

Chapter 21 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

The expression of Justin, who wasn't interested in the movie, instantly darkened after he saw what she had done.

Instead of feeding her own daughter, she was feeding his son.

If even something like this wasn't her attempt at trying to please him and pursue him, then how else was he supposed to interpret her actions?!

Upon sensing a cold aura coming from the side, Nora slowly opened her eyes and looked over.

When confronted with Justin's deep and dark eyes, which also had a bit of a sharp look in them, she was taken aback for a moment.

Was she dreaming?

Otherwise, why was she seeing Justin in the movie theater?

Her sleepiness disappeared instantly.

She lowered her eyes lazily and wondered, Is this a coincidence? Or is Justin here because he suspects that I'm Anti and has come to sound me out?

Things had gotten troublesome.

She wanted to pretend that she didn't see him, but her instincts told her that the man seemed to still be staring at her at the moment. On top of that, he had a rather hostile look in his eyes.

Nora turned to the side and gave a perfunctory greeting. "What a coincidence, Mr. Hunt."

A coincidence?

The look on Justin's face turned darker. "Never mind that we're watching the same movie, but even our seats just so happen to be next to each other's? What a coincidence, indeed!"

Nora was puzzled.

Why did he sound so sarcastic?

She frowned. "What do you mean by that, Mr. Hunt?"

Justin replied coldly, "I told you, I hate it when people try to approach me by using my son. Did you forget what I said, Miss Smith?"

Nora was astonished.

He was misunderstanding her again and again. Had he had enough yet?

Nora slowly retracted her gaze and looked in front of her seriously. She said, "You are indeed an attractive man, Mr. Hunt, but you shouldn't be too narcissistic, either. Men like you who look prettier than women aren't my type."

Justin sneered, "Your actions are so blatant, Miss Smith, yet you're still trying to hide your intentions? Let me make things clear—I'm not interested in you. If you have the time to seduce me, why don't you think about how to cure your aunt's illness instead?"

His words angered Nora. That man must be sick in the head! She said coldly, "Don't worry, you needn't bother yourself with my aunt's illness at all!"

When he heard how she glossed over the topic, Justin became even angrier. He was about to retort when the moviegoer with their children seated in the row in front of them suddenly turned around and snapped, "Hey, we're in the middle of a movie here. Can the two of you refrain from quarreling with your other halves in here?!"

Justin was bewildered.

Nora was bewildered.

The movie theater was pitch-dark. Justin didn't know why, but he didn't immediately feel any disgust when someone else misunderstood him and Nora as a married couple. Instead, a dazed feeling, not easily detectable, arose in him.

The moviegoer added earnestly, "Can't the two of you, as husband and wife, control yourselves a little better in front of the children? You're scaring them!"

Nora looked at where the moviegoer was pointing and looked down to see Cherry who was sitting there with a mask on and only her eyes exposed.

Justin bent over and picked her up. He said with displeasure, "This is the last time I'm warning you, Miss Smith. The next time I see you approaching my son, I'm not holding back!"

He strode away right after saying that.

Nora was bewildered.

She glanced at the other side, finding herself mystified when she saw Pete there. It seemed like her hand had gone the other side instead when she was feeding Cherry just now, right?

While she was hesitating, Pete held her hand silently and said, "Let's go too, Mommy."

He hereby declared that the first date had failed.

When they returned to the hotel, it was already four in the afternoon.

Nora went to sleep again. The next day's operation would last seven or eight hours. If she didn't get enough sleep, she wouldn't have enough strength and energy to support her through it.

Pete, who was next to her, anxiously sent a text message to Cherry: "How's it going over there, Cherry?"

Meanwhile, on the top floor.

Cherry was facing off with Justin.

Justin ordered, "You're forbidden from making contact with that woman in the future."

Cherry's large eyes were full of grievances as she asked, "Why?"

Knowing that it wasn't right to speak badly about other people in front of children, Justin didn't answer right away.

However, Lawrence, who was next to him, answered, "It's because she's someone that just sits on the sidelines and watches without doing anything even though her aunt is sick. On top of that, she's even going to the movies! That woman is too cold-blooded!"

Cherry panicked and retorted angrily, "Mommy isn't cold-blooded! She's someone that values relationships the most! She'll definitely save Grandaunt!"

Justin's expression darkened. Never mind that she was cajoling his son to call her Mommy, but he's even addressing her aunt as Grandaunt now?

"You're a bad Daddy! You can't say that about her! I'm ignoring you!"

Cherry pouted aggrievedly. With tears in her eyes, she ran straight into the bedroom.

Justin clenched his fists angrily. He had been getting along well with his son today, yet now, he had actually made his son cry because of that woman!

At this point, Lawrence came over and said excitedly, "Mr. Hunt, we've received news that Anti is coming to the hospital in town for an operation! Observers are allowed during the operation. I've asked for a spot, and I plan to send someone there to stand guard. We'll catch hold of her this time for sure!"

Justin thought for a while, then looked at the bedroom. At last, he said, "I will go in person!"

—

The next day.

Nora didn't go to the operating room after entering the hospital. She went to the ward to visit her aunt first, intending to comfort her.

As soon as she entered, a worried Lisa came over. "Nora, is the message you sent me yesterday saying that Mom will undergo surgery today true?"

Nora nodded. "Yeah."

Next to them, Angela sneered, “You’re such an unlearned piece of trash, Nora. Do you know that Aunt Irene’s tumor is located in a very risky area? It’s impossible for ordinary surgeons to operate on her!”

Nora looked at her. “I know that.”

“Since you do, then why did you still look for someone to operate on her? You’re obviously taking her life lightly!” Angela looked at Will and Lisa and said, “I’ve already shown Dr. Larson Aunt Irene’s CT scan a long time ago, and even he is hesitant to take on the task. Do you really think she can get a better doctor than Dr. Larson?”

When Will heard this, he asked somewhat hesitantly, “Tell me the truth, Nora. How high is the operation’s success rate?”

Before Nora could even reply, Angela scoffed and said, “I’ll tell you the truth—there are only two doctors in the States that can achieve a success rate of 50% in this operation. Apart from them, everyone else can only achieve 10%! If you don’t undergo the operation, Aunt Irene can still live for another two months, but if you do, there’s a 90% chance that she won’t be able to come out of the operating room alive today!”

Her words frightened Lisa so badly that blood drained from her face. “I-isn’t there a better doctor?”

“Oh, there is!” Angela said, “There’s Dr. Anti, the top surgeon in the world. To her, there is no surgery that cannot be done! She can achieve a 100% success rate. Unfortunately, Dr. Anti is currently abroad and a great distance away from here. Even so many of the wealthy and powerful can’t find her, so how can ordinary people like you possibly convince her to do it?”

“...”

The ward was dead silent.

Just as Angela was all smug and both Will and Lisa had lost all hope, the three suddenly heard Nora’s low voice:

“In that case, do you know who the doctor I got is?”

Angela said sarcastically, “Did you not understand what I was saying? Unless it’s Dr. Anti, the situation won’t change, no matter who you’ve gotten over!”

Scaring a patient before their operation, and making them nervous and full of distrust toward their doctor held zero benefits for the operation.

Nora had come over intending to comfort her aunt right from the start.

At the sight of their pale faces, she was just about to utter the name “Anti” when Irene suddenly said, “I trust you, Nora. Let’s get ready for the operation.”

Nora paused.

Angela said sharply, “What a fool. Are you also in a hurry to die?”

Lisa became even more nervous. “Mom.”

Irene gave her a wry smile and said, “How many doctors have your father and you approached for this operation? No one dares to do it because none of them wants to be held responsible. It’s hard no matter who does it anyway, so why bother so much about who the operating surgeon is?”

She would take the risk.

And see if God also thinks that this should be the end of her life.

She looked at Lisa and Will and said, “Remember this, Will, Lisa. No matter whether the operation succeeds or not, this is what I’ve chosen. It has nothing to do with Nora.”

Nora lowered her gaze, her heart warmed.

The door to the ward opened and a nurse came in. “Mrs. Black, we’ll be transferring you to the operating room now.”

Outside the operating room.

After waiting for Irene to be transferred into the operating room, Nora decided to head off to make pre-operation preparations. However, the moment she turned, she heard Angela’s voice.

“Where are you going, Nora? I get it now. You must be having a guilty conscience, so you’re too scared to face what’s going to happen, right? You’re

afraid that the Blacks will blame you for Aunt Irene's death when the hospital staff brings her dead body out later!

"You can't go! You have to stay here and take responsibility for Aunt Irene's life!"

Nora paused and slowly said, "I have something on."

Angela scoffed and said, "What do you have that's more important than Aunt Irene's life? Why are you so cold-blooded?"

Will, who was listening to the conversation between the two, clenched his fists. His eyes were filled with fierce disappointment.

No matter whether the operation succeeded or not, he wasn't going to cast any blame on Nora. But as his wife's most beloved niece, couldn't she even stay with her during the surgery?

At this time, a nurse came up and said, "Can I get her family members to sign the medical liability waiver form, please?"

Will's hand trembled at the sight of the surgical consent form and the liability waiver form she handed over.

With her eyes red, Lisa's voice trembled as she asked, "What does this mean?"

Angela stepped forward, her face still sporting a relaxed and happy smile. Obviously, she wasn't concerned at all about the life of the person in the operating room. She said sarcastically,

"It means that the doctor won't have to take any responsibility even if he causes the death of the patient during the surgery! Aunt Irene's surgery is such a difficult one. The doctors aren't fools; they'll definitely ask for liability waiver form to be signed."

Lisa's face turned pale with fright.

Angela was extremely satisfied. Her eyes swiveled a little and she grabbed the consent form from the nurse. Then, she looked at the section naming the chief surgeon at the bottom as she said, "I wanna see who this surgeon is, so brave to actually undertake Aunt Irene's operation!"

The operation was bound to fail, but that surgeon had agreed to operate on her aunt, thereby potentially ruining her grand plans to usurp the company. She wanted them ruined!

There was a sinister look in Angela's eyes, but when she saw who the chief surgeon was the next moment, she suddenly froze!

How could this be?!

"Anti?" Beside her, Lisa exclaimed, "Is this the top surgeon in the world that you guys were talking about just now?!"

"What?" Will also exclaimed, "Let me take a look!"

As the two of them stared at the chief surgeon's name, their eyes started to light up again. Will looked at Nora in surprise and asked, "Nora, how did you manage to get Dr. Anti to do the operation?"

Nora cast her eyes down and randomly made up a story. She said, "Anti likes challenging operations, so I tried emailing them Aunt Irene's CT scans. I didn't expect them to agree."

Will's eyes turned red. "I've misunderstood you, Nora!"

"It's okay."

Nora said dispassionately, "But I really do have something up, so I'm going off first."

The shocked Angela was still frozen in place even after she left, and she watched Lisa and Will sign the forms. Will even cried because of how ecstatic he was, and she felt as if she had been made to eat her words.

"Hurry up, Dr. Anti has already arrived!"

Several doctors from the hospital strode into the operating room. They were representatives that the dean had carefully selected to observe Anti's operation. This was a rare opportunity for them.

Dr. Larson, the head of the Department of Neurology, happened to be among them. When he was about to enter the operating room, he suddenly caught a glimpse of Angela and he stopped immediately. He called out, "Angela, is that you?"

Angela came back to her senses and greeted him. "Dr. Larson."

Dr. Larson was Angela's professor at the School of Medicine in college.

He asked, "Why are you here?"

Angela hurriedly answered, "My aunt's the patient."

Dr. Larson's eyes lit up right away and he beckoned to her. The two went over to the side and he asked, "What's your family's relationship with Anti?"

Angela replied, "My aunt is in serious condition, so the operation's a challenging one. Practically none of the doctors in the States are capable of performing it, so I tried emailing Anti. Unexpectedly, she really agreed to take on the operation! Can you bring me in to observe the surgery, too?"

A scheming look filled her eyes.

It was that damned fatty who had sent the email, but how would Anti know who the sender was anyway?

It is undoubtedly an honor to be able to observe Anti's surgery!

Enlightened, Dr. Larson said, "So, you're the one that got Anti over. You've made a huge contribution to the hospital! Of course, I can bring you in."

Angela hurriedly followed after Dr. Larson. Among those here to observe, apart from the well-known specialists in the hospital, there were only a few promising doctoral students. She was the only undergraduate there.

If she became a well-known doctor, then Anthony definitely wouldn't find her beneath him anymore!

Nora slipped into the operating room through the side door. As soon as she entered, she spotted Lily, her surgical assistant. She had flown into the States overnight in order to help out today.

In order to keep their identities secret, the two of them were the only ones in the dressing room.

Lily put on the surgical gown for her. After completing the disinfection procedures, they entered a room in the second hallway. There, they ran into the doctors present to observe the operation.

They had changed relatively quickly and were currently crowding around Angela and chatting.

“To think you actually managed to get Anti over, Angela! I heard from Dr. Larson just now that he intends to get the hospital and college to focus on training you!”

“Wow, that’s so awesome. You’ll definitely become a well-known surgeon in only a few years!”

“What an honor it is for undergraduates to observe Anti’s surgery!”

Angela, who was surrounded by them, felt as if she was on cloud nine.

At the sight of Anti, she hurriedly walked up to her and said, “Hello, Dr. Anti. I’m the one that sent you that email. Thank you for operating on my aunt. I really look up to you. Can you give me a chance to become a postgraduate student under you?”

Nora was bewildered.

Nora had a mask, goggles, and surgical cap on, so she was totally covered from head to toe. No one could see what she looked like at all.

Therefore, none of them saw the mocking smile at the corners of her lips.

She really didn’t expect her younger sister to be this shameless.

Had it been before, she might have considered being a little nicer, but now...

Nora suddenly smiled and said, “Oh, so you’re Nora Smith?”

She had deliberately lowered her voice, which made her voice, which was already deep, sound even deeper as if she had a sore throat.

As soon as she said that, the whole operating room suddenly fell silent. Everyone, including Dr. Larson, looked at Angela.

Angela's smile froze, and a cold sweat broke out on her forehead.

Did that damned fatty actually sign off the email?

Dr. Larson's expression turned sullen and he asked, "What's the meaning of this, Angela?"

Angela braced herself and started to make up a story. She said, "I'm sorry, Professor Anti, Dr. Larson. I was afraid that Professor Anti would reject my request, so I was too embarrassed to use my real name and ended up using my sister's."

Dr. Larson's expression mellowed. "I see."

Gee.

All of her sister's ingenuity had been put into use here instead.

Nora cast her eyes down. As she walked to the operating room, she asked seemingly curiously, "How did you get hold of my email address?"

Angela, who had just heaved a sigh of relief, was bewildered.

Why would anyone ask about this? Besides, her aunt was the patient. Her claim that she had sent the email made logical sense, so there was no need to press the issue at all.

She wiped off the perspiration that had formed on her forehead again and stammered, "I... I asked a friend for it."

Nora continued her questions as if nothing had happened. She asked, "Can you tell me what my email address is?"

Angela abruptly stood still, the exposed parts of her face already pale.

Her reaction was too telling.

A red-faced Dr. Larson reprimanded, “What’s the matter with you, Angela? Were you the one who sent the email or not?”

Angela could only tell the truth. “N-no, it wasn’t me.”

Having reached the doors to the operating room, Nora opened them. Before entering, she heard Dr. Larson shouting angrily behind her,

“To think you could bring yourself to say something like that in order to observe the operation! A student of poor character and upbringing like you is not worthy of observing Anti’s operation. Get out!”

In the operating room.

Irene clenched her fists nervously as she laid on the cold bed and stared at the ceiling.

She turned her head toward the door when she heard it opening. When her gentle eyes met the doctor’s, she swallowed nervously.

She knew that she would probably die on the operating table today.

A 10% success rate was too low.

Just as a wry smile appeared on her lips, the doctor suddenly came over. In a low voice, she said, “I’m Anti, Aunt Irene. Go ahead and sleep. When you wake up, you’ll be all fine.”

Irene’s eyes widened suddenly. Past the goggles, a pair of familiar cat-like eyes entered her sight.

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On the top floor of Hotel Finest.

“Daddy’s a bad man who misunderstood Mommy. I’m not talking to you.”

In the bedroom, Cherry hugged the one and only plush toy in the pile of toys and turned her back to the door as she sat in the corner.

The big and tall Justin stood at the door.

The little fellow had such a bad temper. She had been ignoring him since the day before, and she kept staring at him accusingly with her big and teary eyes, making it seem as if he had done some terribly heinous things.

Lawrence was in the room trying to coax her. He said, "Don't sit here anymore, Pete. Why don't we go over to where the toys are?"

Cherry raised her head and curled her lip as she said, "There are only cars and airplanes there. It's no fun! Why aren't there any Barbie dolls?"

Justin's jaw tightened. "..."

He looked at the family doctor and asked in a low voice, "Is the test ready?"

"Yes, it is." After answering, the family doctor walked into the bedroom cheerfully and said in a cajoling voice, "Why don't we do a little test, Pete? I'll give you a Barbie doll when we're done."

Cherry, who was completely unaware that this would put her brother in a rather unfortunate situation, immediately nodded. "Okay!"

Seeing his son happily following the doctor and walking out of the bedroom, worry appeared on Justin's countenance.

The test was over very quickly. A short half an hour later, Cherry bounced out of the study with the Barbie doll that the family doctor had rewarded her with and ran past Justin into the bedroom without looking anywhere else.

"..."

While looking at her from the back, Justin, who had an indescribable expression on his face, entered the study and asked, "Are the results out?"

The family doctor coughed and replied, "Yes, it is. Please be mentally prepared, Mr. Hunt."

Justin clenched his fists tightly. The family doctor said tactfully, "It is obvious that Pete pays more attention to men than women. The test has shown that he thinks he's... a little princess."

Bam!

Justin slammed his fist on the desk. He, who had always faced all the dirty deception and trickery in the commercial world with skill and ease, actually found himself feeling a little helpless.

What was he to do about this?

The sound startled the family doctor. It was only when he looked back and saw Lawrence beckoning him at the door that he finally walked out of the room.

After waiting for another half an hour, Lawrence said, "It's time, Mr. Hunt."

He had already asked around—Anti's operation would take seven hours. The timing would be just nice if they went over now.

Justin stood up solemnly. "Let's go."

He glanced at his son when he was leaving the room—combing her doll's hair. He hummed a little song as he nimbly braided the doll's hair. Then, he picked a set of clothes and started to change the doll into it.

He tried, again and again, to keep his temper under control. At last, he said, "Daddy's going out for a while, Pete. Let's play with the airplanes together when I'm back."

Cherry ignored him.

Justin then said, "I'll buy you a Barbie when I come back in the evening."

Cherry's eyes brightened and she looked at him eagerly. However, she forced herself to look away. She said, "Cherr... Cherry Pit doesn't want a Barbie doll. I want Mommy."

Sob, she had already changed places with Pete for two days. She missed Mommy.

"..."

What the heck was 'Cherry Pit'?!

Justin, who felt as if his heart had been pierced by a million arrows, left the hotel brokenhearted together with Lawrence and headed to the hospital in town.

In order to ensure that he could catch Anti, Justin decided to enter the operating room.

While he was changing, next to him, Lawrence said, "This is a psychological issue, Mr. Hunt. How about we ask Miss Smith to come over and talk to Pete?"

Justin cast his eyes down. The thought of Nora irritated him even more.

When he came in to change, he had noticed that her aunt was still in the middle of her operation, yet she was nowhere in sight. A woman like that...

He rejected the suggestion again. "No, it isn't necessary."

Even if his son wasn't normal, at least he wasn't a heartless and callous person.

After leaving him a cold reply, he pushed the door open and entered the operating room.

Inside the operating room, all the lights were focused on the operating table.

His eyes locked directly onto the woman who was currently performing the operation with full concentration!

Upon seeing her, a slightly stunned expression came over his countenance.

Justin had seen a photo of Anti before, but the woman who was performing the surgery. She seemed much thinner than the one in the photo?

He stood quietly behind the crowd.

No one was allowed to enter the operating room in the middle of the operation. If it weren't for the fact that this hospital belonged to the Hunts, it would also have been very difficult for him to enter.

Therefore, Justin abided by the rules very much and didn't go forward immediately. He intended to wait until Anti had finished the operation before he approached her.

The operating room was very quiet. Only a woman's professional but hoarse voice sounded from time to time:

"What's her heart rate?"

"Her blood pressure?"

"#10 blade."

"Hemostatic forceps."

She had likely already been operating on the patient for six and a half hours. The assistant behind her was constantly wiping the perspiration off her brow, but even now, her hands were still very stable and didn't show any traces of trembling at all.

Her eyes, as she stared intently at the operating table, were focused and serious. Although one couldn't see her face, she nevertheless exuded an indescribable charm.

Justin initially thought that he had arrived too early, and felt rather irked that he had to wait here for twenty minutes. But as he watched her perform the dry and boring surgery, before he knew it, the time had actually already gone by.

This continued until she finally said, "Close the wound."

The assistant who had been behind her all this time replied, "Okay."

The chief surgeon was the one who performed the operation while the assistant did the simple stitching at the end.

Everything had gone smoothly in the operation so far.

But at this point!

It seemed like someone had accidentally bumped the tray that an assistant was holding, and the scalpel on it suddenly fell onto the ground!

The scene instantly became a little chaotic.

The lights around the operating table were very bright, which caused the sides to look a little dark in comparison. Anti was hidden right among the assistants moving about!

Anti, who was among them, reprimanded, "Why were you so careless? It's fortunate that the final stitches are the only thing left. You guys, go and clean up with me!"

"Okay."

The assistants, together with Anti, were all wearing surgical gowns of the same color. They headed straight to the sterile area.

Justin quickly followed after them.

After entering the sterile area, they took off their goggles, masks, and gloves, and washed their hands with running water. Except for one, the rest were all blond.

Anti wasn't blond.

Thus, Justin walked straight behind the only person who wasn't blond there, clapped his hand over her shoulder, and said, "Hello, Anti. I've heard a lot about you."

However, the woman that turned around was a plain Jane. She looked at Justin in surprise and said, "Dr. Anti has already left. I'm Lily, her assistant. You are?"

Justin frowned. It was then that he realized that he had been fooled.

Did Anti really think she could get away today, though?

He took a step back, picked up his cell phone, and called Lawrence. He ordered coldly, "Lock down all of the operating room's exits and check all the personnel inside!"

"Yes, sir."

In the operating room.

From the corner of her eye, Nora could see Justin going out of the ward. She let out a huge sigh of relief as she stood in front of the operating table.

She had already known before she came as Anti to perform the operation that the news would definitely get out and attract the attention of that man with high social status.

Therefore, she had already made preparations for it beforehand.

It was common knowledge that the chief surgeon didn't do trivial things like sutures.

However, Nora demanded perfection when operating on her aunt, so she would definitely do it herself.

To everyone else, Anti had already left with the assistants. Who would have thought that she had merely turned around amidst the chaos earlier and was actually still here?

She moved quickly. Within a mere ten minutes, the stitching was completed.

Finally, after checking her aunt's various data indicators, she announced, "Operation successful."

The duty of postoperative care was given to a professional nurse. She and the two remaining assistants then followed the observing doctors to the sterile area.

Nora yawned sleepily.

The toll that a seven-hour operation took on one was unimaginable. To people who naturally had a weak constitution like her, it was very punishing.

She would probably have to sleep for 14 to 15 hours straight when she gets back later.

She was just thinking about that when she suddenly noticed Lily, who was in the sterile area, giving her a look.

Nora paused. A foreboding feeling suddenly arose in her.

The next moment, she saw a row of bodyguards in black standing at the operating room entrance and checking everyone's identities one by one.

Lily demanded angrily, "What is the meaning of this, Mr. Hunt? We were invited to perform an operation. Why should we undergo your unreasonable cross-examination?"

Justin stood guard at the door with an unwelcoming presence, his tall figure exuding a strong sense of oppression.

Next to him, an expressionless Lawrence replied, "My apologies, miss. You're not doctors employed by this hospital after all. Should any accidents happen to the patient, I'm afraid we'll have to take responsibility. Therefore, please leave behind your contact information."

Nora cast her eyes downward slightly and sighed inwardly, That tyrant is really hard to get rid of.

How about fighting her way out? However, her sore fingers and weak legs were telling her that she currently didn't have enough strength to do that!

She didn't notice that Justin had been staring at her.

Even though she was wearing a surgical gown, her figure was very similar to Anti's.

Everyone in front was cooperating with Lawrence's investigation, but she was the only one standing at the back and looking a little like she had a guilty conscience.

Justin strode over to her. His thin lips parted slightly and he said, "That was a really good trick. You almost had me there."

Everyone looked over, making Nora the focus of the sterile zone.

Justin said solemnly, "Dr. Anti, why don't you take off your mask?"

The man was tall, and there was an intimidating and oppressive air around him when he stood in front of one.

Nora suddenly let out a low chuckle. Then, she reached up and took off her mask and goggles. The goggles hooked onto her surgical cap, causing her dark hair to also cascade along with the action.

Justin's eyes widened at the sight of her familiar and exquisite visage.

How could it possibly be her?

Nora lowered her eyes like she always did and said in a low and lazy voice, "Since you've caught me, I have nothing to say."

Justin's heart skipped a beat. Then, he heard her continue and say, "I am indeed in the wrong for sneaking into the operating room to watch over my aunt. If the hospital wants to hold me accountable, I'll take it."

Then, she looked up and said frostily, "However, as a family member of the patient, I should think that the hospital can understand why I did that?"

Her voice was cool and clear like the clink of glasses, which gave off a sense of steadiness.

The first thought that came to Justin's mind was actually "So, she didn't ignore her aunt!".

Nora observed the man in front of her.

The look in his eyes was unfathomable and his eyes were deep and dark. Even the mole at his eye exuded an unpredictable and mysterious air.

She didn't know whether he believed her or not.

While she was thinking, the man suddenly said, "If Miss Smith agrees to a condition of mine, then on behalf of the hospital, I can promise not to hold you accountable."

"What is it?"

Justin let out a low cough and said, "Come back to the hotel with me and play with my son for two hours."

Pete had been angry with him since the night before and had ignored him even all the way until he went out, and kept asking for Mommy.

Now that he knew that she wasn't such a cold-hearted and unfeeling person, his son would definitely cheer up if he brought her back, right?

Nora was bewildered.

If her memory was serving her right, the first time they met, he had warned her to stay away from his son. When they were at the movies the day before, he had also given her another warning.

Was the man suddenly out of his mind?

Seeing her surprised, a somewhat uncomfortable look came over Justin's face.

In order to get close to him, that woman had done everything possible to get Pete's approval. Therefore, she would never miss this opportunity!

He was just thinking about it when he saw Nora casting her eyes downward coolly. "You must be mistaken, Mr. Hunt. I'm not a childcare teacher. Neither do I have any fantasies about you."

Justin paused.

Nora took a step forward. With a momentum that didn't lose out to his in any way, she said, "Also, if the hospital really wants to hold me accountable, please contact my lawyer."

After saying that, she covered her mouth, yawned, leisurely walked past Justin, and left the operating room.

She was already on the verge of falling asleep. How would she possibly have the time to play with a kid? The most important thing now was to hurry back home and sleep!

Even Justin didn't have the right to detain people at will.

If he couldn't find Anti, then the only thing he could do was release them.

In the car back to the hotel, Lawrence complained, "Can Anti be an eel? Why is she so slippery? How did she get out when I was obviously standing guard outside?"

Justin, who was in the back seat, replied, "There are three possible explanations. One, our intel was wrong and Anti is blond. Two, Anti has very good moves and managed to escape, but this is unlikely."

"Yes, we surrounded the area very securely. Unless the hospital has an underground tunnel or she can fly, there's no way she can get out." Then, Lawrence asked, "What's the third possibility?"

Justin kept quiet. Then, he turned and looked outside the car and slowly said, "Nora Smith is Anti."

The corners of Lawrence's lips spasmed a little. "Compared to that, I'd rather believe the second one. We've already thoroughly investigated Miss Smith. Someone who has never even gone to school can't possibly be Anti. Speaking of her, though, it turned out that she was the one that emailed Anti. That was why Anti had come. No wonder she was always so calm whenever her aunt's surgery was mentioned. As it turned out, it was because she had total confidence..."

Justin pressed his lips together tightly and frowned. Then, he suddenly said, "Find someplace where we can buy a Barbie."

—

In the stairwell on the top floor of Hotel Finest, the two children had sneakily met up.

An aggrieved Cherry whined, "I haven't played any games for two days, Pete! Daddy is too strict. He doesn't let me use the cell phone!"

Pete replied, "Let's switch back for now."

Cherry nodded. "Yes, yes, yes! Let's switch again after I've played my games for a day!"

"Yeah."

Cherry sighed. "Daddy really hates Mommy, Pete. What should we do?"

Pete frowned. After pondering for a while, he said, "if the soft approach doesn't work, then let's try the hard approach."

Cherry's eyes lit up. "What kind of hard approach!"

The two little ones put their heads together and discussed for a long time before they finally reluctantly separated.

Before leaving, Cherry blinked and said triumphantly, "By the way, the doctor made me do an IQ test today. My IQ is really high! The doctor rewarded me with a prize, and even Daddy was speechless with astonishment!"

Mommy had also let her do something similar before, and even praised her and called her a genius.

She had made her brother proud today!

Pete, who believed her again, praised her. "You're so awesome."

He returned to the room. He was just about to enter the study and spend some time doing some revision when he heard the door open. Justin strode in.

He took off his coat. Then, he walked over and said, "Don't be mad anymore, Pete. Take a look at the toy that Daddy bought you."

Pete's eyes lit up.

The tyrant was always urging him to study every day and rarely let him play. He had actually bought him toys today?

Then, he saw Justin walk over with a big pink Barbie and place it on his desk.

A question mark slowly appeared in Pete's mind again.

Seeing that his son didn't react, Justin thought he was still mad and asked gently, "Shall Daddy play with you?"

Pete stared at him with an indescribable expression. "..."

Seeing that he was finally reacting, Justin braced himself and suggested, "Let's style Barbie's hair and change her."

He opened the Barbie's box packaging and took out the doll. However, after picking up a lock of hair, his fingers—which were extremely nimble and flexible while playing the piano—froze.

"..."

With a constipated look, Justin looked at his son and asked, "Do you know how to tie a braid, Pete?"

Pete was speechless.

After the two stared at each other for a long time, Pete finally slowly uttered, "...This is so stupid."

Justin's face instantly darkened. For some reason, his son's calm and unflappable expression made him unable to control his anger. "I'm doing this all for you!"

Pete lowered his head and flipped open the book, completely ignoring him.

Justin was shocked.

Then, he stared at the question that his son was looking at. The question was beyond Pete's current syllabus, so he asked, "Can you understand such a difficult question when you don't even have a strong understanding of your basics?"

Pete raised his head and glanced at him again. Which part of this simple question was difficult?

The tyrant's behavior was simply a mystery today.

He said coolly, "Don't disturb me when I'm studying."

"..."

Justin felt very speechless when he saw how his son was acting as if he totally understood the question when he clearly couldn't solve it, and he said, "Fine, do what you want!"

He would see for himself how long Pete could carry on the pretense for!

After dinner, a perplexed Justin sat in the study.

His son had obviously been behaving very adorably, so why did he suddenly become reserved and taciturn again?

Although he seemed more normal now, for some inexplicable reason, Justin instead missed the way he had wheedled and how animated and quick-witted he had been previously.

He picked up his cell phone and called the family doctor straightaway. He asked, "Why is Pete's personality switching back and forth?"

The doctor thought for a while and replied, "Maybe something had triggered him previously, causing his personality to change."

A trigger... What could have possibly triggered him?

Could it be that woman?

Downstairs.

Nora took a bath and fell into a deep sleep immediately after she came back.

With her cell phone in her hand, Cherry sat on the sofa and played games with Chester.

Chester was as talkative as ever while they played. He said, "Did you get into an argument with Justin again? That behavior doesn't work on him. Why don't you wheedle instead? Also, Justin didn't manage to find Dr. Anti today, so he's in a bad mood. Aren't you just asking for it by doing that?"

He was looking for Dr. Anti?

Cherry was stunned. She glanced at the bed in the bedroom and asked, "Chesty, why is Daddy looking for Anti?"

Chester replied, "Isn't it obvious? It's for you—"

Before he finished, the doorbell rang.

Mrs. Lewis was busy in the kitchen, so Cherry jumped off the sofa and walked over to the door. She didn't think much and opened the door right away.

Justin was currently outside the door. He wanted to try asking Nora again to go upstairs to take care of his son.

He got ready to speak when the door opened, only to spot Cherry right away.

“ ... ”

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 22 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

Angela said sarcastically, "Did you not understand what I was saying? Unless it's Dr. Anti, the situation won't change, no matter who you've gotten over!"

Scaring a patient before their operation, and making them nervous and full of distrust toward their doctor held zero benefits for the operation.

Nora had come over intending to comfort her aunt right from the start.

At the sight of their pale faces, she was just about to utter the name “Anti” when Irene suddenly said, “I trust you, Nora. Let’s get ready for the operation.”

Nora paused.

Angela said sharply, “What a fool. Are you also in a hurry to die?”

Lisa became even more nervous. “Mom.”

Irene gave her a wry smile and said, “How many doctors have your father and you approached for this operation? No one dares to do it because none of them wants to be held responsible. It’s hard no matter who does it anyway, so why bother so much about who the operating surgeon is?”

She would take the risk.

And see if God also thinks that this should be the end of her life.

She looked at Lisa and Will and said, “Remember this, Will, Lisa. No matter whether the operation succeeds or not, this is what I’ve chosen. It has nothing to do with Nora.”

Nora lowered her gaze, her heart warmed.

The door to the ward opened and a nurse came in. “Mrs. Black, we’ll be transferring you to the operating room now.”

Outside the operating room.

After waiting for Irene to be transferred into the operating room, Nora decided to head off to make pre-operation preparations. However, the moment she turned, she heard Angela’s voice.

“Where are you going, Nora? I get it now. You must be having a guilty conscience, so you’re too scared to face what’s going to happen, right? You’re afraid that the Blacks will blame you for Aunt Irene’s death when the hospital staff brings her dead body out later!

“You can’t go! You have to stay here and take responsibility for Aunt Irene’s life!”

Nora paused and slowly said, “I have something on.”

Angela scoffed and said, "What do you have that's more important than Aunt Irene's life? Why are you so cold-blooded?"

Will, who was listening to the conversation between the two, clenched his fists. His eyes were filled with fierce disappointment.

No matter whether the operation succeeded or not, he wasn't going to cast any blame on Nora. But as his wife's most beloved niece, couldn't she even stay with her during the surgery?

At this time, a nurse came up and said, "Can I get her family members to sign the medical liability waiver form, please?"

Will's hand trembled at the sight of the surgical consent form and the liability waiver form she handed over.

With her eyes red, Lisa's voice trembled as she asked, "What does this mean?"

Angela stepped forward, her face still sporting a relaxed and happy smile. Obviously, she wasn't concerned at all about the life of the person in the operating room. She said sarcastically,

"It means that the doctor won't have to take any responsibility even if he causes the death of the patient during the surgery! Aunt Irene's surgery is such a difficult one. The doctors aren't fools; they'll definitely ask for liability waiver form to be signed."

Lisa's face turned pale with fright.

Angela was extremely satisfied. Her eyes swiveled a little and she grabbed the consent form from the nurse. Then, she looked at the section naming the chief surgeon at the bottom as she said, "I wanna see who this surgeon is, so brave to actually undertake Aunt Irene's operation!"

The operation was bound to fail, but that surgeon had agreed to operate on her aunt, thereby potentially ruining her grand plans to usurp the company. She wanted them ruined!

There was a sinister look in Angela's eyes, but when she saw who the chief surgeon was the next moment, she suddenly froze!

How could this be?!

"Anti?" Beside her, Lisa exclaimed, "Is this the top surgeon in the world that you guys were talking about just now?!"

"What?" Will also exclaimed, "Let me take a look!"

As the two of them stared at the chief surgeon's name, their eyes started to light up again. Will looked at Nora in surprise and asked, "Nora, how did you manage to get Dr. Anti to do the operation?"

Nora cast her eyes down and randomly made up a story. She said, "Anti likes challenging operations, so I tried emailing them Aunt Irene's CT scans. I didn't expect them to agree."

Will's eyes turned red. "I've misunderstood you, Nora!"

"It's okay."

Nora said dispassionately, "But I really do have something up, so I'm going off first."

The shocked Angela was still frozen in place even after she left, and she watched Lisa and Will sign the forms. Will even cried because of how ecstatic he was, and she felt as if she had been made to eat her words.

"Hurry up, Dr. Anti has already arrived!"

Several doctors from the hospital strode into the operating room. They were representatives that the dean had carefully selected to observe Anti's operation. This was a rare opportunity for them.

Dr. Larson, the head of the Department of Neurology, happened to be among them. When he was about to enter the operating room, he suddenly caught a glimpse of Angela and he stopped immediately. He called out, "Angela, is that you?"

Angela came back to her senses and greeted him. "Dr. Larson."

Dr. Larson was Angela's professor at the School of Medicine in college.

He asked, "Why are you here?"

Angela hurriedly answered, "My aunt's the patient."

Dr. Larson's eyes lit up right away and he beckoned to her. The two went over to the side and he asked, "What's your family's relationship with Anti?"

Angela replied, "My aunt is in serious condition, so the operation's a challenging one. Practically none of the doctors in the States are capable of performing it, so I tried emailing Anti. Unexpectedly, she really agreed to take on the operation! Can you bring me in to observe the surgery, too?"

A scheming look filled her eyes.

It was that damned fatty who had sent the email, but how would Anti know who the sender was anyway?

It is undoubtedly an honor to be able to observe Anti's surgery!

Enlightened, Dr. Larson said, "So, you're the one that got Anti over. You've made a huge contribution to the hospital! Of course, I can bring you in."

Angela hurriedly followed after Dr. Larson. Among those here to observe, apart from the well-known specialists in the hospital, there were only a few promising doctoral students. She was the only undergraduate there.

If she became a well-known doctor, then Anthony definitely wouldn't find her beneath him anymore!

Nora slipped into the operating room through the side door. As soon as she entered, she spotted Lily, her surgical assistant. She had flown into the States overnight in order to help out today.

In order to keep their identities secret, the two of them were the only ones in the dressing room.

Lily put on the surgical gown for her. After completing the disinfection procedures, they entered a room in the second hallway. There, they ran into the doctors present to observe the operation.

They had changed relatively quickly and were currently crowding around Angela and chatting.

“To think you actually managed to get Anti over, Angela! I heard from Dr. Larson just now that he intends to get the hospital and college to focus on training you!”

“Wow, that’s so awesome. You’ll definitely become a well-known surgeon in only a few years!”

“What an honor it is for undergraduates to observe Anti’s surgery!”

Angela, who was surrounded by them, felt as if she was on cloud nine.

At the sight of Anti, she hurriedly walked up to her and said, “Hello, Dr. Anti. I’m the one that sent you that email. Thank you for operating on my aunt. I really look up to you. Can you give me a chance to become a postgraduate student under you?”

Nora was bewildered.

Nora had a mask, goggles, and surgical cap on, so she was totally covered from head to toe. No one could see what she looked like at all.

Therefore, none of them saw the mocking smile at the corners of her lips.

She really didn’t expect her younger sister to be this shameless.

Had it been before, she might have considered being a little nicer, but now...

Nora suddenly smiled and said, “Oh, so you’re Nora Smith?”

She had deliberately lowered her voice, which made her voice, which was already deep, sound even deeper as if she had a sore throat.

As soon as she said that, the whole operating room suddenly fell silent. Everyone, including Dr. Larson, looked at Angela.

Angela’s smile froze, and a cold sweat broke out on her forehead.

Did that damned fatty actually sign off the email?

Dr. Larson's expression turned sullen and he asked, "What's the meaning of this, Angela?"

Angela braced herself and started to make up a story. She said, "I'm sorry, Professor Anti, Dr. Larson. I was afraid that Professor Anti would reject my request, so I was too embarrassed to use my real name and ended up using my sister's."

Dr. Larson's expression mellowed. "I see."

Gee.

All of her sister's ingenuity had been put into use here instead.

Nora cast her eyes down. As she walked to the operating room, she asked seemingly curiously, "How did you get hold of my email address?"

Angela, who had just heaved a sigh of relief, was bewildered.

Why would anyone ask about this? Besides, her aunt was the patient. Her claim that she had sent the email made logical sense, so there was no need to press the issue at all.

She wiped off the perspiration that had formed on her forehead again and stammered, "I... I asked a friend for it."

Nora continued her questions as if nothing had happened. She asked, "Can you tell me what my email address is?"

Angela abruptly stood still, the exposed parts of her face already pale.

Her reaction was too telling.

A red-faced Dr. Larson reprimanded, "What's the matter with you, Angela? Were you the one who sent the email or not?"

Angela could only tell the truth. "N-no, it wasn't me."

Having reached the doors to the operating room, Nora opened them. Before entering, she heard Dr. Larson shouting angrily behind her,

“To think you could bring yourself to say something like that in order to observe the operation! A student of poor character and upbringing like you is not worthy of observing Anti’s operation. Get out!”

In the operating room.

Irene clenched her fists nervously as she laid on the cold bed and stared at the ceiling.

She turned her head toward the door when she heard it opening. When her gentle eyes met the doctor’s, she swallowed nervously.

She knew that she would probably die on the operating table today.

A 10% success rate was too low.

Just as a wry smile appeared on her lips, the doctor suddenly came over. In a low voice, she said, “I’m Anti, Aunt Irene. Go ahead and sleep. When you wake up, you’ll be all fine.”

Irene’s eyes widened suddenly. Past the goggles, a pair of familiar cat-like eyes entered her sight.

—

On the top floor of Hotel Finest.

“Daddy’s a bad man who misunderstood Mommy. I’m not talking to you.”

In the bedroom, Cherry hugged the one and only plush toy in the pile of toys and turned her back to the door as she sat in the corner.

The big and tall Justin stood at the door.

The little fellow had such a bad temper. She had been ignoring him since the day before, and she kept staring at him accusingly with her big and teary eyes, making it seem as if he had done some terribly heinous things.

Lawrence was in the room trying to coax her. He said, “Don’t sit here anymore, Pete. Why don’t we go over to where the toys are?”

Cherry raised her head and curled her lip as she said, "There are only cars and airplanes there. It's no fun! Why aren't there any Barbie dolls?"

Justin's jaw tightened. "..."

He looked at the family doctor and asked in a low voice, "Is the test ready?"

"Yes, it is." After answering, the family doctor walked into the bedroom cheerfully and said in a cajoling voice, "Why don't we do a little test, Pete? I'll give you a Barbie doll when we're done."

Cherry, who was completely unaware that this would put her brother in a rather unfortunate situation, immediately nodded. "Okay!"

Seeing his son happily following the doctor and walking out of the bedroom, worry appeared on Justin's countenance.

The test was over very quickly. A short half an hour later, Cherry bounced out of the study with the Barbie doll that the family doctor had rewarded her with and ran past Justin into the bedroom without looking anywhere else.

"..."

While looking at her from the back, Justin, who had an indescribable expression on his face, entered the study and asked, "Are the results out?"

The family doctor coughed and replied, "Yes, it is. Please be mentally prepared, Mr. Hunt."

Justin clenched his fists tightly. The family doctor said tactfully, "It is obvious that Pete pays more attention to men than women. The test has shown that he thinks he's... a little princess."

Bam!

Justin slammed his fist on the desk. He, who had always faced all the dirty deception and trickery in the commercial world with skill and ease, actually found himself feeling a little helpless.

What was he to do about this?

The sound startled the family doctor. It was only when he looked back and saw Lawrence beckoning him at the door that he finally walked out of the room.

After waiting for another half an hour, Lawrence said, "It's time, Mr. Hunt."

He had already asked around—Anti's operation would take seven hours. The timing would be just nice if they went over now.

Justin stood up solemnly. "Let's go."

He glanced at his son when he was leaving the room—combing her doll's hair. He hummed a little song as he nimbly braided the doll's hair. Then, he picked a set of clothes and started to change the doll into it.

He tried, again and again, to keep his temper under control. At last, he said, "Daddy's going out for a while, Pete. Let's play with the airplanes together when I'm back."

Cherry ignored him.

Justin then said, "I'll buy you a Barbie when I come back in the evening."

Cherry's eyes brightened and she looked at him eagerly. However, she forced herself to look away. She said, "Cherr... Cherry Pit doesn't want a Barbie doll. I want Mommy."

Sob, she had already changed places with Pete for two days. She missed Mommy.

"..."

What the heck was 'Cherry Pit'?!

Justin, who felt as if his heart had been pierced by a million arrows, left the hotel brokenhearted together with Lawrence and headed to the hospital in town.

In order to ensure that he could catch Anti, Justin decided to enter the operating room.

While he was changing, next to him, Lawrence said, "This is a psychological issue, Mr. Hunt. How about we ask Miss Smith to come over and talk to Pete?"

Justin cast his eyes down. The thought of Nora irritated him even more.

When he came in to change, he had noticed that her aunt was still in the middle of her operation, yet she was nowhere in sight. A woman like that...

He rejected the suggestion again. "No, it isn't necessary."

Even if his son wasn't normal, at least he wasn't a heartless and callous person.

After leaving him a cold reply, he pushed the door open and entered the operating room.

Inside the operating room, all the lights were focused on the operating table.

His eyes locked directly onto the woman who was currently performing the operation with full concentration!

Upon seeing her, a slightly stunned expression came over his countenance.

Justin had seen a photo of Anti before, but the woman who was performing the surgery. She seemed much thinner than the one in the photo?

He stood quietly behind the crowd.

No one was allowed to enter the operating room in the middle of the operation. If it weren't for the fact that this hospital belonged to the Hunts, it would also have been very difficult for him to enter.

Therefore, Justin abided by the rules very much and didn't go forward immediately. He intended to wait until Anti had finished the operation before he approached her.

The operating room was very quiet. Only a woman's professional but hoarse voice sounded from time to time:

"What's her heart rate?"

"Her blood pressure?"

"#10 blade."

"Hemostatic forceps."

She had likely already been operating on the patient for six and a half hours. The assistant behind her was constantly wiping the perspiration off her brow, but even now, her hands were still very stable and didn't show any traces of trembling at all.

Her eyes, as she stared intently at the operating table, were focused and serious. Although one couldn't see her face, she nevertheless exuded an indescribable charm.

Justin initially thought that he had arrived too early, and felt rather irked that he had to wait here for twenty minutes. But as he watched her perform the dry and boring surgery, before he knew it, the time had actually already gone by.

This continued until she finally said, "Close the wound."

The assistant who had been behind her all this time replied, "Okay."

The chief surgeon was the one who performed the operation while the assistant did the simple stitching at the end.

Everything had gone smoothly in the operation so far.

But at this point!

It seemed like someone had accidentally bumped the tray that an assistant was holding, and the scalpel on it suddenly fell onto the ground!

The scene instantly became a little chaotic.

The lights around the operating table were very bright, which caused the sides to look a little dark in comparison. Anti was hidden right among the assistants moving about!

Anti, who was among them, reprimanded, "Why were you so careless? It's fortunate that the final stitches are the only thing left. You guys, go and clean up with me!"

“Okay.”

The assistants, together with Anti, were all wearing surgical gowns of the same color. They headed straight to the sterile area.

Justin quickly followed after them.

After entering the sterile area, they took off their goggles, masks, and gloves, and washed their hands with running water. Except for one, the rest were all blond.

Anti wasn't blond.

Thus, Justin walked straight behind the only person who wasn't blond there, clapped his hand over her shoulder, and said, “Hello, Anti. I've heard a lot about you.”

However, the woman that turned around was a plain Jane. She looked at Justin in surprise and said, “Dr. Anti has already left. I'm Lily, her assistant. You are?”

Justin frowned. It was then that he realized that he had been fooled.

Did Anti really think she could get away today, though?

He took a step back, picked up his cell phone, and called Lawrence. He ordered coldly, “Lock down all of the operating room's exits and check all the personnel inside!”

“Yes, sir.”

In the operating room.

From the corner of her eye, Nora could see Justin going out of the ward. She let out a huge sigh of relief as she stood in front of the operating table.

She had already known before she came as Anti to perform the operation that the news would definitely get out and attract the attention of that man with high social status.

Therefore, she had already made preparations for it beforehand.

It was common knowledge that the chief surgeon didn't do trivial things like sutures.

However, Nora demanded perfection when operating on her aunt, so she would definitely do it herself.

To everyone else, Anti had already left with the assistants. Who would have thought that she had merely turned around amidst the chaos earlier and was actually still here?

She moved quickly. Within a mere ten minutes, the stitching was completed.

Finally, after checking her aunt's various data indicators, she announced, "Operation successful."

The duty of postoperative care was given to a professional nurse. She and the two remaining assistants then followed the observing doctors to the sterile area.

Nora yawned sleepily.

The toll that a seven-hour operation took on one was unimaginable. To people who naturally had a weak constitution like her, it was very punishing.

She would probably have to sleep for 14 to 15 hours straight when she gets back later.

She was just thinking about that when she suddenly noticed Lily, who was in the sterile area, giving her a look.

Nora paused. A foreboding feeling suddenly arose in her.

The next moment, she saw a row of bodyguards in black standing at the operating room entrance and checking everyone's identities one by one.

Lily demanded angrily, "What is the meaning of this, Mr. Hunt? We were invited to perform an operation. Why should we undergo your unreasonable cross-examination?"

Justin stood guard at the door with an unwelcoming presence, his tall figure exuding a strong sense of oppression.

Next to him, an expressionless Lawrence replied, "My apologies, miss. You're not doctors employed by this hospital after all. Should any accidents happen to the patient, I'm afraid we'll have to take responsibility. Therefore, please leave behind your contact information."

Nora cast her eyes downward slightly and sighed inwardly, That tyrant is really hard to get rid of.

How about fighting her way out? However, her sore fingers and weak legs were telling her that she currently didn't have enough strength to do that!

She didn't notice that Justin had been staring at her.

Even though she was wearing a surgical gown, her figure was very similar to Anti's.

Everyone in front was cooperating with Lawrence's investigation, but she was the only one standing at the back and looking a little like she had a guilty conscience.

Justin strode over to her. His thin lips parted slightly and he said, "That was a really good trick. You almost had me there."

Everyone looked over, making Nora the focus of the sterile zone.

Justin said solemnly, "Dr. Anti, why don't you take off your mask?"

The man was tall, and there was an intimidating and oppressive air around him when he stood in front of one.

Nora suddenly let out a low chuckle. Then, she reached up and took off her mask and goggles. The goggles hooked onto her surgical cap, causing her dark hair to also cascade along with the action.

Justin's eyes widened at the sight of her familiar and exquisite visage.

How could it possibly be her?

Nora lowered her eyes like she always did and said in a low and lazy voice, "Since you've caught me, I have nothing to say."

Justin's heart skipped a beat. Then, he heard her continue and say, "I am indeed in the wrong for sneaking into the operating room to watch over my aunt. If the hospital wants to hold me accountable, I'll take it."

Then, she looked up and said frostily, "However, as a family member of the patient, I should think that the hospital can understand why I did that?"

Her voice was cool and clear like the clink of glasses, which gave off a sense of steadiness.

The first thought that came to Justin's mind was actually "So, she didn't ignore her aunt!".

Nora observed the man in front of her.

The look in his eyes was unfathomable and his eyes were deep and dark. Even the mole at his eye exuded an unpredictable and mysterious air.

She didn't know whether he believed her or not.

While she was thinking, the man suddenly said, "If Miss Smith agrees to a condition of mine, then on behalf of the hospital, I can promise not to hold you accountable."

"What is it?"

Justin let out a low cough and said, "Come back to the hotel with me and play with my son for two hours."

Pete had been angry with him since the night before and had ignored him even all the way until he went out, and kept asking for Mommy.

Now that he knew that she wasn't such a cold-hearted and unfeeling person, his son would definitely cheer up if he brought her back, right?

Nora was bewildered.

If her memory was serving her right, the first time they met, he had warned her to stay away from his son. When they were at the movies the day before, he had also given her another warning.

Was the man suddenly out of his mind?

Seeing her surprised, a somewhat uncomfortable look came over Justin's face.

In order to get close to him, that woman had done everything possible to get Pete's approval. Therefore, she would never miss this opportunity!

He was just thinking about it when he saw Nora casting her eyes downward coolly. "You must be mistaken, Mr. Hunt. I'm not a childcare teacher. Neither do I have any fantasies about you."

Justin paused.

Nora took a step forward. With a momentum that didn't lose out to his in any way, she said, "Also, if the hospital really wants to hold me accountable, please contact my lawyer."

After saying that, she covered her mouth, yawned, leisurely walked past Justin, and left the operating room.

She was already on the verge of falling asleep. How would she possibly have the time to play with a kid? The most important thing now was to hurry back home and sleep!

Even Justin didn't have the right to detain people at will.

If he couldn't find Anti, then the only thing he could do was release them.

In the car back to the hotel, Lawrence complained, "Can Anti be an eel? Why is she so slippery? How did she get out when I was obviously standing guard outside?"

Justin, who was in the back seat, replied, "There are three possible explanations. One, our intel was wrong and Anti is blond. Two, Anti has very good moves and managed to escape, but this is unlikely."

"Yes, we surrounded the area very securely. Unless the hospital has an underground tunnel or she can fly, there's no way she can get out." Then, Lawrence asked, "What's the third possibility?"

Justin kept quiet. Then, he turned and looked outside the car and slowly said, "Nora Smith is Anti."

The corners of Lawrence's lips spasmed a little. "Compared to that, I'd rather believe the second one. We've already thoroughly investigated Miss Smith. Someone who has never even gone to school can't possibly be Anti. Speaking of her, though, it turned out that she was the one that emailed Anti. That was why Anti had come. No wonder she was always so calm whenever her aunt's surgery was mentioned. As it turned out, it was because she had total confidence..."

Justin pressed his lips together tightly and frowned. Then, he suddenly said, "Find someplace where we can buy a Barbie."

—

In the stairwell on the top floor of Hotel Finest, the two children had sneakily met up.

An aggrieved Cherry whined, "I haven't played any games for two days, Pete! Daddy is too strict. He doesn't let me use the cell phone!"

Pete replied, "Let's switch back for now."

Cherry nodded. "Yes, yes, yes! Let's switch again after I've played my games for a day!"

"Yeah."

Cherry sighed. "Daddy really hates Mommy, Pete. What should we do?"

Pete frowned. After pondering for a while, he said, "if the soft approach doesn't work, then let's try the hard approach."

Cherry's eyes lit up. "What kind of hard approach!"

The two little ones put their heads together and discussed for a long time before they finally reluctantly separated.

Before leaving, Cherry blinked and said triumphantly, "By the way, the doctor made me do an IQ test today. My IQ is really high! The doctor rewarded me with a prize, and even Daddy was speechless with astonishment!"

Mommy had also let her do something similar before, and even praised her and called her a genius.

She had made her brother proud today!

Pete, who believed her again, praised her. "You're so awesome."

He returned to the room. He was just about to enter the study and spend some time doing some revision when he heard the door open. Justin strode in.

He took off his coat. Then, he walked over and said, "Don't be mad anymore, Pete. Take a look at the toy that Daddy bought you."

Pete's eyes lit up.

The tyrant was always urging him to study every day and rarely let him play. He had actually bought him toys today?

Then, he saw Justin walk over with a big pink Barbie and place it on his desk.

A question mark slowly appeared in Pete's mind again.

Seeing that his son didn't react, Justin thought he was still mad and asked gently, "Shall Daddy play with you?"

Pete stared at him with an indescribable expression. "..."

Seeing that he was finally reacting, Justin braced himself and suggested, "Let's style Barbie's hair and change her."

He opened the Barbie's box packaging and took out the doll. However, after picking up a lock of hair, his fingers—which were extremely nimble and flexible while playing the piano—froze.

"..."

With a constipated look, Justin looked at his son and asked, "Do you know how to tie a braid, Pete?"

Pete was speechless.

After the two stared at each other for a long time, Pete finally slowly uttered, "...This is so stupid."

Justin's face instantly darkened. For some reason, his son's calm and unflappable expression made him unable to control his anger. "I'm doing this all for you!"

Pete lowered his head and flipped open the book, completely ignoring him.

Justin was shocked.

Then, he stared at the question that his son was looking at. The question was beyond Pete's current syllabus, so he asked, "Can you understand such a difficult question when you don't even have a strong understanding of your basics?"

Pete raised his head and glanced at him again. Which part of this simple question was difficult?

The tyrant's behavior was simply a mystery today.

He said coolly, "Don't disturb me when I'm studying."

"..."

Justin felt very speechless when he saw how his son was acting as if he totally understood the question when he clearly couldn't solve it, and he said, "Fine, do what you want!"

He would see for himself how long Pete could carry on the pretense for!

After dinner, a perplexed Justin sat in the study.

His son had obviously been behaving very adorably, so why did he suddenly become reserved and taciturn again?

Although he seemed more normal now, for some inexplicable reason, Justin instead missed the way he had wheedled and how animated and quick-witted he had been previously.

He picked up his cell phone and called the family doctor straightaway. He asked, "Why is Pete's personality switching back and forth?"

The doctor thought for a while and replied, "Maybe something had triggered him previously, causing his personality to change."

A trigger... What could have possibly triggered him?

Could it be that woman?

Downstairs.

Nora took a bath and fell into a deep sleep immediately after she came back.

With her cell phone in her hand, Cherry sat on the sofa and played games with Chester.

Chester was as talkative as ever while they played. He said, "Did you get into an argument with Justin again? That behavior doesn't work on him. Why don't you wheedle instead? Also, Justin didn't manage to find Dr. Anti today, so he's in a bad mood. Aren't you just asking for it by doing that?"

He was looking for Dr. Anti?

Cherry was stunned. She glanced at the bed in the bedroom and asked, "Chesty, why is Daddy looking for Anti?"

Chester replied, "Isn't it obvious? It's for you—"

Before he finished, the doorbell rang.

Mrs. Lewis was busy in the kitchen, so Cherry jumped off the sofa and walked over to the door. She didn't think much and opened the door right away.

Justin was currently outside the door. He wanted to try asking Nora again to go upstairs to take care of his son.

He got ready to speak when the door opened, only to spot Cherry right away.

"..."

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 23 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

Nora had a mask, goggles, and surgical cap on, so she was totally covered from head to toe. No one could see what she looked like at all.

Therefore, none of them saw the mocking smile at the corners of her lips.

She really didn't expect her younger sister to be this shameless.

Had it been before, she might have considered being a little nicer, but now...

Nora suddenly smiled and said, "Oh, so you're Nora Smith?"

She had deliberately lowered her voice, which made her voice, which was already deep, sound even deeper as if she had a sore throat.

As soon as she said that, the whole operating room suddenly fell silent. Everyone, including Dr. Larson, looked at Angela.

Angela's smile froze, and a cold sweat broke out on her forehead.

Did that damned fatty actually sign off the email?

Dr. Larson's expression turned sullen and he asked, "What's the meaning of this, Angela?"

Angela braced herself and started to make up a story. She said, "I'm sorry, Professor Anti, Dr. Larson. I was afraid that Professor Anti would reject my request, so I was too embarrassed to use my real name and ended up using my sister's."

Dr. Larson's expression mellowed. "I see."

Gee.

All of her sister's ingenuity had been put into use here instead.

Nora cast her eyes down. As she walked to the operating room, she asked seemingly curiously, "How did you get hold of my email address?"

Angela, who had just heaved a sigh of relief, was bewildered.

Why would anyone ask about this? Besides, her aunt was the patient. Her claim that she had sent the email made logical sense, so there was no need to press the issue at all.

She wiped off the perspiration that had formed on her forehead again and stammered, "I... I asked a friend for it."

Nora continued her questions as if nothing had happened. She asked, "Can you tell me what my email address is?"

Angela abruptly stood still, the exposed parts of her face already pale.

Her reaction was too telling.

A red-faced Dr. Larson reprimanded, "What's the matter with you, Angela? Were you the one who sent the email or not?"

Angela could only tell the truth. "N-no, it wasn't me."

Having reached the doors to the operating room, Nora opened them. Before entering, she heard Dr. Larson shouting angrily behind her,

"To think you could bring yourself to say something like that in order to observe the operation! A student of poor character and upbringing like you is not worthy of observing Anti's operation. Get out!"

In the operating room.

Irene clenched her fists nervously as she laid on the cold bed and stared at the ceiling.

She turned her head toward the door when she heard it opening. When her gentle eyes met the doctor's, she swallowed nervously.

She knew that she would probably die on the operating table today.

A 10% success rate was too low.

Just as a wry smile appeared on her lips, the doctor suddenly came over. In a low voice, she said, "I'm Anti, Aunt Irene. Go ahead and sleep. When you wake up, you'll be all fine."

Irene's eyes widened suddenly. Past the goggles, a pair of familiar cat-like eyes entered her sight.

—

On the top floor of Hotel Finest.

"Daddy's a bad man who misunderstood Mommy. I'm not talking to you."

In the bedroom, Cherry hugged the one and only plush toy in the pile of toys and turned her back to the door as she sat in the corner.

The big and tall Justin stood at the door.

The little fellow had such a bad temper. She had been ignoring him since the day before, and she kept staring at him accusingly with her big and teary eyes, making it seem as if he had done some terribly heinous things.

Lawrence was in the room trying to coax her. He said, "Don't sit here anymore, Pete. Why don't we go over to where the toys are?"

Cherry raised her head and curled her lip as she said, "There are only cars and airplanes there. It's no fun! Why aren't there any Barbie dolls?"

Justin's jaw tightened. "..."

He looked at the family doctor and asked in a low voice, "Is the test ready?"

“Yes, it is.” After answering, the family doctor walked into the bedroom cheerfully and said in a cajoling voice, “Why don’t we do a little test, Pete? I’ll give you a Barbie doll when we’re done.”

Cherry, who was completely unaware that this would put her brother in a rather unfortunate situation, immediately nodded. “Okay!”

Seeing his son happily following the doctor and walking out of the bedroom, worry appeared on Justin’s countenance.

The test was over very quickly. A short half an hour later, Cherry bounced out of the study with the Barbie doll that the family doctor had rewarded her with and ran past Justin into the bedroom without looking anywhere else.

“...”

While looking at her from the back, Justin, who had an indescribable expression on his face, entered the study and asked, “Are the results out?”

The family doctor coughed and replied, “Yes, it is. Please be mentally prepared, Mr. Hunt.”

Justin clenched his fists tightly. The family doctor said tactfully, “It is obvious that Pete pays more attention to men than women. The test has shown that he thinks he’s... a little princess.”

Bam!

Justin slammed his fist on the desk. He, who had always faced all the dirty deception and trickery in the commercial world with skill and ease, actually found himself feeling a little helpless.

What was he to do about this?

The sound startled the family doctor. It was only when he looked back and saw Lawrence beckoning him at the door that he finally walked out of the room.

After waiting for another half an hour, Lawrence said, “It’s time, Mr. Hunt.”

He had already asked around—Anti’s operation would take seven hours. The timing would be just nice if they went over now.

Justin stood up solemnly. “Let’s go.”

He glanced at his son when he was leaving the room—combing her doll’s hair. He hummed a little song as he nimbly braided the doll’s hair. Then, he picked a set of clothes and started to change the doll into it.

He tried, again and again, to keep his temper under control. At last, he said, “Daddy’s going out for a while, Pete. Let’s play with the airplanes together when I’m back.”

Cherry ignored him.

Justin then said, “I’ll buy you a Barbie when I come back in the evening.”

Cherry’s eyes brightened and she looked at him eagerly. However, she forced herself to look away. She said, “Cherr... Cherry Pit doesn’t want a Barbie doll. I want Mommy.”

Sob, she had already changed places with Pete for two days. She missed Mommy.

“...”

What the heck was ‘Cherry Pit’?!

Justin, who felt as if his heart had been pierced by a million arrows, left the hotel brokenhearted together with Lawrence and headed to the hospital in town.

In order to ensure that he could catch Anti, Justin decided to enter the operating room.

While he was changing, next to him, Lawrence said, “This is a psychological issue, Mr. Hunt. How about we ask Miss Smith to come over and talk to Pete?”

Justin cast his eyes down. The thought of Nora irritated him even more.

When he came in to change, he had noticed that her aunt was still in the middle of her operation, yet she was nowhere in sight. A woman like that...

He rejected the suggestion again. “No, it isn’t necessary.”

Even if his son wasn't normal, at least he wasn't a heartless and callous person.

After leaving him a cold reply, he pushed the door open and entered the operating room.

Inside the operating room, all the lights were focused on the operating table.

His eyes locked directly onto the woman who was currently performing the operation with full concentration!

Upon seeing her, a slightly stunned expression came over his countenance.

Justin had seen a photo of Anti before, but the woman who was performing the surgery. She seemed much thinner than the one in the photo?

He stood quietly behind the crowd.

No one was allowed to enter the operating room in the middle of the operation. If it weren't for the fact that this hospital belonged to the Hunts, it would also have been very difficult for him to enter.

Therefore, Justin abided by the rules very much and didn't go forward immediately. He intended to wait until Anti had finished the operation before he approached her.

The operating room was very quiet. Only a woman's professional but hoarse voice sounded from time to time:

"What's her heart rate?"

"Her blood pressure?"

"#10 blade."

"Hemostatic forceps."

She had likely already been operating on the patient for six and a half hours. The assistant behind her was constantly wiping the perspiration off her brow, but even now, her hands were still very stable and didn't show any traces of trembling at all.

Her eyes, as she stared intently at the operating table, were focused and serious. Although one couldn't see her face, she nevertheless exuded an indescribable charm.

Justin initially thought that he had arrived too early, and felt rather irked that he had to wait here for twenty minutes. But as he watched her perform the dry and boring surgery, before he knew it, the time had actually already gone by.

This continued until she finally said, "Close the wound."

The assistant who had been behind her all this time replied, "Okay."

The chief surgeon was the one who performed the operation while the assistant did the simple stitching at the end.

Everything had gone smoothly in the operation so far.

But at this point!

It seemed like someone had accidentally bumped the tray that an assistant was holding, and the scalpel on it suddenly fell onto the ground!

The scene instantly became a little chaotic.

The lights around the operating table were very bright, which caused the sides to look a little dark in comparison. Anti was hidden right among the assistants moving about!

Anti, who was among them, reprimanded, "Why were you so careless? It's fortunate that the final stitches are the only thing left. You guys, go and clean up with me!"

"Okay."

The assistants, together with Anti, were all wearing surgical gowns of the same color. They headed straight to the sterile area.

Justin quickly followed after them.

After entering the sterile area, they took off their goggles, masks, and gloves, and washed their hands with running water. Except for one, the rest were all blond.

Anti wasn't blond.

Thus, Justin walked straight behind the only person who wasn't blond there, clapped his hand over her shoulder, and said, "Hello, Anti. I've heard a lot about you."

However, the woman that turned around was a plain Jane. She looked at Justin in surprise and said, "Dr. Anti has already left. I'm Lily, her assistant. You are?"

Justin frowned. It was then that he realized that he had been fooled.

Did Anti really think she could get away today, though?

He took a step back, picked up his cell phone, and called Lawrence. He ordered coldly, "Lock down all of the operating room's exits and check all the personnel inside!"

"Yes, sir."

In the operating room.

From the corner of her eye, Nora could see Justin going out of the ward. She let out a huge sigh of relief as she stood in front of the operating table.

She had already known before she came as Anti to perform the operation that the news would definitely get out and attract the attention of that man with high social status.

Therefore, she had already made preparations for it beforehand.

It was common knowledge that the chief surgeon didn't do trivial things like sutures.

However, Nora demanded perfection when operating on her aunt, so she would definitely do it herself.

To everyone else, Anti had already left with the assistants. Who would have thought that she had merely turned around amidst the chaos earlier and was actually still here?

She moved quickly. Within a mere ten minutes, the stitching was completed.

Finally, after checking her aunt's various data indicators, she announced, "Operation successful."

The duty of postoperative care was given to a professional nurse. She and the two remaining assistants then followed the observing doctors to the sterile area.

Nora yawned sleepily.

The toll that a seven-hour operation took on one was unimaginable. To people who naturally had a weak constitution like her, it was very punishing.

She would probably have to sleep for 14 to 15 hours straight when she gets back later.

She was just thinking about that when she suddenly noticed Lily, who was in the sterile area, giving her a look.

Nora paused. A foreboding feeling suddenly arose in her.

The next moment, she saw a row of bodyguards in black standing at the operating room entrance and checking everyone's identities one by one.

Lily demanded angrily, "What is the meaning of this, Mr. Hunt? We were invited to perform an operation. Why should we undergo your unreasonable cross-examination?"

Justin stood guard at the door with an unwelcoming presence, his tall figure exuding a strong sense of oppression.

Next to him, an expressionless Lawrence replied, "My apologies, miss. You're not doctors employed by this hospital after all. Should any accidents happen to the patient, I'm afraid we'll have to take responsibility. Therefore, please leave behind your contact information."

Nora cast her eyes downward slightly and sighed inwardly, That tyrant is really hard to get rid of.

How about fighting her way out? However, her sore fingers and weak legs were telling her that she currently didn't have enough strength to do that!

She didn't notice that Justin had been staring at her.

Even though she was wearing a surgical gown, her figure was very similar to Anti's.

Everyone in front was cooperating with Lawrence's investigation, but she was the only one standing at the back and looking a little like she had a guilty conscience.

Justin strode over to her. His thin lips parted slightly and he said, "That was a really good trick. You almost had me there."

Everyone looked over, making Nora the focus of the sterile zone.

Justin said solemnly, "Dr. Anti, why don't you take off your mask?"

The man was tall, and there was an intimidating and oppressive air around him when he stood in front of one.

Nora suddenly let out a low chuckle. Then, she reached up and took off her mask and goggles. The goggles hooked onto her surgical cap, causing her dark hair to also cascade along with the action.

Justin's eyes widened at the sight of her familiar and exquisite visage.

How could it possibly be her?

Nora lowered her eyes like she always did and said in a low and lazy voice, "Since you've caught me, I have nothing to say."

Justin's heart skipped a beat. Then, he heard her continue and say, "I am indeed in the wrong for sneaking into the operating room to watch over my aunt. If the hospital wants to hold me accountable, I'll take it."

Then, she looked up and said frostily, “However, as a family member of the patient, I should think that the hospital can understand why I did that?”

Her voice was cool and clear like the clink of glasses, which gave off a sense of steadiness.

The first thought that came to Justin’s mind was actually “So, she didn’t ignore her aunt!”.

Nora observed the man in front of her.

The look in his eyes was unfathomable and his eyes were deep and dark. Even the mole at his eye exuded an unpredictable and mysterious air.

She didn’t know whether he believed her or not.

While she was thinking, the man suddenly said, “If Miss Smith agrees to a condition of mine, then on behalf of the hospital, I can promise not to hold you accountable.”

“What is it?”

Justin let out a low cough and said, “Come back to the hotel with me and play with my son for two hours.”

Pete had been angry with him since the night before and had ignored him even all the way until he went out, and kept asking for Mommy.

Now that he knew that she wasn’t such a cold-hearted and unfeeling person, his son would definitely cheer up if he brought her back, right?

Nora was bewildered.

If her memory was serving her right, the first time they met, he had warned her to stay away from his son. When they were at the movies the day before, he had also given her another warning.

Was the man suddenly out of his mind?

Seeing her surprised, a somewhat uncomfortable look came over Justin’s face.

In order to get close to him, that woman had done everything possible to get Pete's approval. Therefore, she would never miss this opportunity!

He was just thinking about it when he saw Nora casting her eyes downward coolly. "You must be mistaken, Mr. Hunt. I'm not a childcare teacher. Neither do I have any fantasies about you."

Justin paused.

Nora took a step forward. With a momentum that didn't lose out to his in any way, she said, "Also, if the hospital really wants to hold me accountable, please contact my lawyer."

After saying that, she covered her mouth, yawned, leisurely walked past Justin, and left the operating room.

She was already on the verge of falling asleep. How would she possibly have the time to play with a kid? The most important thing now was to hurry back home and sleep!

Even Justin didn't have the right to detain people at will.

If he couldn't find Anti, then the only thing he could do was release them.

In the car back to the hotel, Lawrence complained, "Can Anti be an eel? Why is she so slippery? How did she get out when I was obviously standing guard outside?"

Justin, who was in the back seat, replied, "There are three possible explanations. One, our intel was wrong and Anti is blond. Two, Anti has very good moves and managed to escape, but this is unlikely."

"Yes, we surrounded the area very securely. Unless the hospital has an underground tunnel or she can fly, there's no way she can get out." Then, Lawrence asked, "What's the third possibility?"

Justin kept quiet. Then, he turned and looked outside the car and slowly said, "Nora Smith is Anti."

The corners of Lawrence's lips spasmed a little. "Compared to that, I'd rather believe the second one. We've already thoroughly investigated Miss Smith.

Someone who has never even gone to school can't possibly be Anti. Speaking of her, though, it turned out that she was the one that emailed Anti. That was why Anti had come. No wonder she was always so calm whenever her aunt's surgery was mentioned. As it turned out, it was because she had total confidence..."

Justin pressed his lips together tightly and frowned. Then, he suddenly said, "Find someplace where we can buy a Barbie."

—

In the stairwell on the top floor of Hotel Finest, the two children had sneakily met up.

An aggrieved Cherry whined, "I haven't played any games for two days, Pete! Daddy is too strict. He doesn't let me use the cell phone!"

Pete replied, "Let's switch back for now."

Cherry nodded. "Yes, yes, yes! Let's switch again after I've played my games for a day!"

"Yeah."

Cherry sighed. "Daddy really hates Mommy, Pete. What should we do?"

Pete frowned. After pondering for a while, he said, "if the soft approach doesn't work, then let's try the hard approach."

Cherry's eyes lit up. "What kind of hard approach!"

The two little ones put their heads together and discussed for a long time before they finally reluctantly separated.

Before leaving, Cherry blinked and said triumphantly, "By the way, the doctor made me do an IQ test today. My IQ is really high! The doctor rewarded me with a prize, and even Daddy was speechless with astonishment!"

Mommy had also let her do something similar before, and even praised her and called her a genius.

She had made her brother proud today!

Pete, who believed her again, praised her. "You're so awesome."

He returned to the room. He was just about to enter the study and spend some time doing some revision when he heard the door open. Justin strode in.

He took off his coat. Then, he walked over and said, "Don't be mad anymore, Pete. Take a look at the toy that Daddy bought you."

Pete's eyes lit up.

The tyrant was always urging him to study every day and rarely let him play. He had actually bought him toys today?

Then, he saw Justin walk over with a big pink Barbie and place it on his desk.

A question mark slowly appeared in Pete's mind again.

Seeing that his son didn't react, Justin thought he was still mad and asked gently, "Shall Daddy play with you?"

Pete stared at him with an indescribable expression. "..."

Seeing that he was finally reacting, Justin braced himself and suggested, "Let's style Barbie's hair and change her."

He opened the Barbie's box packaging and took out the doll. However, after picking up a lock of hair, his fingers—which were extremely nimble and flexible while playing the piano—froze.

"..."

With a constipated look, Justin looked at his son and asked, "Do you know how to tie a braid, Pete?"

Pete was speechless.

After the two stared at each other for a long time, Pete finally slowly uttered, "...This is so stupid."

Justin's face instantly darkened. For some reason, his son's calm and

unflappable expression made him unable to control his anger. "I'm doing this all for you!"

Pete lowered his head and flipped open the book, completely ignoring him.

Justin was shocked.

Then, he stared at the question that his son was looking at. The question was beyond Pete's current syllabus, so he asked, "Can you understand such a difficult question when you don't even have a strong understanding of your basics?"

Pete raised his head and glanced at him again. Which part of this simple question was difficult?

The tyrant's behavior was simply a mystery today.

He said coolly, "Don't disturb me when I'm studying."

"..."

Justin felt very speechless when he saw how his son was acting as if he totally understood the question when he clearly couldn't solve it, and he said, "Fine, do what you want!"

He would see for himself how long Pete could carry on the pretense for!

After dinner, a perplexed Justin sat in the study.

His son had obviously been behaving very adorably, so why did he suddenly become reserved and taciturn again?

Although he seemed more normal now, for some inexplicable reason, Justin instead missed the way he had wheedled and how animated and quick-witted he had been previously.

He picked up his cell phone and called the family doctor straightaway. He asked, "Why is Pete's personality switching back and forth?"

The doctor thought for a while and replied, "Maybe something had triggered him previously, causing his personality to change."

A trigger... What could have possibly triggered him?

Could it be that woman?

Downstairs.

Nora took a bath and fell into a deep sleep immediately after she came back.

With her cell phone in her hand, Cherry sat on the sofa and played games with Chester.

Chester was as talkative as ever while they played. He said, "Did you get into an argument with Justin again? That behavior doesn't work on him. Why don't you wheedle instead? Also, Justin didn't manage to find Dr. Anti today, so he's in a bad mood. Aren't you just asking for it by doing that?"

He was looking for Dr. Anti?

Cherry was stunned. She glanced at the bed in the bedroom and asked, "Chesty, why is Daddy looking for Anti?"

Chester replied, "Isn't it obvious? It's for you—"

Before he finished, the doorbell rang.

Mrs. Lewis was busy in the kitchen, so Cherry jumped off the sofa and walked over to the door. She didn't think much and opened the door right away.

Justin was currently outside the door. He wanted to try asking Nora again to go upstairs to take care of his son.

He got ready to speak when the door opened, only to spot Cherry right away.

"..."

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 24 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

Justin had seen a photo of Anti before, but the woman who was performing the surgery. She seemed much thinner than the one in the photo?

He stood quietly behind the crowd.

No one was allowed to enter the operating room in the middle of the operation. If it weren't for the fact that this hospital belonged to the Hunts, it would also have been very difficult for him to enter.

Therefore, Justin abided by the rules very much and didn't go forward immediately. He intended to wait until Anti had finished the operation before he approached her.

The operating room was very quiet. Only a woman's professional but hoarse voice sounded from time to time:

"What's her heart rate?"

"Her blood pressure?"

"#10 blade."

"Hemostatic forceps."

She had likely already been operating on the patient for six and a half hours. The assistant behind her was constantly wiping the perspiration off her brow, but even now, her hands were still very stable and didn't show any traces of trembling at all.

Her eyes, as she stared intently at the operating table, were focused and serious. Although one couldn't see her face, she nevertheless exuded an indescribable charm.

Justin initially thought that he had arrived too early, and felt rather irked that he had to wait here for twenty minutes. But as he watched her perform the dry and boring surgery, before he knew it, the time had actually already gone by.

This continued until she finally said, "Close the wound."

The assistant who had been behind her all this time replied, "Okay."

The chief surgeon was the one who performed the operation while the assistant did the simple stitching at the end.

Everything had gone smoothly in the operation so far.

But at this point!

It seemed like someone had accidentally bumped the tray that an assistant was holding, and the scalpel on it suddenly fell onto the ground!

The scene instantly became a little chaotic.

The lights around the operating table were very bright, which caused the sides to look a little dark in comparison. Anti was hidden right among the assistants moving about!

Anti, who was among them, reprimanded, "Why were you so careless? It's fortunate that the final stitches are the only thing left. You guys, go and clean up with me!"

"Okay."

The assistants, together with Anti, were all wearing surgical gowns of the same color. They headed straight to the sterile area.

Justin quickly followed after them.

After entering the sterile area, they took off their goggles, masks, and gloves, and washed their hands with running water. Except for one, the rest were all blond.

Anti wasn't blond.

Thus, Justin walked straight behind the only person who wasn't blond there, clapped his hand over her shoulder, and said, "Hello, Anti. I've heard a lot about you."

However, the woman that turned around was a plain Jane. She looked at Justin in surprise and said, "Dr. Anti has already left. I'm Lily, her assistant. You are?"

Justin frowned. It was then that he realized that he had been fooled.

Did Anti really think she could get away today, though?

He took a step back, picked up his cell phone, and called Lawrence. He ordered coldly, "Lock down all of the operating room's exits and check all the personnel inside!"

"Yes, sir."

In the operating room.

From the corner of her eye, Nora could see Justin going out of the ward. She let out a huge sigh of relief as she stood in front of the operating table.

She had already known before she came as Anti to perform the operation that the news would definitely get out and attract the attention of that man with high social status.

Therefore, she had already made preparations for it beforehand.

It was common knowledge that the chief surgeon didn't do trivial things like sutures.

However, Nora demanded perfection when operating on her aunt, so she would definitely do it herself.

To everyone else, Anti had already left with the assistants. Who would have thought that she had merely turned around amidst the chaos earlier and was actually still here?

She moved quickly. Within a mere ten minutes, the stitching was completed.

Finally, after checking her aunt's various data indicators, she announced, "Operation successful."

The duty of postoperative care was given to a professional nurse. She and the two remaining assistants then followed the observing doctors to the sterile area.

Nora yawned sleepily.

The toll that a seven-hour operation took on one was unimaginable. To people who naturally had a weak constitution like her, it was very punishing.

She would probably have to sleep for 14 to 15 hours straight when she gets back later.

She was just thinking about that when she suddenly noticed Lily, who was in the sterile area, giving her a look.

Nora paused. A foreboding feeling suddenly arose in her.

The next moment, she saw a row of bodyguards in black standing at the operating room entrance and checking everyone's identities one by one.

Lily demanded angrily, "What is the meaning of this, Mr. Hunt? We were invited to perform an operation. Why should we undergo your unreasonable cross-examination?"

Justin stood guard at the door with an unwelcoming presence, his tall figure exuding a strong sense of oppression.

Next to him, an expressionless Lawrence replied, "My apologies, miss. You're not doctors employed by this hospital after all. Should any accidents happen to the patient, I'm afraid we'll have to take responsibility. Therefore, please leave behind your contact information."

Nora cast her eyes downward slightly and sighed inwardly, That tyrant is really hard to get rid of.

How about fighting her way out? However, her sore fingers and weak legs were telling her that she currently didn't have enough strength to do that!

She didn't notice that Justin had been staring at her.

Even though she was wearing a surgical gown, her figure was very similar to Anti's.

Everyone in front was cooperating with Lawrence's investigation, but she was the only one standing at the back and looking a little like she had a guilty conscience.

Justin strode over to her. His thin lips parted slightly and he said, "That was a really good trick. You almost had me there."

Everyone looked over, making Nora the focus of the sterile zone.

Justin said solemnly, "Dr. Anti, why don't you take off your mask?"

The man was tall, and there was an intimidating and oppressive air around him when he stood in front of one.

Nora suddenly let out a low chuckle. Then, she reached up and took off her mask and goggles. The goggles hooked onto her surgical cap, causing her dark hair to also cascade along with the action.

Justin's eyes widened at the sight of her familiar and exquisite visage.

How could it possibly be her?

Nora lowered her eyes like she always did and said in a low and lazy voice, "Since you've caught me, I have nothing to say."

Justin's heart skipped a beat. Then, he heard her continue and say, "I am indeed in the wrong for sneaking into the operating room to watch over my aunt. If the hospital wants to hold me accountable, I'll take it."

Then, she looked up and said frostily, “However, as a family member of the patient, I should think that the hospital can understand why I did that?”

Her voice was cool and clear like the clink of glasses, which gave off a sense of steadiness.

The first thought that came to Justin’s mind was actually “So, she didn’t ignore her aunt!”.

Nora observed the man in front of her.

The look in his eyes was unfathomable and his eyes were deep and dark. Even the mole at his eye exuded an unpredictable and mysterious air.

She didn’t know whether he believed her or not.

While she was thinking, the man suddenly said, “If Miss Smith agrees to a condition of mine, then on behalf of the hospital, I can promise not to hold you accountable.”

“What is it?”

Justin let out a low cough and said, “Come back to the hotel with me and play with my son for two hours.”

Pete had been angry with him since the night before and had ignored him even all the way until he went out, and kept asking for Mommy.

Now that he knew that she wasn’t such a cold-hearted and unfeeling person, his son would definitely cheer up if he brought her back, right?

Nora was bewildered.

If her memory was serving her right, the first time they met, he had warned her to stay away from his son. When they were at the movies the day before, he had also given her another warning.

Was the man suddenly out of his mind?

Seeing her surprised, a somewhat uncomfortable look came over Justin’s face.

In order to get close to him, that woman had done everything possible to get Pete's approval. Therefore, she would never miss this opportunity!

He was just thinking about it when he saw Nora casting her eyes downward coolly. "You must be mistaken, Mr. Hunt. I'm not a childcare teacher. Neither do I have any fantasies about you."

Justin paused.

Nora took a step forward. With a momentum that didn't lose out to his in any way, she said, "Also, if the hospital really wants to hold me accountable, please contact my lawyer."

After saying that, she covered her mouth, yawned, leisurely walked past Justin, and left the operating room.

She was already on the verge of falling asleep. How would she possibly have the time to play with a kid? The most important thing now was to hurry back home and sleep!

Even Justin didn't have the right to detain people at will.

If he couldn't find Anti, then the only thing he could do was release them.

In the car back to the hotel, Lawrence complained, "Can Anti be an eel? Why is she so slippery? How did she get out when I was obviously standing guard outside?"

Justin, who was in the back seat, replied, "There are three possible explanations. One, our intel was wrong and Anti is blond. Two, Anti has very good moves and managed to escape, but this is unlikely."

"Yes, we surrounded the area very securely. Unless the hospital has an underground tunnel or she can fly, there's no way she can get out." Then, Lawrence asked, "What's the third possibility?"

Justin kept quiet. Then, he turned and looked outside the car and slowly said, "Nora Smith is Anti."

The corners of Lawrence's lips spasmed a little. "Compared to that, I'd rather believe the second one. We've already thoroughly investigated Miss Smith.

Someone who has never even gone to school can't possibly be Anti. Speaking of her, though, it turned out that she was the one that emailed Anti. That was why Anti had come. No wonder she was always so calm whenever her aunt's surgery was mentioned. As it turned out, it was because she had total confidence..."

Justin pressed his lips together tightly and frowned. Then, he suddenly said, "Find someplace where we can buy a Barbie."

—

In the stairwell on the top floor of Hotel Finest, the two children had sneakily met up.

An aggrieved Cherry whined, "I haven't played any games for two days, Pete! Daddy is too strict. He doesn't let me use the cell phone!"

Pete replied, "Let's switch back for now."

Cherry nodded. "Yes, yes, yes! Let's switch again after I've played my games for a day!"

"Yeah."

Cherry sighed. "Daddy really hates Mommy, Pete. What should we do?"

Pete frowned. After pondering for a while, he said, "if the soft approach doesn't work, then let's try the hard approach."

Cherry's eyes lit up. "What kind of hard approach!"

The two little ones put their heads together and discussed for a long time before they finally reluctantly separated.

Before leaving, Cherry blinked and said triumphantly, "By the way, the doctor made me do an IQ test today. My IQ is really high! The doctor rewarded me with a prize, and even Daddy was speechless with astonishment!"

Mommy had also let her do something similar before, and even praised her and called her a genius.

She had made her brother proud today!

Pete, who believed her again, praised her. "You're so awesome."

He returned to the room. He was just about to enter the study and spend some time doing some revision when he heard the door open. Justin strode in.

He took off his coat. Then, he walked over and said, "Don't be mad anymore, Pete. Take a look at the toy that Daddy bought you."

Pete's eyes lit up.

The tyrant was always urging him to study every day and rarely let him play. He had actually bought him toys today?

Then, he saw Justin walk over with a big pink Barbie and place it on his desk.

A question mark slowly appeared in Pete's mind again.

Seeing that his son didn't react, Justin thought he was still mad and asked gently, "Shall Daddy play with you?"

Pete stared at him with an indescribable expression. "..."

Seeing that he was finally reacting, Justin braced himself and suggested, "Let's style Barbie's hair and change her."

He opened the Barbie's box packaging and took out the doll. However, after picking up a lock of hair, his fingers—which were extremely nimble and flexible while playing the piano—froze.

"..."

With a constipated look, Justin looked at his son and asked, "Do you know how to tie a braid, Pete?"

Pete was speechless.

After the two stared at each other for a long time, Pete finally slowly uttered, "...This is so stupid."

Justin's face instantly darkened. For some reason, his son's calm and

unflappable expression made him unable to control his anger. "I'm doing this all for you!"

Pete lowered his head and flipped open the book, completely ignoring him.

Justin was shocked.

Then, he stared at the question that his son was looking at. The question was beyond Pete's current syllabus, so he asked, "Can you understand such a difficult question when you don't even have a strong understanding of your basics?"

Pete raised his head and glanced at him again. Which part of this simple question was difficult?

The tyrant's behavior was simply a mystery today.

He said coolly, "Don't disturb me when I'm studying."

"..."

Justin felt very speechless when he saw how his son was acting as if he totally understood the question when he clearly couldn't solve it, and he said, "Fine, do what you want!"

He would see for himself how long Pete could carry on the pretense for!

After dinner, a perplexed Justin sat in the study.

His son had obviously been behaving very adorably, so why did he suddenly become reserved and taciturn again?

Although he seemed more normal now, for some inexplicable reason, Justin instead missed the way he had wheedled and how animated and quick-witted he had been previously.

He picked up his cell phone and called the family doctor straightaway. He asked, "Why is Pete's personality switching back and forth?"

The doctor thought for a while and replied, "Maybe something had triggered him previously, causing his personality to change."

A trigger... What could have possibly triggered him?

Could it be that woman?

Downstairs.

Nora took a bath and fell into a deep sleep immediately after she came back.

With her cell phone in her hand, Cherry sat on the sofa and played games with Chester.

Chester was as talkative as ever while they played. He said, "Did you get into an argument with Justin again? That behavior doesn't work on him. Why don't you wheedle instead? Also, Justin didn't manage to find Dr. Anti today, so he's in a bad mood. Aren't you just asking for it by doing that?"

He was looking for Dr. Anti?

Cherry was stunned. She glanced at the bed in the bedroom and asked, "Chesty, why is Daddy looking for Anti?"

Chester replied, "Isn't it obvious? It's for you—"

Before he finished, the doorbell rang.

Mrs. Lewis was busy in the kitchen, so Cherry jumped off the sofa and walked over to the door. She didn't think much and opened the door right away.

Justin was currently outside the door. He wanted to try asking Nora again to go upstairs to take care of his son.

He got ready to speak when the door opened, only to spot Cherry right away.

"..."

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 25 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

If her memory was serving her right, the first time they met, he had warned her to stay away from his son. When they were at the movies the day before, he had also given her another warning.

Was the man suddenly out of his mind?

Seeing her surprised, a somewhat uncomfortable look came over Justin's face.

In order to get close to him, that woman had done everything possible to get Pete's approval. Therefore, she would never miss this opportunity!

He was just thinking about it when he saw Nora casting her eyes downward coolly. "You must be mistaken, Mr. Hunt. I'm not a childcare teacher. Neither do I have any fantasies about you."

Justin paused.

Nora took a step forward. With a momentum that didn't lose out to his in any way, she said, "Also, if the hospital really wants to hold me accountable, please contact my lawyer."

After saying that, she covered her mouth, yawned, leisurely walked past Justin, and left the operating room.

She was already on the verge of falling asleep. How would she possibly have the time to play with a kid? The most important thing now was to hurry back home and sleep!

Even Justin didn't have the right to detain people at will.

If he couldn't find Anti, then the only thing he could do was release them.

In the car back to the hotel, Lawrence complained, "Can Anti be an eel? Why is she so slippery? How did she get out when I was obviously standing guard outside?"

Justin, who was in the back seat, replied, "There are three possible explanations. One, our intel was wrong and Anti is blond. Two, Anti has very good moves and managed to escape, but this is unlikely."

"Yes, we surrounded the area very securely. Unless the hospital has an underground tunnel or she can fly, there's no way she can get out." Then, Lawrence asked, "What's the third possibility?"

Justin kept quiet. Then, he turned and looked outside the car and slowly said, "Nora Smith is Anti."

The corners of Lawrence's lips spasmed a little. "Compared to that, I'd rather believe the second one. We've already thoroughly investigated Miss Smith. Someone who has never even gone to school can't possibly be Anti. Speaking of her, though, it turned out that she was the one that emailed Anti. That was why Anti had come. No wonder she was always so calm whenever her aunt's surgery was mentioned. As it turned out, it was because she had total confidence..."

Justin pressed his lips together tightly and frowned. Then, he suddenly said, "Find someplace where we can buy a Barbie."

—

In the stairwell on the top floor of Hotel Finest, the two children had sneakily met up.

An aggrieved Cherry whined, "I haven't played any games for two days, Pete! Daddy is too strict. He doesn't let me use the cell phone!"

Pete replied, "Let's switch back for now."

Cherry nodded. "Yes, yes, yes! Let's switch again after I've played my games for a day!"

"Yeah."

Cherry sighed. "Daddy really hates Mommy, Pete. What should we do?"

Pete frowned. After pondering for a while, he said, "if the soft approach doesn't work, then let's try the hard approach."

Cherry's eyes lit up. "What kind of hard approach!"

The two little ones put their heads together and discussed for a long time before they finally reluctantly separated.

Before leaving, Cherry blinked and said triumphantly, "By the way, the doctor made me do an IQ test today. My IQ is really high! The doctor rewarded me with a prize, and even Daddy was speechless with astonishment!"

Mommy had also let her do something similar before, and even praised her and called her a genius.

She had made her brother proud today!

Pete, who believed her again, praised her. "You're so awesome."

He returned to the room. He was just about to enter the study and spend some time doing some revision when he heard the door open. Justin strode in.

He took off his coat. Then, he walked over and said, "Don't be mad anymore, Pete. Take a look at the toy that Daddy bought you."

Pete's eyes lit up.

The tyrant was always urging him to study every day and rarely let him play. He had actually bought him toys today?

Then, he saw Justin walk over with a big pink Barbie and place it on his desk.

A question mark slowly appeared in Pete's mind again.

Seeing that his son didn't react, Justin thought he was still mad and asked gently, "Shall Daddy play with you?"

Pete stared at him with an indescribable expression. "..."

Seeing that he was finally reacting, Justin braced himself and suggested, "Let's style Barbie's hair and change her."

He opened the Barbie's box packaging and took out the doll. However, after picking up a lock of hair, his fingers—which were extremely nimble and flexible while playing the piano—froze.

"..."

With a constipated look, Justin looked at his son and asked, "Do you know how to tie a braid, Pete?"

Pete was speechless.

After the two stared at each other for a long time, Pete finally slowly uttered, "...This is so stupid."

Justin's face instantly darkened. For some reason, his son's calm and unflappable expression made him unable to control his anger. "I'm doing this all for you!"

Pete lowered his head and flipped open the book, completely ignoring him.

Justin was shocked.

Then, he stared at the question that his son was looking at. The question was beyond Pete's current syllabus, so he asked, "Can you understand such a difficult question when you don't even have a strong understanding of your basics?"

Pete raised his head and glanced at him again. Which part of this simple question was difficult?

The tyrant's behavior was simply a mystery today.

He said coolly, "Don't disturb me when I'm studying."

“ ... ”

Justin felt very speechless when he saw how his son was acting as if he totally understood the question when he clearly couldn't solve it, and he said, “Fine, do what you want!”

He would see for himself how long Pete could carry on the pretense for!

After dinner, a perplexed Justin sat in the study.

His son had obviously been behaving very adorably, so why did he suddenly become reserved and taciturn again?

Although he seemed more normal now, for some inexplicable reason, Justin instead missed the way he had wheedled and how animated and quick-witted he had been previously.

He picked up his cell phone and called the family doctor straightaway. He asked, “Why is Pete's personality switching back and forth?”

The doctor thought for a while and replied, “Maybe something had triggered him previously, causing his personality to change.”

A trigger... What could have possibly triggered him?

Could it be that woman?

Downstairs.

Nora took a bath and fell into a deep sleep immediately after she came back.

With her cell phone in her hand, Cherry sat on the sofa and played games with Chester.

Chester was as talkative as ever while they played. He said, “Did you get into an argument with Justin again? That behavior doesn't work on him. Why don't you wheedle instead? Also, Justin didn't manage to find Dr. Anti today, so he's in a bad mood. Aren't you just asking for it by doing that?”

He was looking for Dr. Anti?

Cherry was stunned. She glanced at the bed in the bedroom and asked, "Chesty, why is Daddy looking for Anti?"

Chester replied, "Isn't it obvious? It's for you—"

Before he finished, the doorbell rang.

Mrs. Lewis was busy in the kitchen, so Cherry jumped off the sofa and walked over to the door. She didn't think much and opened the door right away.

Justin was currently outside the door. He wanted to try asking Nora again to go upstairs to take care of his son.

He got ready to speak when the door opened, only to spot Cherry right away.

"..."

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."