dress that his son had set aside and tossed it into the trash as he went out.

In the hospital.

When Justin arrived, Simon was still undergoing an operation. His wife, Melissa Anderson, was seated on the bench outside the operating room, her well-maintained face full of worry.

Justin walked over and greeted her. "Aunt Melissa."

Melissa's eyes reddened when she saw him. She said, "He rushed over here because he heard that someone in California had news about his eldest sister. But when he heard that his sister may have already died 23 years ago and only left a daughter behind, he suddenly got sick and almost died."

More than twenty years ago, the Andersons' eldest daughter had run away from home. She disappeared without a trace ever since.

Over the years, the Andersons had been searching for her everywhere.

Justin consoled her and said, "Uncle Simon will be fine. I've already talked to the doctors just now. They said that he received timely treatment, so he's not in danger anymore."

At the mention of that, Melissa immediately said, "Justin, it was a young lady that saved Simon today. We're deeply indebted to her. Can you find out who she is? When Simon's condition stabilizes, I'd like to pay her a visit and thank her."

Justin nodded.

After Simon was pushed out of the operating room and his condition stabilized, Justin returned to the hotel with Lawrence.

When they were getting out of the car, Lawrence said, "Mr. Hunt, let's go to the control room and check the cameras to see who that kind soul is."

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