

Chapter 51 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

As Pete was still being suspected of pushing his great-grandmother down the stairs, Justin didn't take him back to the Hunts' residence. Instead, they were staying at a villa in the suburbs.

It was already dark, and he was playing a jigsaw puzzle with Cherry.

When the doorbell rang, Cherry was the one who opened the door first. He followed after her, feeling a little impatient.

Who would come over at such late hours?

Didn't he already leave instructions that he wasn't having visitors or dealing with work matters from 6 pm to 9 pm because he wanted to spend some time with his son in peace?

But when Justin walked over with a cold look on his face only to see the stunning visage at the door, the chilly aura around him subconsciously dissipated. His deep-set eyes narrowed slightly and he raised an eyebrow. "Miss Smith?"

He had asked her out to the hospital this afternoon, but she rejected his invitation.

Yet she came straight to his home in the evening?

In addition, the look in her eyes had become as fervent as the one she had that night in the hospital. Her scorching gaze was as if it could burn...

He had seen that look in many women's eyes before, and it often annoyed him.

But when she looked at him like that... No, why did it seem like she wasn't looking at him?

Justin followed her gaze. He slowly lowered his head to see his son looking up at the woman in astonishment with his big round eyes.

Cherry swallowed hard. "M-mommy..."

It's all over!

Why didn't Pete say anything in advance? The cat's out of the bag!

Justin's expression stiffened—he was a little unhappy. He subtly stepped forward and stood in front of his son. Then, his lips slowly parted and he said, “You—”

But before he could say whatever he wanted to say, the woman in front of him suddenly spoke. Her voice was husky and shaking as she asked, “Is this your son?”

Justin was bewildered.

You've already hugged and kissed him, and even coaxed him to call you Mommy again and again. Yet you're asking something like that now?

But when he saw that she didn't seem to be acting, he frowned, suppressed his displeasure, and answered, “Yes.”

“Your biological son?”

“Of course.” Justin's expression darkened. The woman's questions were simply ridiculous. He coldly retorted, “In any case, he can't possibly be yours anyway.”

... He really was hers, though.

The corners of Nora's lips twitched, but she didn't say it.

Not only was the current situation unclear, but the person she was dealing with was Justin Hunt. Should he really be the father of her children... Looking at things from his perspective, if he were to know that he also had a daughter, he would definitely fight with her for custody of their daughter!

Nora held her forehead. After she calmed down, she felt a bit of a headache coming on.

Before returning to the States, she had imagined various scenarios. If someone had adopted her son, then she would offer them a lot of monetary compensation. No matter what, she must have her son back.

But if that person was Justin Hunt, given his power in the States, she really might not be able to beat him.

Nora coughed and asked, “Mr. Hunt, do you know who the boy’s mother is?”

At her question, the look in Justin’s eyes suddenly turned dark and baleful. As though he had thought of something unpleasant, he replied coldly, “I don’t know. I’m not interested in her.”

Yet Nora didn’t seem afraid at all. She asked, “Then how did you have children with her?”

Five years ago, she had either been sleeping or staying at home the whole time. How exactly did she become pregnant?

Justin pressed his lips tightly together. He was already on the verge of losing his temper. The look in his eyes was icy and piercing, and even the beauty mark at the corner of his eye exuded a deep chill. He replied, “You’re asking too many questions, Miss Smith.”

Pete, who was hiding in the car nearby the whole time, became nervous when he saw the tyrant’s expression.

Oh no, the tyrant is about to lose his temper!

But right after, he heard his mom simply say, “Oh, I just wanted to know a bit more.”

Pete held his head. He was in such a panic that he wanted to get out of the car and defend his mother. The next moment, however, he saw his father—who was on the brink of flying into a rage—suddenly becoming stunned. Then, all his anger disappeared as though someone had pricked a hole in a balloon.

Pete was perplexed.

Justin froze.

She just wanted to know a bit more about him... She sure was direct about things. But when he thought about it, it certainly matched her style of doing things.

The corners of his tightly pursed lips slowly relaxed and he asked, "You came all the way here at night just to talk about this?"

She had come to verify the existence of her other child, of course.

Nora obviously couldn't say that, though. She pondered for a moment before she replied, "I came to let you know a few things. Your grandma will regain consciousness this weekend, but due to her prolonged coma, her body is weak, so intense nourishment is not recommended. She'll need to eat light in the earlier stages..."

At the sight of her spinning so many stories, the smile on Justin's lips widened. "I believe the doctors at Hospital Finest are more professional than you when it comes to nursing care."

Nora was taken aback for a moment. His words sounded a little familiar.

However, she didn't think much about it. She said, "You're right. This was indeed an unnecessary move."

Then, she looked at the stupefied Cherry again. The corners of her lips curled up slightly and her cat-like eyes gleamed with a dark light. "You must be Pete, right? You look... so adorable."

Cherry was at a loss for words.

She shrank back. Her mom felt terribly scary at the moment. Generally, the angrier she was, the brighter she would smile.

Cherry gave her an ingratiating smile and replied, "Hehe, it's all thanks to my parents, yeah! My Mommy is even cuter than me!"

Nora, who seemed as if she was gnashing her teeth, said, "I wonder what the little Mr. Hunt is going to do tomorrow?"

Cherry blinked and replied, "Cherr... Cherry Pit has already become Mr. Quinn's disciple. I'm going to the Quinn School of Martial Arts to learn martial arts tomorrow!"

The Quinn School of Martial Arts... So, that old man knew about this a long time ago, too!

Hah.

Nora nodded and touched her little head. "Okay, got it."

If one read between the lines, what she was saying was: 'See you at the Quinn School of Martial Arts tomorrow.'

Cherry was speechless.

After seeing Mommy turn and leave, Cherry's tiny form trembled a little as she looked at Justin and asked, "Daddy, can I skip martial arts practice tomorrow?"

Sob! Mommy's so scary!

On the way home, Nora was in a fantastic mood.

Although things were a bit tricky because Justin was the father to her children, her son was still alive. For her, this was the best outcome possible.

She turned and saw a small face that was identical to Cherry's but also as staid and unsmiling as Justin's. It made him look like a little old man.

Nora's voice was husky as she said teasingly, "You should have just taken off your pants to prove that you're a boy, Pete."

Pete was astounded.

He immediately blushed and turned to look out the window. "Mommy, you're terrible."

The next day.

Nora took Pete to the Quinn School of Martial Arts early in the morning.

Quinn, who had woken up at five o'clock, had already practiced a set of boxing moves. He had just taken a bath and changed into dry clothes. After he walked out, he looked at Pete affectionately and called out, "Cherry!"

Pete gave him a look. "Hi, Grandpa Quinn."

Quinn, who thought he had understood what he meant, returned him a look of his own: "Don't worry, I understand. I'll cover for you!"

He looked at Nora and said, “Little Nora, I’ll take care of your kid for you. You can go!”

A half-amused Nora looked at him. “Old man, are you now trying to trick my daughter after you’ve already tricked my son?”

Quinn was bewildered.

Quinn, who had come back to his senses, turned to run. Unfortunately, Nora had already stepped forward and grabbed his beard. “Old man, what are you running away for?”

Quinn cried out in pain. “Let go, Sleepyhead!”

Pete, who was next to them, was speechless.

He’d thought that Mommy was a very gentle person—after all, she was always sleeping. But after they went home last night, she insisted on taking off his pants. Mommy had been very cheeky then, and because of the chaos that had ensued, the two of them had become a lot closer.

Now, he also discovered that Mommy actually also had a very violent side to her.

She was just like a treasure trove that always gave him one novel surprise after another.

Nora plucked off two strands of hair from Quinn’s beard before she finally let him go.

She really was rather mad.

The children didn’t understand her pain, but as her teacher, how could Quinn possibly not understand? Yet he had still helped the two little fellows to keep it a secret from her.

Half an hour later, Justin sent Cherry over.

Nora’s eyes reddened a little as she stared at the two identical faces, and contentment filled her heart.

Quinn circled around them. "It's so rare for boy-girl twins to be identical! Sleepyhead, I'm going to take them to practice once you've had enough of staring at them."

Nora nodded.

After Cherry went off to watch Quinn and Pete practice martial arts, Nora cast her eyes down and picked up her cell phone. She called her aunt and related what had happened to her. "... Say, if I run off with the two of them now, what will Justin Hunt do?"

Her aunt's voice was very carefree and hearty. She replied, "Why does it have to be him? He isn't just the head of the number one family... That man isn't one to be messed with. Even if you manage to escape, you'll be caught sooner or later anyway! I'd advise you to give up on that."

Nora leaned back on the recliner lazily. "What should I do, then? Do I pay to get my son back?"

"He seems to be richer than you."

"Then do I challenge him to a fight? Whoever wins gets the child?"

"He seems stronger than you."

"... Is there anything I'm better than him at?"

Her aunt thought for a while. Suddenly, she laughed and said, "You're better than him at sleeping. Why don't you conquer him in bed?"

"..."

Nora was speechless for a moment. Then, her aunt said jokingly, "Or why don't you get him to fall in love with you? The two of you can just get together!"

Nora thought for a while and came to a conclusion. "It's too much of a loss for me if I do that."

"What's your loss? He's pretty handsome, so he'll look okay next to you."

Nora sighed and replied, "I wanted a son, but if I do that, not only would I lose my daughter to him, but I'll also lose myself to him."

After a few cheeky exchanges with her aunt, Nora hung up.

After thinking about it, she decided that it might be better to have a good talk with Justin instead. After all, after interacting with him for some time, she had found that Justin wasn't as unreasonable as how he was rumored to be.

After giving Quinn and the children a heads-up, she went to Hospital Finest.

Justin and his younger brother were in the hallway. Neither of them saw her, so Nora walked over.

It was Sunday the next day, so Howard would be handling family matters on behalf of his grandfather at the family home.

Justin wanted Chester to keep Pete company when that happened.

Chester patted his chest and promised, "No problem! I'll watch over him and prevent anyone from bullying him!"

After he said that, he thought of the huge secret that he was hiding from his elder brother. He let out a guilty cough and asked, "Can I ask you something, Justin?"

Justin was as reticent as ever. "Say it."

Chester scratched his head. "If Pete's biological mother were to stand right in front of you, what would you do?"

Nora had just approached them when she heard his question.

After a short pause, she heard Justin's icy, hateful voice: "I will give her a terrible death."

"..."

A chill suddenly ran down her spine. The murderous aura around Justin in that instant, as well as the murderous look in his eyes, made her limbs turn cold.

This was the first time Nora realized what her aunt meant when she said that man wasn't to be messed with.

Chester was also shocked. He asked, "What did his mom do to make you hate her so much, Justin?"

However, Justin merely pressed his lips together tightly. He didn't want to bring it up again.

Nora stepped back quietly and turned the corner into the stairwell before the two men could discover her presence. Then, she took the stairs down and drove straight out of the hospital.

As she held the steering wheel, she frowned and wondered. Just what kind of feud did she have with Justin to actually make him harbor such great hatred toward her?

Was it related to her pregnancy back then? How exactly had she gotten pregnant? Surely she couldn't have taken him by force while she was sleepwalking, right? Cough.

Never mind. If she couldn't figure it out, then she would just hide it from him for now.

She had to stay in New York for a while longer anyway!

Nora went to the herbal store and pharmacy to collect the pills and topical ointments that she had made a custom order for the day before. During the collection process, the pharmacist asked, "Do you have a name for these pills? They smell so refreshing!"

Nora smiled and answered, "They are known as the Carefree Pills."

In the afternoon, while Justin wasn't there yet, she picked up Cherry from Quinn's and took her back to the Andersons.

At the Andersons.

Sheena was there again. She had a grave and worried look on her face, and even her suit and exquisite makeup couldn't hide her fatigue.

A pale Melissa asked, "What do we do, Sheena?"

The Andersons had always been the overlord of the pharmaceutical industry. The traditional medicines that they made had excellent effects, and the recipes were passed down from generation to generation. In their generation, their father had taught Nora's mother everything he knew and lauded her as a genius like no other when it came to pharmaceuticals.

Simon hadn't taken up the profession.

Sheena, however, picked up a little of it.

Thus, when Nora's mother ran away from home and caused the Andersons' gradual decline, Sheena had stepped forward to ensure and maintain their pharmaceutical factory's operation.

She was someone whose bark was worse than their bite. Her love for her sister had given rise to hate, which caused her to also feel resentment toward Nora.

Sheena's back was ramrod straight as she ranted. "The Myerses are too shameless! How dare they hire an expert to test and compare their Cooling Tablets to our Vitality Water! Their product does have better medicinal effects than ours, but we're both minding our own business here. What makes them think they can trample upon us so arrogantly?"

Simon, who had just been discharged, leaned on the sofa and heaved a huge sigh. "Sis once developed a formula for Carefree Pills, which are more effective than the Cooling Tablets. If she were still around, things wouldn't have come to this point."

Sheena's eyes immediately widened. Then, the tired woman's eyes reddened and she reprimanded Simon. "It's all her fault that the Andersons are in this predicament! Never mind that she left, but how can she take The Philosophies of Medicine with her and leave us with this mess?! That book was passed down from generation to generation in the Andersons!"

Simon didn't speak.

Melissa, however, suddenly suggested, "Why don't we ask Nora if she understands pharmacology?"

Sheena sneered, "Sis died when Nora wasn't even a year old. How could she possibly understand?!"

Nora entered the house with Cherry at this point. When she saw Sheena, she didn't bother going over to incur her resentment and just nodded slightly at her, intending to go upstairs to her grandmother.

Suddenly, a puzzled Melissa stopped her and asked, “Nora, what do you have in that bag?”

Nora, who had stored the medicinal herbs in a black plastic bag, answered casually, “It’s just some medicinal herbs. I intend to treat Grandma’s eyes.”

Melissa was a little surprised. “You’re also skilled in traditional medicine?”

Nora was about to answer when Sheena said, “As if she would know traditional medicine? It’s probably an over-the-counter ointment that she bought without much thought, right? Your grandmother has been blind for over 20 years. We’ve approached many doctors, but none of them could cure her. You’d better not indiscriminately try such medicine of unknown origin on her! Your grandmother is already very advanced in her years. Are you going to take responsibility if anything goes wrong?”

Her sarcasm made Nora frown.

Simon said, “That’s enough, Sheena! Nora is just a child. Why are you venting your anger on her?”

Sheena immediately started to quarrel persistently with Simon.

Nora decided not to say anything and went straight to her grandmother’s room upstairs.

Her grandmother was resting on the sofa. Seemingly having heard the dispute downstairs, she was quietly weeping. When she heard the door open, she turned her ear to the door and asked, “Who is it?”

The elderly lady was very old. Her eyes looked very blank and her silver hair was tied neatly behind her. The lights in the room were switched off—after all, she didn’t need it anyway. In the dim environment, she formed an exceptionally heartbreaking sight.

Nora cast her eyes downward, her curly eyelashes hiding her emotions. She adopted a tone as lighthearted as possible and replied, “It’s me, Grandma.”

“Oh, it’s Nora!” Her grandmother wiped her tears and sat up. She reached her arm out toward her and said, “Here, come to Grandma!”

When Nora walked over with Cherry and sat down on the sofa, her grandmother sighed and said, “Nora, your Aunt Sheena may have a foul mouth, but she’s a softie at heart. You can just take whatever she says as nonsense and ignore her.”

The analogy made Nora smile. “Okay.”

She opened the bag she was holding and took out the pills and ointment inside. Then, she meticulously explained to her grandmother how to use the medicine. After she committed it to memory, she chatted with her for a while more before leaving.

Sheena also went up to visit Mrs. Anderson and saw that she was in good health. Before she left, she noticed the dark-colored medicine on the table and frowned. “Mom, you can use the ointment if you want, but don’t take the oral pills. Medicinal herbs have extensive and profound uses, and once a wrong herb is used in a formula, the effects will differ greatly. The pills don’t look like they were prescribed by a proper hospital. It’s best that you don’t eat it in case something goes wrong!”

Mrs. Anderson frowned and replied, “... Okay, I heard you.”

After Sheena left, Melissa also came to check on her and see if she had gone to bed yet. When she saw the pills on the table, she was taken aback for a moment. Then, she picked them up and asked, “What pills are these, Mom? They smell pretty nice...”

Mrs. Anderson sighed and answered, “Nora gave them to me. They’re for my eyes.”

A look of worry came over Melissa’s features. “Judging from how Nora operated on Simon, it seems like she’s a surgeon. She probably doesn’t know much about traditional medicine, right?”

Taken aback, Mrs. Anderson suggested, “Why don’t you ask her about the formula?”

Melissa shook her head. “Nora has only just returned. Moreover, Sheena even made such remarks about her just now. If I ask her about the formula now, it’ll seem as if we don’t trust her and end up hurting her pride. How about this? Sheril studies traditional medicine. I’ll get her to come home tomorrow and have a look at these pills?”

The old lady nodded.

Melissa then placed the pills on the coffee table for her and helped her to the bed. After she went to rest for the night, Melissa left.

After Melissa left the room, Mrs. Anderson suddenly got up. She tapped about in front of her with the white cane and came to the coffee table in a practiced manner.

She fumbled about and picked up a pill. When she held it under her nose and sniffed at it, a refreshing scent assailed her sense and she felt a comfortable feeling that she had never experienced before come over her.

She couldn't help picking up a glass of water and popping a pill. Then, she also picked up the ointment and applied it on her eyes.

She had already been blind for more than 20 years anyway, so why not give it a try?

It was Sunday the next day.

The Hunts had scheduled a family meeting on this day to discuss what they should do about Pete.

"Mommy, aren't you going over to have a look? Pete isn't good at talking. What if someone bullies him?"

Cherry, who was wearing cute yellow pajamas, rested her chin on her hands and asked curiously.

When Nora, who was getting dressed, heard her, she raised an eyebrow and said, "If your brother is kicked out of the Hunts, then won't that mean that he can come with me instead?"

Cherry was at a loss for words.

Nora was actually just joking.

Even if she wanted to take her son and have him leave the Hunts, she wouldn't do it in a way that humiliated him like that.

She mustn't let the accusation of having a mental illness relapse and pushing his great-grandmother down the stairs become a lifelong burden weighing Pete down, either.

After instructing Cherry to stay home, she drove to the hospital.

Hospital Finest belonged to the Hunts. In order to ensure that no one disturbed the elderly Mrs. Hunt's rest, she was warded in the VIP ward on the top floor. There were no other patients on the same floor for now.

When Nora arrived, the hallway on that floor was filled with members of the Hunts.

There were many new faces apart from Justin's uncle's family whom she had seen the other time. Obviously, things seemed to have become rather blown out of proportion.

When she went upstairs, Justin's second uncle, Raymond, was already making a scene there.

"How can he say that it wasn't Peter who did it? Things have already come to this point, yet he's actually still flat-out denying it! He's not going to admit to it until Mom wakes up to testify! How ridiculous is that? If he murders someone, is he also going to wait for the victim to come back to life and testify against him? Howard, what do you say we do about this?"

Howard, whose arm muscles were obvious even through the black t-shirt he was wearing, touched his nose after hearing what he said. "Uncle Raymond, what Grandpa means is that Pete is still a five-year-old child after all..."

The corners of Roger's eyes were upturned, and he looked a little as if he was smiling even when he wasn't. He heaved a sigh and said, "Howard, I know you're on good terms with Justin, and he's even the head of the family. Having you handle this does indeed put you in a difficult position... Sigh. Maybe we should just drop the matter?"

An angry Raymond yelled, "Howard, your grandpa has always made a clear distinction between official and personal matters! If you're not capable of that, why should you be allowed to take over the responsibility of watching over the family home?"

With the two of them playing good cop and bad cop, Howard simply couldn't put in a good word for Pete at all. He looked at Justin anxiously, only to see him calm and steady.

Howard forced himself to calm down. He said, "When Grandpa wakes u—"

"If Mom never wakes up, are we going to just put this off forever?!" Raymond said aggressively, "Oh, I get it now. No wonder Justin stubbornly went ahead with the operation despite Dr. York and several other specialists saying that they didn't recommend Mom undergoing surgery! Justin, tell me, are you hoping that your grandma never wakes up so that you can use that as an excuse to drag this on?"

Everyone looked at Justin.

Raymond narrowed his eyes. "No wonder you got a doctor whom we've never seen before to do it, and no wonder Mom still hasn't woken up yet!"

As soon as he said that, an elated Tina York walked out of the ward!

The people in the hallway hadn't noticed Tina yet.

Roger said as mildly as ever, "Justin, the doctor from that day looked like she's only in her twenties. It seems like we haven't seen her ever since the operation, right?"

A single line from him was enough to raise everyone's suspicions.

Raymond even pointed at Justin and yelled, "Okay! Even though his son pushed someone down the stairs, he, as his father, only knows to blindly shelter and indulge him! After that, he even got a doctor to harm his own grandmother! Justin, you have to give us an explanation for this in front of everyone from the family home!"

"He got some nobody doctor to treat her illness? He's too much!"

"I didn't expect Justin to be so cruel. She's his grandmother..."

"..."

Everyone started to speculate among themselves.

Raymond and his son, Roger, exchanged a look with each other, and looks of triumph appeared on their faces.

Howard lowered his voice and started to become anxious when he heard their speculations. He said, "Why isn't Great-Grandma awake yet, Justin? Who did you get to operate on her? I can't hold them back much longer!"

Justin's eyes glinted darkly.

Since he had decided to ask for her help, he trusted her. If he didn't, he wouldn't have approached her.

Since she said that Grandma would regain consciousness on Sunday, she would definitely wake up.

He said coldly, "Uncle Raymond, are you in such a hurry that you can't even wait until night falls?"

He wasn't very loud. His voice was low and clear, but it inspired a lot of awe. Even in a noisy situation like this, it clearly reached the ears of everyone present.

Everyone in the hallway fell silent for a moment.

A mean and sinister look filled Roger's eyes. With a smile still on his face, he replied, "Everyone here is an outstanding member of the Hunts, Justin. We have politicians as well as businessmen here. Are you just going to tell them to wait when they've specially put aside everything on hand to come over today?"

Raymond also added sharply, "You're obviously just stalling for time! It's been half a month since the incident, yet you're still telling us to wait? Howard, there's substantial evidence to prove that Peter Hunt injured his Great-Grandma. Aren't you going to make a clear stance on it?"

"And Justin, too. You showed no regard for your grandmother's life and randomly got some doctor to operate on her, leading to her very possibly never waking up again. You have to take responsibility for this!"

He stared at Justin excitedly.

He had originally only intended to make use of this issue to get rid of that little bastard, but little did he think that Justin would get himself involved, too. He must take the opportunity to take away his position as the head of the family!

In his moment of triumph, a woman's high-pitched voice suddenly reached them. "Who says Mrs. Hunt won't ever wake up again? She's already awake!"

Tina stepped aside to reveal a nurse helping the hospital gown-clad Mrs. Hunt out. The elderly lady had bandages wrapped around her head, but the look in her eyes was sharp.

When she came out, everyone in the hallway fell silent.

Raymond and Roger glanced at each other. Then, the two of them took a step forward in tandem and put on an act of agitated surprise.

"Mom!"

"Grandma!"

Raymond wanted to hold her, but Mrs. Hunt stretched out her arm. Then, with all her strength...

Smack!

A slap landed across Raymond's cheek. A furious Mrs. Hunt berated, "You no-good son! Pete was trying to pull me back that time. He's a good boy, so why would he push me down the stairs?! Are you trying to instigate an uprising by gathering so many people here?!"

Raymond was dumbfounded.

Roger stopped and stood still, the look in his eyes flickering a little. Then, without any change in his expression, he lowered his head and said, "Sorry, Grandma. Dad was just worried about you..."

"Hmph!"

Mrs. Hunt decided to leave her grandson a little dignity, so she instead looked at everyone else and said, "All of you can go now."

She returned to the ward after that.

Seeing that the whole farce was just a false alarm, the rest of the Hunts left one by one.

Justin and the others followed her into the ward. Nora also quietly walked over.

As soon as she arrived at the door, she heard the old lady say, "It's all thanks to Tina that I could wake up in time!"

Tina stood tall and straight. She had a white lab coat on and looked confident. As she directed her scorching gaze at Justin, a faint smile also appeared at the corners of her lips.

"Mr. Hunt, this is the Carefree Pill. It has a refreshing effect on the mind and is made by Mr. Myers, my teacher who taught me traditional medicine! There are only two of such pills in the world, and it was only through special means that he managed to preserve them for 25 years. After much begging, I finally got him to give me one..."

Nora, who was leaning casually against the wall and eavesdropping, was bewildered.

After 25 years of storage, even if the pill hadn't expired, it probably wasn't effective anymore!

However, Tina boasted exaggeratedly about the pill's effects. She said, "Not only does this pill not have any side effects, but it can also refresh the mind, detox, and nourish the body. Additionally, it can even treat patients with cerebral hemorrhage. It's practically an elixir!"

The corners of Nora's lips spasmed.

What did Mrs. Hunt regaining consciousness have anything to do with that pill? The effects didn't even correlate with her symptoms!

She shook her head and decided to simply turn and leave.

Inside the ward, mockery flashed across Justin's eyes.

If that pill really were effective, why would Tina wait until today to give it to Grandma?

In the end, wasn't it just because Nora had successfully operated on her? That pill would only have a refreshing effect on the mind at best...

When he thought of that, he suddenly noticed a flash of movement outside the door. He strode out to see a familiar figure entering the elevator.

The corners of Justin's lips suddenly curled up into a smile.

Didn't she say she wasn't coming over? Yet she did in the end. Was she worried about Grandma's condition? Or was she... worried about him?

In the middle of his thoughts, he heard Raymond say, "Justin, I—"

Justin's countenance darkened and turned cold at once. The look in his eyes was like the coldest of ice as he said, "Now that Grandma has regained consciousness, it's time for us to settle some scores, Uncle Raymond."

At the Andersons.

"What? The Carefree Pill?" Sheena clenched her fists furiously. She swept the glasses on the coffee table onto the ground and shouted, "Sis was obviously the one who made them! Jon Myers has no shame! How does he have the cheek to say that he had made them?"

Simon pressed his lips together tightly. A dispirited look came over him and he said, "We don't have the formula for it. Who would believe us? On the contrary, they'll even mock us and say that we're just jealous! The Myers have now made a name for themselves by curing Mrs. Hunt. On top of that, they're even using us as a stepping stone... It's probably all over for us and Harmonia Pharmacy now!"

Sheena's eyes reddened. She gritted her teeth and said, "I don't have any problem with their advertising, but what makes them think they can step all over us and one-up us?"

At this point, Sheril entered the room. When she noticed the awful looks on their faces, her heart sank. "Dad, Aunt Sheena. What's the matter?"

Melissa got up and said, "You're still young, so don't worry about the adults' affairs. Why don't you check that pill for your grandma and see if it's suitable for consumption instead?"

Sheril nodded.

She followed Melissa upstairs. However, when they entered Mrs. Anderson's room, they noticed that she was sitting on the sofa in a daze. Taken aback, Melissa asked, "What's wrong, Mom?"

The dazed old lady replied, "It seems like my eyes are showing a bit of reaction..."

Her words stunned Melissa. Then, she snatched the pill from the table and passed it to Sheril. "Quick, have a look at this! What kind of pill is it?"

Sheril majored in traditional medicine and pharmacology in college. Sheena had been carefully training and grooming her all this time so that she could take over Harmonia Pharmacy in the future.

Thus, she knew her way around medicines somewhat.

She picked up the dark-colored pill and sniffed it carefully. A fresh and invigorating aura assailed her senses, instantly clearing and revitalizing the mind.

It felt as comfortable as taking a deep breath in the mountains.

Sheril's pretty little face turned serious and she stared at the pill, studying it intently.

A look of hesitation appeared on Melissa's mild and gentle countenance. "What's the matter?"

Sheril shook her head. Then, she asked hesitantly, "Can I have this, Grandma? I'd like to take it back with me so that I can study it and verify something!"

Mrs. Anderson nodded. "Sure. Take one with you."

As if she had just found a treasure, Sheril carefully put the pill into a bag, went downstairs, and made a beeline for the laboratory.

Seeing her leave in a panic, Sheena and Simon, who were discussing countermeasures in the living room, were taken aback.

Sheena frowned. "I'll go upstairs and have a look."

While Nora was driving home, her cell phone rang—it was an unfamiliar number. The moment she picked up, an angry voice from the other end of the call reached her. “Nora, where’s the money? Didn’t you already transfer it into my bank account? Why did they say that there isn’t any money in the account at all when I went to the bank to transfer the funds today?! You no-good daughter! Now that you’re clinging to the Andersons, are we too poor for your tastes? Are you thinking of ditching us so that you can enjoy life over there? Dream on!”

The smile at Nora’s lips was wild and arrogant. “Dad, there’s something I want to ask you.”

“What? I’m warning you, stop dilly-dallying and transfer the money over now...”

Nora looked straight ahead of her with her fingers resting gently on the steering wheel. She had long since stopped feeling sad because of people like him. She asked calmly, “Was my mom blind when she married you?”

“?”

Before he could recover, Nora had already hung up.

The only reason why she had put up with him all these years was that she was afraid that he would mistreat her son. Now, she finally managed to let out her frustrations.

Her cell phone suddenly rang again. Nora cast a quick glance at it—the caller ID was still a string of numbers. She answered the call, but before the other party could speak, she said sarcastically, “Why are you calling me again? Are you dying? Are you trying to ask me to take care of your funeral?”

“...”

Upon hearing silence on the other end, she scoffed coldly. She was about to hang up when Justin’s low, deep voice rang out. He asked, “Miss Smith, are you intending to take care of my funeral?”

In the hospital, the corners of Justin’s lips curled upward.

Typically, apart from one’s children, only their spouse would be involved in their funeral matters!

How intense of her. Even her confession involved promises of life and death.

Nora, “???”

It was only then that she realized that she had hurled insults at the wrong person. The string of unfamiliar numbers was Justin’s phone number. Too lazy to explain, she asked, “Is something the matter, Mr. Hunt?”

The voice on the phone was deep and pleasant, and it resounded in the car through the speaker. He said, “I recall you mentioning that you wanted me to locate someone for you after you’ve cured my grandma?”

“There isn’t need for that anymore,” replied Nora coldly. However, a thought suddenly occurred to her—if Justin owed her a huge favor, then did that mean she could use that to ask for her son back?

Thus, she softened her tone and added, “It’s an honor to be of help to you.”

Justin stiffened slightly. “...”

He leaned against the wall along a hallway in the hospital, feeling good all over. It seemed like this was the first time she was speaking so amicably to him ever since they met?

He surprisingly didn’t quite know how to respond.

Then, he heard her say, “Feel free to come to me whenever anyone in your family—especially your son—falls sick, Mr. Hunt. I have a daughter myself, so I’m very familiar with children’s illnesses. Moreover, I always feel a sense of kinship toward your son whenever I see him, so don’t ever feel too embarrassed to approach me for help. You can come to me even if it’s just a small bout of flu, fever, or discomfort... You get me?”

By especially bringing up how he had a son and she had a daughter, was she trying to tell him that the two of them were a good match? That both of them were single but with a child?

The corners of his deep-set eyes turned upward again. The small brown beauty mark at the corner of his eye seemed especially alluring as he said, “Thank you.”

The woman immediately replied, "Don't stand on ceremony with me. From now on, your son is also my son. I will dote on him like he's my own."

"..."

Listen to those shocking things she's saying!

Justin subtly changed the subject and asked, "I heard that news mistakenly got out that it was Mr. Myers who cured Grandma. Would you like the matter clarified?"

He had thought of clarifying the matter when his grandmother mentioned that it was all thanks to Tina that she recovered. However, when he thought of how she seemed to dislike trouble, how she kept her identity a secret, and how she didn't wish for her identity to be exposed; he had refrained from doing so.

Sure enough, he heard her say, "No, it's fine. Thank you."

"You're welcome."

After hanging up, the woman's wild and arrogant—yet always sleepy—visage surfaced in Justin's mind and his smile widened.

At this point, he heard a voice coming from behind. "Mr. Hunt."

Justin immediately reined in his smile. He turned to see his executive assistant, Sean Jenkins, standing there respectfully. He had a pair of glasses on. Unlike the talkative and naggy Lawrence, he was relatively low-key and reticent, and always went straight to the point when he spoke. He said, "Mr. Raymond has stepped down from his position as vice-chairman of the company."

Justin nodded. Before entering the ward, he suddenly looked at him. "Have you made a note of all those people who were cooperating with him today?"

Sean answered, "Yes, I've noted them all."

Justin's eyes were icy-cold. In order to fight for power, his uncle had surely bribed a lot of people over the last few years. The reason why he had allowed them to make a fuss outside the ward this afternoon was just so that he could note down who was on his uncle's side.

This time, he would get them all in one fell swoop.

Elsewhere.

Nora drove back to the Andersons.

After getting out of the car, she stretched and entered the living room.

As soon as she entered, she saw Sheena and Simon both seated on the sofa with stern and grave expressions.

She was about to ask what had happened when Sheena got up in a whoosh, picked up a teacup, and hurled it at her!

Crash!

The teacup broke into pieces on the ground.

Nora's expression instantly turned cold.

Sheena pointed at her and shouted, "What kind of medicine of unknown origin did you give your grandma?! After she applied it, the area around her eyes started to sting! She's not young anymore. Are you trying to kill her?!"

"There's a ton of things I've yet to settle, yet you're creating more trouble for us. Why is there so much trouble the moment you're back? You're a jinx just like your mother!"

Melissa, who was supporting an unsteady Mrs. Anderson on the corridor on the second floor, interrupted her. "Sheena! Mom told you to stop."

However, Sheena replied, "Mom, you have to pay the price if you make a mistake! If we don't discipline her well, what if she ends up behaving immorally like Sis?"

Mrs. Anderson, who was leaning on the railing for support, looked furious when she heard her. A moment later, she shouted angrily, "Get out!"

Sheena looked at Nora. "Did you hear that? She's telling you to get out!"

The next moment, however...

Mrs. Anderson took a deep breath. With a blank and empty look in her eyes, she looked in the direction where Sheena was and said, "I'm telling you to get out instead!"

Sheena was stunned. A moment later, her eyes widened and she turned to Mrs. Anderson and exclaimed, "What did you just say? Mom!"

The old lady clutched her chest and said, "You have no respect for your sister, nor are you kind or loving to the children. You're not welcome here!"

"Sis again! It's always about her!" A furious Sheena said, "Ever since we were children, you've always been partial to her! But Sis is already gone! All these years, I'm the one providing for you instead!"

Mrs. Anderson clutched the white cane tightly. Her lips trembled as she said, "No matter what, Nora was just trying to help!"

Sheena sneered, "Mom, do you really believe a stray child like her can cure your eyes? We've approached so many doctors over the years, but none of them could do anything. Why would she be able to? Do you really trust her that much?"

Mrs. Anderson was lost for words.

To be honest, she didn't really believe it, either. However, Nora meant well, so she didn't have the heart to refuse her.

Seeing that she didn't reply, Sheena continued and said, "You can't see, so you have no idea how red and swollen your eyes are! How is that supposed to be a medical treatment? She's obviously torturing you instead!"

Mrs. Anderson's eyes were completely red and the area around her eyes was swollen as though she was having an allergic reaction.

However, this was actually a sign that the ointment was working.

She hadn't been using her eyes for too long, so all the muscles there had already loosened and sagged. Without a more potent ointment, how would she be able to recover quickly?

Nora was about to explain when Mrs. Anderson said, "You don't have to say any more. I'm willing to let Nora give it a go. She said that my eyes will recover and I'll be able to see again in seven days. If I don't try it out, how would I know whether she can really do it or not?"

“You—” Sheena was so angry that her eyes were all red. “That’s how much trust you had in Sis back then, too. She said she would be gone for a week, but in the end, she never came back! And now, you’re also putting your trust in her daughter? You’re so stubborn!”

She picked up her bag and walked straight to the door. When she passed by Nora, she looked at her repugnantly and said, “So, seven days, right? Okay, I’ll come back in seven days, then. If your grandma’s condition doesn’t improve even after so much torture from you, I’m throwing you out of the house even if she kills me!”

“Aunt Sheena.”

When Sheena was about to step out, she suddenly heard a woman’s cool voice calling out to her and she stopped and looked back. The look in Nora’s eyes was a little cold. The expressionless woman said in a low voice, “If I successfully cure Grandma’s eyes, I hope you will apologize to my mother.”

The way she spoke as she stood there put Sheena in a bit of a trance. She felt as if she had time-traveled and returned to a time over twenty years ago. That familiar and resolute figure...

Sheena reined in her thoughts and sneered, “Since you’ve inherited your mother’s gift of the gab, I hope you’ve also inherited her talent in medicine... Otherwise, don’t hold it against me if I show you no mercy!”

After saying that, she turned and left.

After she left, Mrs. Anderson sighed and said, “Don’t hold it against her, Nora. She respected your mom the most back then, and this remains true even now... Sigh!”

Mrs. Anderson went back to her room as she spoke.

Melissa walked over and asked softly, “... Is it really okay for the area around her eyes to be so red?”

Nora patiently explained, “Yes, it’s normal. It’ll worsen during the next few days but will gradually fade after seven days. To be honest, it actually doesn’t hurt.”

Melissa was relieved to hear that.

Nora then yawned and entered her room.

After that, Melissa went downstairs, where she saw the nanny returning with Cherry. When she thought of how Cherry had made Sheena eat her own words the other day when she mocked her for being unlearned, she smiled and beckoned to her.

Cherry obediently ran over. "What's wrong, Grand-aunt Melissa?"

"Cherry, can you say something in Arabic to me again?"

Cherry had a huge question mark above her head. She replied, "But Grand-aunt Melissa, I only speak English. I don't know any Arabic!"

Melissa was taken aback. Was Cherry just acting that day?

She asked hesitantly, "What about your Mathematical Olympiad studies, calligraphy competitions, art competitions, and so on?"

A puzzled Cherry tilted her head and asked, "I've never even attended any kind of interest classes, so why would I participate in competitions?"

Melissa: "!!"

Seeing her hesitation, Cherry patted her little chest and said, "I'm not completely useless though, Grand-aunt Melissa! I know a lot of historical facts!"

Melissa looked a little better. She asked, "What kind of facts does our little Cherry know?"

"I know a lot!", Cherry triumphantly said.

"Who discovered America? Michael Fassbender!"

"..."

"Who invented the airplane? Tom Hanks and Colin Hanks!"

"..."

Half an hour later, Cherry waved and said, “Don’t get too excited, Grand-aunt Melissa. I also know I’m super awesome, yeah! Take your time to calm down. I’ll go play some games first!”

It was only after she skipped her way upstairs that Melissa finally reacted!

The corners of her lips spasmed as she glanced upstairs.

In the end, she could only heave a huge sigh!

It was all Sheena’s fault for saying such mean things the other day anyway. Moreover, she even showed off her daughter’s achievements, so Nora and Cherry weren’t really to blame for lying to get themselves out of a pickle. It was just that their boasting was a little too exaggerated...

Also, if what they said about Cherry’s education was a lie, then was Nora’s claim about being able to cure Mrs. Anderson’s eyes just now also a lie?

Suddenly, she wasn’t so sure anymore.

Upstairs.

Nora took a nap after she laid down on the bed. When she woke up at night and played with Cherry, she suddenly missed her son very much.

He didn’t respond even when she sent him a text message.

Nora became a little worried, so she decided to send Justin a text message: “Mr. Hunt, are you asleep?”

Justin had just come out of the shower. When he saw the message, his lips corner curled upward and he quickly replied: “No.”

“Oh. Is your son asleep?”

Justin glanced at Pete’s tightly shut bedroom door and replied: “Yes, he is.”

He supposed that she thought they would only be able to chat after his son had gone to bed. Otherwise, he would have to take care of his son, right? That woman was surprisingly rather considerate.

Sure enough, after he sent the message, his cell phone beeped again.

He opened the message with one hand while toweling his hair with the other. Right away, his expression froze—the cell phone screen reflected only a single icy-cold word: “Oh.”

And then?

Shouldn't they be looking for a conversation topic and continuing the chat instead?

Was she... being shy?

Justin coughed and sent a cold reply: “Something up?”

Three minutes passed. He didn't receive any reply.

Another five minutes later, he still didn't receive any reply.

Justin thought that perhaps his cell phone was broken, so he sent a message to Lawrence: “Lawrence?”

Lawrence, who was far away in some remote corner of the earth, replied: “Yes, boss? Are you allowing me to return?”

Justin replied: “No.”

“...”

At the Andersons, Nora had already muted her cell phone and tossed it aside after she learned that her son was asleep. With Cherry in her arms, she fell asleep happily, completely unaware that a certain someone was tossing and turning in bed with a million thoughts running through his mind that night.

Seven days later.

Sheena came to the Andersons early in the morning. When the nanny told her that Nora was still asleep, she sneered, “Let her sleep, then. After all, she's going to be thrown out of the house once she wakes up!”

“Who do you think you're throwing out of the house?!”

A contemptuous voice suddenly reached Sheena, causing her to frown.

She turned to see a tall and slim figure walking down the stairs. Dressed in a casual outfit, the teen was very handsome and looked about 21 or 22 years old. Upon closer inspection, one would realize that he bore a slight resemblance to Sheril Anderson. He was her twin younger brother, Logan Anderson.

Logan sported a neat and short hairstyle, and there was a characteristically wild and intractable look to him. He blew a bubble as he chewed on gum.

Sheena frowned. "No one in particular. Where are you going?"

Logan curled his lip; he didn't like this aunt of his very much. He scoffed and replied, "Tsk. She's not from around these parts, so she's easy to bully, but do you think you can meddle in even my affairs too?"

He left the villa after saying that.

His attitude maddened Sheena so badly that she pointed at him and reprimanded Simon. "Look at how much you've spoiled that boy! Instead of doing honest work, he's running wild outside with other people all day!"

Logan was a college student, but he skipped classes, had failing grades, misbehaved, and hung out with a bunch of rich second-generation heirs.

Simon also found his son a headache, but now wasn't the time to talk about him.

He had only just frowned when he noticed Melissa on the second floor giving him a look.

Simon paused, went upstairs, and entered the bedroom with Melissa.

A troubled Melissa said, "I just had a look at Mom. She hasn't woken up yet, but the redness and swelling around her eyes are still there. Also, she still couldn't see anything last night... What do we do now?"

She sighed and went on. "Honestly, what's wrong with Sheena? Why must she get so angry with a child? Keep an eye on her. If she goes too far with her words, you must shut her up."

Simon gave her a wry smile. "Sheena is so stubborn. She'll never listen to me."

Melissa frowned. "What should we do then? Are you really going to just watch her drive Nora away?"

A cold look immediately came over Simon's countenance. "Of course not! I'm her uncle. I have the final say in this house! Although Nora got ahead of her with her bragging this time, if it weren't because Sheena was being so overbearing..."

"I'm going to protect Nora even if it means I'll displease Sheena! I won't allow Sis' flesh and blood to become stranded in the streets!"

It was exactly his sense of duty and responsibility that Melissa admired when she had married him back then. She said, "Okay! I'll back you up!"

After the two had finished speaking, one of them went downstairs while the other continued to watch over Mrs. Anderson.

By the time Nora woke up, it was almost noon. After a good stretch, she got up and picked up her cell phone. When she saw the text message from her son, a happy smile formed on her face.

Pete went to the Quinn School of Martial Arts for martial arts practice every Tuesday and Saturday, and studied under a home tutor at the Hunts the rest of the days. It was Sunday that day, so it was his rest day.

At this point, she received a call from Solo. When she answered, the other party said weakly, "We've been investigating for a week, but even so, we still haven't found any traces indicating that Justin was in California five years ago. Apart from himself, I think there's probably no one else who really knows how his son came about."

During the past week, Nora had either been cooping up in the villa or investigating this matter.

For the sake of her son's fate, she had to find out why Justin hated her so much.

However, neither of them had found anything. Nora sounded a little hoarse as she replied, "I see."

"Do you want to investigate further?" Solo asked.

“Yeah.”

“How are you going to do that?”

Nora got up, went to the bathroom, and picked up the toothbrush. She looked at herself in the mirror—she was as pale as a sheet. She bared her teeth and said cockily and presumptuously, “I suppose I’ll just straight-up ask him.”

“ ... ”

After hanging up, she washed up and went out.

Melissa was playing with Cherry in the small living room on the second floor. Upon hearing the door opening, Cherry ran over and hugged Nora’s leg. “Mommy! Great-Grandma is still asleep.”

Nora was about to go over and take a look when someone suddenly rushed in front of her. Their outstretched finger nearly poked the tip of her nose. “Nora! Just what did you give my mother?! Why isn’t she awake yet?!”

Sheena’s eyeliner was drawn very thick and dramatic, making her eyes look awfully fierce. The way she was speaking so harshly made her look as if she was about to eat Nora alive.

Nora frowned and stared at her outstretched finger.

Melissa walked over and stood in front of Nora, blocking her from Sheena. “What are you doing? Calm down and talk this through nicely, Sheena.”

An angry Sheena snapped, “Talk this through nicely? No wonder it’s said that there’s ultimately still a wall between mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law. Are you unconcerned because she isn’t your mother?”

Melissa’s expression instantly changed.

Simon said sharply, “That’s enough, Sheena!”

Sheena stared hard at him and yelled, “Mom’s lying in there comatose! Aren’t you concerned?! Or do you find her a bother after taking care of her all these years?!”

“ ... ”

Simon and Melissa were so angry that they couldn't even speak for a while. At this moment, a cool and clear voice reached them: "Who says Grandma's comatose?"

Nora looked at Sheena and scoffed, "Grandma's just asleep. Just wake her up and everything will be fine. What are you making such a huge fuss about?"

After saying that, she took the lead and walked over to Mrs. Anderson's bedroom.

The others looked at one another and followed after her.

Mrs. Anderson was blind and had limited mobility. Thus, in order to make it convenient for others to take care of her, she didn't lock her bedroom door. This way, everyone could freely enter and leave.

Mrs. Anderson was lying on the bed at the moment. Her complexion was ruddy, and even the redness and swelling around her eyes seemed to have subsided a little.

Nora called out softly, "Grandma?"

Mrs. Anderson's lips moved a little. Then, she slowly opened her eyes. Her eyelids were swollen, so there were only two small slits where her eyes would be.

Melissa hurriedly stepped forward and helped her sit up on the bed. "Mom, how do you feel?"

Mrs. Anderson looked at her blankly. Her reaction badly frightened Melissa. Just as she was wondering whether she should send her to the hospital, she suddenly heard Mrs. Anderson say, "Melissa, you've aged..."

Melissa was taken aback.

Mrs. Anderson smiled and said, "Well, it's been more than twenty years after all. There's no way you won't age."

At this point, Melissa finally reacted. She exclaimed in surprise, "Mom, you can see me?"

Mrs. Anderson nodded. Then, she looked at the others. When her gaze swept across Sheena and Simon, she said, "All of you have aged... And you,

Sheena. It's been so many years, yet that foul temper of yours still hasn't changed!"

It was only at the very end that her gaze reached Nora.

The young woman stood there with an aloof look on her face as if she didn't fit in with the family at all.

She had exquisite facial features. Her almond-shaped eyes should have made her look gentle, yet on her, there was an additional sense of arrogance and wildness to them.

She bore an 80% resemblance to her own daughter back then.

Mrs. Anderson's eyes instantly reddened. She reached out to her as she said, "Nora..."

Although Melissa was also very protective of her, the concern from a blood relative gave Nora an indescribable ache and soreness in her heart.

It was as if she was no longer alone.

Next to her, Simon's eyes also reddened. He said agitatedly, "It's been over twenty years, but we've never managed to cure your eyes all this time! To think you can actually see now... Nora, what exactly were those pills you gave Mom?"

The Carefree Pill.

Nora said silently in her mind. However, when she thought of how her mother had instructed her to stay low-key and avoid being too showy, she casually said, "I bought them at Guardian Pharmacy. They said it invigorates and refreshes the mind. I didn't ask the specifics."

In other words, she had bought them without much thought.

Sheena said sharply, "That's some sheer dumb luck, huh! Didn't I say? You're so young; even if you do know a bit of medicine, it's not going to be this great—"

Melissa couldn't stand listening to her anymore. She interjected and said, "Sheena, no matter what the case is, we still ought to thank Nora!"

Sheena said mockingly, “Thank her? Do you need me to get down on my knees and kowtow to her, or set off some fireworks to celebrate, then?”

She was obviously being sarcastic, but the corners of Nora’s lips quirked upward and she replied seriously, “No, you don’t have to.”

Her voice was low and husky, which lent it a sense of calmness and steadiness. She said, “You should apologize to my mother now.”

Sheena immediately felt her cheeks burning.

She clenched her fists and straightened her back. She avoided Nora’s gaze and said, “Why should I? Mom only became blind because she was so angry at your mother for running away from home! Isn’t it only right for you to cure her? Also, we’re in this state because your mother just up and left back then! She’s the sinner of the family! Why should I apologize to her?!”

Simon sighed. Then, he ordered harshly, “Shut up, Sheena!”

Sheena felt that she must have misheard him. Shocked, she looked at him and asked, “Simon, are you actually yelling at me because of a stray like her?!”

Simon replied, “She’s no stray; she’s Sis’ daughter and my niece! She’s an Anderson! Apologize to Sis now!”

“You—” Sheena shouted angrily, “Are you determined to go against me? Fine, you don’t need me to help you manage Harmonia Pharmacy anymore, do you?”

“...”

Simon was stunned.

Sheena had always been the one in charge of Harmonia Pharmacy’s manufacturing department during all these years. It was indeed also because of her that the business hadn’t gone bust yet.

But what she just said... Was she threatening him?

At the sight of Simon’s silence, Sheena immediately knew that her threat had been effective. She straightened her back and sneered, “You have to suffer the consequences if you make a mistake! Sis made a mistake by eloping back

then, which caused our reputation to plummet! So, why should I apologize to her? Does she have the cheek to accept my apology?"

Smack!

Sheena, who was close to the bed, was stunned when Mrs. Anderson's slap landed on her cheek, and she looked at her in disbelief.

Mrs. Anderson, who was trembling all over, shouted angrily, "Your elder sister must have had her reasons! I forbid you to say that about her!"

Sheena took a step back. With a wry smile, she held her hand to her cheek and said, "You can shut me up, but can you shut up those people outside? Her mother was a woman of loose morals who eloped with another man, and it held back Ian Smith for life! This is the biggest scandal among the wealthy families in all of New York in the past two decades!"

Simon said sternly, "Sis had her reasons!"

"What reasons did she have?!"

Sheena yelled hysterically, "We even found love letters in her room! She eloped! When will all of you stop lying to yourselves?!"

She turned to Mrs. Anderson and Simon and said, "I'll say one last thing—it's either her or me in this family. Pick one!"

"..."

The room fell silent.

A silent Nora turned and said, "I'll leave."

However, a large warm hand held her shoulder before she reached the door, and Simon's slightly tired voice reached her: "Nora, where are you going? This is your home."

He didn't dare to look at Sheena when he spoke, but his decision was already obvious.

Sheena looked at Mrs. Anderson and then at Melissa—both of them turned away.

Toward the end, she looked at Simon and said, “Fine! Okay! The Andersons and the Myerses are fighting it out now, but you’re actually driving me away at a critical moment like this because of that no-good girl?”

“Fine! I’ll leave!”

Sheena turned and started to walk out, but found that no one was stopping her. When she reached the door, she stopped. A moment later, with her eyes red, she sneered, “You’re all partial toward Sis, and have forgotten that I’m the one who has led Harmonia Pharmacy over the past twenty years to where it currently is!

“In that case, don’t blame me for hardening my heart! Simon, I’ll wait for Harmonia Pharmacy to be completely crushed by the Myerses! I’ll wait for the day it closes down!”

After saying that, she turned and strode off.

Melissa frowned. “Has Sheena lost her mind? How can she bring herself to say such a thing after just a few heated words? She’s almost 50, yet she’s still so impulsive!”

Then, she looked at Simon worriedly. “We’re at a critical point of the Andersons and the Myerses’ fight for market share now. What do we do if Sheena really goes on strike?”

A troubled Simon rubbed his temples. “We’ll just do whatever we can and take it one step at a time!”

Seeing how worried they both looked, Nora asked, “Uncle Simon, Aunt Melissa. Is there anything I can help with?”

Simon sighed and replied, “No, it’s fine, Nora. You can just stay home with Cherry.”

What the Andersons needed the most at the moment wasn’t a contest of skill in commerce but an actual bona fide formula for a pill!

Thanks to Nora’s mother’s Carefree Pill, the Myerses had leaped to stardom among the wealthy circles in New York. If she, as well as the formula, were still around... The ones stealing the show would have been them now.

Sigh!

A troubled Simon and Melissa left the house after deciding that they would head to Harmonia Pharmacy to think of a solution.

As for Nora, she gave her grandmother a detailed explanation on how to use the ointment next. Then, she spent some time accompanying her while she adjusted to life with a sense of sight again. After she went on the right track, Nora went downstairs.

During brunch, Sheril suddenly rushed into the villa.

Her eyes were shining. At the sight of Nora, she flew straight up to her and exclaimed, "Nora! Is this pill the Carefree Pill?!"

" ... "

At the same time.

The Hunt Corporation's office building towered into the sky in the center of New York.

On the top floor, Justin was currently in the midst of work.

An extremely troubled Chester paced about in the hallway with a million thoughts in his mind.

His little nephew had said that once the Smith woman cures Grandma, he would tell Justin the truth!

But why did he feel like Justin was still unaware of the fact that he had a daughter?

He mustn't hide it from his brother anymore.

During this recent period of time, he had been terribly troubled every day over how he should tell Justin the truth, leading to him having trouble eating and sleeping. He wasn't even having fun killing mobs in the game anymore!

His little nephew wanted the two of them to form a family.

But in his opinion, this was simply impossible!

Justin hated Pete's mother so much. Wouldn't it be too much of him if he hid the truth from him?

Justin was his elder brother!

After doing enough ideological construction and also coming to terms with the possibility that there might not be anyone carrying him in the game anymore in the future, Chester took a deep breath and pushed open the office door.

Justin was in the midst of reviewing documents. His brows were drawn together coldly, and even the beauty mark at the corner of his eye seemed to exude a serious aura.

He looked up when he heard the door open.

Upon making eye contact, Chester immediately said, "Justin, actually, you can also have a daughter!"

"..."

The office was quiet.

Sean, the executive assistant, gave his glasses a push. Then, he walked over and closed the door, cutting off the gossipy gazes of those in the secretary's office outside but also arousing everyone's intense curiosity.

Chester weakly tried to tempt him. "Think about it, Justin. A soft, tender, and adorable daughter—don't you want one?"

The way he described it caused the sight of Pete playing with Barbies to flash across Justin's mind. A sharp glint instantly flashed in his eyes and with a warning tone, he asked, "What are you thinking of doing?"

Was he thinking of having Pete undergo some kind of outraging operation?

Chester was so scared that he cowered and stammered, "J-J-Justin, really! You can also have a daughter! I-if you go to Nora, you'll be able to have both a son and a daughter!"

Justin, "?"

His first reaction was to breathe a sigh of relief. Fortunately, he hadn't brought up Pete...

But immediately after, he realized what he meant... But going to Nora... And having a daughter...

If he got into a relationship with that woman, her daughter would indeed have to call him Daddy. Wouldn't he have a daughter, then?

He frowned and subconsciously barked, "Don't be ridiculous!"

How could he possibly help someone else raise their kid?!

A wave of irritation suddenly surged up in him, causing him to become infuriated at the sight of Chester's cowering appearance. He immediately pointed to the door. "Get out."

Chester wanted to say more, but as soon as he said his name, Justin barked angrily, "Get out!"

"..."

A terrified Chester rushed out of his office. His legs were even shaking as he wiped the non-existent perspiration on his forehead.

However, his eyes were bright and shiny.

He had already told Justin the truth. He was the one who didn't believe him, so he couldn't blame him when he found out in the future... Right?

Time to hurry home, look for his little niece, and have her carry him in the game!

He left without any psychological burden. However, the low pressure in the office didn't ease.

Justin's eyes were downcast, but he suddenly couldn't process the words on the documents anymore.

It wasn't really a big deal to raise someone else's daughter. At the most, he could just have a nanny raise her instead. However, he had always been a cold and unfeeling man and found relationships highly troublesome.

Cultivating feelings with that woman was already troublesome enough. If one added an additional daughter to it...

Wait a minute, when had he agreed to cultivate feelings with that woman?

Justin's eyes—which had always been cool, rational, restrained, and wise—appeared to be at a loss at this moment. A short while later, he let out a short scoff of laughter. He felt as if he was being unreasonably worried.

What did whether or not that woman had a child, and whether or not she had made mistakes in her youth have anything to do with him?

All he had done was having her treat someone's illness and owe her a favor, that was all.

He would just find an opportunity to return the favor and that would be it.

At the Andersons.

Sheril's eyes were shining beneath her double eyelids. "Nora, where did you get the formula?"

Nora was about to make up something when Sheril asked excitedly, "Did my aunt leave it for you?"

"..."

Seeing that she had already found a good excuse for her, Nora nodded.

Sheril immediately became so excited that she grabbed her hand. "The Myerses released the Cooling Tablets, which are even more effective than our Vitality Water, this year. In addition, they also produced a Carefree Pill and saved the elderly Mrs. Hunt. This has already become a legend in the industry!

"Harmonia Pharmacy's footfall has seen a visible decrease recently. Most of the drugstores and hospitals that we worked with have also returned the goods and replaced them with the Myerses'.

"If your mother really left behind the Carefree Pill formula, then there's hope for the Andersons!"

Nora raised an eyebrow.

So that was what the Andersons were currently going through.

She cast her eyes down and said, "Wait a moment."

She went upstairs, found a piece of paper in the room, and wrote down on it the Carefree Pill's formula and things to take note of during the manufacturing process. After that, she went back down and handed it to her. "This is the formula."

Sheril got up hurriedly. She looked somewhat grave as she said, "Y-you're giving me the formula just like that, Nora?"

As a medical practitioner, Sheril knew just how important a formula is.

However, Nora replied casually, "Yeah."

Seeing how trusting she was of her, Sheril gritted her teeth and took the formula from her. She said, "I'll give it a go, then. Nora, this pill is very difficult to make. My aunt tried so hard to make them last time, but only succeeded in making five in the end. Don't tell Dad and Mom about this for now, lest it gives them hope and then disappoints them again."

"..."

She had already improved the formula, so there definitely wouldn't be any problem.

But seeing her so nervous, Nora nodded.

The anxious Sheril ran out again. She must hurry and get the pills manufactured! This way, her parents wouldn't have to go around begging for help to improve sales anymore!

The next day, when Nora woke up and went downstairs for breakfast, she found Simon and Melissa sitting on the sofa with awful looks on their faces.

A healthcare conference was being held today, and all relevant personnel in the industry would be attending.

They had previously agreed to have Sheena and Simon attend together. She was to be in charge of technology while Simon was to be in charge of sales. He had called Sheena and said a lot to placate her, but the other party had sneered, "Didn't the Andersons not need me anymore? Since all of you like Nora so much, you can have her go with you instead!"

No matter what happened internally, a family must always unite when facing external foes. In spite of that, she was being so stubborn.

Melissa had always been even-tempered, but even she was rather incensed. "If she doesn't want to go, then so be it! I'll go with you instead!"

Simon nodded.

After the two finished speaking, they saw Nora come downstairs.

Melissa took the opportunity to say, "Let's go together, Nora! Today's conference will also benefit you in many ways."

Nora thought for a moment before she said, "Okay."

The conference was held in Hotel Finest's conference hall. While they called it a conference, it was actually more like a small banquet. People could discuss and seal a lot of business deals here.

However, the three of them were stopped by the service staff at the door. "Sorry, the QR code for your invitation is wrong, so you can't enter."

Simon frowned. "But this is what they sent us!"

The service staff replied, "This year's conference is held by the Myerses. They said that this is a high-end medical conference, so they aren't inviting doctors with little or bad reputations anymore and reissued the invitations. You're not allowed to enter now."

Simon was furious. He clenched his fists with an infuriated look on his face.

The Myerses were obviously making things difficult for them!

But if they didn't go in today, they would be expelled from the medical industry!

At the sight of him keeping quiet, disdain welled up in the service staff.

Nobody doctors trying to worm their way in to get acquainted with the guests in high-end conferences like this were a common sight. He had seen a lot of them before.

Thinking that the three in front of him were also people like that, he said loudly, "If you don't have an invitation, please stand aside and avoid blocking the guests behind."

His words attracted the attention of everyone around them.

The circle was only so big; everyone knew everyone very well. Simon immediately felt his cheeks burn, and he felt terribly embarrassed.

He was about to say something when a voice interrupted him: "Wait a minute."

Justin had a lunch meeting here at noon.

On the second floor of Hotel Finest, the conference hall was on the left and the restaurant on the right.

As soon as he walked out of the elevator, he heard the commotion at the entrance of the conference hall. He originally wasn't paying much attention to it, but when he glanced over, he spotted a familiar figure.

His footsteps paused for a moment. When he heard the service staff chasing them away impatiently, he frowned and said to Sean, "Let's go over and take a look."

No matter what, the Andersons were, after all, acquaintances with the Hunts. The previous generation of the two families had been closely acquainted with one another; how could he allow others to bully and humiliate them?

Sean nodded. "Yes, sir."

But when he was about to walk over, he heard that deep and clear voice going "Wait a minute."

Nora picked up her cell phone. Her fair and slender fingers tapped a couple of times on it and she opened her email inbox. Sure enough, there were a few invitations lying within.

As the most prestigious surgeon around, organizers of various conferences held in different countries would send her token invitations.

Sure enough, the organizers of a formal conference like this one had also sent her one.

However, she needed a bit of time to find the invitation from her junk mail...

At this time, someone beside her spoke. "Miss Smith?"

Taken aback, Nora lifted her head and looked over—it was a woman that looked about 30 years old. Her curly hair rested on her shoulders and she was wearing formal business attire.

She frowned. After a moment's hesitation, she asked, "You are?"

A displeased Tina York frowned. They had obviously met in the hospital before, but she was actually pretending not to know her...

However, she had been wondering why Justin had brought a young doctor over that time. After much ado, it turned out that she was actually from the Andersons.

The Andersons were gradually falling into decline day by day. They were solely relying on formulas from twenty years ago and selling medicines based on them. They must have been at the end of their tether and told that nobody doctor to operate on Mrs. Hunt as a last-ditch attempt, right?

Unfortunately, all that credit had gone to her instead!

At the thought of that, her displeasure quickly dissipated. She smiled and seemingly said as a kind reminder, "Everyone's a distinguished individual here. Since the Andersons haven't received an invitation, if you make a fuss here, it won't reflect well on you, either..."

A single line from her made everyone queuing behind start speculating in low voices:

"My goodness, I thought the Andersons just forgot their invitation, but the truth is they actually didn't receive one?"

"The Myerses' market share has expanded. There's basically no one buying the Andersons' drugs now. Sigh! To think they've been reduced to the point where they can't even get an invitation anymore!"

"They can't blame anyone else for that. What can anyone do if they don't improve themselves? I heard the drugstores and hospitals working with them have returned their goods recently and switched to the Myerses'."

“...If I were them, I’d have quickly sneaked off with my tail between my legs by now. What are they still doing here?”

The speculations made Simon’s expression change again and again, and he felt as if he had never been any more embarrassed.

After Tina kept quiet for a while, she sighed and said, “Everyone’s here for a good time today. If you simply have to go in... Uncle Simon, if you promise you won’t disturb the others, I’ll bring you in!”

“Won’t disturb the others”... The way she put it, it was as if they weren’t fit to be seen in public!

Simon felt as if someone had given him two tight slaps. Just as he became so infuriated that he turned to leave, a cool voice said, “No, it’s fine.”

Nora stared at Tina coldly and said, “The Andersons receive a lot of invitations, so I took a while to find it and ended up causing a short delay. Sorry about that, Uncle Simon and Aunt Melissa.”

She raised her cell phone and presented the QR code to the service staff. “Can we go in now?”

“... This way, please!”

Only then did the three of them from the Andersons finally enter the banquet hall.

At the door, Tina was stunned. She clearly remembered that her teacher hadn’t sent an invitation to the Andersons. Had she remembered wrongly?

Nearby.

Sean, who had taken a couple of steps toward the Andersons with the intention of helping them out of the embarrassing situation, was taken aback. Then, he looked back at Justin. “They don’t seem to need any help anymore.”

Justin, “...”

It had momentarily slipped his mind that that woman was Anti, so how could she possibly not have an invitation?

However, her line of “The Andersons receive a lot of invitations” sure was interesting.

Justin suddenly turned and started walking toward the conference hall. The usually reticent man said, “I’m just going over to see if there’s a chance for me to return the favor I owe.”

Sean, who was following closely behind him silently, was rendered speechless.

Boss, you don’t need to explain anything! An explanation is no different from a cover-up!

As a professional secretary, however, Sean quickly reported on the Andersons’ affairs. “... The Andersons can’t sell their drugs at all. If this continues, I’m afraid they’ll go bust soon.”

Although Justin didn’t reply, he nevertheless looked rather thoughtful when he heard the report.

All the Hotel Finest service staff knew their boss, so Justin entered the conference hall straightaway. The place’s layout was arranged like a small banquet. Most of the male guests were in suits and formal shoes while the women wore formal dresses.

Only that woman was dressed in a white T-shirt and a pair of jeans, yet she was still eye-catching among the crowd.

Justin narrowed his eyes slightly and walked over. As soon as he approached, he heard Melissa ask, “Nora, where did you get the invitation?”

The young woman replied casually, “Oh, I was helping with the treatment of Mrs. Hunt’s illness before, right? Although I wasn’t of much help, Mr. Hunt was still pretty nice.”

Sure enough, Melissa misunderstood her words. “Oh, so Mr. Hunt gave it to you! He must have also wanted you to come over and broaden your horizons.”

Justin, “...”

That woman really was using him as a scapegoat for everything, wasn’t she?!

A mischievous smile suddenly formed on his lips and he said in a low voice, "Uncle Simon, Aunt Melissa."

The three walking in front immediately stopped and turned around. Upon seeing him, Melissa immediately said gratefully, "Thank you for giving Nora an invitation, Justin. Otherwise, we really wouldn't have been able to enter today."

Justin glanced over and saw the discomfited girl touching her nose awkwardly. But after that, she looked down quietly and calmed down. Those docile cat-like eyes of hers were raised slightly, and she had a seemingly amused look on her face as if she wasn't the one lying just now.

Her mental resilience was first-class.

In an equally seemingly amused manner, Justin replied, "You're welcome."

Simon's purpose in attending the banquet was to sell his company's drugs. When he spotted a regular customer who wanted to return their goods in front, he hurriedly said, "Justin, you guys go ahead and have a chat first. I'll be back in a jiffy."

He started walking over after saying that.

A look of worry came over Melissa's countenance.

Justin observed Nora out of the corner of his eye.

She had almond-shaped eyes and a small but high-bridged nose. Her lips were rosy and plump, and looked very attractive.

For some reason, he suddenly thought of what Chester had said the day before: "You can have a daughter if you go to Nora."

A daughter...

He suddenly asked, "Miss Smith, what does your daughter look like? Does she resemble you?"

Nora glanced at him.

Cherry actually didn't look like her. Seriously speaking, she instead bore a 70% resemblance to the man in front of her. Thus, she answered, "No, she resembles her father instead."

"Oh?" Justin suddenly became interested. "Do you have any photos?"

Nora glanced at him and replied, "Yes."

Chapter 52 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

Quinn, who had come back to his senses, turned to run. Unfortunately, Nora had already stepped forward and grabbed his beard. "Old man, what are you running away for?"

Quinn cried out in pain. "Let go, Sleepyhead!"

Pete, who was next to them, was speechless.

He'd thought that Mommy was a very gentle person—after all, she was always sleeping. But after they went home last night, she insisted on taking off his pants. Mommy had been very cheeky then, and because of the chaos that had ensued, the two of them had become a lot closer.

Now, he also discovered that Mommy actually also had a very violent side to her.

She was just like a treasure trove that always gave him one novel surprise after another.

Nora plucked off two strands of hair from Quinn's beard before she finally let him go.

She really was rather mad.

The children didn't understand her pain, but as her teacher, how could Quinn possibly not understand? Yet he had still helped the two little fellows to keep it a secret from her.

Half an hour later, Justin sent Cherry over.

Nora's eyes reddened a little as she stared at the two identical faces, and contentment filled her heart.

Quinn circled around them. "It's so rare for boy-girl twins to be identical! Sleepyhead, I'm going to take them to practice once you've had enough of staring at them."

Nora nodded.

After Cherry went off to watch Quinn and Pete practice martial arts, Nora cast her eyes down and picked up her cell phone. She called her aunt and related what had happened to her. "... Say, if I run off with the two of them now, what will Justin Hunt do?"

Her aunt's voice was very carefree and hearty. She replied, "Why does it have to be him? He isn't just the head of the number one family... That man isn't one to be messed with. Even if you manage to escape, you'll be caught sooner or later anyway! I'd advise you to give up on that."

Nora leaned back on the recliner lazily. "What should I do, then? Do I pay to get my son back?"

"He seems to be richer than you."

"Then do I challenge him to a fight? Whoever wins gets the child?"

"He seems stronger than you."

"... Is there anything I'm better than him at?"

Her aunt thought for a while. Suddenly, she laughed and said, "You're better than him at sleeping. Why don't you conquer him in bed?"

"..."

Nora was speechless for a moment. Then, her aunt said jokingly, "Or why don't you get him to fall in love with you? The two of you can just get together!"

Nora thought for a while and came to a conclusion. "It's too much of a loss for me if I do that."

"What's your loss? He's pretty handsome, so he'll look okay next to you."

Nora sighed and replied, "I wanted a son, but if I do that, not only would I lose my daughter to him, but I'll also lose myself to him."

After a few cheeky exchanges with her aunt, Nora hung up.

After thinking about it, she decided that it might be better to have a good talk with Justin instead. After all, after interacting with him for some time, she had found that Justin wasn't as unreasonable as how he was rumored to be.

After giving Quinn and the children a heads-up, she went to Hospital Finest.

Justin and his younger brother were in the hallway. Neither of them saw her, so Nora walked over.

It was Sunday the next day, so Howard would be handling family matters on behalf of his grandfather at the family home.

Justin wanted Chester to keep Pete company when that happened.

Chester patted his chest and promised, "No problem! I'll watch over him and prevent anyone from bullying him!"

After he said that, he thought of the huge secret that he was hiding from his elder brother. He let out a guilty cough and asked, "Can I ask you something, Justin?"

Justin was as reticent as ever. "Say it."

Chester scratched his head. "If Pete's biological mother were to stand right in front of you, what would you do?"

Nora had just approached them when she heard his question.

After a short pause, she heard Justin's icy, hateful voice: "I will give her a terrible death."

"..."

A chill suddenly ran down her spine. The murderous aura around Justin in that instant, as well as the murderous look in his eyes, made her limbs turn cold.

This was the first time Nora realized what her aunt meant when she said that man wasn't to be messed with.

Chester was also shocked. He asked, "What did his mom do to make you hate her so much, Justin?"

However, Justin merely pressed his lips together tightly. He didn't want to bring it up again.

Nora stepped back quietly and turned the corner into the stairwell before the two men could discover her presence. Then, she took the stairs down and drove straight out of the hospital.

As she held the steering wheel, she frowned and wondered. Just what kind of feud did she have with Justin to actually make him harbor such great hatred toward her?

Was it related to her pregnancy back then? How exactly had she gotten pregnant? Surely she couldn't have taken him by force while she was sleepwalking, right? Cough.

Never mind. If she couldn't figure it out, then she would just hide it from him for now.

She had to stay in New York for a while longer anyway!

Nora went to the herbal store and pharmacy to collect the pills and topical ointments that she had made a custom order for the day before. During the collection process, the pharmacist asked, "Do you have a name for these pills? They smell so refreshing!"

Nora smiled and answered, "They are known as the Carefree Pills."

In the afternoon, while Justin wasn't there yet, she picked up Cherry from Quinn's and took her back to the Andersons.

At the Andersons.

Sheena was there again. She had a grave and worried look on her face, and even her suit and exquisite makeup couldn't hide her fatigue.

A pale Melissa asked, "What do we do, Sheena?"

The Andersons had always been the overlord of the pharmaceutical industry. The traditional medicines that they made had excellent effects, and the recipes were passed down from generation to generation. In their generation,

their father had taught Nora's mother everything he knew and lauded her as a genius like no other when it came to pharmaceuticals.

Simon hadn't taken up the profession.

Sheena, however, picked up a little of it.

Thus, when Nora's mother ran away from home and caused the Andersons' gradual decline, Sheena had stepped forward to ensure and maintain their pharmaceutical factory's operation.

She was someone whose bark was worse than their bite. Her love for her sister had given rise to hate, which caused her to also feel resentment toward Nora.

Sheena's back was ramrod straight as she ranted. "The Myerses are too shameless! How dare they hire an expert to test and compare their Cooling Tablets to our Vitality Water! Their product does have better medicinal effects than ours, but we're both minding our own business here. What makes them think they can trample upon us so arrogantly?"

Simon, who had just been discharged, leaned on the sofa and heaved a huge sigh. "Sis once developed a formula for Carefree Pills, which are more effective than the Cooling Tablets. If she were still around, things wouldn't have come to this point."

Sheena's eyes immediately widened. Then, the tired woman's eyes reddened and she reprimanded Simon. "It's all her fault that the Andersons are in this predicament! Never mind that she left, but how can she take The Philosophies of Medicine with her and leave us with this mess?! That book was passed down from generation to generation in the Andersons!"

Simon didn't speak.

Melissa, however, suddenly suggested, "Why don't we ask Nora if she understands pharmacology?"

Sheena sneered, "Sis died when Nora wasn't even a year old. How could she possibly understand?!"

Nora entered the house with Cherry at this point. When she saw Sheena, she didn't bother going over to incur her resentment and just nodded slightly at her, intending to go upstairs to her grandmother.

Suddenly, a puzzled Melissa stopped her and asked, "Nora, what do you have in that bag?"

Nora, who had stored the medicinal herbs in a black plastic bag, answered casually, "It's just some medicinal herbs. I intend to treat Grandma's eyes."

Melissa was a little surprised. "You're also skilled in traditional medicine?"

Nora was about to answer when Sheena said, "As if she would know traditional medicine? It's probably an over-the-counter ointment that she bought without much thought, right? Your grandmother has been blind for over 20 years. We've approached many doctors, but none of them could cure her. You'd better not indiscriminately try such medicine of unknown origin on her! Your grandmother is already very advanced in her years. Are you going to take responsibility if anything goes wrong?"

Her sarcasm made Nora frown.

Simon said, "That's enough, Sheena! Nora is just a child. Why are you venting your anger on her?"

Sheena immediately started to quarrel persistently with Simon.

Nora decided not to say anything and went straight to her grandmother's room upstairs.

Her grandmother was resting on the sofa. Seemingly having heard the dispute downstairs, she was quietly weeping. When she heard the door open, she turned her ear to the door and asked, "Who is it?"

The elderly lady was very old. Her eyes looked very blank and her silver hair was tied neatly behind her. The lights in the room were switched off—after all, she didn't need it anyway. In the dim environment, she formed an exceptionally heartbreaking sight.

Nora cast her eyes downward, her curly eyelashes hiding her emotions. She adopted a tone as lighthearted as possible and replied, "It's me, Grandma."

“Oh, it’s Nora!” Her grandmother wiped her tears and sat up. She reached her arm out toward her and said, “Here, come to Grandma!”

When Nora walked over with Cherry and sat down on the sofa, her grandmother sighed and said, “Nora, your Aunt Sheena may have a foul mouth, but she’s a softie at heart. You can just take whatever she says as nonsense and ignore her.”

The analogy made Nora smile. “Okay.”

She opened the bag she was holding and took out the pills and ointment inside. Then, she meticulously explained to her grandmother how to use the medicine. After she committed it to memory, she chatted with her for a while more before leaving.

Sheena also went up to visit Mrs. Anderson and saw that she was in good health. Before she left, she noticed the dark-colored medicine on the table and frowned. “Mom, you can use the ointment if you want, but don’t take the oral pills. Medicinal herbs have extensive and profound uses, and once a wrong herb is used in a formula, the effects will differ greatly. The pills don’t look like they were prescribed by a proper hospital. It’s best that you don’t eat it in case something goes wrong!”

Mrs. Anderson frowned and replied, “... Okay, I heard you.”

After Sheena left, Melissa also came to check on her and see if she had gone to bed yet. When she saw the pills on the table, she was taken aback for a moment. Then, she picked them up and asked, “What pills are these, Mom? They smell pretty nice...”

Mrs. Anderson sighed and answered, “Nora gave them to me. They’re for my eyes.”

A look of worry came over Melissa’s features. “Judging from how Nora operated on Simon, it seems like she’s a surgeon. She probably doesn’t know much about traditional medicine, right?”

Taken aback, Mrs. Anderson suggested, “Why don’t you ask her about the formula?”

Melissa shook her head. “Nora has only just returned. Moreover, Sheena even made such remarks about her just now. If I ask her about the formula

now, it'll seem as if we don't trust her and end up hurting her pride. How about this? Sheril studies traditional medicine. I'll get her to come home tomorrow and have a look at these pills?"

The old lady nodded.

Melissa then placed the pills on the coffee table for her and helped her to the bed. After she went to rest for the night, Melissa left.

After Melissa left the room, Mrs. Anderson suddenly got up. She tapped about in front of her with the white cane and came to the coffee table in a practiced manner.

She fumbled about and picked up a pill. When she held it under her nose and sniffed at it, a refreshing scent assailed her sense and she felt a comfortable feeling that she had never experienced before come over her.

She couldn't help picking up a glass of water and popping a pill. Then, she also picked up the ointment and applied it on her eyes.

She had already been blind for more than 20 years anyway, so why not give it a try?

It was Sunday the next day.

The Hunts had scheduled a family meeting on this day to discuss what they should do about Pete.

"Mommy, aren't you going over to have a look? Pete isn't good at talking. What if someone bullies him?"

Cherry, who was wearing cute yellow pajamas, rested her chin on her hands and asked curiously.

When Nora, who was getting dressed, heard her, she raised an eyebrow and said, "If your brother is kicked out of the Hunts, then won't that mean that he can come with me instead?"

Cherry was at a loss for words.

Nora was actually just joking.

Even if she wanted to take her son and have him leave the Hunts, she wouldn't do it in a way that humiliated him like that.

She mustn't let the accusation of having a mental illness relapse and pushing his great-grandmother down the stairs become a lifelong burden weighing Pete down, either.

After instructing Cherry to stay home, she drove to the hospital.

Hospital Finest belonged to the Hunts. In order to ensure that no one disturbed the elderly Mrs. Hunt's rest, she was warded in the VIP ward on the top floor. There were no other patients on the same floor for now.

When Nora arrived, the hallway on that floor was filled with members of the Hunts.

There were many new faces apart from Justin's uncle's family whom she had seen the other time. Obviously, things seemed to have become rather blown out of proportion.

When she went upstairs, Justin's second uncle, Raymond, was already making a scene there.

"How can he say that it wasn't Peter who did it? Things have already come to this point, yet he's actually still flat-out denying it! He's not going to admit to it until Mom wakes up to testify! How ridiculous is that? If he murders someone, is he also going to wait for the victim to come back to life and testify against him? Howard, what do you say we do about this?"

Howard, whose arm muscles were obvious even through the black t-shirt he was wearing, touched his nose after hearing what he said. "Uncle Raymond, what Grandpa means is that Pete is still a five-year-old child after all..."

The corners of Roger's eyes were upturned, and he looked a little as if he was smiling even when he wasn't. He heaved a sigh and said, "Howard, I know you're on good terms with Justin, and he's even the head of the family. Having you handle this does indeed put you in a difficult position... Sigh. Maybe we should just drop the matter?"

An angry Raymond yelled, "Howard, your grandpa has always made a clear distinction between official and personal matters! If you're not capable of that,

why should you be allowed to take over the responsibility of watching over the family home?”

With the two of them playing good cop and bad cop, Howard simply couldn't put in a good word for Pete at all. He looked at Justin anxiously, only to see him calm and steady.

Howard forced himself to calm down. He said, “When Grand aunt wakes u—”

“If Mom never wakes up, are we going to just put this off forever?!” Raymond said aggressively, “Oh, I get it now. No wonder Justin stubbornly went ahead with the operation despite Dr. York and several other specialists saying that they didn't recommend Mom undergoing surgery! Justin, tell me, are you hoping that your grandma never wakes up so that you can use that as an excuse to drag this on?”

Everyone looked at Justin.

Raymond narrowed his eyes. “No wonder you got a doctor whom we've never seen before to do it, and no wonder Mom still hasn't woken up yet!”

As soon as he said that, an elated Tina York walked out of the ward!

The people in the hallway hadn't noticed Tina yet.

Roger said as mildly as ever, “Justin, the doctor from that day looked like she's only in her twenties. It seems like we haven't seen her ever since the operation, right?”

A single line from him was enough to raise everyone's suspicions.

Raymond even pointed at Justin and yelled, “Okay! Even though his son pushed someone down the stairs, he, as his father, only knows to blindly shelter and indulge him! After that, he even got a doctor to harm his own grandmother! Justin, you have to give us an explanation for this in front of everyone from the family home!”

“He got some nobody doctor to treat her illness? He's too much!”

“I didn't expect Justin to be so cruel. She's his grandmother...”

“ ... ”

Everyone started to speculate among themselves.

Raymond and his son, Roger, exchanged a look with each other, and looks of triumph appeared on their faces.

Howard lowered his voice and started to become anxious when he heard their speculations. He said, "Why isn't Great-Grandma awake yet, Justin? Who did you get to operate on her? I can't hold them back much longer!"

Justin's eyes glinted darkly.

Since he had decided to ask for her help, he trusted her. If he didn't, he wouldn't have approached her.

Since she said that Grandma would regain consciousness on Sunday, she would definitely wake up.

He said coldly, "Uncle Raymond, are you in such a hurry that you can't even wait until night falls?"

He wasn't very loud. His voice was low and clear, but it inspired a lot of awe. Even in a noisy situation like this, it clearly reached the ears of everyone present.

Everyone in the hallway fell silent for a moment.

A mean and sinister look filled Roger's eyes. With a smile still on his face, he replied, "Everyone here is an outstanding member of the Hunts, Justin. We have politicians as well as businessmen here. Are you just going to tell them to wait when they've specially put aside everything on hand to come over today?"

Raymond also added sharply, "You're obviously just stalling for time! It's been half a month since the incident, yet you're still telling us to wait? Howard, there's substantial evidence to prove that Peter Hunt injured his Great-Grandma. Aren't you going to make a clear stance on it?"

"And Justin, too. You showed no regard for your grandmother's life and randomly got some doctor to operate on her, leading to her very possibly never waking up again. You have to take responsibility for this!"

He stared at Justin excitedly.

He had originally only intended to make use of this issue to get rid of that little bastard, but little did he think that Justin would get himself involved, too. He must take the opportunity to take away his position as the head of the family!

In his moment of triumph, a woman's high-pitched voice suddenly reached them. "Who says Mrs. Hunt won't ever wake up again? She's already awake!"

Tina stepped aside to reveal a nurse helping the hospital gown-clad Mrs. Hunt out. The elderly lady had bandages wrapped around her head, but the look in her eyes was sharp.

When she came out, everyone in the hallway fell silent.

Raymond and Roger glanced at each other. Then, the two of them took a step forward in tandem and put on an act of agitated surprise.

"Mom!"

"Grandma!"

Raymond wanted to hold her, but Mrs. Hunt stretched out her arm. Then, with all her strength...

Smack!

A slap landed across Raymond's cheek. A furious Mrs. Hunt berated, "You no-good son! Pete was trying to pull me back that time. He's a good boy, so why would he push me down the stairs?! Are you trying to instigate an uprising by gathering so many people here?!"

Raymond was dumbfounded.

Roger stopped and stood still, the look in his eyes flickering a little. Then, without any change in his expression, he lowered his head and said, "Sorry, Grandma. Dad was just worried about you..."

"Hmph!"

Mrs. Hunt decided to leave her grandson a little dignity, so she instead looked at everyone else and said, "All of you can go now."

She returned to the ward after that.

Seeing that the whole farce was just a false alarm, the rest of the Hunts left one by one.

Justin and the others followed her into the ward. Nora also quietly walked over.

As soon as she arrived at the door, she heard the old lady say, "It's all thanks to Tina that I could wake up in time!"

Tina stood tall and straight. She had a white lab coat on and looked confident. As she directed her scorching gaze at Justin, a faint smile also appeared at the corners of her lips.

"Mr. Hunt, this is the Carefree Pill. It has a refreshing effect on the mind and is made by Mr. Myers, my teacher who taught me traditional medicine! There are only two of such pills in the world, and it was only through special means that he managed to preserve them for 25 years. After much begging, I finally got him to give me one..."

Nora, who was leaning casually against the wall and eavesdropping, was bewildered.

After 25 years of storage, even if the pill hadn't expired, it probably wasn't effective anymore!

However, Tina boasted exaggeratedly about the pill's effects. She said, "Not only does this pill not have any side effects, but it can also refresh the mind, detox, and nourish the body. Additionally, it can even treat patients with cerebral hemorrhage. It's practically an elixir!"

The corners of Nora's lips spasmed.

What did Mrs. Hunt regaining consciousness have anything to do with that pill? The effects didn't even correlate with her symptoms!

She shook her head and decided to simply turn and leave.

Inside the ward, mockery flashed across Justin's eyes.

If that pill really were effective, why would Tina wait until today to give it to Grandma?

In the end, wasn't it just because Nora had successfully operated on her? That pill would only have a refreshing effect on the mind at best...

When he thought of that, he suddenly noticed a flash of movement outside the door. He strode out to see a familiar figure entering the elevator.

The corners of Justin's lips suddenly curled up into a smile.

Didn't she say she wasn't coming over? Yet she did in the end. Was she worried about Grandma's condition? Or was she... worried about him?

In the middle of his thoughts, he heard Raymond say, "Justin, I—"

Justin's countenance darkened and turned cold at once. The look in his eyes was like the coldest of ice as he said, "Now that Grandma has regained consciousness, it's time for us to settle some scores, Uncle Raymond."

At the Andersons.

"What? The Carefree Pill?" Sheena clenched her fists furiously. She swept the glasses on the coffee table onto the ground and shouted, "Sis was obviously the one who made them! Jon Myers has no shame! How does he have the cheek to say that he had made them?"

Simon pressed his lips together tightly. A dispirited look came over him and he said, "We don't have the formula for it. Who would believe us? On the contrary, they'll even mock us and say that we're just jealous! The Myers have now made a name for themselves by curing Mrs. Hunt. On top of that, they're even using us as a stepping stone... It's probably all over for us and Harmonia Pharmacy now!"

Sheena's eyes reddened. She gritted her teeth and said, "I don't have any problem with their advertising, but what makes them think they can step all over us and one-up us?"

At this point, Sheril entered the room. When she noticed the awful looks on their faces, her heart sank. "Dad, Aunt Sheena. What's the matter?"

Melissa got up and said, "You're still young, so don't worry about the adults' affairs. Why don't you check that pill for your grandma and see if it's suitable for consumption instead?"

Sheril nodded.

She followed Melissa upstairs. However, when they entered Mrs. Anderson's room, they noticed that she was sitting on the sofa in a daze. Taken aback, Melissa asked, "What's wrong, Mom?"

The dazed old lady replied, "It seems like my eyes are showing a bit of reaction..."

Her words stunned Melissa. Then, she snatched the pill from the table and passed it to Sheril. "Quick, have a look at this! What kind of pill is it?"

Sheril majored in traditional medicine and pharmacology in college. Sheena had been carefully training and grooming her all this time so that she could take over Harmonia Pharmacy in the future.

Thus, she knew her way around medicines somewhat.

She picked up the dark-colored pill and sniffed it carefully. A fresh and invigorating aura assailed her senses, instantly clearing and revitalizing the mind.

It felt as comfortable as taking a deep breath in the mountains.

Sheril's pretty little face turned serious and she stared at the pill, studying it intently.

A look of hesitation appeared on Melissa's mild and gentle countenance. "What's the matter?"

Sheril shook her head. Then, she asked hesitantly, "Can I have this, Grandma? I'd like to take it back with me so that I can study it and verify something!"

Mrs. Anderson nodded. "Sure. Take one with you."

As if she had just found a treasure, Sheril carefully put the pill into a bag, went downstairs, and made a beeline for the laboratory.

Seeing her leave in a panic, Sheena and Simon, who were discussing countermeasures in the living room, were taken aback.

Sheena frowned. "I'll go upstairs and have a look."

While Nora was driving home, her cell phone rang—it was an unfamiliar number. The moment she picked up, an angry voice from the other end of the call reached her. “Nora, where’s the money? Didn’t you already transfer it into my bank account? Why did they say that there isn’t any money in the account at all when I went to the bank to transfer the funds today?! You no-good daughter! Now that you’re clinging to the Andersons, are we too poor for your tastes? Are you thinking of ditching us so that you can enjoy life over there? Dream on!”

The smile at Nora’s lips was wild and arrogant. “Dad, there’s something I want to ask you.”

“What? I’m warning you, stop dilly-dallying and transfer the money over now...”

Nora looked straight ahead of her with her fingers resting gently on the steering wheel. She had long since stopped feeling sad because of people like him. She asked calmly, “Was my mom blind when she married you?”

“?”

Before he could recover, Nora had already hung up.

The only reason why she had put up with him all these years was that she was afraid that he would mistreat her son. Now, she finally managed to let out her frustrations.

Her cell phone suddenly rang again. Nora cast a quick glance at it—the caller ID was still a string of numbers. She answered the call, but before the other party could speak, she said sarcastically, “Why are you calling me again? Are you dying? Are you trying to ask me to take care of your funeral?”

“...”

Upon hearing silence on the other end, she scoffed coldly. She was about to hang up when Justin’s low, deep voice rang out. He asked, “Miss Smith, are you intending to take care of my funeral?”

In the hospital, the corners of Justin’s lips curled upward.

Typically, apart from one’s children, only their spouse would be involved in their funeral matters!

How intense of her. Even her confession involved promises of life and death.

Nora, “???”

It was only then that she realized that she had hurled insults at the wrong person. The string of unfamiliar numbers was Justin’s phone number. Too lazy to explain, she asked, “Is something the matter, Mr. Hunt?”

The voice on the phone was deep and pleasant, and it resounded in the car through the speaker. He said, “I recall you mentioning that you wanted me to locate someone for you after you’ve cured my grandma?”

“There isn’t need for that anymore,” replied Nora coldly. However, a thought suddenly occurred to her—if Justin owed her a huge favor, then did that mean she could use that to ask for her son back?

Thus, she softened her tone and added, “It’s an honor to be of help to you.”

Justin stiffened slightly. “...”

He leaned against the wall along a hallway in the hospital, feeling good all over. It seemed like this was the first time she was speaking so amicably to him ever since they met?

He surprisingly didn’t quite know how to respond.

Then, he heard her say, “Feel free to come to me whenever anyone in your family—especially your son—falls sick, Mr. Hunt. I have a daughter myself, so I’m very familiar with children’s illnesses. Moreover, I always feel a sense of kinship toward your son whenever I see him, so don’t ever feel too embarrassed to approach me for help. You can come to me even if it’s just a small bout of flu, fever, or discomfort... You get me?”

By especially bringing up how he had a son and she had a daughter, was she trying to tell him that the two of them were a good match? That both of them were single but with a child?

The corners of his deep-set eyes turned upward again. The small brown beauty mark at the corner of his eye seemed especially alluring as he said, “Thank you.”

The woman immediately replied, "Don't stand on ceremony with me. From now on, your son is also my son. I will dote on him like he's my own."

"..."

Listen to those shocking things she's saying!

Justin subtly changed the subject and asked, "I heard that news mistakenly got out that it was Mr. Myers who cured Grandma. Would you like the matter clarified?"

He had thought of clarifying the matter when his grandmother mentioned that it was all thanks to Tina that she recovered. However, when he thought of how she seemed to dislike trouble, how she kept her identity a secret, and how she didn't wish for her identity to be exposed; he had refrained from doing so.

Sure enough, he heard her say, "No, it's fine. Thank you."

"You're welcome."

After hanging up, the woman's wild and arrogant—yet always sleepy—visage surfaced in Justin's mind and his smile widened.

At this point, he heard a voice coming from behind. "Mr. Hunt."

Justin immediately reined in his smile. He turned to see his executive assistant, Sean Jenkins, standing there respectfully. He had a pair of glasses on. Unlike the talkative and naggy Lawrence, he was relatively low-key and reticent, and always went straight to the point when he spoke. He said, "Mr. Raymond has stepped down from his position as vice-chairman of the company."

Justin nodded. Before entering the ward, he suddenly looked at him. "Have you made a note of all those people who were cooperating with him today?"

Sean answered, "Yes, I've noted them all."

Justin's eyes were icy-cold. In order to fight for power, his uncle had surely bribed a lot of people over the last few years. The reason why he had allowed them to make a fuss outside the ward this afternoon was just so that he could note down who was on his uncle's side.

This time, he would get them all in one fell swoop.

Elsewhere.

Nora drove back to the Andersons.

After getting out of the car, she stretched and entered the living room.

As soon as she entered, she saw Sheena and Simon both seated on the sofa with stern and grave expressions.

She was about to ask what had happened when Sheena got up in a whoosh, picked up a teacup, and hurled it at her!

Crash!

The teacup broke into pieces on the ground.

Nora's expression instantly turned cold.

Sheena pointed at her and shouted, "What kind of medicine of unknown origin did you give your grandma?! After she applied it, the area around her eyes started to sting! She's not young anymore. Are you trying to kill her?!"

"There's a ton of things I've yet to settle, yet you're creating more trouble for us. Why is there so much trouble the moment you're back? You're a jinx just like your mother!"

Melissa, who was supporting an unsteady Mrs. Anderson on the corridor on the second floor, interrupted her. "Sheena! Mom told you to stop."

However, Sheena replied, "Mom, you have to pay the price if you make a mistake! If we don't discipline her well, what if she ends up behaving immorally like Sis?"

Mrs. Anderson, who was leaning on the railing for support, looked furious when she heard her. A moment later, she shouted angrily, "Get out!"

Sheena looked at Nora. "Did you hear that? She's telling you to get out!"

The next moment, however...

Mrs. Anderson took a deep breath. With a blank and empty look in her eyes, she looked in the direction where Sheena was and said, "I'm telling you to get out instead!"

Sheena was stunned. A moment later, her eyes widened and she turned to Mrs. Anderson and exclaimed, "What did you just say? Mom!"

The old lady clutched her chest and said, "You have no respect for your sister, nor are you kind or loving to the children. You're not welcome here!"

"Sis again! It's always about her!" A furious Sheena said, "Ever since we were children, you've always been partial to her! But Sis is already gone! All these years, I'm the one providing for you instead!"

Mrs. Anderson clutched the white cane tightly. Her lips trembled as she said, "No matter what, Nora was just trying to help!"

Sheena sneered, "Mom, do you really believe a stray child like her can cure your eyes? We've approached so many doctors over the years, but none of them could do anything. Why would she be able to? Do you really trust her that much?"

Mrs. Anderson was lost for words.

To be honest, she didn't really believe it, either. However, Nora meant well, so she didn't have the heart to refuse her.

Seeing that she didn't reply, Sheena continued and said, "You can't see, so you have no idea how red and swollen your eyes are! How is that supposed to be a medical treatment? She's obviously torturing you instead!"

Mrs. Anderson's eyes were completely red and the area around her eyes was swollen as though she was having an allergic reaction.

However, this was actually a sign that the ointment was working.

She hadn't been using her eyes for too long, so all the muscles there had already loosened and sagged. Without a more potent ointment, how would she be able to recover quickly?

Nora was about to explain when Mrs. Anderson said, "You don't have to say any more. I'm willing to let Nora give it a go. She said that my eyes will recover and I'll be able to see again in seven days. If I don't try it out, how would I know whether she can really do it or not?"

“You—” Sheena was so angry that her eyes were all red. “That’s how much trust you had in Sis back then, too. She said she would be gone for a week, but in the end, she never came back! And now, you’re also putting your trust in her daughter? You’re so stubborn!”

She picked up her bag and walked straight to the door. When she passed by Nora, she looked at her repugnantly and said, “So, seven days, right? Okay, I’ll come back in seven days, then. If your grandma’s condition doesn’t improve even after so much torture from you, I’m throwing you out of the house even if she kills me!”

“Aunt Sheena.”

When Sheena was about to step out, she suddenly heard a woman’s cool voice calling out to her and she stopped and looked back. The look in Nora’s eyes was a little cold. The expressionless woman said in a low voice, “If I successfully cure Grandma’s eyes, I hope you will apologize to my mother.”

The way she spoke as she stood there put Sheena in a bit of a trance. She felt as if she had time-traveled and returned to a time over twenty years ago. That familiar and resolute figure...

Sheena reined in her thoughts and sneered, “Since you’ve inherited your mother’s gift of the gab, I hope you’ve also inherited her talent in medicine... Otherwise, don’t hold it against me if I show you no mercy!”

After saying that, she turned and left.

After she left, Mrs. Anderson sighed and said, “Don’t hold it against her, Nora. She respected your mom the most back then, and this remains true even now... Sigh!”

Mrs. Anderson went back to her room as she spoke.

Melissa walked over and asked softly, “... Is it really okay for the area around her eyes to be so red?”

Nora patiently explained, “Yes, it’s normal. It’ll worsen during the next few days but will gradually fade after seven days. To be honest, it actually doesn’t hurt.”

Melissa was relieved to hear that.

Nora then yawned and entered her room.

After that, Melissa went downstairs, where she saw the nanny returning with Cherry. When she thought of how Cherry had made Sheena eat her own words the other day when she mocked her for being unlearned, she smiled and beckoned to her.

Cherry obediently ran over. "What's wrong, Grand-aunt Melissa?"

"Cherry, can you say something in Arabic to me again?"

Cherry had a huge question mark above her head. She replied, "But Grand-aunt Melissa, I only speak English. I don't know any Arabic!"

Melissa was taken aback. Was Cherry just acting that day?

She asked hesitantly, "What about your Mathematical Olympiad studies, calligraphy competitions, art competitions, and so on?"

A puzzled Cherry tilted her head and asked, "I've never even attended any kind of interest classes, so why would I participate in competitions?"

Melissa: "!!"

Seeing her hesitation, Cherry patted her little chest and said, "I'm not completely useless though, Grand-aunt Melissa! I know a lot of historical facts!"

Melissa looked a little better. She asked, "What kind of facts does our little Cherry know?"

"I know a lot!", Cherry triumphantly said.

"Who discovered America? Michael Fassbender!"

"..."

"Who invented the airplane? Tom Hanks and Colin Hanks!"

"..."

Half an hour later, Cherry waved and said, “Don’t get too excited, Grand-aunt Melissa. I also know I’m super awesome, yeah! Take your time to calm down. I’ll go play some games first!”

It was only after she skipped her way upstairs that Melissa finally reacted!

The corners of her lips spasmed as she glanced upstairs.

In the end, she could only heave a huge sigh!

It was all Sheena’s fault for saying such mean things the other day anyway. Moreover, she even showed off her daughter’s achievements, so Nora and Cherry weren’t really to blame for lying to get themselves out of a pickle. It was just that their boasting was a little too exaggerated...

Also, if what they said about Cherry’s education was a lie, then was Nora’s claim about being able to cure Mrs. Anderson’s eyes just now also a lie?

Suddenly, she wasn’t so sure anymore.

Upstairs.

Nora took a nap after she laid down on the bed. When she woke up at night and played with Cherry, she suddenly missed her son very much.

He didn’t respond even when she sent him a text message.

Nora became a little worried, so she decided to send Justin a text message: “Mr. Hunt, are you asleep?”

Justin had just come out of the shower. When he saw the message, his lips corner curled upward and he quickly replied: “No.”

“Oh. Is your son asleep?”

Justin glanced at Pete’s tightly shut bedroom door and replied: “Yes, he is.”

He supposed that she thought they would only be able to chat after his son had gone to bed. Otherwise, he would have to take care of his son, right? That woman was surprisingly rather considerate.

Sure enough, after he sent the message, his cell phone beeped again.

He opened the message with one hand while toweling his hair with the other. Right away, his expression froze—the cell phone screen reflected only a single icy-cold word: “Oh.”

And then?

Shouldn't they be looking for a conversation topic and continuing the chat instead?

Was she... being shy?

Justin coughed and sent a cold reply: “Something up?”

Three minutes passed. He didn't receive any reply.

Another five minutes later, he still didn't receive any reply.

Justin thought that perhaps his cell phone was broken, so he sent a message to Lawrence: “Lawrence?”

Lawrence, who was far away in some remote corner of the earth, replied: “Yes, boss? Are you allowing me to return?”

Justin replied: “No.”

“...”

At the Andersons, Nora had already muted her cell phone and tossed it aside after she learned that her son was asleep. With Cherry in her arms, she fell asleep happily, completely unaware that a certain someone was tossing and turning in bed with a million thoughts running through his mind that night.

Seven days later.

Sheena came to the Andersons early in the morning. When the nanny told her that Nora was still asleep, she sneered, “Let her sleep, then. After all, she's going to be thrown out of the house once she wakes up!”

“Who do you think you're throwing out of the house?!”

A contemptuous voice suddenly reached Sheena, causing her to frown.

She turned to see a tall and slim figure walking down the stairs. Dressed in a casual outfit, the teen was very handsome and looked about 21 or 22 years old. Upon closer inspection, one would realize that he bore a slight resemblance to Sheril Anderson. He was her twin younger brother, Logan Anderson.

Logan sported a neat and short hairstyle, and there was a characteristically wild and intractable look to him. He blew a bubble as he chewed on gum.

Sheena frowned. "No one in particular. Where are you going?"

Logan curled his lip; he didn't like this aunt of his very much. He scoffed and replied, "Tsk. She's not from around these parts, so she's easy to bully, but do you think you can meddle in even my affairs too?"

He left the villa after saying that.

His attitude maddened Sheena so badly that she pointed at him and reprimanded Simon. "Look at how much you've spoiled that boy! Instead of doing honest work, he's running wild outside with other people all day!"

Logan was a college student, but he skipped classes, had failing grades, misbehaved, and hung out with a bunch of rich second-generation heirs.

Simon also found his son a headache, but now wasn't the time to talk about him.

He had only just frowned when he noticed Melissa on the second floor giving him a look.

Simon paused, went upstairs, and entered the bedroom with Melissa.

A troubled Melissa said, "I just had a look at Mom. She hasn't woken up yet, but the redness and swelling around her eyes are still there. Also, she still couldn't see anything last night... What do we do now?"

She sighed and went on. "Honestly, what's wrong with Sheena? Why must she get so angry with a child? Keep an eye on her. If she goes too far with her words, you must shut her up."

Simon gave her a wry smile. "Sheena is so stubborn. She'll never listen to me."

Melissa frowned. "What should we do then? Are you really going to just watch her drive Nora away?"

A cold look immediately came over Simon's countenance. "Of course not! I'm her uncle. I have the final say in this house! Although Nora got ahead of her with her bragging this time, if it weren't because Sheena was being so overbearing..."

"I'm going to protect Nora even if it means I'll displease Sheena! I won't allow Sis' flesh and blood to become stranded in the streets!"

It was exactly his sense of duty and responsibility that Melissa admired when she had married him back then. She said, "Okay! I'll back you up!"

After the two had finished speaking, one of them went downstairs while the other continued to watch over Mrs. Anderson.

By the time Nora woke up, it was almost noon. After a good stretch, she got up and picked up her cell phone. When she saw the text message from her son, a happy smile formed on her face.

Pete went to the Quinn School of Martial Arts for martial arts practice every Tuesday and Saturday, and studied under a home tutor at the Hunts the rest of the days. It was Sunday that day, so it was his rest day.

At this point, she received a call from Solo. When she answered, the other party said weakly, "We've been investigating for a week, but even so, we still haven't found any traces indicating that Justin was in California five years ago. Apart from himself, I think there's probably no one else who really knows how his son came about."

During the past week, Nora had either been cooping up in the villa or investigating this matter.

For the sake of her son's fate, she had to find out why Justin hated her so much.

However, neither of them had found anything. Nora sounded a little hoarse as she replied, "I see."

"Do you want to investigate further?" Solo asked.

“Yeah.”

“How are you going to do that?”

Nora got up, went to the bathroom, and picked up the toothbrush. She looked at herself in the mirror—she was as pale as a sheet. She bared her teeth and said cockily and presumptuously, “I suppose I’ll just straight-up ask him.”

“ ... ”

After hanging up, she washed up and went out.

Melissa was playing with Cherry in the small living room on the second floor. Upon hearing the door opening, Cherry ran over and hugged Nora’s leg. “Mommy! Great-Grandma is still asleep.”

Nora was about to go over and take a look when someone suddenly rushed in front of her. Their outstretched finger nearly poked the tip of her nose. “Nora! Just what did you give my mother?! Why isn’t she awake yet?!”

Sheena’s eyeliner was drawn very thick and dramatic, making her eyes look awfully fierce. The way she was speaking so harshly made her look as if she was about to eat Nora alive.

Nora frowned and stared at her outstretched finger.

Melissa walked over and stood in front of Nora, blocking her from Sheena. “What are you doing? Calm down and talk this through nicely, Sheena.”

An angry Sheena snapped, “Talk this through nicely? No wonder it’s said that there’s ultimately still a wall between mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law. Are you unconcerned because she isn’t your mother?”

Melissa’s expression instantly changed.

Simon said sharply, “That’s enough, Sheena!”

Sheena stared hard at him and yelled, “Mom’s lying in there comatose! Aren’t you concerned?! Or do you find her a bother after taking care of her all these years?!”

“ ... ”

Simon and Melissa were so angry that they couldn't even speak for a while. At this moment, a cool and clear voice reached them: "Who says Grandma's comatose?"

Nora looked at Sheena and scoffed, "Grandma's just asleep. Just wake her up and everything will be fine. What are you making such a huge fuss about?"

After saying that, she took the lead and walked over to Mrs. Anderson's bedroom.

The others looked at one another and followed after her.

Mrs. Anderson was blind and had limited mobility. Thus, in order to make it convenient for others to take care of her, she didn't lock her bedroom door. This way, everyone could freely enter and leave.

Mrs. Anderson was lying on the bed at the moment. Her complexion was ruddy, and even the redness and swelling around her eyes seemed to have subsided a little.

Nora called out softly, "Grandma?"

Mrs. Anderson's lips moved a little. Then, she slowly opened her eyes. Her eyelids were swollen, so there were only two small slits where her eyes would be.

Melissa hurriedly stepped forward and helped her sit up on the bed. "Mom, how do you feel?"

Mrs. Anderson looked at her blankly. Her reaction badly frightened Melissa. Just as she was wondering whether she should send her to the hospital, she suddenly heard Mrs. Anderson say, "Melissa, you've aged..."

Melissa was taken aback.

Mrs. Anderson smiled and said, "Well, it's been more than twenty years after all. There's no way you won't age."

At this point, Melissa finally reacted. She exclaimed in surprise, "Mom, you can see me?"

Mrs. Anderson nodded. Then, she looked at the others. When her gaze swept across Sheena and Simon, she said, "All of you have aged... And you,

Sheena. It's been so many years, yet that foul temper of yours still hasn't changed!"

It was only at the very end that her gaze reached Nora.

The young woman stood there with an aloof look on her face as if she didn't fit in with the family at all.

She had exquisite facial features. Her almond-shaped eyes should have made her look gentle, yet on her, there was an additional sense of arrogance and wildness to them.

She bore an 80% resemblance to her own daughter back then.

Mrs. Anderson's eyes instantly reddened. She reached out to her as she said, "Nora..."

Although Melissa was also very protective of her, the concern from a blood relative gave Nora an indescribable ache and soreness in her heart.

It was as if she was no longer alone.

Next to her, Simon's eyes also reddened. He said agitatedly, "It's been over twenty years, but we've never managed to cure your eyes all this time! To think you can actually see now... Nora, what exactly were those pills you gave Mom?"

The Carefree Pill.

Nora said silently in her mind. However, when she thought of how her mother had instructed her to stay low-key and avoid being too showy, she casually said, "I bought them at Guardian Pharmacy. They said it invigorates and refreshes the mind. I didn't ask the specifics."

In other words, she had bought them without much thought.

Sheena said sharply, "That's some sheer dumb luck, huh! Didn't I say? You're so young; even if you do know a bit of medicine, it's not going to be this great—"

Melissa couldn't stand listening to her anymore. She interjected and said, "Sheena, no matter what the case is, we still ought to thank Nora!"

Sheena said mockingly, “Thank her? Do you need me to get down on my knees and kowtow to her, or set off some fireworks to celebrate, then?”

She was obviously being sarcastic, but the corners of Nora’s lips quirked upward and she replied seriously, “No, you don’t have to.”

Her voice was low and husky, which lent it a sense of calmness and steadiness. She said, “You should apologize to my mother now.”

Sheena immediately felt her cheeks burning.

She clenched her fists and straightened her back. She avoided Nora’s gaze and said, “Why should I? Mom only became blind because she was so angry at your mother for running away from home! Isn’t it only right for you to cure her? Also, we’re in this state because your mother just up and left back then! She’s the sinner of the family! Why should I apologize to her?!”

Simon sighed. Then, he ordered harshly, “Shut up, Sheena!”

Sheena felt that she must have misheard him. Shocked, she looked at him and asked, “Simon, are you actually yelling at me because of a stray like her?!”

Simon replied, “She’s no stray; she’s Sis’ daughter and my niece! She’s an Anderson! Apologize to Sis now!”

“You—” Sheena shouted angrily, “Are you determined to go against me? Fine, you don’t need me to help you manage Harmonia Pharmacy anymore, do you?”

“...”

Simon was stunned.

Sheena had always been the one in charge of Harmonia Pharmacy’s manufacturing department during all these years. It was indeed also because of her that the business hadn’t gone bust yet.

But what she just said... Was she threatening him?

At the sight of Simon’s silence, Sheena immediately knew that her threat had been effective. She straightened her back and sneered, “You have to suffer the consequences if you make a mistake! Sis made a mistake by eloping back

then, which caused our reputation to plummet! So, why should I apologize to her? Does she have the cheek to accept my apology?"

Smack!

Sheena, who was close to the bed, was stunned when Mrs. Anderson's slap landed on her cheek, and she looked at her in disbelief.

Mrs. Anderson, who was trembling all over, shouted angrily, "Your elder sister must have had her reasons! I forbid you to say that about her!"

Sheena took a step back. With a wry smile, she held her hand to her cheek and said, "You can shut me up, but can you shut up those people outside? Her mother was a woman of loose morals who eloped with another man, and it held back Ian Smith for life! This is the biggest scandal among the wealthy families in all of New York in the past two decades!"

Simon said sternly, "Sis had her reasons!"

"What reasons did she have?!"

Sheena yelled hysterically, "We even found love letters in her room! She eloped! When will all of you stop lying to yourselves?!"

She turned to Mrs. Anderson and Simon and said, "I'll say one last thing—it's either her or me in this family. Pick one!"

"..."

The room fell silent.

A silent Nora turned and said, "I'll leave."

However, a large warm hand held her shoulder before she reached the door, and Simon's slightly tired voice reached her: "Nora, where are you going? This is your home."

He didn't dare to look at Sheena when he spoke, but his decision was already obvious.

Sheena looked at Mrs. Anderson and then at Melissa—both of them turned away.

Toward the end, she looked at Simon and said, “Fine! Okay! The Andersons and the Myerses are fighting it out now, but you’re actually driving me away at a critical moment like this because of that no-good girl?”

“Fine! I’ll leave!”

Sheena turned and started to walk out, but found that no one was stopping her. When she reached the door, she stopped. A moment later, with her eyes red, she sneered, “You’re all partial toward Sis, and have forgotten that I’m the one who has led Harmonia Pharmacy over the past twenty years to where it currently is!

“In that case, don’t blame me for hardening my heart! Simon, I’ll wait for Harmonia Pharmacy to be completely crushed by the Myerses! I’ll wait for the day it closes down!”

After saying that, she turned and strode off.

Melissa frowned. “Has Sheena lost her mind? How can she bring herself to say such a thing after just a few heated words? She’s almost 50, yet she’s still so impulsive!”

Then, she looked at Simon worriedly. “We’re at a critical point of the Andersons and the Myerses’ fight for market share now. What do we do if Sheena really goes on strike?”

A troubled Simon rubbed his temples. “We’ll just do whatever we can and take it one step at a time!”

Seeing how worried they both looked, Nora asked, “Uncle Simon, Aunt Melissa. Is there anything I can help with?”

Simon sighed and replied, “No, it’s fine, Nora. You can just stay home with Cherry.”

What the Andersons needed the most at the moment wasn’t a contest of skill in commerce but an actual bona fide formula for a pill!

Thanks to Nora’s mother’s Carefree Pill, the Myerses had leaped to stardom among the wealthy circles in New York. If she, as well as the formula, were still around... The ones stealing the show would have been them now.

Sigh!

A troubled Simon and Melissa left the house after deciding that they would head to Harmonia Pharmacy to think of a solution.

As for Nora, she gave her grandmother a detailed explanation on how to use the ointment next. Then, she spent some time accompanying her while she adjusted to life with a sense of sight again. After she went on the right track, Nora went downstairs.

During brunch, Sheril suddenly rushed into the villa.

Her eyes were shining. At the sight of Nora, she flew straight up to her and exclaimed, "Nora! Is this pill the Carefree Pill?!"

" ... "

At the same time.

The Hunt Corporation's office building towered into the sky in the center of New York.

On the top floor, Justin was currently in the midst of work.

An extremely troubled Chester paced about in the hallway with a million thoughts in his mind.

His little nephew had said that once the Smith woman cures Grandma, he would tell Justin the truth!

But why did he feel like Justin was still unaware of the fact that he had a daughter?

He mustn't hide it from his brother anymore.

During this recent period of time, he had been terribly troubled every day over how he should tell Justin the truth, leading to him having trouble eating and sleeping. He wasn't even having fun killing mobs in the game anymore!

His little nephew wanted the two of them to form a family.

But in his opinion, this was simply impossible!

Justin hated Pete's mother so much. Wouldn't it be too much of him if he hid the truth from him?

Justin was his elder brother!

After doing enough ideological construction and also coming to terms with the possibility that there might not be anyone carrying him in the game anymore in the future, Chester took a deep breath and pushed open the office door.

Justin was in the midst of reviewing documents. His brows were drawn together coldly, and even the beauty mark at the corner of his eye seemed to exude a serious aura.

He looked up when he heard the door open.

Upon making eye contact, Chester immediately said, "Justin, actually, you can also have a daughter!"

"..."

The office was quiet.

Sean, the executive assistant, gave his glasses a push. Then, he walked over and closed the door, cutting off the gossipy gazes of those in the secretary's office outside but also arousing everyone's intense curiosity.

Chester weakly tried to tempt him. "Think about it, Justin. A soft, tender, and adorable daughter—don't you want one?"

The way he described it caused the sight of Pete playing with Barbies to flash across Justin's mind. A sharp glint instantly flashed in his eyes and with a warning tone, he asked, "What are you thinking of doing?"

Was he thinking of having Pete undergo some kind of outraging operation?

Chester was so scared that he cowered and stammered, "J-J-Justin, really! You can also have a daughter! I-if you go to Nora, you'll be able to have both a son and a daughter!"

Justin, "?"

His first reaction was to breathe a sigh of relief. Fortunately, he hadn't brought up Pete...

But immediately after, he realized what he meant... But going to Nora... And having a daughter...

If he got into a relationship with that woman, her daughter would indeed have to call him Daddy. Wouldn't he have a daughter, then?

He frowned and subconsciously barked, "Don't be ridiculous!"

How could he possibly help someone else raise their kid?!

A wave of irritation suddenly surged up in him, causing him to become infuriated at the sight of Chester's cowering appearance. He immediately pointed to the door. "Get out."

Chester wanted to say more, but as soon as he said his name, Justin barked angrily, "Get out!"

"..."

A terrified Chester rushed out of his office. His legs were even shaking as he wiped the non-existent perspiration on his forehead.

However, his eyes were bright and shiny.

He had already told Justin the truth. He was the one who didn't believe him, so he couldn't blame him when he found out in the future... Right?

Time to hurry home, look for his little niece, and have her carry him in the game!

He left without any psychological burden. However, the low pressure in the office didn't ease.

Justin's eyes were downcast, but he suddenly couldn't process the words on the documents anymore.

It wasn't really a big deal to raise someone else's daughter. At the most, he could just have a nanny raise her instead. However, he had always been a cold and unfeeling man and found relationships highly troublesome.

Cultivating feelings with that woman was already troublesome enough. If one added an additional daughter to it...

Wait a minute, when had he agreed to cultivate feelings with that woman?

Justin's eyes—which had always been cool, rational, restrained, and wise—appeared to be at a loss at this moment. A short while later, he let out a short scoff of laughter. He felt as if he was being unreasonably worried.

What did whether or not that woman had a child, and whether or not she had made mistakes in her youth have anything to do with him?

All he had done was having her treat someone's illness and owe her a favor, that was all.

He would just find an opportunity to return the favor and that would be it.

At the Andersons.

Sheril's eyes were shining beneath her double eyelids. "Nora, where did you get the formula?"

Nora was about to make up something when Sheril asked excitedly, "Did my aunt leave it for you?"

"..."

Seeing that she had already found a good excuse for her, Nora nodded.

Sheril immediately became so excited that she grabbed her hand. "The Myerses released the Cooling Tablets, which are even more effective than our Vitality Water, this year. In addition, they also produced a Carefree Pill and saved the elderly Mrs. Hunt. This has already become a legend in the industry!

"Harmonia Pharmacy's footfall has seen a visible decrease recently. Most of the drugstores and hospitals that we worked with have also returned the goods and replaced them with the Myerses'.

"If your mother really left behind the Carefree Pill formula, then there's hope for the Andersons!"

Nora raised an eyebrow.

So that was what the Andersons were currently going through.

She cast her eyes down and said, "Wait a moment."

She went upstairs, found a piece of paper in the room, and wrote down on it the Carefree Pill's formula and things to take note of during the manufacturing process. After that, she went back down and handed it to her. "This is the formula."

Sheril got up hurriedly. She looked somewhat grave as she said, "Y-you're giving me the formula just like that, Nora?"

As a medical practitioner, Sheril knew just how important a formula is.

However, Nora replied casually, "Yeah."

Seeing how trusting she was of her, Sheril gritted her teeth and took the formula from her. She said, "I'll give it a go, then. Nora, this pill is very difficult to make. My aunt tried so hard to make them last time, but only succeeded in making five in the end. Don't tell Dad and Mom about this for now, lest it gives them hope and then disappoints them again."

"..."

She had already improved the formula, so there definitely wouldn't be any problem.

But seeing her so nervous, Nora nodded.

The anxious Sheril ran out again. She must hurry and get the pills manufactured! This way, her parents wouldn't have to go around begging for help to improve sales anymore!

The next day, when Nora woke up and went downstairs for breakfast, she found Simon and Melissa sitting on the sofa with awful looks on their faces.

A healthcare conference was being held today, and all relevant personnel in the industry would be attending.

They had previously agreed to have Sheena and Simon attend together. She was to be in charge of technology while Simon was to be in charge of sales. He had called Sheena and said a lot to placate her, but the other party had sneered, "Didn't the Andersons not need me anymore? Since all of you like Nora so much, you can have her go with you instead!"

No matter what happened internally, a family must always unite when facing external foes. In spite of that, she was being so stubborn.

Melissa had always been even-tempered, but even she was rather incensed. "If she doesn't want to go, then so be it! I'll go with you instead!"

Simon nodded.

After the two finished speaking, they saw Nora come downstairs.

Melissa took the opportunity to say, "Let's go together, Nora! Today's conference will also benefit you in many ways."

Nora thought for a moment before she said, "Okay."

The conference was held in Hotel Finest's conference hall. While they called it a conference, it was actually more like a small banquet. People could discuss and seal a lot of business deals here.

However, the three of them were stopped by the service staff at the door. "Sorry, the QR code for your invitation is wrong, so you can't enter."

Simon frowned. "But this is what they sent us!"

The service staff replied, "This year's conference is held by the Myerses. They said that this is a high-end medical conference, so they aren't inviting doctors with little or bad reputations anymore and reissued the invitations. You're not allowed to enter now."

Simon was furious. He clenched his fists with an infuriated look on his face.

The Myerses were obviously making things difficult for them!

But if they didn't go in today, they would be expelled from the medical industry!

At the sight of him keeping quiet, disdain welled up in the service staff.

Nobody doctors trying to worm their way in to get acquainted with the guests in high-end conferences like this were a common sight. He had seen a lot of them before.

Thinking that the three in front of him were also people like that, he said loudly, "If you don't have an invitation, please stand aside and avoid blocking the guests behind."

His words attracted the attention of everyone around them.

The circle was only so big; everyone knew everyone very well. Simon immediately felt his cheeks burn, and he felt terribly embarrassed.

He was about to say something when a voice interrupted him: "Wait a minute."

Justin had a lunch meeting here at noon.

On the second floor of Hotel Finest, the conference hall was on the left and the restaurant on the right.

As soon as he walked out of the elevator, he heard the commotion at the entrance of the conference hall. He originally wasn't paying much attention to it, but when he glanced over, he spotted a familiar figure.

His footsteps paused for a moment. When he heard the service staff chasing them away impatiently, he frowned and said to Sean, "Let's go over and take a look."

No matter what, the Andersons were, after all, acquaintances with the Hunts. The previous generation of the two families had been closely acquainted with one another; how could he allow others to bully and humiliate them?

Sean nodded. "Yes, sir."

But when he was about to walk over, he heard that deep and clear voice going "Wait a minute."

Nora picked up her cell phone. Her fair and slender fingers tapped a couple of times on it and she opened her email inbox. Sure enough, there were a few invitations lying within.

As the most prestigious surgeon around, organizers of various conferences held in different countries would send her token invitations.

Sure enough, the organizers of a formal conference like this one had also sent her one.

However, she needed a bit of time to find the invitation from her junk mail...

At this time, someone beside her spoke. "Miss Smith?"

Taken aback, Nora lifted her head and looked over—it was a woman that looked about 30 years old. Her curly hair rested on her shoulders and she was wearing formal business attire.

She frowned. After a moment's hesitation, she asked, "You are?"

A displeased Tina York frowned. They had obviously met in the hospital before, but she was actually pretending not to know her...

However, she had been wondering why Justin had brought a young doctor over that time. After much ado, it turned out that she was actually from the Andersons.

The Andersons were gradually falling into decline day by day. They were solely relying on formulas from twenty years ago and selling medicines based on them. They must have been at the end of their tether and told that nobody doctor to operate on Mrs. Hunt as a last-ditch attempt, right?

Unfortunately, all that credit had gone to her instead!

At the thought of that, her displeasure quickly dissipated. She smiled and seemingly said as a kind reminder, "Everyone's a distinguished individual here. Since the Andersons haven't received an invitation, if you make a fuss here, it won't reflect well on you, either..."

A single line from her made everyone queuing behind start speculating in low voices:

"My goodness, I thought the Andersons just forgot their invitation, but the truth is they actually didn't receive one?"

"The Myerses' market share has expanded. There's basically no one buying the Andersons' drugs now. Sigh! To think they've been reduced to the point where they can't even get an invitation anymore!"

"They can't blame anyone else for that. What can anyone do if they don't improve themselves? I heard the drugstores and hospitals working with them have returned their goods recently and switched to the Myerses'."

“...If I were them, I’d have quickly sneaked off with my tail between my legs by now. What are they still doing here?”

The speculations made Simon’s expression change again and again, and he felt as if he had never been any more embarrassed.

After Tina kept quiet for a while, she sighed and said, “Everyone’s here for a good time today. If you simply have to go in... Uncle Simon, if you promise you won’t disturb the others, I’ll bring you in!”

“Won’t disturb the others”... The way she put it, it was as if they weren’t fit to be seen in public!

Simon felt as if someone had given him two tight slaps. Just as he became so infuriated that he turned to leave, a cool voice said, “No, it’s fine.”

Nora stared at Tina coldly and said, “The Andersons receive a lot of invitations, so I took a while to find it and ended up causing a short delay. Sorry about that, Uncle Simon and Aunt Melissa.”

She raised her cell phone and presented the QR code to the service staff. “Can we go in now?”

“... This way, please!”

Only then did the three of them from the Andersons finally enter the banquet hall.

At the door, Tina was stunned. She clearly remembered that her teacher hadn’t sent an invitation to the Andersons. Had she remembered wrongly?

Nearby.

Sean, who had taken a couple of steps toward the Andersons with the intention of helping them out of the embarrassing situation, was taken aback. Then, he looked back at Justin. “They don’t seem to need any help anymore.”

Justin, “...”

It had momentarily slipped his mind that that woman was Anti, so how could she possibly not have an invitation?

However, her line of “The Andersons receive a lot of invitations” sure was interesting.

Justin suddenly turned and started walking toward the conference hall. The usually reticent man said, “I’m just going over to see if there’s a chance for me to return the favor I owe.”

Sean, who was following closely behind him silently, was rendered speechless.

Boss, you don’t need to explain anything! An explanation is no different from a cover-up!

As a professional secretary, however, Sean quickly reported on the Andersons’ affairs. “... The Andersons can’t sell their drugs at all. If this continues, I’m afraid they’ll go bust soon.”

Although Justin didn’t reply, he nevertheless looked rather thoughtful when he heard the report.

All the Hotel Finest service staff knew their boss, so Justin entered the conference hall straightaway. The place’s layout was arranged like a small banquet. Most of the male guests were in suits and formal shoes while the women wore formal dresses.

Only that woman was dressed in a white T-shirt and a pair of jeans, yet she was still eye-catching among the crowd.

Justin narrowed his eyes slightly and walked over. As soon as he approached, he heard Melissa ask, “Nora, where did you get the invitation?”

The young woman replied casually, “Oh, I was helping with the treatment of Mrs. Hunt’s illness before, right? Although I wasn’t of much help, Mr. Hunt was still pretty nice.”

Sure enough, Melissa misunderstood her words. “Oh, so Mr. Hunt gave it to you! He must have also wanted you to come over and broaden your horizons.”

Justin, “...”

That woman really was using him as a scapegoat for everything, wasn’t she?!

A mischievous smile suddenly formed on his lips and he said in a low voice, "Uncle Simon, Aunt Melissa."

The three walking in front immediately stopped and turned around. Upon seeing him, Melissa immediately said gratefully, "Thank you for giving Nora an invitation, Justin. Otherwise, we really wouldn't have been able to enter today."

Justin glanced over and saw the discomfited girl touching her nose awkwardly. But after that, she looked down quietly and calmed down. Those docile cat-like eyes of hers were raised slightly, and she had a seemingly amused look on her face as if she wasn't the one lying just now.

Her mental resilience was first-class.

In an equally seemingly amused manner, Justin replied, "You're welcome."

Simon's purpose in attending the banquet was to sell his company's drugs. When he spotted a regular customer who wanted to return their goods in front, he hurriedly said, "Justin, you guys go ahead and have a chat first. I'll be back in a jiffy."

He started walking over after saying that.

A look of worry came over Melissa's countenance.

Justin observed Nora out of the corner of his eye.

She had almond-shaped eyes and a small but high-bridged nose. Her lips were rosy and plump, and looked very attractive.

For some reason, he suddenly thought of what Chester had said the day before: "You can have a daughter if you go to Nora."

A daughter...

He suddenly asked, "Miss Smith, what does your daughter look like? Does she resemble you?"

Nora glanced at him.

Cherry actually didn't look like her. Seriously speaking, she instead bore a 70% resemblance to the man in front of her. Thus, she answered, "No, she resembles her father instead."

"Oh?" Justin suddenly became interested. "Do you have any photos?"

Nora glanced at him and replied, "Yes."

Chapter 53 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

Nora, who had stored the medicinal herbs in a black plastic bag, answered casually, "It's just some medicinal herbs. I intend to treat Grandma's eyes."

Melissa was a little surprised. "You're also skilled in traditional medicine?"

Nora was about to answer when Sheena said, "As if she would know traditional medicine? It's probably an over-the-counter ointment that she bought without much thought, right? Your grandmother has been blind for over 20 years. We've approached many doctors, but none of them could cure her. You'd better not indiscriminately try such medicine of unknown origin on her! Your grandmother is already very advanced in her years. Are you going to take responsibility if anything goes wrong?"

Her sarcasm made Nora frown.

Simon said, "That's enough, Sheena! Nora is just a child. Why are you venting your anger on her?"

Sheena immediately started to quarrel persistently with Simon.

Nora decided not to say anything and went straight to her grandmother's room upstairs.

Her grandmother was resting on the sofa. Seemingly having heard the dispute downstairs, she was quietly weeping. When she heard the door open, she turned her ear to the door and asked, "Who is it?"

The elderly lady was very old. Her eyes looked very blank and her silver hair was tied neatly behind her. The lights in the room were switched off—after all, she didn't need it anyway. In the dim environment, she formed an exceptionally heartbreaking sight.

Nora cast her eyes downward, her curly eyelashes hiding her emotions. She adopted a tone as lighthearted as possible and replied, "It's me, Grandma."

"Oh, it's Nora!" Her grandmother wiped her tears and sat up. She reached her arm out toward her and said, "Here, come to Grandma!"

When Nora walked over with Cherry and sat down on the sofa, her grandmother sighed and said, "Nora, your Aunt Sheena may have a foul mouth, but she's a softie at heart. You can just take whatever she says as nonsense and ignore her."

The analogy made Nora smile. "Okay."

She opened the bag she was holding and took out the pills and ointment inside. Then, she meticulously explained to her grandmother how to use the medicine. After she committed it to memory, she chatted with her for a while more before leaving.

Sheena also went up to visit Mrs. Anderson and saw that she was in good health. Before she left, she noticed the dark-colored medicine on the table and frowned. "Mom, you can use the ointment if you want, but don't take the oral pills. Medicinal herbs have extensive and profound uses, and once a wrong herb is used in a formula, the effects will differ greatly. The pills don't look like they were prescribed by a proper hospital. It's best that you don't eat it in case something goes wrong!"

Mrs. Anderson frowned and replied, "... Okay, I heard you."

After Sheena left, Melissa also came to check on her and see if she had gone to bed yet. When she saw the pills on the table, she was taken aback for a moment. Then, she picked them up and asked, "What pills are these, Mom? They smell pretty nice..."

Mrs. Anderson sighed and answered, "Nora gave them to me. They're for my eyes."

A look of worry came over Melissa's features. "Judging from how Nora operated on Simon, it seems like she's a surgeon. She probably doesn't know much about traditional medicine, right?"

Taken aback, Mrs. Anderson suggested, "Why don't you ask her about the formula?"

Melissa shook her head. “Nora has only just returned. Moreover, Sheena even made such remarks about her just now. If I ask her about the formula now, it’ll seem as if we don’t trust her and end up hurting her pride. How about this? Sheril studies traditional medicine. I’ll get her to come home tomorrow and have a look at these pills?”

The old lady nodded.

Melissa then placed the pills on the coffee table for her and helped her to the bed. After she went to rest for the night, Melissa left.

After Melissa left the room, Mrs. Anderson suddenly got up. She tapped about in front of her with the white cane and came to the coffee table in a practiced manner.

She fumbled about and picked up a pill. When she held it under her nose and sniffed at it, a refreshing scent assailed her sense and she felt a comfortable feeling that she had never experienced before come over her.

She couldn’t help picking up a glass of water and popping a pill. Then, she also picked up the ointment and applied it on her eyes.

She had already been blind for more than 20 years anyway, so why not give it a try?

It was Sunday the next day.

The Hunts had scheduled a family meeting on this day to discuss what they should do about Pete.

“Mommy, aren’t you going over to have a look? Pete isn’t good at talking. What if someone bullies him?”

Cherry, who was wearing cute yellow pajamas, rested her chin on her hands and asked curiously.

When Nora, who was getting dressed, heard her, she raised an eyebrow and said, “If your brother is kicked out of the Hunts, then won’t that mean that he can come with me instead?”

Cherry was at a loss for words.

Nora was actually just joking.

Even if she wanted to take her son and have him leave the Hunts, she wouldn't do it in a way that humiliated him like that.

She mustn't let the accusation of having a mental illness relapse and pushing his great-grandmother down the stairs become a lifelong burden weighing Pete down, either.

After instructing Cherry to stay home, she drove to the hospital.

Hospital Finest belonged to the Hunts. In order to ensure that no one disturbed the elderly Mrs. Hunt's rest, she was warded in the VIP ward on the top floor. There were no other patients on the same floor for now.

When Nora arrived, the hallway on that floor was filled with members of the Hunts.

There were many new faces apart from Justin's uncle's family whom she had seen the other time. Obviously, things seemed to have become rather blown out of proportion.

When she went upstairs, Justin's second uncle, Raymond, was already making a scene there.

"How can he say that it wasn't Peter who did it? Things have already come to this point, yet he's actually still flat-out denying it! He's not going to admit to it until Mom wakes up to testify! How ridiculous is that? If he murders someone, is he also going to wait for the victim to come back to life and testify against him? Howard, what do you say we do about this?"

Howard, whose arm muscles were obvious even through the black t-shirt he was wearing, touched his nose after hearing what he said. "Uncle Raymond, what Grandpa means is that Pete is still a five-year-old child after all..."

The corners of Roger's eyes were upturned, and he looked a little as if he was smiling even when he wasn't. He heaved a sigh and said, "Howard, I know you're on good terms with Justin, and he's even the head of the family. Having you handle this does indeed put you in a difficult position... Sigh. Maybe we should just drop the matter?"

An angry Raymond yelled, "Howard, your grandpa has always made a clear distinction between official and personal matters! If you're not capable of that,

why should you be allowed to take over the responsibility of watching over the family home?”

With the two of them playing good cop and bad cop, Howard simply couldn't put in a good word for Pete at all. He looked at Justin anxiously, only to see him calm and steady.

Howard forced himself to calm down. He said, “When Grand aunt wakes u—”

“If Mom never wakes up, are we going to just put this off forever?!” Raymond said aggressively, “Oh, I get it now. No wonder Justin stubbornly went ahead with the operation despite Dr. York and several other specialists saying that they didn't recommend Mom undergoing surgery! Justin, tell me, are you hoping that your grandma never wakes up so that you can use that as an excuse to drag this on?”

Everyone looked at Justin.

Raymond narrowed his eyes. “No wonder you got a doctor whom we've never seen before to do it, and no wonder Mom still hasn't woken up yet!”

As soon as he said that, an elated Tina York walked out of the ward!

The people in the hallway hadn't noticed Tina yet.

Roger said as mildly as ever, “Justin, the doctor from that day looked like she's only in her twenties. It seems like we haven't seen her ever since the operation, right?”

A single line from him was enough to raise everyone's suspicions.

Raymond even pointed at Justin and yelled, “Okay! Even though his son pushed someone down the stairs, he, as his father, only knows to blindly shelter and indulge him! After that, he even got a doctor to harm his own grandmother! Justin, you have to give us an explanation for this in front of everyone from the family home!”

“He got some nobody doctor to treat her illness? He's too much!”

“I didn't expect Justin to be so cruel. She's his grandmother...”

“ ... ”

Everyone started to speculate among themselves.

Raymond and his son, Roger, exchanged a look with each other, and looks of triumph appeared on their faces.

Howard lowered his voice and started to become anxious when he heard their speculations. He said, "Why isn't Great-Grandma awake yet, Justin? Who did you get to operate on her? I can't hold them back much longer!"

Justin's eyes glinted darkly.

Since he had decided to ask for her help, he trusted her. If he didn't, he wouldn't have approached her.

Since she said that Grandma would regain consciousness on Sunday, she would definitely wake up.

He said coldly, "Uncle Raymond, are you in such a hurry that you can't even wait until night falls?"

He wasn't very loud. His voice was low and clear, but it inspired a lot of awe. Even in a noisy situation like this, it clearly reached the ears of everyone present.

Everyone in the hallway fell silent for a moment.

A mean and sinister look filled Roger's eyes. With a smile still on his face, he replied, "Everyone here is an outstanding member of the Hunts, Justin. We have politicians as well as businessmen here. Are you just going to tell them to wait when they've specially put aside everything on hand to come over today?"

Raymond also added sharply, "You're obviously just stalling for time! It's been half a month since the incident, yet you're still telling us to wait? Howard, there's substantial evidence to prove that Peter Hunt injured his Great-Grandma. Aren't you going to make a clear stance on it?"

"And Justin, too. You showed no regard for your grandmother's life and randomly got some doctor to operate on her, leading to her very possibly never waking up again. You have to take responsibility for this!"

He stared at Justin excitedly.

He had originally only intended to make use of this issue to get rid of that little bastard, but little did he think that Justin would get himself involved, too. He must take the opportunity to take away his position as the head of the family!

In his moment of triumph, a woman's high-pitched voice suddenly reached them. "Who says Mrs. Hunt won't ever wake up again? She's already awake!"

Tina stepped aside to reveal a nurse helping the hospital gown-clad Mrs. Hunt out. The elderly lady had bandages wrapped around her head, but the look in her eyes was sharp.

When she came out, everyone in the hallway fell silent.

Raymond and Roger glanced at each other. Then, the two of them took a step forward in tandem and put on an act of agitated surprise.

"Mom!"

"Grandma!"

Raymond wanted to hold her, but Mrs. Hunt stretched out her arm. Then, with all her strength...

Smack!

A slap landed across Raymond's cheek. A furious Mrs. Hunt berated, "You no-good son! Pete was trying to pull me back that time. He's a good boy, so why would he push me down the stairs?! Are you trying to instigate an uprising by gathering so many people here?!"

Raymond was dumbfounded.

Roger stopped and stood still, the look in his eyes flickering a little. Then, without any change in his expression, he lowered his head and said, "Sorry, Grandma. Dad was just worried about you..."

"Hmph!"

Mrs. Hunt decided to leave her grandson a little dignity, so she instead looked at everyone else and said, "All of you can go now."

She returned to the ward after that.

Seeing that the whole farce was just a false alarm, the rest of the Hunts left one by one.

Justin and the others followed her into the ward. Nora also quietly walked over.

As soon as she arrived at the door, she heard the old lady say, "It's all thanks to Tina that I could wake up in time!"

Tina stood tall and straight. She had a white lab coat on and looked confident. As she directed her scorching gaze at Justin, a faint smile also appeared at the corners of her lips.

"Mr. Hunt, this is the Carefree Pill. It has a refreshing effect on the mind and is made by Mr. Myers, my teacher who taught me traditional medicine! There are only two of such pills in the world, and it was only through special means that he managed to preserve them for 25 years. After much begging, I finally got him to give me one..."

Nora, who was leaning casually against the wall and eavesdropping, was bewildered.

After 25 years of storage, even if the pill hadn't expired, it probably wasn't effective anymore!

However, Tina boasted exaggeratedly about the pill's effects. She said, "Not only does this pill not have any side effects, but it can also refresh the mind, detox, and nourish the body. Additionally, it can even treat patients with cerebral hemorrhage. It's practically an elixir!"

The corners of Nora's lips spasmed.

What did Mrs. Hunt regaining consciousness have anything to do with that pill? The effects didn't even correlate with her symptoms!

She shook her head and decided to simply turn and leave.

Inside the ward, mockery flashed across Justin's eyes.

If that pill really were effective, why would Tina wait until today to give it to Grandma?

In the end, wasn't it just because Nora had successfully operated on her? That pill would only have a refreshing effect on the mind at best...

When he thought of that, he suddenly noticed a flash of movement outside the door. He strode out to see a familiar figure entering the elevator.

The corners of Justin's lips suddenly curled up into a smile.

Didn't she say she wasn't coming over? Yet she did in the end. Was she worried about Grandma's condition? Or was she... worried about him?

In the middle of his thoughts, he heard Raymond say, "Justin, I—"

Justin's countenance darkened and turned cold at once. The look in his eyes was like the coldest of ice as he said, "Now that Grandma has regained consciousness, it's time for us to settle some scores, Uncle Raymond."

At the Andersons.

"What? The Carefree Pill?" Sheena clenched her fists furiously. She swept the glasses on the coffee table onto the ground and shouted, "Sis was obviously the one who made them! Jon Myers has no shame! How does he have the cheek to say that he had made them?"

Simon pressed his lips together tightly. A dispirited look came over him and he said, "We don't have the formula for it. Who would believe us? On the contrary, they'll even mock us and say that we're just jealous! The Myers have now made a name for themselves by curing Mrs. Hunt. On top of that, they're even using us as a stepping stone... It's probably all over for us and Harmonia Pharmacy now!"

Sheena's eyes reddened. She gritted her teeth and said, "I don't have any problem with their advertising, but what makes them think they can step all over us and one-up us?"

At this point, Sheril entered the room. When she noticed the awful looks on their faces, her heart sank. "Dad, Aunt Sheena. What's the matter?"

Melissa got up and said, "You're still young, so don't worry about the adults' affairs. Why don't you check that pill for your grandma and see if it's suitable for consumption instead?"

Sheril nodded.

She followed Melissa upstairs. However, when they entered Mrs. Anderson's room, they noticed that she was sitting on the sofa in a daze. Taken aback, Melissa asked, "What's wrong, Mom?"

The dazed old lady replied, "It seems like my eyes are showing a bit of reaction..."

Her words stunned Melissa. Then, she snatched the pill from the table and passed it to Sheril. "Quick, have a look at this! What kind of pill is it?"

Sheril majored in traditional medicine and pharmacology in college. Sheena had been carefully training and grooming her all this time so that she could take over Harmonia Pharmacy in the future.

Thus, she knew her way around medicines somewhat.

She picked up the dark-colored pill and sniffed it carefully. A fresh and invigorating aura assailed her senses, instantly clearing and revitalizing the mind.

It felt as comfortable as taking a deep breath in the mountains.

Sheril's pretty little face turned serious and she stared at the pill, studying it intently.

A look of hesitation appeared on Melissa's mild and gentle countenance. "What's the matter?"

Sheril shook her head. Then, she asked hesitantly, "Can I have this, Grandma? I'd like to take it back with me so that I can study it and verify something!"

Mrs. Anderson nodded. "Sure. Take one with you."

As if she had just found a treasure, Sheril carefully put the pill into a bag, went downstairs, and made a beeline for the laboratory.

Seeing her leave in a panic, Sheena and Simon, who were discussing countermeasures in the living room, were taken aback.

Sheena frowned. "I'll go upstairs and have a look."

While Nora was driving home, her cell phone rang—it was an unfamiliar number. The moment she picked up, an angry voice from the other end of the call reached her. “Nora, where’s the money? Didn’t you already transfer it into my bank account? Why did they say that there isn’t any money in the account at all when I went to the bank to transfer the funds today?! You no-good daughter! Now that you’re clinging to the Andersons, are we too poor for your tastes? Are you thinking of ditching us so that you can enjoy life over there? Dream on!”

The smile at Nora’s lips was wild and arrogant. “Dad, there’s something I want to ask you.”

“What? I’m warning you, stop dilly-dallying and transfer the money over now...”

Nora looked straight ahead of her with her fingers resting gently on the steering wheel. She had long since stopped feeling sad because of people like him. She asked calmly, “Was my mom blind when she married you?”

“?”

Before he could recover, Nora had already hung up.

The only reason why she had put up with him all these years was that she was afraid that he would mistreat her son. Now, she finally managed to let out her frustrations.

Her cell phone suddenly rang again. Nora cast a quick glance at it—the caller ID was still a string of numbers. She answered the call, but before the other party could speak, she said sarcastically, “Why are you calling me again? Are you dying? Are you trying to ask me to take care of your funeral?”

“...”

Upon hearing silence on the other end, she scoffed coldly. She was about to hang up when Justin’s low, deep voice rang out. He asked, “Miss Smith, are you intending to take care of my funeral?”

In the hospital, the corners of Justin’s lips curled upward.

Typically, apart from one’s children, only their spouse would be involved in their funeral matters!

How intense of her. Even her confession involved promises of life and death.

Nora, “???”

It was only then that she realized that she had hurled insults at the wrong person. The string of unfamiliar numbers was Justin’s phone number. Too lazy to explain, she asked, “Is something the matter, Mr. Hunt?”

The voice on the phone was deep and pleasant, and it resounded in the car through the speaker. He said, “I recall you mentioning that you wanted me to locate someone for you after you’ve cured my grandma?”

“There isn’t need for that anymore,” replied Nora coldly. However, a thought suddenly occurred to her—if Justin owed her a huge favor, then did that mean she could use that to ask for her son back?

Thus, she softened her tone and added, “It’s an honor to be of help to you.”

Justin stiffened slightly. “...”

He leaned against the wall along a hallway in the hospital, feeling good all over. It seemed like this was the first time she was speaking so amicably to him ever since they met?

He surprisingly didn’t quite know how to respond.

Then, he heard her say, “Feel free to come to me whenever anyone in your family—especially your son—falls sick, Mr. Hunt. I have a daughter myself, so I’m very familiar with children’s illnesses. Moreover, I always feel a sense of kinship toward your son whenever I see him, so don’t ever feel too embarrassed to approach me for help. You can come to me even if it’s just a small bout of flu, fever, or discomfort... You get me?”

By especially bringing up how he had a son and she had a daughter, was she trying to tell him that the two of them were a good match? That both of them were single but with a child?

The corners of his deep-set eyes turned upward again. The small brown beauty mark at the corner of his eye seemed especially alluring as he said, “Thank you.”

The woman immediately replied, "Don't stand on ceremony with me. From now on, your son is also my son. I will dote on him like he's my own."

"..."

Listen to those shocking things she's saying!

Justin subtly changed the subject and asked, "I heard that news mistakenly got out that it was Mr. Myers who cured Grandma. Would you like the matter clarified?"

He had thought of clarifying the matter when his grandmother mentioned that it was all thanks to Tina that she recovered. However, when he thought of how she seemed to dislike trouble, how she kept her identity a secret, and how she didn't wish for her identity to be exposed; he had refrained from doing so.

Sure enough, he heard her say, "No, it's fine. Thank you."

"You're welcome."

After hanging up, the woman's wild and arrogant—yet always sleepy—visage surfaced in Justin's mind and his smile widened.

At this point, he heard a voice coming from behind. "Mr. Hunt."

Justin immediately reined in his smile. He turned to see his executive assistant, Sean Jenkins, standing there respectfully. He had a pair of glasses on. Unlike the talkative and naggy Lawrence, he was relatively low-key and reticent, and always went straight to the point when he spoke. He said, "Mr. Raymond has stepped down from his position as vice-chairman of the company."

Justin nodded. Before entering the ward, he suddenly looked at him. "Have you made a note of all those people who were cooperating with him today?"

Sean answered, "Yes, I've noted them all."

Justin's eyes were icy-cold. In order to fight for power, his uncle had surely bribed a lot of people over the last few years. The reason why he had allowed them to make a fuss outside the ward this afternoon was just so that he could note down who was on his uncle's side.

This time, he would get them all in one fell swoop.

Elsewhere.

Nora drove back to the Andersons.

After getting out of the car, she stretched and entered the living room.

As soon as she entered, she saw Sheena and Simon both seated on the sofa with stern and grave expressions.

She was about to ask what had happened when Sheena got up in a whoosh, picked up a teacup, and hurled it at her!

Crash!

The teacup broke into pieces on the ground.

Nora's expression instantly turned cold.

Sheena pointed at her and shouted, "What kind of medicine of unknown origin did you give your grandma?! After she applied it, the area around her eyes started to sting! She's not young anymore. Are you trying to kill her?!"

"There's a ton of things I've yet to settle, yet you're creating more trouble for us. Why is there so much trouble the moment you're back? You're a jinx just like your mother!"

Melissa, who was supporting an unsteady Mrs. Anderson on the corridor on the second floor, interrupted her. "Sheena! Mom told you to stop."

However, Sheena replied, "Mom, you have to pay the price if you make a mistake! If we don't discipline her well, what if she ends up behaving immorally like Sis?"

Mrs. Anderson, who was leaning on the railing for support, looked furious when she heard her. A moment later, she shouted angrily, "Get out!"

Sheena looked at Nora. "Did you hear that? She's telling you to get out!"

The next moment, however...

Mrs. Anderson took a deep breath. With a blank and empty look in her eyes, she looked in the direction where Sheena was and said, "I'm telling you to get out instead!"

Sheena was stunned. A moment later, her eyes widened and she turned to Mrs. Anderson and exclaimed, "What did you just say? Mom!"

The old lady clutched her chest and said, "You have no respect for your sister, nor are you kind or loving to the children. You're not welcome here!"

"Sis again! It's always about her!" A furious Sheena said, "Ever since we were children, you've always been partial to her! But Sis is already gone! All these years, I'm the one providing for you instead!"

Mrs. Anderson clutched the white cane tightly. Her lips trembled as she said, "No matter what, Nora was just trying to help!"

Sheena sneered, "Mom, do you really believe a stray child like her can cure your eyes? We've approached so many doctors over the years, but none of them could do anything. Why would she be able to? Do you really trust her that much?"

Mrs. Anderson was lost for words.

To be honest, she didn't really believe it, either. However, Nora meant well, so she didn't have the heart to refuse her.

Seeing that she didn't reply, Sheena continued and said, "You can't see, so you have no idea how red and swollen your eyes are! How is that supposed to be a medical treatment? She's obviously torturing you instead!"

Mrs. Anderson's eyes were completely red and the area around her eyes was swollen as though she was having an allergic reaction.

However, this was actually a sign that the ointment was working.

She hadn't been using her eyes for too long, so all the muscles there had already loosened and sagged. Without a more potent ointment, how would she be able to recover quickly?

Nora was about to explain when Mrs. Anderson said, "You don't have to say any more. I'm willing to let Nora give it a go. She said that my eyes will recover and I'll be able to see again in seven days. If I don't try it out, how would I know whether she can really do it or not?"

“You—” Sheena was so angry that her eyes were all red. “That’s how much trust you had in Sis back then, too. She said she would be gone for a week, but in the end, she never came back! And now, you’re also putting your trust in her daughter? You’re so stubborn!”

She picked up her bag and walked straight to the door. When she passed by Nora, she looked at her repugnantly and said, “So, seven days, right? Okay, I’ll come back in seven days, then. If your grandma’s condition doesn’t improve even after so much torture from you, I’m throwing you out of the house even if she kills me!”

“Aunt Sheena.”

When Sheena was about to step out, she suddenly heard a woman’s cool voice calling out to her and she stopped and looked back. The look in Nora’s eyes was a little cold. The expressionless woman said in a low voice, “If I successfully cure Grandma’s eyes, I hope you will apologize to my mother.”

The way she spoke as she stood there put Sheena in a bit of a trance. She felt as if she had time-traveled and returned to a time over twenty years ago. That familiar and resolute figure...

Sheena reined in her thoughts and sneered, “Since you’ve inherited your mother’s gift of the gab, I hope you’ve also inherited her talent in medicine... Otherwise, don’t hold it against me if I show you no mercy!”

After saying that, she turned and left.

After she left, Mrs. Anderson sighed and said, “Don’t hold it against her, Nora. She respected your mom the most back then, and this remains true even now... Sigh!”

Mrs. Anderson went back to her room as she spoke.

Melissa walked over and asked softly, “... Is it really okay for the area around her eyes to be so red?”

Nora patiently explained, “Yes, it’s normal. It’ll worsen during the next few days but will gradually fade after seven days. To be honest, it actually doesn’t hurt.”

Melissa was relieved to hear that.

Nora then yawned and entered her room.

After that, Melissa went downstairs, where she saw the nanny returning with Cherry. When she thought of how Cherry had made Sheena eat her own words the other day when she mocked her for being unlearned, she smiled and beckoned to her.

Cherry obediently ran over. "What's wrong, Grand-aunt Melissa?"

"Cherry, can you say something in Arabic to me again?"

Cherry had a huge question mark above her head. She replied, "But Grand-aunt Melissa, I only speak English. I don't know any Arabic!"

Melissa was taken aback. Was Cherry just acting that day?

She asked hesitantly, "What about your Mathematical Olympiad studies, calligraphy competitions, art competitions, and so on?"

A puzzled Cherry tilted her head and asked, "I've never even attended any kind of interest classes, so why would I participate in competitions?"

Melissa: "!!"

Seeing her hesitation, Cherry patted her little chest and said, "I'm not completely useless though, Grand-aunt Melissa! I know a lot of historical facts!"

Melissa looked a little better. She asked, "What kind of facts does our little Cherry know?"

"I know a lot!", Cherry triumphantly said.

"Who discovered America? Michael Fassbender!"

"..."

"Who invented the airplane? Tom Hanks and Colin Hanks!"

"..."

Half an hour later, Cherry waved and said, “Don’t get too excited, Grand-aunt Melissa. I also know I’m super awesome, yeah! Take your time to calm down. I’ll go play some games first!”

It was only after she skipped her way upstairs that Melissa finally reacted!

The corners of her lips spasmed as she glanced upstairs.

In the end, she could only heave a huge sigh!

It was all Sheena’s fault for saying such mean things the other day anyway. Moreover, she even showed off her daughter’s achievements, so Nora and Cherry weren’t really to blame for lying to get themselves out of a pickle. It was just that their boasting was a little too exaggerated...

Also, if what they said about Cherry’s education was a lie, then was Nora’s claim about being able to cure Mrs. Anderson’s eyes just now also a lie?

Suddenly, she wasn’t so sure anymore.

Upstairs.

Nora took a nap after she laid down on the bed. When she woke up at night and played with Cherry, she suddenly missed her son very much.

He didn’t respond even when she sent him a text message.

Nora became a little worried, so she decided to send Justin a text message: “Mr. Hunt, are you asleep?”

Justin had just come out of the shower. When he saw the message, his lips corner curled upward and he quickly replied: “No.”

“Oh. Is your son asleep?”

Justin glanced at Pete’s tightly shut bedroom door and replied: “Yes, he is.”

He supposed that she thought they would only be able to chat after his son had gone to bed. Otherwise, he would have to take care of his son, right? That woman was surprisingly rather considerate.

Sure enough, after he sent the message, his cell phone beeped again.

He opened the message with one hand while toweling his hair with the other. Right away, his expression froze—the cell phone screen reflected only a single icy-cold word: “Oh.”

And then?

Shouldn't they be looking for a conversation topic and continuing the chat instead?

Was she... being shy?

Justin coughed and sent a cold reply: “Something up?”

Three minutes passed. He didn't receive any reply.

Another five minutes later, he still didn't receive any reply.

Justin thought that perhaps his cell phone was broken, so he sent a message to Lawrence: “Lawrence?”

Lawrence, who was far away in some remote corner of the earth, replied: “Yes, boss? Are you allowing me to return?”

Justin replied: “No.”

“...”

At the Andersons, Nora had already muted her cell phone and tossed it aside after she learned that her son was asleep. With Cherry in her arms, she fell asleep happily, completely unaware that a certain someone was tossing and turning in bed with a million thoughts running through his mind that night.

Seven days later.

Sheena came to the Andersons early in the morning. When the nanny told her that Nora was still asleep, she sneered, “Let her sleep, then. After all, she's going to be thrown out of the house once she wakes up!”

“Who do you think you're throwing out of the house?!”

A contemptuous voice suddenly reached Sheena, causing her to frown.

She turned to see a tall and slim figure walking down the stairs. Dressed in a casual outfit, the teen was very handsome and looked about 21 or 22 years old. Upon closer inspection, one would realize that he bore a slight resemblance to Sheril Anderson. He was her twin younger brother, Logan Anderson.

Logan sported a neat and short hairstyle, and there was a characteristically wild and intractable look to him. He blew a bubble as he chewed on gum.

Sheena frowned. "No one in particular. Where are you going?"

Logan curled his lip; he didn't like this aunt of his very much. He scoffed and replied, "Tsk. She's not from around these parts, so she's easy to bully, but do you think you can meddle in even my affairs too?"

He left the villa after saying that.

His attitude maddened Sheena so badly that she pointed at him and reprimanded Simon. "Look at how much you've spoiled that boy! Instead of doing honest work, he's running wild outside with other people all day!"

Logan was a college student, but he skipped classes, had failing grades, misbehaved, and hung out with a bunch of rich second-generation heirs.

Simon also found his son a headache, but now wasn't the time to talk about him.

He had only just frowned when he noticed Melissa on the second floor giving him a look.

Simon paused, went upstairs, and entered the bedroom with Melissa.

A troubled Melissa said, "I just had a look at Mom. She hasn't woken up yet, but the redness and swelling around her eyes are still there. Also, she still couldn't see anything last night... What do we do now?"

She sighed and went on. "Honestly, what's wrong with Sheena? Why must she get so angry with a child? Keep an eye on her. If she goes too far with her words, you must shut her up."

Simon gave her a wry smile. "Sheena is so stubborn. She'll never listen to me."

Melissa frowned. "What should we do then? Are you really going to just watch her drive Nora away?"

A cold look immediately came over Simon's countenance. "Of course not! I'm her uncle. I have the final say in this house! Although Nora got ahead of her with her bragging this time, if it weren't because Sheena was being so overbearing..."

"I'm going to protect Nora even if it means I'll displease Sheena! I won't allow Sis' flesh and blood to become stranded in the streets!"

It was exactly his sense of duty and responsibility that Melissa admired when she had married him back then. She said, "Okay! I'll back you up!"

After the two had finished speaking, one of them went downstairs while the other continued to watch over Mrs. Anderson.

By the time Nora woke up, it was almost noon. After a good stretch, she got up and picked up her cell phone. When she saw the text message from her son, a happy smile formed on her face.

Pete went to the Quinn School of Martial Arts for martial arts practice every Tuesday and Saturday, and studied under a home tutor at the Hunts the rest of the days. It was Sunday that day, so it was his rest day.

At this point, she received a call from Solo. When she answered, the other party said weakly, "We've been investigating for a week, but even so, we still haven't found any traces indicating that Justin was in California five years ago. Apart from himself, I think there's probably no one else who really knows how his son came about."

During the past week, Nora had either been cooping up in the villa or investigating this matter.

For the sake of her son's fate, she had to find out why Justin hated her so much.

However, neither of them had found anything. Nora sounded a little hoarse as she replied, "I see."

"Do you want to investigate further?" Solo asked.

“Yeah.”

“How are you going to do that?”

Nora got up, went to the bathroom, and picked up the toothbrush. She looked at herself in the mirror—she was as pale as a sheet. She bared her teeth and said cockily and presumptuously, “I suppose I’ll just straight-up ask him.”

“ ... ”

After hanging up, she washed up and went out.

Melissa was playing with Cherry in the small living room on the second floor. Upon hearing the door opening, Cherry ran over and hugged Nora’s leg. “Mommy! Great-Grandma is still asleep.”

Nora was about to go over and take a look when someone suddenly rushed in front of her. Their outstretched finger nearly poked the tip of her nose. “Nora! Just what did you give my mother?! Why isn’t she awake yet?!”

Sheena’s eyeliner was drawn very thick and dramatic, making her eyes look awfully fierce. The way she was speaking so harshly made her look as if she was about to eat Nora alive.

Nora frowned and stared at her outstretched finger.

Melissa walked over and stood in front of Nora, blocking her from Sheena. “What are you doing? Calm down and talk this through nicely, Sheena.”

An angry Sheena snapped, “Talk this through nicely? No wonder it’s said that there’s ultimately still a wall between mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law. Are you unconcerned because she isn’t your mother?”

Melissa’s expression instantly changed.

Simon said sharply, “That’s enough, Sheena!”

Sheena stared hard at him and yelled, “Mom’s lying in there comatose! Aren’t you concerned?! Or do you find her a bother after taking care of her all these years?!”

“ ... ”

Simon and Melissa were so angry that they couldn't even speak for a while. At this moment, a cool and clear voice reached them: "Who says Grandma's comatose?"

Nora looked at Sheena and scoffed, "Grandma's just asleep. Just wake her up and everything will be fine. What are you making such a huge fuss about?"

After saying that, she took the lead and walked over to Mrs. Anderson's bedroom.

The others looked at one another and followed after her.

Mrs. Anderson was blind and had limited mobility. Thus, in order to make it convenient for others to take care of her, she didn't lock her bedroom door. This way, everyone could freely enter and leave.

Mrs. Anderson was lying on the bed at the moment. Her complexion was ruddy, and even the redness and swelling around her eyes seemed to have subsided a little.

Nora called out softly, "Grandma?"

Mrs. Anderson's lips moved a little. Then, she slowly opened her eyes. Her eyelids were swollen, so there were only two small slits where her eyes would be.

Melissa hurriedly stepped forward and helped her sit up on the bed. "Mom, how do you feel?"

Mrs. Anderson looked at her blankly. Her reaction badly frightened Melissa. Just as she was wondering whether she should send her to the hospital, she suddenly heard Mrs. Anderson say, "Melissa, you've aged..."

Melissa was taken aback.

Mrs. Anderson smiled and said, "Well, it's been more than twenty years after all. There's no way you won't age."

At this point, Melissa finally reacted. She exclaimed in surprise, "Mom, you can see me?"

Mrs. Anderson nodded. Then, she looked at the others. When her gaze swept across Sheena and Simon, she said, "All of you have aged... And you,

Sheena. It's been so many years, yet that foul temper of yours still hasn't changed!"

It was only at the very end that her gaze reached Nora.

The young woman stood there with an aloof look on her face as if she didn't fit in with the family at all.

She had exquisite facial features. Her almond-shaped eyes should have made her look gentle, yet on her, there was an additional sense of arrogance and wildness to them.

She bore an 80% resemblance to her own daughter back then.

Mrs. Anderson's eyes instantly reddened. She reached out to her as she said, "Nora..."

Although Melissa was also very protective of her, the concern from a blood relative gave Nora an indescribable ache and soreness in her heart.

It was as if she was no longer alone.

Next to her, Simon's eyes also reddened. He said agitatedly, "It's been over twenty years, but we've never managed to cure your eyes all this time! To think you can actually see now... Nora, what exactly were those pills you gave Mom?"

The Carefree Pill.

Nora said silently in her mind. However, when she thought of how her mother had instructed her to stay low-key and avoid being too showy, she casually said, "I bought them at Guardian Pharmacy. They said it invigorates and refreshes the mind. I didn't ask the specifics."

In other words, she had bought them without much thought.

Sheena said sharply, "That's some sheer dumb luck, huh! Didn't I say? You're so young; even if you do know a bit of medicine, it's not going to be this great—"

Melissa couldn't stand listening to her anymore. She interjected and said, "Sheena, no matter what the case is, we still ought to thank Nora!"

Sheena said mockingly, “Thank her? Do you need me to get down on my knees and kowtow to her, or set off some fireworks to celebrate, then?”

She was obviously being sarcastic, but the corners of Nora’s lips quirked upward and she replied seriously, “No, you don’t have to.”

Her voice was low and husky, which lent it a sense of calmness and steadiness. She said, “You should apologize to my mother now.”

Sheena immediately felt her cheeks burning.

She clenched her fists and straightened her back. She avoided Nora’s gaze and said, “Why should I? Mom only became blind because she was so angry at your mother for running away from home! Isn’t it only right for you to cure her? Also, we’re in this state because your mother just up and left back then! She’s the sinner of the family! Why should I apologize to her?!”

Simon sighed. Then, he ordered harshly, “Shut up, Sheena!”

Sheena felt that she must have misheard him. Shocked, she looked at him and asked, “Simon, are you actually yelling at me because of a stray like her?!”

Simon replied, “She’s no stray; she’s Sis’ daughter and my niece! She’s an Anderson! Apologize to Sis now!”

“You—” Sheena shouted angrily, “Are you determined to go against me? Fine, you don’t need me to help you manage Harmonia Pharmacy anymore, do you?”

“...”

Simon was stunned.

Sheena had always been the one in charge of Harmonia Pharmacy’s manufacturing department during all these years. It was indeed also because of her that the business hadn’t gone bust yet.

But what she just said... Was she threatening him?

At the sight of Simon’s silence, Sheena immediately knew that her threat had been effective. She straightened her back and sneered, “You have to suffer the consequences if you make a mistake! Sis made a mistake by eloping back

then, which caused our reputation to plummet! So, why should I apologize to her? Does she have the cheek to accept my apology?"

Smack!

Sheena, who was close to the bed, was stunned when Mrs. Anderson's slap landed on her cheek, and she looked at her in disbelief.

Mrs. Anderson, who was trembling all over, shouted angrily, "Your elder sister must have had her reasons! I forbid you to say that about her!"

Sheena took a step back. With a wry smile, she held her hand to her cheek and said, "You can shut me up, but can you shut up those people outside? Her mother was a woman of loose morals who eloped with another man, and it held back Ian Smith for life! This is the biggest scandal among the wealthy families in all of New York in the past two decades!"

Simon said sternly, "Sis had her reasons!"

"What reasons did she have?!"

Sheena yelled hysterically, "We even found love letters in her room! She eloped! When will all of you stop lying to yourselves?!"

She turned to Mrs. Anderson and Simon and said, "I'll say one last thing—it's either her or me in this family. Pick one!"

"..."

The room fell silent.

A silent Nora turned and said, "I'll leave."

However, a large warm hand held her shoulder before she reached the door, and Simon's slightly tired voice reached her: "Nora, where are you going? This is your home."

He didn't dare to look at Sheena when he spoke, but his decision was already obvious.

Sheena looked at Mrs. Anderson and then at Melissa—both of them turned away.

Toward the end, she looked at Simon and said, “Fine! Okay! The Andersons and the Myerses are fighting it out now, but you’re actually driving me away at a critical moment like this because of that no-good girl?”

“Fine! I’ll leave!”

Sheena turned and started to walk out, but found that no one was stopping her. When she reached the door, she stopped. A moment later, with her eyes red, she sneered, “You’re all partial toward Sis, and have forgotten that I’m the one who has led Harmonia Pharmacy over the past twenty years to where it currently is!

“In that case, don’t blame me for hardening my heart! Simon, I’ll wait for Harmonia Pharmacy to be completely crushed by the Myerses! I’ll wait for the day it closes down!”

After saying that, she turned and strode off.

Melissa frowned. “Has Sheena lost her mind? How can she bring herself to say such a thing after just a few heated words? She’s almost 50, yet she’s still so impulsive!”

Then, she looked at Simon worriedly. “We’re at a critical point of the Andersons and the Myerses’ fight for market share now. What do we do if Sheena really goes on strike?”

A troubled Simon rubbed his temples. “We’ll just do whatever we can and take it one step at a time!”

Seeing how worried they both looked, Nora asked, “Uncle Simon, Aunt Melissa. Is there anything I can help with?”

Simon sighed and replied, “No, it’s fine, Nora. You can just stay home with Cherry.”

What the Andersons needed the most at the moment wasn’t a contest of skill in commerce but an actual bona fide formula for a pill!

Thanks to Nora’s mother’s Carefree Pill, the Myerses had leaped to stardom among the wealthy circles in New York. If she, as well as the formula, were still around... The ones stealing the show would have been them now.

Sigh!

A troubled Simon and Melissa left the house after deciding that they would head to Harmonia Pharmacy to think of a solution.

As for Nora, she gave her grandmother a detailed explanation on how to use the ointment next. Then, she spent some time accompanying her while she adjusted to life with a sense of sight again. After she went on the right track, Nora went downstairs.

During brunch, Sheril suddenly rushed into the villa.

Her eyes were shining. At the sight of Nora, she flew straight up to her and exclaimed, "Nora! Is this pill the Carefree Pill?!"

" ... "

At the same time.

The Hunt Corporation's office building towered into the sky in the center of New York.

On the top floor, Justin was currently in the midst of work.

An extremely troubled Chester paced about in the hallway with a million thoughts in his mind.

His little nephew had said that once the Smith woman cures Grandma, he would tell Justin the truth!

But why did he feel like Justin was still unaware of the fact that he had a daughter?

He mustn't hide it from his brother anymore.

During this recent period of time, he had been terribly troubled every day over how he should tell Justin the truth, leading to him having trouble eating and sleeping. He wasn't even having fun killing mobs in the game anymore!

His little nephew wanted the two of them to form a family.

But in his opinion, this was simply impossible!

Justin hated Pete's mother so much. Wouldn't it be too much of him if he hid the truth from him?

Justin was his elder brother!

After doing enough ideological construction and also coming to terms with the possibility that there might not be anyone carrying him in the game anymore in the future, Chester took a deep breath and pushed open the office door.

Justin was in the midst of reviewing documents. His brows were drawn together coldly, and even the beauty mark at the corner of his eye seemed to exude a serious aura.

He looked up when he heard the door open.

Upon making eye contact, Chester immediately said, "Justin, actually, you can also have a daughter!"

"..."

The office was quiet.

Sean, the executive assistant, gave his glasses a push. Then, he walked over and closed the door, cutting off the gossipy gazes of those in the secretary's office outside but also arousing everyone's intense curiosity.

Chester weakly tried to tempt him. "Think about it, Justin. A soft, tender, and adorable daughter—don't you want one?"

The way he described it caused the sight of Pete playing with Barbies to flash across Justin's mind. A sharp glint instantly flashed in his eyes and with a warning tone, he asked, "What are you thinking of doing?"

Was he thinking of having Pete undergo some kind of outraging operation?

Chester was so scared that he cowered and stammered, "J-J-Justin, really! You can also have a daughter! I-if you go to Nora, you'll be able to have both a son and a daughter!"

Justin, "?"

His first reaction was to breathe a sigh of relief. Fortunately, he hadn't brought up Pete...

But immediately after, he realized what he meant... But going to Nora... And having a daughter...

If he got into a relationship with that woman, her daughter would indeed have to call him Daddy. Wouldn't he have a daughter, then?

He frowned and subconsciously barked, "Don't be ridiculous!"

How could he possibly help someone else raise their kid?!

A wave of irritation suddenly surged up in him, causing him to become infuriated at the sight of Chester's cowering appearance. He immediately pointed to the door. "Get out."

Chester wanted to say more, but as soon as he said his name, Justin barked angrily, "Get out!"

"..."

A terrified Chester rushed out of his office. His legs were even shaking as he wiped the non-existent perspiration on his forehead.

However, his eyes were bright and shiny.

He had already told Justin the truth. He was the one who didn't believe him, so he couldn't blame him when he found out in the future... Right?

Time to hurry home, look for his little niece, and have her carry him in the game!

He left without any psychological burden. However, the low pressure in the office didn't ease.

Justin's eyes were downcast, but he suddenly couldn't process the words on the documents anymore.

It wasn't really a big deal to raise someone else's daughter. At the most, he could just have a nanny raise her instead. However, he had always been a cold and unfeeling man and found relationships highly troublesome.

Cultivating feelings with that woman was already troublesome enough. If one added an additional daughter to it...

Wait a minute, when had he agreed to cultivate feelings with that woman?

Justin's eyes—which had always been cool, rational, restrained, and wise—appeared to be at a loss at this moment. A short while later, he let out a short scoff of laughter. He felt as if he was being unreasonably worried.

What did whether or not that woman had a child, and whether or not she had made mistakes in her youth have anything to do with him?

All he had done was having her treat someone's illness and owe her a favor, that was all.

He would just find an opportunity to return the favor and that would be it.

At the Andersons.

Sheril's eyes were shining beneath her double eyelids. "Nora, where did you get the formula?"

Nora was about to make up something when Sheril asked excitedly, "Did my aunt leave it for you?"

"..."

Seeing that she had already found a good excuse for her, Nora nodded.

Sheril immediately became so excited that she grabbed her hand. "The Myerses released the Cooling Tablets, which are even more effective than our Vitality Water, this year. In addition, they also produced a Carefree Pill and saved the elderly Mrs. Hunt. This has already become a legend in the industry!

"Harmonia Pharmacy's footfall has seen a visible decrease recently. Most of the drugstores and hospitals that we worked with have also returned the goods and replaced them with the Myerses'.

"If your mother really left behind the Carefree Pill formula, then there's hope for the Andersons!"

Nora raised an eyebrow.

So that was what the Andersons were currently going through.

She cast her eyes down and said, "Wait a moment."

She went upstairs, found a piece of paper in the room, and wrote down on it the Carefree Pill's formula and things to take note of during the manufacturing process. After that, she went back down and handed it to her. "This is the formula."

Sheril got up hurriedly. She looked somewhat grave as she said, "Y-you're giving me the formula just like that, Nora?"

As a medical practitioner, Sheril knew just how important a formula is.

However, Nora replied casually, "Yeah."

Seeing how trusting she was of her, Sheril gritted her teeth and took the formula from her. She said, "I'll give it a go, then. Nora, this pill is very difficult to make. My aunt tried so hard to make them last time, but only succeeded in making five in the end. Don't tell Dad and Mom about this for now, lest it gives them hope and then disappoints them again."

"..."

She had already improved the formula, so there definitely wouldn't be any problem.

But seeing her so nervous, Nora nodded.

The anxious Sheril ran out again. She must hurry and get the pills manufactured! This way, her parents wouldn't have to go around begging for help to improve sales anymore!

The next day, when Nora woke up and went downstairs for breakfast, she found Simon and Melissa sitting on the sofa with awful looks on their faces.

A healthcare conference was being held today, and all relevant personnel in the industry would be attending.

They had previously agreed to have Sheena and Simon attend together. She was to be in charge of technology while Simon was to be in charge of sales. He had called Sheena and said a lot to placate her, but the other party had sneered, "Didn't the Andersons not need me anymore? Since all of you like Nora so much, you can have her go with you instead!"

No matter what happened internally, a family must always unite when facing external foes. In spite of that, she was being so stubborn.

Melissa had always been even-tempered, but even she was rather incensed. "If she doesn't want to go, then so be it! I'll go with you instead!"

Simon nodded.

After the two finished speaking, they saw Nora come downstairs.

Melissa took the opportunity to say, "Let's go together, Nora! Today's conference will also benefit you in many ways."

Nora thought for a moment before she said, "Okay."

The conference was held in Hotel Finest's conference hall. While they called it a conference, it was actually more like a small banquet. People could discuss and seal a lot of business deals here.

However, the three of them were stopped by the service staff at the door. "Sorry, the QR code for your invitation is wrong, so you can't enter."

Simon frowned. "But this is what they sent us!"

The service staff replied, "This year's conference is held by the Myerses. They said that this is a high-end medical conference, so they aren't inviting doctors with little or bad reputations anymore and reissued the invitations. You're not allowed to enter now."

Simon was furious. He clenched his fists with an infuriated look on his face.

The Myerses were obviously making things difficult for them!

But if they didn't go in today, they would be expelled from the medical industry!

At the sight of him keeping quiet, disdain welled up in the service staff.

Nobody doctors trying to worm their way in to get acquainted with the guests in high-end conferences like this were a common sight. He had seen a lot of them before.

Thinking that the three in front of him were also people like that, he said loudly, "If you don't have an invitation, please stand aside and avoid blocking the guests behind."

His words attracted the attention of everyone around them.

The circle was only so big; everyone knew everyone very well. Simon immediately felt his cheeks burn, and he felt terribly embarrassed.

He was about to say something when a voice interrupted him: "Wait a minute."

Justin had a lunch meeting here at noon.

On the second floor of Hotel Finest, the conference hall was on the left and the restaurant on the right.

As soon as he walked out of the elevator, he heard the commotion at the entrance of the conference hall. He originally wasn't paying much attention to it, but when he glanced over, he spotted a familiar figure.

His footsteps paused for a moment. When he heard the service staff chasing them away impatiently, he frowned and said to Sean, "Let's go over and take a look."

No matter what, the Andersons were, after all, acquaintances with the Hunts. The previous generation of the two families had been closely acquainted with one another; how could he allow others to bully and humiliate them?

Sean nodded. "Yes, sir."

But when he was about to walk over, he heard that deep and clear voice going "Wait a minute."

Nora picked up her cell phone. Her fair and slender fingers tapped a couple of times on it and she opened her email inbox. Sure enough, there were a few invitations lying within.

As the most prestigious surgeon around, organizers of various conferences held in different countries would send her token invitations.

Sure enough, the organizers of a formal conference like this one had also sent her one.

However, she needed a bit of time to find the invitation from her junk mail...

At this time, someone beside her spoke. "Miss Smith?"

Taken aback, Nora lifted her head and looked over—it was a woman that looked about 30 years old. Her curly hair rested on her shoulders and she was wearing formal business attire.

She frowned. After a moment's hesitation, she asked, "You are?"

A displeased Tina York frowned. They had obviously met in the hospital before, but she was actually pretending not to know her...

However, she had been wondering why Justin had brought a young doctor over that time. After much ado, it turned out that she was actually from the Andersons.

The Andersons were gradually falling into decline day by day. They were solely relying on formulas from twenty years ago and selling medicines based on them. They must have been at the end of their tether and told that nobody doctor to operate on Mrs. Hunt as a last-ditch attempt, right?

Unfortunately, all that credit had gone to her instead!

At the thought of that, her displeasure quickly dissipated. She smiled and seemingly said as a kind reminder, "Everyone's a distinguished individual here. Since the Andersons haven't received an invitation, if you make a fuss here, it won't reflect well on you, either..."

A single line from her made everyone queuing behind start speculating in low voices:

"My goodness, I thought the Andersons just forgot their invitation, but the truth is they actually didn't receive one?"

"The Myerses' market share has expanded. There's basically no one buying the Andersons' drugs now. Sigh! To think they've been reduced to the point where they can't even get an invitation anymore!"

"They can't blame anyone else for that. What can anyone do if they don't improve themselves? I heard the drugstores and hospitals working with them have returned their goods recently and switched to the Myerses'."

“...If I were them, I’d have quickly sneaked off with my tail between my legs by now. What are they still doing here?”

The speculations made Simon’s expression change again and again, and he felt as if he had never been any more embarrassed.

After Tina kept quiet for a while, she sighed and said, “Everyone’s here for a good time today. If you simply have to go in... Uncle Simon, if you promise you won’t disturb the others, I’ll bring you in!”

“Won’t disturb the others”... The way she put it, it was as if they weren’t fit to be seen in public!

Simon felt as if someone had given him two tight slaps. Just as he became so infuriated that he turned to leave, a cool voice said, “No, it’s fine.”

Nora stared at Tina coldly and said, “The Andersons receive a lot of invitations, so I took a while to find it and ended up causing a short delay. Sorry about that, Uncle Simon and Aunt Melissa.”

She raised her cell phone and presented the QR code to the service staff. “Can we go in now?”

“... This way, please!”

Only then did the three of them from the Andersons finally enter the banquet hall.

At the door, Tina was stunned. She clearly remembered that her teacher hadn’t sent an invitation to the Andersons. Had she remembered wrongly?

Nearby.

Sean, who had taken a couple of steps toward the Andersons with the intention of helping them out of the embarrassing situation, was taken aback. Then, he looked back at Justin. “They don’t seem to need any help anymore.”

Justin, “...”

It had momentarily slipped his mind that that woman was Anti, so how could she possibly not have an invitation?

However, her line of “The Andersons receive a lot of invitations” sure was interesting.

Justin suddenly turned and started walking toward the conference hall. The usually reticent man said, “I’m just going over to see if there’s a chance for me to return the favor I owe.”

Sean, who was following closely behind him silently, was rendered speechless.

Boss, you don’t need to explain anything! An explanation is no different from a cover-up!

As a professional secretary, however, Sean quickly reported on the Andersons’ affairs. “... The Andersons can’t sell their drugs at all. If this continues, I’m afraid they’ll go bust soon.”

Although Justin didn’t reply, he nevertheless looked rather thoughtful when he heard the report.

All the Hotel Finest service staff knew their boss, so Justin entered the conference hall straightaway. The place’s layout was arranged like a small banquet. Most of the male guests were in suits and formal shoes while the women wore formal dresses.

Only that woman was dressed in a white T-shirt and a pair of jeans, yet she was still eye-catching among the crowd.

Justin narrowed his eyes slightly and walked over. As soon as he approached, he heard Melissa ask, “Nora, where did you get the invitation?”

The young woman replied casually, “Oh, I was helping with the treatment of Mrs. Hunt’s illness before, right? Although I wasn’t of much help, Mr. Hunt was still pretty nice.”

Sure enough, Melissa misunderstood her words. “Oh, so Mr. Hunt gave it to you! He must have also wanted you to come over and broaden your horizons.”

Justin, “...”

That woman really was using him as a scapegoat for everything, wasn’t she?!

A mischievous smile suddenly formed on his lips and he said in a low voice, "Uncle Simon, Aunt Melissa."

The three walking in front immediately stopped and turned around. Upon seeing him, Melissa immediately said gratefully, "Thank you for giving Nora an invitation, Justin. Otherwise, we really wouldn't have been able to enter today."

Justin glanced over and saw the discomfited girl touching her nose awkwardly. But after that, she looked down quietly and calmed down. Those docile cat-like eyes of hers were raised slightly, and she had a seemingly amused look on her face as if she wasn't the one lying just now.

Her mental resilience was first-class.

In an equally seemingly amused manner, Justin replied, "You're welcome."

Simon's purpose in attending the banquet was to sell his company's drugs. When he spotted a regular customer who wanted to return their goods in front, he hurriedly said, "Justin, you guys go ahead and have a chat first. I'll be back in a jiffy."

He started walking over after saying that.

A look of worry came over Melissa's countenance.

Justin observed Nora out of the corner of his eye.

She had almond-shaped eyes and a small but high-bridged nose. Her lips were rosy and plump, and looked very attractive.

For some reason, he suddenly thought of what Chester had said the day before: "You can have a daughter if you go to Nora."

A daughter...

He suddenly asked, "Miss Smith, what does your daughter look like? Does she resemble you?"

Nora glanced at him.

Cherry actually didn't look like her. Seriously speaking, she instead bore a 70% resemblance to the man in front of her. Thus, she answered, "No, she resembles her father instead."

"Oh?" Justin suddenly became interested. "Do you have any photos?"

Nora glanced at him and replied, "Yes."

Chapter 54 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

The people in the hallway hadn't noticed Tina yet.

Roger said as mildly as ever, "Justin, the doctor from that day looked like she's only in her twenties. It seems like we haven't seen her ever since the operation, right?"

A single line from him was enough to raise everyone's suspicions.

Raymond even pointed at Justin and yelled, "Okay! Even though his son pushed someone down the stairs, he, as his father, only knows to blindly shelter and indulge him! After that, he even got a doctor to harm his own grandmother! Justin, you have to give us an explanation for this in front of everyone from the family home!"

"He got some nobody doctor to treat her illness? He's too much!"

"I didn't expect Justin to be so cruel. She's his grandmother..."

"..."

Everyone started to speculate among themselves.

Raymond and his son, Roger, exchanged a look with each other, and looks of triumph appeared on their faces.

Howard lowered his voice and started to become anxious when he heard their speculations. He said, "Why isn't Great-Grandma awake yet, Justin? Who did you get to operate on her? I can't hold them back much longer!"

Justin's eyes glinted darkly.

Since he had decided to ask for her help, he trusted her. If he didn't, he wouldn't have approached her.

Since she said that Grandma would regain consciousness on Sunday, she would definitely wake up.

He said coldly, "Uncle Raymond, are you in such a hurry that you can't even wait until night falls?"

He wasn't very loud. His voice was low and clear, but it inspired a lot of awe. Even in a noisy situation like this, it clearly reached the ears of everyone present.

Everyone in the hallway fell silent for a moment.

A mean and sinister look filled Roger's eyes. With a smile still on his face, he replied, "Everyone here is an outstanding member of the Hunts, Justin. We have politicians as well as businessmen here. Are you just going to tell them to wait when they've specially put aside everything on hand to come over today?"

Raymond also added sharply, "You're obviously just stalling for time! It's been half a month since the incident, yet you're still telling us to wait? Howard, there's substantial evidence to prove that Peter Hunt injured his Great-Grandma. Aren't you going to make a clear stance on it?"

"And Justin, too. You showed no regard for your grandmother's life and randomly got some doctor to operate on her, leading to her very possibly never waking up again. You have to take responsibility for this!"

He stared at Justin excitedly.

He had originally only intended to make use of this issue to get rid of that little bastard, but little did he think that Justin would get himself involved, too. He must take the opportunity to take away his position as the head of the family!

In his moment of triumph, a woman's high-pitched voice suddenly reached them. "Who says Mrs. Hunt won't ever wake up again? She's already awake!"

Tina stepped aside to reveal a nurse helping the hospital gown-clad Mrs. Hunt out. The elderly lady had bandages wrapped around her head, but the look in her eyes was sharp.

When she came out, everyone in the hallway fell silent.

Raymond and Roger glanced at each other. Then, the two of them took a step forward in tandem and put on an act of agitated surprise.

“Mom!”

“Grandma!”

Raymond wanted to hold her, but Mrs. Hunt stretched out her arm. Then, with all her strength...

Smack!

A slap landed across Raymond’s cheek. A furious Mrs. Hunt berated, “You no-good son! Pete was trying to pull me back that time. He’s a good boy, so why would he push me down the stairs?! Are you trying to instigate an uprising by gathering so many people here?!”

Raymond was dumbfounded.

Roger stopped and stood still, the look in his eyes flickering a little. Then, without any change in his expression, he lowered his head and said, “Sorry, Grandma. Dad was just worried about you...”

“Hmph!”

Mrs. Hunt decided to leave her grandson a little dignity, so she instead looked at everyone else and said, “All of you can go now.”

She returned to the ward after that.

Seeing that the whole farce was just a false alarm, the rest of the Hunts left one by one.

Justin and the others followed her into the ward. Nora also quietly walked over.

As soon as she arrived at the door, she heard the old lady say, “It’s all thanks to Tina that I could wake up in time!”

Tina stood tall and straight. She had a white lab coat on and looked confident. As she directed her scorching gaze at Justin, a faint smile also appeared at the corners of her lips.

“Mr. Hunt, this is the Carefree Pill. It has a refreshing effect on the mind and is made by Mr. Myers, my teacher who taught me traditional medicine! There are only two of such pills in the world, and it was only through special means that he managed to preserve them for 25 years. After much begging, I finally got him to give me one...”

Nora, who was leaning casually against the wall and eavesdropping, was bewildered.

After 25 years of storage, even if the pill hadn't expired, it probably wasn't effective anymore!

However, Tina boasted exaggeratedly about the pill's effects. She said, “Not only does this pill not have any side effects, but it can also refresh the mind, detox, and nourish the body. Additionally, it can even treat patients with cerebral hemorrhage. It's practically an elixir!”

The corners of Nora's lips spasmed.

What did Mrs. Hunt regaining consciousness have anything to do with that pill? The effects didn't even correlate with her symptoms!

She shook her head and decided to simply turn and leave.

Inside the ward, mockery flashed across Justin's eyes.

If that pill really were effective, why would Tina wait until today to give it to Grandma?

In the end, wasn't it just because Nora had successfully operated on her? That pill would only have a refreshing effect on the mind at best...

When he thought of that, he suddenly noticed a flash of movement outside the door. He strode out to see a familiar figure entering the elevator.

The corners of Justin's lips suddenly curled up into a smile.

Didn't she say she wasn't coming over? Yet she did in the end. Was she worried about Grandma's condition? Or was she... worried about him?

In the middle of his thoughts, he heard Raymond say, “Justin, I—”

Justin’s countenance darkened and turned cold at once. The look in his eyes was like the coldest of ice as he said, “Now that Grandma has regained consciousness, it’s time for us to settle some scores, Uncle Raymond.”

At the Andersons.

“What? The Carefree Pill?” Sheena clenched her fists furiously. She swept the glasses on the coffee table onto the ground and shouted, “Sis was obviously the one who made them! Jon Myers has no shame! How does he have the cheek to say that he had made them?”

Simon pressed his lips together tightly. A dispirited look came over him and he said, “We don’t have the formula for it. Who would believe us? On the contrary, they’ll even mock us and say that we’re just jealous! The Myers have now made a name for themselves by curing Mrs. Hunt. On top of that, they’re even using us as a stepping stone... It’s probably all over for us and Harmonia Pharmacy now!”

Sheena’s eyes reddened. She gritted her teeth and said, “I don’t have any problem with their advertising, but what makes them think they can step all over us and one-up us?”

At this point, Sheril entered the room. When she noticed the awful looks on their faces, her heart sank. “Dad, Aunt Sheena. What’s the matter?”

Melissa got up and said, “You’re still young, so don’t worry about the adults’ affairs. Why don’t you check that pill for your grandma and see if it’s suitable for consumption instead?”

Sheril nodded.

She followed Melissa upstairs. However, when they entered Mrs. Anderson’s room, they noticed that she was sitting on the sofa in a daze. Taken aback, Melissa asked, “What’s wrong, Mom?”

The dazed old lady replied, “It seems like my eyes are showing a bit of reaction...”

Her words stunned Melissa. Then, she snatched the pill from the table and passed it to Sheril. “Quick, have a look at this! What kind of pill is it?”

Sheril majored in traditional medicine and pharmacology in college. Sheena had been carefully training and grooming her all this time so that she could take over Harmonia Pharmacy in the future.

Thus, she knew her way around medicines somewhat.

She picked up the dark-colored pill and sniffed it carefully. A fresh and invigorating aura assailed her senses, instantly clearing and revitalizing the mind.

It felt as comfortable as taking a deep breath in the mountains.

Sheril's pretty little face turned serious and she stared at the pill, studying it intently.

A look of hesitation appeared on Melissa's mild and gentle countenance. "What's the matter?"

Sheril shook her head. Then, she asked hesitantly, "Can I have this, Grandma? I'd like to take it back with me so that I can study it and verify something!"

Mrs. Anderson nodded. "Sure. Take one with you."

As if she had just found a treasure, Sheril carefully put the pill into a bag, went downstairs, and made a beeline for the laboratory.

Seeing her leave in a panic, Sheena and Simon, who were discussing countermeasures in the living room, were taken aback.

Sheena frowned. "I'll go upstairs and have a look."

While Nora was driving home, her cell phone rang—it was an unfamiliar number. The moment she picked up, an angry voice from the other end of the call reached her. "Nora, where's the money? Didn't you already transfer it into my bank account? Why did they say that there isn't any money in the account at all when I went to the bank to transfer the funds today?! You no-good daughter! Now that you're clinging to the Andersons, are we too poor for your tastes? Are you thinking of ditching us so that you can enjoy life over there? Dream on!"

The smile at Nora's lips was wild and arrogant. "Dad, there's something I want to ask you."

"What? I'm warning you, stop dilly-dallying and transfer the money over now..."

Nora looked straight ahead of her with her fingers resting gently on the steering wheel. She had long since stopped feeling sad because of people like him. She asked calmly, "Was my mom blind when she married you?"

"?"

Before he could recover, Nora had already hung up.

The only reason why she had put up with him all these years was that she was afraid that he would mistreat her son. Now, she finally managed to let out her frustrations.

Her cell phone suddenly rang again. Nora cast a quick glance at it—the caller ID was still a string of numbers. She answered the call, but before the other party could speak, she said sarcastically, "Why are you calling me again? Are you dying? Are you trying to ask me to take care of your funeral?"

"..."

Upon hearing silence on the other end, she scoffed coldly. She was about to hang up when Justin's low, deep voice rang out. He asked, "Miss Smith, are you intending to take care of my funeral?"

In the hospital, the corners of Justin's lips curled upward.

Typically, apart from one's children, only their spouse would be involved in their funeral matters!

How intense of her. Even her confession involved promises of life and death.

Nora, "???"

It was only then that she realized that she had hurled insults at the wrong person. The string of unfamiliar numbers was Justin's phone number. Too lazy to explain, she asked, "Is something the matter, Mr. Hunt?"

The voice on the phone was deep and pleasant, and it resounded in the car through the speaker. He said, "I recall you mentioning that you wanted me to locate someone for you after you've cured my grandma?"

"There isn't need for that anymore," replied Nora coldly. However, a thought suddenly occurred to her—if Justin owed her a huge favor, then did that mean she could use that to ask for her son back?

Thus, she softened her tone and added, "It's an honor to be of help to you."

Justin stiffened slightly. "..."

He leaned against the wall along a hallway in the hospital, feeling good all over. It seemed like this was the first time she was speaking so amicably to him ever since they met?

He surprisingly didn't quite know how to respond.

Then, he heard her say, "Feel free to come to me whenever anyone in your family—especially your son—falls sick, Mr. Hunt. I have a daughter myself, so I'm very familiar with children's illnesses. Moreover, I always feel a sense of kinship toward your son whenever I see him, so don't ever feel too embarrassed to approach me for help. You can come to me even if it's just a small bout of flu, fever, or discomfort... You get me?"

By especially bringing up how he had a son and she had a daughter, was she trying to tell him that the two of them were a good match? That both of them were single but with a child?

The corners of his deep-set eyes turned upward again. The small brown beauty mark at the corner of his eye seemed especially alluring as he said, "Thank you."

The woman immediately replied, "Don't stand on ceremony with me. From now on, your son is also my son. I will dote on him like he's my own."

"..."

Listen to those shocking things she's saying!

Justin subtly changed the subject and asked, “I heard that news mistakenly got out that it was Mr. Myers who cured Grandma. Would you like the matter clarified?”

He had thought of clarifying the matter when his grandmother mentioned that it was all thanks to Tina that she recovered. However, when he thought of how she seemed to dislike trouble, how she kept her identity a secret, and how she didn’t wish for her identity to be exposed; he had refrained from doing so.

Sure enough, he heard her say, “No, it’s fine. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.”

After hanging up, the woman’s wild and arrogant—yet always sleepy—visage surfaced in Justin’s mind and his smile widened.

At this point, he heard a voice coming from behind. “Mr. Hunt.”

Justin immediately reined in his smile. He turned to see his executive assistant, Sean Jenkins, standing there respectfully. He had a pair of glasses on. Unlike the talkative and naggy Lawrence, he was relatively low-key and reticent, and always went straight to the point when he spoke. He said, “Mr. Raymond has stepped down from his position as vice-chairman of the company.”

Justin nodded. Before entering the ward, he suddenly looked at him. “Have you made a note of all those people who were cooperating with him today?”

Sean answered, “Yes, I’ve noted them all.”

Justin’s eyes were icy-cold. In order to fight for power, his uncle had surely bribed a lot of people over the last few years. The reason why he had allowed them to make a fuss outside the ward this afternoon was just so that he could note down who was on his uncle’s side.

This time, he would get them all in one fell swoop.

Elsewhere.

Nora drove back to the Andersons.

After getting out of the car, she stretched and entered the living room.

As soon as she entered, she saw Sheena and Simon both seated on the sofa with stern and grave expressions.

She was about to ask what had happened when Sheena got up in a whoosh, picked up a teacup, and hurled it at her!

Crash!

The teacup broke into pieces on the ground.

Nora's expression instantly turned cold.

Sheena pointed at her and shouted, "What kind of medicine of unknown origin did you give your grandma?! After she applied it, the area around her eyes started to sting! She's not young anymore. Are you trying to kill her?!"

"There's a ton of things I've yet to settle, yet you're creating more trouble for us. Why is there so much trouble the moment you're back? You're a jinx just like your mother!"

Melissa, who was supporting an unsteady Mrs. Anderson on the corridor on the second floor, interrupted her. "Sheena! Mom told you to stop."

However, Sheena replied, "Mom, you have to pay the price if you make a mistake! If we don't discipline her well, what if she ends up behaving immorally like Sis?"

Mrs. Anderson, who was leaning on the railing for support, looked furious when she heard her. A moment later, she shouted angrily, "Get out!"

Sheena looked at Nora. "Did you hear that? She's telling you to get out!"

The next moment, however...

Mrs. Anderson took a deep breath. With a blank and empty look in her eyes, she looked in the direction where Sheena was and said, "I'm telling you to get out instead!"

Sheena was stunned. A moment later, her eyes widened and she turned to Mrs. Anderson and exclaimed, "What did you just say? Mom!"

The old lady clutched her chest and said, "You have no respect for your sister, nor are you kind or loving to the children. You're not welcome here!"

“Sis again! It’s always about her!” A furious Sheena said, “Ever since we were children, you’ve always been partial to her! But Sis is already gone! All these years, I’m the one providing for you instead!”

Mrs. Anderson clutched the white cane tightly. Her lips trembled as she said, “No matter what, Nora was just trying to help!”

Sheena sneered, “Mom, do you really believe a stray child like her can cure your eyes? We’ve approached so many doctors over the years, but none of them could do anything. Why would she be able to? Do you really trust her that much?”

Mrs. Anderson was lost for words.

To be honest, she didn’t really believe it, either. However, Nora meant well, so she didn’t have the heart to refuse her.

Seeing that she didn’t reply, Sheena continued and said, “You can’t see, so you have no idea how red and swollen your eyes are! How is that supposed to be a medical treatment? She’s obviously torturing you instead!”

Mrs. Anderson’s eyes were completely red and the area around her eyes was swollen as though she was having an allergic reaction.

However, this was actually a sign that the ointment was working.

She hadn’t been using her eyes for too long, so all the muscles there had already loosened and sagged. Without a more potent ointment, how would she be able to recover quickly?

Nora was about to explain when Mrs. Anderson said, “You don’t have to say any more. I’m willing to let Nora give it a go. She said that my eyes will recover and I’ll be able to see again in seven days. If I don’t try it out, how would I know whether she can really do it or not?”

“You—” Sheena was so angry that her eyes were all red. “That’s how much trust you had in Sis back then, too. She said she would be gone for a week, but in the end, she never came back! And now, you’re also putting your trust in her daughter? You’re so stubborn!”

She picked up her bag and walked straight to the door. When she passed by Nora, she looked at her repugnantly and said, “So, seven days, right? Okay,

I'll come back in seven days, then. If your grandma's condition doesn't improve even after so much torture from you, I'm throwing you out of the house even if she kills me!"

"Aunt Sheena."

When Sheena was about to step out, she suddenly heard a woman's cool voice calling out to her and she stopped and looked back. The look in Nora's eyes was a little cold. The expressionless woman said in a low voice, "If I successfully cure Grandma's eyes, I hope you will apologize to my mother."

The way she spoke as she stood there put Sheena in a bit of a trance. She felt as if she had time-traveled and returned to a time over twenty years ago. That familiar and resolute figure...

Sheena reined in her thoughts and sneered, "Since you've inherited your mother's gift of the gab, I hope you've also inherited her talent in medicine... Otherwise, don't hold it against me if I show you no mercy!"

After saying that, she turned and left.

After she left, Mrs. Anderson sighed and said, "Don't hold it against her, Nora. She respected your mom the most back then, and this remains true even now... Sigh!"

Mrs. Anderson went back to her room as she spoke.

Melissa walked over and asked softly, "... Is it really okay for the area around her eyes to be so red?"

Nora patiently explained, "Yes, it's normal. It'll worsen during the next few days but will gradually fade after seven days. To be honest, it actually doesn't hurt."

Melissa was relieved to hear that.

Nora then yawned and entered her room.

After that, Melissa went downstairs, where she saw the nanny returning with Cherry. When she thought of how Cherry had made Sheena eat her own words the other day when she mocked her for being unlearned, she smiled and beckoned to her.

Cherry obediently ran over. "What's wrong, Grand-aunt Melissa?"

"Cherry, can you say something in Arabic to me again?"

Cherry had a huge question mark above her head. She replied, "But Grand-aunt Melissa, I only speak English. I don't know any Arabic!"

Melissa was taken aback. Was Cherry just acting that day?

She asked hesitantly, "What about your Mathematical Olympiad studies, calligraphy competitions, art competitions, and so on?"

A puzzled Cherry tilted her head and asked, "I've never even attended any kind of interest classes, so why would I participate in competitions?"

Melissa: "!!"

Seeing her hesitation, Cherry patted her little chest and said, "I'm not completely useless though, Grand-aunt Melissa! I know a lot of historical facts!"

Melissa looked a little better. She asked, "What kind of facts does our little Cherry know?"

"I know a lot!", Cherry triumphantly said.

"Who discovered America? Michael Fassbender!"

"..."

"Who invented the airplane? Tom Hanks and Colin Hanks!"

"..."

Half an hour later, Cherry waved and said, "Don't get too excited, Grand-aunt Melissa. I also know I'm super awesome, yeah! Take your time to calm down. I'll go play some games first!"

It was only after she skipped her way upstairs that Melissa finally reacted!

The corners of her lips spasmed as she glanced upstairs.

In the end, she could only heave a huge sigh!

It was all Sheena's fault for saying such mean things the other day anyway. Moreover, she even showed off her daughter's achievements, so Nora and Cherry weren't really to blame for lying to get themselves out of a pickle. It was just that their boasting was a little too exaggerated...

Also, if what they said about Cherry's education was a lie, then was Nora's claim about being able to cure Mrs. Anderson's eyes just now also a lie?

Suddenly, she wasn't so sure anymore.

Upstairs.

Nora took a nap after she laid down on the bed. When she woke up at night and played with Cherry, she suddenly missed her son very much.

He didn't respond even when she sent him a text message.

Nora became a little worried, so she decided to send Justin a text message: "Mr. Hunt, are you asleep?"

Justin had just come out of the shower. When he saw the message, his lips corner curled upward and he quickly replied: "No."

"Oh. Is your son asleep?"

Justin glanced at Pete's tightly shut bedroom door and replied: "Yes, he is."

He supposed that she thought they would only be able to chat after his son had gone to bed. Otherwise, he would have to take care of his son, right? That woman was surprisingly rather considerate.

Sure enough, after he sent the message, his cell phone beeped again.

He opened the message with one hand while toweling his hair with the other. Right away, his expression froze—the cell phone screen reflected only a single icy-cold word: "Oh."

And then?

Shouldn't they be looking for a conversation topic and continuing the chat instead?

Was she... being shy?

Justin coughed and sent a cold reply: "Something up?"

Three minutes passed. He didn't receive any reply.

Another five minutes later, he still didn't receive any reply.

Justin thought that perhaps his cell phone was broken, so he sent a message to Lawrence: "Lawrence?"

Lawrence, who was far away in some remote corner of the earth, replied: "Yes, boss? Are you allowing me to return?"

Justin replied: "No."

"..."

At the Andersons, Nora had already muted her cell phone and tossed it aside after she learned that her son was asleep. With Cherry in her arms, she fell asleep happily, completely unaware that a certain someone was tossing and turning in bed with a million thoughts running through his mind that night.

Seven days later.

Sheena came to the Andersons early in the morning. When the nanny told her that Nora was still asleep, she sneered, "Let her sleep, then. After all, she's going to be thrown out of the house once she wakes up!"

"Who do you think you're throwing out of the house?!"

A contemptuous voice suddenly reached Sheena, causing her to frown.

She turned to see a tall and slim figure walking down the stairs. Dressed in a casual outfit, the teen was very handsome and looked about 21 or 22 years old. Upon closer inspection, one would realize that he bore a slight resemblance to Sheril Anderson. He was her twin younger brother, Logan Anderson.

Logan sported a neat and short hairstyle, and there was a characteristically wild and intractable look to him. He blew a bubble as he chewed on gum.

Sheena frowned. "No one in particular. Where are you going?"

Logan curled his lip; he didn't like this aunt of his very much. He scoffed and replied, "Tsk. She's not from around these parts, so she's easy to bully, but do you think you can meddle in even my affairs too?"

He left the villa after saying that.

His attitude maddened Sheena so badly that she pointed at him and reprimanded Simon. "Look at how much you've spoiled that boy! Instead of doing honest work, he's running wild outside with other people all day!"

Logan was a college student, but he skipped classes, had failing grades, misbehaved, and hung out with a bunch of rich second-generation heirs.

Simon also found his son a headache, but now wasn't the time to talk about him.

He had only just frowned when he noticed Melissa on the second floor giving him a look.

Simon paused, went upstairs, and entered the bedroom with Melissa.

A troubled Melissa said, "I just had a look at Mom. She hasn't woken up yet, but the redness and swelling around her eyes are still there. Also, she still couldn't see anything last night... What do we do now?"

She sighed and went on. "Honestly, what's wrong with Sheena? Why must she get so angry with a child? Keep an eye on her. If she goes too far with her words, you must shut her up."

Simon gave her a wry smile. "Sheena is so stubborn. She'll never listen to me."

Melissa frowned. "What should we do then? Are you really going to just watch her drive Nora away?"

A cold look immediately came over Simon's countenance. "Of course not! I'm her uncle. I have the final say in this house! Although Nora got ahead of her with her bragging this time, if it weren't because Sheena was being so overbearing..."

"I'm going to protect Nora even if it means I'll displease Sheena! I won't allow Sis' flesh and blood to become stranded in the streets!"

It was exactly his sense of duty and responsibility that Melissa admired when she had married him back then. She said, "Okay! I'll back you up!"

After the two had finished speaking, one of them went downstairs while the other continued to watch over Mrs. Anderson.

By the time Nora woke up, it was almost noon. After a good stretch, she got up and picked up her cell phone. When she saw the text message from her son, a happy smile formed on her face.

Pete went to the Quinn School of Martial Arts for martial arts practice every Tuesday and Saturday, and studied under a home tutor at the Hunts the rest of the days. It was Sunday that day, so it was his rest day.

At this point, she received a call from Solo. When she answered, the other party said weakly, "We've been investigating for a week, but even so, we still haven't found any traces indicating that Justin was in California five years ago. Apart from himself, I think there's probably no one else who really knows how his son came about."

During the past week, Nora had either been cooping up in the villa or investigating this matter.

For the sake of her son's fate, she had to find out why Justin hated her so much.

However, neither of them had found anything. Nora sounded a little hoarse as she replied, "I see."

"Do you want to investigate further?" Solo asked.

"Yeah."

"How are you going to do that?"

Nora got up, went to the bathroom, and picked up the toothbrush. She looked at herself in the mirror—she was as pale as a sheet. She bared her teeth and said cockily and presumptuously, "I suppose I'll just straight-up ask him."

"..."

After hanging up, she washed up and went out.

Melissa was playing with Cherry in the small living room on the second floor. Upon hearing the door opening, Cherry ran over and hugged Nora's leg. "Mommy! Great-Grandma is still asleep."

Nora was about to go over and take a look when someone suddenly rushed in front of her. Their outstretched finger nearly poked the tip of her nose. "Nora! Just what did you give my mother?! Why isn't she awake yet?!"

Sheena's eyeliner was drawn very thick and dramatic, making her eyes look awfully fierce. The way she was speaking so harshly made her look as if she was about to eat Nora alive.

Nora frowned and stared at her outstretched finger.

Melissa walked over and stood in front of Nora, blocking her from Sheena. "What are you doing? Calm down and talk this through nicely, Sheena."

An angry Sheena snapped, "Talk this through nicely? No wonder it's said that there's ultimately still a wall between mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law. Are you unconcerned because she isn't your mother?"

Melissa's expression instantly changed.

Simon said sharply, "That's enough, Sheena!"

Sheena stared hard at him and yelled, "Mom's lying in there comatose! Aren't you concerned?! Or do you find her a bother after taking care of her all these years?!"

"..."

Simon and Melissa were so angry that they couldn't even speak for a while. At this moment, a cool and clear voice reached them: "Who says Grandma's comatose?"

Nora looked at Sheena and scoffed, "Grandma's just asleep. Just wake her up and everything will be fine. What are you making such a huge fuss about?"

After saying that, she took the lead and walked over to Mrs. Anderson's bedroom.

The others looked at one another and followed after her.

Mrs. Anderson was blind and had limited mobility. Thus, in order to make it convenient for others to take care of her, she didn't lock her bedroom door. This way, everyone could freely enter and leave.

Mrs. Anderson was lying on the bed at the moment. Her complexion was ruddy, and even the redness and swelling around her eyes seemed to have subsided a little.

Nora called out softly, "Grandma?"

Mrs. Anderson's lips moved a little. Then, she slowly opened her eyes. Her eyelids were swollen, so there were only two small slits where her eyes would be.

Melissa hurriedly stepped forward and helped her sit up on the bed. "Mom, how do you feel?"

Mrs. Anderson looked at her blankly. Her reaction badly frightened Melissa. Just as she was wondering whether she should send her to the hospital, she suddenly heard Mrs. Anderson say, "Melissa, you've aged..."

Melissa was taken aback.

Mrs. Anderson smiled and said, "Well, it's been more than twenty years after all. There's no way you won't age."

At this point, Melissa finally reacted. She exclaimed in surprise, "Mom, you can see me?"

Mrs. Anderson nodded. Then, she looked at the others. When her gaze swept across Sheena and Simon, she said, "All of you have aged... And you, Sheena. It's been so many years, yet that foul temper of yours still hasn't changed!"

It was only at the very end that her gaze reached Nora.

The young woman stood there with an aloof look on her face as if she didn't fit in with the family at all.

She had exquisite facial features. Her almond-shaped eyes should have made her look gentle, yet on her, there was an additional sense of arrogance and wildness to them.

She bore an 80% resemblance to her own daughter back then.

Mrs. Anderson's eyes instantly reddened. She reached out to her as she said, "Nora..."

Although Melissa was also very protective of her, the concern from a blood relative gave Nora an indescribable ache and soreness in her heart.

It was as if she was no longer alone.

Next to her, Simon's eyes also reddened. He said agitatedly, "It's been over twenty years, but we've never managed to cure your eyes all this time! To think you can actually see now... Nora, what exactly were those pills you gave Mom?"

The Carefree Pill.

Nora said silently in her mind. However, when she thought of how her mother had instructed her to stay low-key and avoid being too showy, she casually said, "I bought them at Guardian Pharmacy. They said it invigorates and refreshes the mind. I didn't ask the specifics."

In other words, she had bought them without much thought.

Sheena said sharply, "That's some sheer dumb luck, huh! Didn't I say? You're so young; even if you do know a bit of medicine, it's not going to be this great—"

Melissa couldn't stand listening to her anymore. She interjected and said, "Sheena, no matter what the case is, we still ought to thank Nora!"

Sheena said mockingly, "Thank her? Do you need me to get down on my knees and kowtow to her, or set off some fireworks to celebrate, then?"

She was obviously being sarcastic, but the corners of Nora's lips quirked upward and she replied seriously, "No, you don't have to."

Her voice was low and husky, which lent it a sense of calmness and steadiness. She said, "You should apologize to my mother now."

Sheena immediately felt her cheeks burning.

She clenched her fists and straightened her back. She avoided Nora's gaze and said, "Why should I? Mom only became blind because she was so angry at your mother for running away from home! Isn't it only right for you to cure her? Also, we're in this state because your mother just up and left back then! She's the sinner of the family! Why should I apologize to her?!"

Simon sighed. Then, he ordered harshly, "Shut up, Sheena!"

Sheena felt that she must have misheard him. Shocked, she looked at him and asked, "Simon, are you actually yelling at me because of a stray like her?!"

Simon replied, "She's no stray; she's Sis' daughter and my niece! She's an Anderson! Apologize to Sis now!"

"You—" Sheena shouted angrily, "Are you determined to go against me? Fine, you don't need me to help you manage Harmonia Pharmacy anymore, do you?"

"..."

Simon was stunned.

Sheena had always been the one in charge of Harmonia Pharmacy's manufacturing department during all these years. It was indeed also because of her that the business hadn't gone bust yet.

But what she just said... Was she threatening him?

At the sight of Simon's silence, Sheena immediately knew that her threat had been effective. She straightened her back and sneered, "You have to suffer the consequences if you make a mistake! Sis made a mistake by eloping back then, which caused our reputation to plummet! So, why should I apologize to her? Does she have the cheek to accept my apology?"

Smack!

Sheena, who was close to the bed, was stunned when Mrs. Anderson's slap landed on her cheek, and she looked at her in disbelief.

Mrs. Anderson, who was trembling all over, shouted angrily, "Your elder sister must have had her reasons! I forbid you to say that about her!"

Sheena took a step back. With a wry smile, she held her hand to her cheek and said, “You can shut me up, but can you shut up those people outside? Her mother was a woman of loose morals who eloped with another man, and it held back Ian Smith for life! This is the biggest scandal among the wealthy families in all of New York in the past two decades!”

Simon said sternly, “Sis had her reasons!”

“What reasons did she have?!”

Sheena yelled hysterically, “We even found love letters in her room! She eloped! When will all of you stop lying to yourselves?!”

She turned to Mrs. Anderson and Simon and said, “I’ll say one last thing—it’s either her or me in this family. Pick one!”

“...”

The room fell silent.

A silent Nora turned and said, “I’ll leave.”

However, a large warm hand held her shoulder before she reached the door, and Simon’s slightly tired voice reached her: “Nora, where are you going? This is your home.”

He didn’t dare to look at Sheena when he spoke, but his decision was already obvious.

Sheena looked at Mrs. Anderson and then at Melissa—both of them turned away.

Toward the end, she looked at Simon and said, “Fine! Okay! The Andersons and the Myerses are fighting it out now, but you’re actually driving me away at a critical moment like this because of that no-good girl?”

“Fine! I’ll leave!”

Sheena turned and started to walk out, but found that no one was stopping her. When she reached the door, she stopped. A moment later, with her eyes red, she sneered, “You’re all partial toward Sis, and have forgotten that I’m the one who has led Harmonia Pharmacy over the past twenty years to where it currently is!

“In that case, don’t blame me for hardening my heart! Simon, I’ll wait for Harmonia Pharmacy to be completely crushed by the Myerses! I’ll wait for the day it closes down!”

After saying that, she turned and strode off.

Melissa frowned. “Has Sheena lost her mind? How can she bring herself to say such a thing after just a few heated words? She’s almost 50, yet she’s still so impulsive!”

Then, she looked at Simon worriedly. “We’re at a critical point of the Andersons and the Myerses’ fight for market share now. What do we do if Sheena really goes on strike?”

A troubled Simon rubbed his temples. “We’ll just do whatever we can and take it one step at a time!”

Seeing how worried they both looked, Nora asked, “Uncle Simon, Aunt Melissa. Is there anything I can help with?”

Simon sighed and replied, “No, it’s fine, Nora. You can just stay home with Cherry.”

What the Andersons needed the most at the moment wasn’t a contest of skill in commerce but an actual bona fide formula for a pill!

Thanks to Nora’s mother’s Carefree Pill, the Myerses had leaped to stardom among the wealthy circles in New York. If she, as well as the formula, were still around... The ones stealing the show would have been them now.

Sigh!

A troubled Simon and Melissa left the house after deciding that they would head to Harmonia Pharmacy to think of a solution.

As for Nora, she gave her grandmother a detailed explanation on how to use the ointment next. Then, she spent some time accompanying her while she adjusted to life with a sense of sight again. After she went on the right track, Nora went downstairs.

During brunch, Sheril suddenly rushed into the villa.

Her eyes were shining. At the sight of Nora, she flew straight up to her and exclaimed, "Nora! Is this pill the Carefree Pill?!"

"..."

At the same time.

The Hunt Corporation's office building towered into the sky in the center of New York.

On the top floor, Justin was currently in the midst of work.

An extremely troubled Chester paced about in the hallway with a million thoughts in his mind.

His little nephew had said that once the Smith woman cures Grandma, he would tell Justin the truth!

But why did he feel like Justin was still unaware of the fact that he had a daughter?

He mustn't hide it from his brother anymore.

During this recent period of time, he had been terribly troubled every day over how he should tell Justin the truth, leading to him having trouble eating and sleeping. He wasn't even having fun killing mobs in the game anymore!

His little nephew wanted the two of them to form a family.

But in his opinion, this was simply impossible!

Justin hated Pete's mother so much. Wouldn't it be too much of him if he hid the truth from him?

Justin was his elder brother!

After doing enough ideological construction and also coming to terms with the possibility that there might not be anyone carrying him in the game anymore in the future, Chester took a deep breath and pushed open the office door.

Justin was in the midst of reviewing documents. His brows were drawn together coldly, and even the beauty mark at the corner of his eye seemed to exude a serious aura.

He looked up when he heard the door open.

Upon making eye contact, Chester immediately said, “Justin, actually, you can also have a daughter!”

“ ... ”

The office was quiet.

Sean, the executive assistant, gave his glasses a push. Then, he walked over and closed the door, cutting off the gossipy gazes of those in the secretary’s office outside but also arousing everyone’s intense curiosity.

Chester weakly tried to tempt him. “Think about it, Justin. A soft, tender, and adorable daughter—don’t you want one?”

The way he described it caused the sight of Pete playing with Barbies to flash across Justin’s mind. A sharp glint instantly flashed in his eyes and with a warning tone, he asked, “What are you thinking of doing?”

Was he thinking of having Pete undergo some kind of outraging operation?

Chester was so scared that he cowered and stammered, “J-J-Justin, really! You can also have a daughter! I-if you go to Nora, you’ll be able to have both a son and a daughter!”

Justin, “?”

His first reaction was to breathe a sigh of relief. Fortunately, he hadn’t brought up Pete...

But immediately after, he realized what he meant... But going to Nora... And having a daughter...

If he got into a relationship with that woman, her daughter would indeed have to call him Daddy. Wouldn’t he have a daughter, then?

He frowned and subconsciously barked, “Don’t be ridiculous!”

How could he possibly help someone else raise their kid?!

A wave of irritation suddenly surged up in him, causing him to become infuriated at the sight of Chester's cowering appearance. He immediately pointed to the door. "Get out."

Chester wanted to say more, but as soon as he said his name, Justin barked angrily, "Get out!"

"..."

A terrified Chester rushed out of his office. His legs were even shaking as he wiped the non-existent perspiration on his forehead.

However, his eyes were bright and shiny.

He had already told Justin the truth. He was the one who didn't believe him, so he couldn't blame him when he found out in the future... Right?

Time to hurry home, look for his little niece, and have her carry him in the game!

He left without any psychological burden. However, the low pressure in the office didn't ease.

Justin's eyes were downcast, but he suddenly couldn't process the words on the documents anymore.

It wasn't really a big deal to raise someone else's daughter. At the most, he could just have a nanny raise her instead. However, he had always been a cold and unfeeling man and found relationships highly troublesome.

Cultivating feelings with that woman was already troublesome enough. If one added an additional daughter to it...

Wait a minute, when had he agreed to cultivate feelings with that woman?

Justin's eyes—which had always been cool, rational, restrained, and wise—appeared to be at a loss at this moment. A short while later, he let out a short scoff of laughter. He felt as if he was being unreasonably worried.

What did whether or not that woman had a child, and whether or not she had made mistakes in her youth have anything to do with him?

All he had done was having her treat someone's illness and owe her a favor, that was all.

He would just find an opportunity to return the favor and that would be it.

At the Andersons.

Sheril's eyes were shining beneath her double eyelids. "Nora, where did you get the formula?"

Nora was about to make up something when Sheril asked excitedly, "Did my aunt leave it for you?"

"..."

Seeing that she had already found a good excuse for her, Nora nodded.

Sheril immediately became so excited that she grabbed her hand. "The Myerses released the Cooling Tablets, which are even more effective than our Vitality Water, this year. In addition, they also produced a Carefree Pill and saved the elderly Mrs. Hunt. This has already become a legend in the industry!

"Harmonia Pharmacy's footfall has seen a visible decrease recently. Most of the drugstores and hospitals that we worked with have also returned the goods and replaced them with the Myerses'.

"If your mother really left behind the Carefree Pill formula, then there's hope for the Andersons!"

Nora raised an eyebrow.

So that was what the Andersons were currently going through.

She cast her eyes down and said, "Wait a moment."

She went upstairs, found a piece of paper in the room, and wrote down on it the Carefree Pill's formula and things to take note of during the manufacturing process. After that, she went back down and handed it to her. "This is the formula."

Sheril got up hurriedly. She looked somewhat grave as she said, "Y-you're giving me the formula just like that, Nora?"

As a medical practitioner, Sheril knew just how important a formula is.

However, Nora replied casually, "Yeah."

Seeing how trusting she was of her, Sheril gritted her teeth and took the formula from her. She said, "I'll give it a go, then. Nora, this pill is very difficult to make. My aunt tried so hard to make them last time, but only succeeded in making five in the end. Don't tell Dad and Mom about this for now, lest it gives them hope and then disappoints them again."

"..."

She had already improved the formula, so there definitely wouldn't be any problem.

But seeing her so nervous, Nora nodded.

The anxious Sheril ran out again. She must hurry and get the pills manufactured! This way, her parents wouldn't have to go around begging for help to improve sales anymore!

The next day, when Nora woke up and went downstairs for breakfast, she found Simon and Melissa sitting on the sofa with awful looks on their faces.

A healthcare conference was being held today, and all relevant personnel in the industry would be attending.

They had previously agreed to have Sheena and Simon attend together. She was to be in charge of technology while Simon was to be in charge of sales. He had called Sheena and said a lot to placate her, but the other party had sneered, "Didn't the Andersons not need me anymore? Since all of you like Nora so much, you can have her go with you instead!"

No matter what happened internally, a family must always unite when facing external foes. In spite of that, she was being so stubborn.

Melissa had always been even-tempered, but even she was rather incensed. "If she doesn't want to go, then so be it! I'll go with you instead!"

Simon nodded.

After the two finished speaking, they saw Nora come downstairs.

Melissa took the opportunity to say, "Let's go together, Nora! Today's conference will also benefit you in many ways."

Nora thought for a moment before she said, "Okay."

The conference was held in Hotel Finest's conference hall. While they called it a conference, it was actually more like a small banquet. People could discuss and seal a lot of business deals here.

However, the three of them were stopped by the service staff at the door. "Sorry, the QR code for your invitation is wrong, so you can't enter."

Simon frowned. "But this is what they sent us!"

The service staff replied, "This year's conference is held by the Myerses. They said that this is a high-end medical conference, so they aren't inviting doctors with little or bad reputations anymore and reissued the invitations. You're not allowed to enter now."

Simon was furious. He clenched his fists with an infuriated look on his face.

The Myerses were obviously making things difficult for them!

But if they didn't go in today, they would be expelled from the medical industry!

At the sight of him keeping quiet, disdain welled up in the service staff.

Nobody doctors trying to worm their way in to get acquainted with the guests in high-end conferences like this were a common sight. He had seen a lot of them before.

Thinking that the three in front of him were also people like that, he said loudly, "If you don't have an invitation, please stand aside and avoid blocking the guests behind."

His words attracted the attention of everyone around them.

The circle was only so big; everyone knew everyone very well. Simon immediately felt his cheeks burn, and he felt terribly embarrassed.

He was about to say something when a voice interrupted him: "Wait a minute."

Justin had a lunch meeting here at noon.

On the second floor of Hotel Finest, the conference hall was on the left and the restaurant on the right.

As soon as he walked out of the elevator, he heard the commotion at the entrance of the conference hall. He originally wasn't paying much attention to it, but when he glanced over, he spotted a familiar figure.

His footsteps paused for a moment. When he heard the service staff chasing them away impatiently, he frowned and said to Sean, "Let's go over and take a look."

No matter what, the Andersons were, after all, acquaintances with the Hunts. The previous generation of the two families had been closely acquainted with one another; how could he allow others to bully and humiliate them?

Sean nodded. "Yes, sir."

But when he was about to walk over, he heard that deep and clear voice going "Wait a minute."

Nora picked up her cell phone. Her fair and slender fingers tapped a couple of times on it and she opened her email inbox. Sure enough, there were a few invitations lying within.

As the most prestigious surgeon around, organizers of various conferences held in different countries would send her token invitations.

Sure enough, the organizers of a formal conference like this one had also sent her one.

However, she needed a bit of time to find the invitation from her junk mail...

At this time, someone beside her spoke. "Miss Smith?"

Taken aback, Nora lifted her head and looked over—it was a woman that looked about 30 years old. Her curly hair rested on her shoulders and she was wearing formal business attire.

She frowned. After a moment's hesitation, she asked, "You are?"

A displeased Tina York frowned. They had obviously met in the hospital before, but she was actually pretending not to know her...

However, she had been wondering why Justin had brought a young doctor over that time. After much ado, it turned out that she was actually from the Andersons.

The Andersons were gradually falling into decline day by day. They were solely relying on formulas from twenty years ago and selling medicines based on them. They must have been at the end of their tether and told that nobody doctor to operate on Mrs. Hunt as a last-ditch attempt, right?

Unfortunately, all that credit had gone to her instead!

At the thought of that, her displeasure quickly dissipated. She smiled and seemingly said as a kind reminder, "Everyone's a distinguished individual here. Since the Andersons haven't received an invitation, if you make a fuss here, it won't reflect well on you, either..."

A single line from her made everyone queuing behind start speculating in low voices:

"My goodness, I thought the Andersons just forgot their invitation, but the truth is they actually didn't receive one?"

"The Myerses' market share has expanded. There's basically no one buying the Andersons' drugs now. Sigh! To think they've been reduced to the point where they can't even get an invitation anymore!"

"They can't blame anyone else for that. What can anyone do if they don't improve themselves? I heard the drugstores and hospitals working with them have returned their goods recently and switched to the Myerses'."

"...If I were them, I'd have quickly sneaked off with my tail between my legs by now. What are they still doing here?"

The speculations made Simon's expression change again and again, and he felt as if he had never been any more embarrassed.

After Tina kept quiet for a while, she sighed and said, "Everyone's here for a good time today. If you simply have to go in... Uncle Simon, if you promise you won't disturb the others, I'll bring you in!"

“Won’t disturb the others”... The way she put it, it was as if they weren’t fit to be seen in public!

Simon felt as if someone had given him two tight slaps. Just as he became so infuriated that he turned to leave, a cool voice said, “No, it’s fine.”

Nora stared at Tina coldly and said, “The Andersons receive a lot of invitations, so I took a while to find it and ended up causing a short delay. Sorry about that, Uncle Simon and Aunt Melissa.”

She raised her cell phone and presented the QR code to the service staff. “Can we go in now?”

“... This way, please!”

Only then did the three of them from the Andersons finally enter the banquet hall.

At the door, Tina was stunned. She clearly remembered that her teacher hadn’t sent an invitation to the Andersons. Had she remembered wrongly?

Nearby.

Sean, who had taken a couple of steps toward the Andersons with the intention of helping them out of the embarrassing situation, was taken aback. Then, he looked back at Justin. “They don’t seem to need any help anymore.”

Justin, “...”

It had momentarily slipped his mind that that woman was Anti, so how could she possibly not have an invitation?

However, her line of “The Andersons receive a lot of invitations” sure was interesting.

Justin suddenly turned and started walking toward the conference hall. The usually reticent man said, “I’m just going over to see if there’s a chance for me to return the favor I owe.”

Sean, who was following closely behind him silently, was rendered speechless.

Boss, you don't need to explain anything! An explanation is no different from a cover-up!

As a professional secretary, however, Sean quickly reported on the Andersons' affairs. "... The Andersons can't sell their drugs at all. If this continues, I'm afraid they'll go bust soon."

Although Justin didn't reply, he nevertheless looked rather thoughtful when he heard the report.

All the Hotel Finest service staff knew their boss, so Justin entered the conference hall straightaway. The place's layout was arranged like a small banquet. Most of the male guests were in suits and formal shoes while the women wore formal dresses.

Only that woman was dressed in a white T-shirt and a pair of jeans, yet she was still eye-catching among the crowd.

Justin narrowed his eyes slightly and walked over. As soon as he approached, he heard Melissa ask, "Nora, where did you get the invitation?"

The young woman replied casually, "Oh, I was helping with the treatment of Mrs. Hunt's illness before, right? Although I wasn't of much help, Mr. Hunt was still pretty nice."

Sure enough, Melissa misunderstood her words. "Oh, so Mr. Hunt gave it to you! He must have also wanted you to come over and broaden your horizons."

Justin, "..."

That woman really was using him as a scapegoat for everything, wasn't she?!

A mischievous smile suddenly formed on his lips and he said in a low voice, "Uncle Simon, Aunt Melissa."

The three walking in front immediately stopped and turned around. Upon seeing him, Melissa immediately said gratefully, "Thank you for giving Nora an invitation, Justin. Otherwise, we really wouldn't have been able to enter today."

Justin glanced over and saw the discomfited girl touching her nose awkwardly. But after that, she looked down quietly and calmed down. Those docile cat-like eyes of hers were raised slightly, and she had a seemingly amused look on her face as if she wasn't the one lying just now.

Her mental resilience was first-class.

In an equally seemingly amused manner, Justin replied, "You're welcome."

Simon's purpose in attending the banquet was to sell his company's drugs. When he spotted a regular customer who wanted to return their goods in front, he hurriedly said, "Justin, you guys go ahead and have a chat first. I'll be back in a jiffy."

He started walking over after saying that.

A look of worry came over Melissa's countenance.

Justin observed Nora out of the corner of his eye.

She had almond-shaped eyes and a small but high-bridged nose. Her lips were rosy and plump, and looked very attractive.

For some reason, he suddenly thought of what Chester had said the day before: "You can have a daughter if you go to Nora."

A daughter...

He suddenly asked, "Miss Smith, what does your daughter look like? Does she resemble you?"

Nora glanced at him.

Cherry actually didn't look like her. Seriously speaking, she instead bore a 70% resemblance to the man in front of her. Thus, she answered, "No, she resembles her father instead."

"Oh?" Justin suddenly became interested. "Do you have any photos?"

Nora glanced at him and replied, "Yes."

Chapter 55 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

Sheril majored in traditional medicine and pharmacology in college. Sheena had been carefully training and grooming her all this time so that she could take over Harmonia Pharmacy in the future.

Thus, she knew her way around medicines somewhat.

She picked up the dark-colored pill and sniffed it carefully. A fresh and invigorating aura assailed her senses, instantly clearing and revitalizing the mind.

It felt as comfortable as taking a deep breath in the mountains.

Sheril's pretty little face turned serious and she stared at the pill, studying it intently.

A look of hesitation appeared on Melissa's mild and gentle countenance. "What's the matter?"

Sheril shook her head. Then, she asked hesitantly, "Can I have this, Grandma? I'd like to take it back with me so that I can study it and verify something!"

Mrs. Anderson nodded. "Sure. Take one with you."

As if she had just found a treasure, Sheril carefully put the pill into a bag, went downstairs, and made a beeline for the laboratory.

Seeing her leave in a panic, Sheena and Simon, who were discussing countermeasures in the living room, were taken aback.

Sheena frowned. "I'll go upstairs and have a look."

While Nora was driving home, her cell phone rang—it was an unfamiliar number. The moment she picked up, an angry voice from the other end of the call reached her. "Nora, where's the money? Didn't you already transfer it into my bank account? Why did they say that there isn't any money in the account at all when I went to the bank to transfer the funds today?! You no-good daughter! Now that you're clinging to the Andersons, are we too poor for your

tastes? Are you thinking of ditching us so that you can enjoy life over there? Dream on!”

The smile at Nora’s lips was wild and arrogant. “Dad, there’s something I want to ask you.”

“What? I’m warning you, stop dilly-dallying and transfer the money over now...”

Nora looked straight ahead of her with her fingers resting gently on the steering wheel. She had long since stopped feeling sad because of people like him. She asked calmly, “Was my mom blind when she married you?”

“?”

Before he could recover, Nora had already hung up.

The only reason why she had put up with him all these years was that she was afraid that he would mistreat her son. Now, she finally managed to let out her frustrations.

Her cell phone suddenly rang again. Nora cast a quick glance at it—the caller ID was still a string of numbers. She answered the call, but before the other party could speak, she said sarcastically, “Why are you calling me again? Are you dying? Are you trying to ask me to take care of your funeral?”

“...”

Upon hearing silence on the other end, she scoffed coldly. She was about to hang up when Justin’s low, deep voice rang out. He asked, “Miss Smith, are you intending to take care of my funeral?”

In the hospital, the corners of Justin’s lips curled upward.

Typically, apart from one’s children, only their spouse would be involved in their funeral matters!

How intense of her. Even her confession involved promises of life and death.

Nora, “???”

It was only then that she realized that she had hurled insults at the wrong person. The string of unfamiliar numbers was Justin's phone number. Too lazy to explain, she asked, "Is something the matter, Mr. Hunt?"

The voice on the phone was deep and pleasant, and it resounded in the car through the speaker. He said, "I recall you mentioning that you wanted me to locate someone for you after you've cured my grandma?"

"There isn't need for that anymore," replied Nora coldly. However, a thought suddenly occurred to her—if Justin owed her a huge favor, then did that mean she could use that to ask for her son back?

Thus, she softened her tone and added, "It's an honor to be of help to you."

Justin stiffened slightly. "..."

He leaned against the wall along a hallway in the hospital, feeling good all over. It seemed like this was the first time she was speaking so amicably to him ever since they met?

He surprisingly didn't quite know how to respond.

Then, he heard her say, "Feel free to come to me whenever anyone in your family—especially your son—falls sick, Mr. Hunt. I have a daughter myself, so I'm very familiar with children's illnesses. Moreover, I always feel a sense of kinship toward your son whenever I see him, so don't ever feel too embarrassed to approach me for help. You can come to me even if it's just a small bout of flu, fever, or discomfort... You get me?"

By especially bringing up how he had a son and she had a daughter, was she trying to tell him that the two of them were a good match? That both of them were single but with a child?

The corners of his deep-set eyes turned upward again. The small brown beauty mark at the corner of his eye seemed especially alluring as he said, "Thank you."

The woman immediately replied, "Don't stand on ceremony with me. From now on, your son is also my son. I will dote on him like he's my own."

"..."

Listen to those shocking things she's saying!

Justin subtly changed the subject and asked, "I heard that news mistakenly got out that it was Mr. Myers who cured Grandma. Would you like the matter clarified?"

He had thought of clarifying the matter when his grandmother mentioned that it was all thanks to Tina that she recovered. However, when he thought of how she seemed to dislike trouble, how she kept her identity a secret, and how she didn't wish for her identity to be exposed; he had refrained from doing so.

Sure enough, he heard her say, "No, it's fine. Thank you."

"You're welcome."

After hanging up, the woman's wild and arrogant—yet always sleepy—visage surfaced in Justin's mind and his smile widened.

At this point, he heard a voice coming from behind. "Mr. Hunt."

Justin immediately reined in his smile. He turned to see his executive assistant, Sean Jenkins, standing there respectfully. He had a pair of glasses on. Unlike the talkative and naggy Lawrence, he was relatively low-key and reticent, and always went straight to the point when he spoke. He said, "Mr. Raymond has stepped down from his position as vice-chairman of the company."

Justin nodded. Before entering the ward, he suddenly looked at him. "Have you made a note of all those people who were cooperating with him today?"

Sean answered, "Yes, I've noted them all."

Justin's eyes were icy-cold. In order to fight for power, his uncle had surely bribed a lot of people over the last few years. The reason why he had allowed them to make a fuss outside the ward this afternoon was just so that he could note down who was on his uncle's side.

This time, he would get them all in one fell swoop.

Elsewhere.

Nora drove back to the Andersons.

After getting out of the car, she stretched and entered the living room.

As soon as she entered, she saw Sheena and Simon both seated on the sofa with stern and grave expressions.

She was about to ask what had happened when Sheena got up in a whoosh, picked up a teacup, and hurled it at her!

Crash!

The teacup broke into pieces on the ground.

Nora's expression instantly turned cold.

Sheena pointed at her and shouted, "What kind of medicine of unknown origin did you give your grandma?! After she applied it, the area around her eyes started to sting! She's not young anymore. Are you trying to kill her?!"

"There's a ton of things I've yet to settle, yet you're creating more trouble for us. Why is there so much trouble the moment you're back? You're a jinx just like your mother!"

Melissa, who was supporting an unsteady Mrs. Anderson on the corridor on the second floor, interrupted her. "Sheena! Mom told you to stop."

However, Sheena replied, "Mom, you have to pay the price if you make a mistake! If we don't discipline her well, what if she ends up behaving immorally like Sis?"

Mrs. Anderson, who was leaning on the railing for support, looked furious when she heard her. A moment later, she shouted angrily, "Get out!"

Sheena looked at Nora. "Did you hear that? She's telling you to get out!"

The next moment, however...

Mrs. Anderson took a deep breath. With a blank and empty look in her eyes, she looked in the direction where Sheena was and said, "I'm telling you to get out instead!"

Sheena was stunned. A moment later, her eyes widened and she turned to Mrs. Anderson and exclaimed, "What did you just say? Mom!"

The old lady clutched her chest and said, "You have no respect for your sister, nor are you kind or loving to the children. You're not welcome here!"

"Sis again! It's always about her!" A furious Sheena said, "Ever since we were children, you've always been partial to her! But Sis is already gone! All these years, I'm the one providing for you instead!"

Mrs. Anderson clutched the white cane tightly. Her lips trembled as she said, "No matter what, Nora was just trying to help!"

Sheena sneered, "Mom, do you really believe a stray child like her can cure your eyes? We've approached so many doctors over the years, but none of them could do anything. Why would she be able to? Do you really trust her that much?"

Mrs. Anderson was lost for words.

To be honest, she didn't really believe it, either. However, Nora meant well, so she didn't have the heart to refuse her.

Seeing that she didn't reply, Sheena continued and said, "You can't see, so you have no idea how red and swollen your eyes are! How is that supposed to be a medical treatment? She's obviously torturing you instead!"

Mrs. Anderson's eyes were completely red and the area around her eyes was swollen as though she was having an allergic reaction.

However, this was actually a sign that the ointment was working.

She hadn't been using her eyes for too long, so all the muscles there had already loosened and sagged. Without a more potent ointment, how would she be able to recover quickly?

Nora was about to explain when Mrs. Anderson said, "You don't have to say any more. I'm willing to let Nora give it a go. She said that my eyes will recover and I'll be able to see again in seven days. If I don't try it out, how would I know whether she can really do it or not?"

"You—" Sheena was so angry that her eyes were all red. "That's how much trust you had in Sis back then, too. She said she would be gone for a week, but in the end, she never came back! And now, you're also putting your trust in her daughter? You're so stubborn!"

She picked up her bag and walked straight to the door. When she passed by Nora, she looked at her repugnantly and said, "So, seven days, right? Okay, I'll come back in seven days, then. If your grandma's condition doesn't improve even after so much torture from you, I'm throwing you out of the house even if she kills me!"

"Aunt Sheena."

When Sheena was about to step out, she suddenly heard a woman's cool voice calling out to her and she stopped and looked back. The look in Nora's eyes was a little cold. The expressionless woman said in a low voice, "If I successfully cure Grandma's eyes, I hope you will apologize to my mother."

The way she spoke as she stood there put Sheena in a bit of a trance. She felt as if she had time-traveled and returned to a time over twenty years ago. That familiar and resolute figure...

Sheena reined in her thoughts and sneered, "Since you've inherited your mother's gift of the gab, I hope you've also inherited her talent in medicine... Otherwise, don't hold it against me if I show you no mercy!"

After saying that, she turned and left.

After she left, Mrs. Anderson sighed and said, "Don't hold it against her, Nora. She respected your mom the most back then, and this remains true even now... Sigh!"

Mrs. Anderson went back to her room as she spoke.

Melissa walked over and asked softly, "... Is it really okay for the area around her eyes to be so red?"

Nora patiently explained, "Yes, it's normal. It'll worsen during the next few days but will gradually fade after seven days. To be honest, it actually doesn't hurt."

Melissa was relieved to hear that.

Nora then yawned and entered her room.

After that, Melissa went downstairs, where she saw the nanny returning with Cherry. When she thought of how Cherry had made Sheena eat her own

words the other day when she mocked her for being unlearned, she smiled and beckoned to her.

Cherry obediently ran over. “What’s wrong, Grand-aunt Melissa?”

“Cherry, can you say something in Arabic to me again?”

Cherry had a huge question mark above her head. She replied, “But Grand-aunt Melissa, I only speak English. I don’t know any Arabic!”

Melissa was taken aback. Was Cherry just acting that day?

She asked hesitantly, “What about your Mathematical Olympiad studies, calligraphy competitions, art competitions, and so on?”

A puzzled Cherry tilted her head and asked, “I’ve never even attended any kind of interest classes, so why would I participate in competitions?”

Melissa: “!!”

Seeing her hesitation, Cherry patted her little chest and said, “I’m not completely useless though, Grand-aunt Melissa! I know a lot of historical facts!”

Melissa looked a little better. She asked, “What kind of facts does our little Cherry know?”

“I know a lot!”, Cherry triumphantly said.

“Who discovered America? Michael Fassbender!”

“ ... ”

“Who invented the airplane? Tom Hanks and Colin Hanks!”

“ ... ”

Half an hour later, Cherry waved and said, “Don’t get too excited, Grand-aunt Melissa. I also know I’m super awesome, yeah! Take your time to calm down. I’ll go play some games first!”

It was only after she skipped her way upstairs that Melissa finally reacted!

The corners of her lips spasmed as she glanced upstairs.

In the end, she could only heave a huge sigh!

It was all Sheena's fault for saying such mean things the other day anyway. Moreover, she even showed off her daughter's achievements, so Nora and Cherry weren't really to blame for lying to get themselves out of a pickle. It was just that their boasting was a little too exaggerated...

Also, if what they said about Cherry's education was a lie, then was Nora's claim about being able to cure Mrs. Anderson's eyes just now also a lie?

Suddenly, she wasn't so sure anymore.

Upstairs.

Nora took a nap after she laid down on the bed. When she woke up at night and played with Cherry, she suddenly missed her son very much.

He didn't respond even when she sent him a text message.

Nora became a little worried, so she decided to send Justin a text message: "Mr. Hunt, are you asleep?"

Justin had just come out of the shower. When he saw the message, his lips corner curled upward and he quickly replied: "No."

"Oh. Is your son asleep?"

Justin glanced at Pete's tightly shut bedroom door and replied: "Yes, he is."

He supposed that she thought they would only be able to chat after his son had gone to bed. Otherwise, he would have to take care of his son, right? That woman was surprisingly rather considerate.

Sure enough, after he sent the message, his cell phone beeped again.

He opened the message with one hand while toweling his hair with the other. Right away, his expression froze—the cell phone screen reflected only a single icy-cold word: "Oh."

And then?

Shouldn't they be looking for a conversation topic and continuing the chat instead?

Was she... being shy?

Justin coughed and sent a cold reply: "Something up?"

Three minutes passed. He didn't receive any reply.

Another five minutes later, he still didn't receive any reply.

Justin thought that perhaps his cell phone was broken, so he sent a message to Lawrence: "Lawrence?"

Lawrence, who was far away in some remote corner of the earth, replied: "Yes, boss? Are you allowing me to return?"

Justin replied: "No."

"..."

At the Andersons, Nora had already muted her cell phone and tossed it aside after she learned that her son was asleep. With Cherry in her arms, she fell asleep happily, completely unaware that a certain someone was tossing and turning in bed with a million thoughts running through his mind that night.

Seven days later.

Sheena came to the Andersons early in the morning. When the nanny told her that Nora was still asleep, she sneered, "Let her sleep, then. After all, she's going to be thrown out of the house once she wakes up!"

"Who do you think you're throwing out of the house?!"

A contemptuous voice suddenly reached Sheena, causing her to frown.

She turned to see a tall and slim figure walking down the stairs. Dressed in a casual outfit, the teen was very handsome and looked about 21 or 22 years old. Upon closer inspection, one would realize that he bore a slight resemblance to Sheril Anderson. He was her twin younger brother, Logan Anderson.

Logan sported a neat and short hairstyle, and there was a characteristically wild and intractable look to him. He blew a bubble as he chewed on gum.

Sheena frowned. "No one in particular. Where are you going?"

Logan curled his lip; he didn't like this aunt of his very much. He scoffed and replied, "Tsk. She's not from around these parts, so she's easy to bully, but do you think you can meddle in even my affairs too?"

He left the villa after saying that.

His attitude maddened Sheena so badly that she pointed at him and reprimanded Simon. "Look at how much you've spoiled that boy! Instead of doing honest work, he's running wild outside with other people all day!"

Logan was a college student, but he skipped classes, had failing grades, misbehaved, and hung out with a bunch of rich second-generation heirs.

Simon also found his son a headache, but now wasn't the time to talk about him.

He had only just frowned when he noticed Melissa on the second floor giving him a look.

Simon paused, went upstairs, and entered the bedroom with Melissa.

A troubled Melissa said, "I just had a look at Mom. She hasn't woken up yet, but the redness and swelling around her eyes are still there. Also, she still couldn't see anything last night... What do we do now?"

She sighed and went on. "Honestly, what's wrong with Sheena? Why must she get so angry with a child? Keep an eye on her. If she goes too far with her words, you must shut her up."

Simon gave her a wry smile. "Sheena is so stubborn. She'll never listen to me."

Melissa frowned. "What should we do then? Are you really going to just watch her drive Nora away?"

A cold look immediately came over Simon's countenance. "Of course not! I'm her uncle. I have the final say in this house! Although Nora got ahead of her

with her bragging this time, if it weren't because Sheena was being so overbearing...

"I'm going to protect Nora even if it means I'll displease Sheena! I won't allow Sis' flesh and blood to become stranded in the streets!"

It was exactly his sense of duty and responsibility that Melissa admired when she had married him back then. She said, "Okay! I'll back you up!"

After the two had finished speaking, one of them went downstairs while the other continued to watch over Mrs. Anderson.

By the time Nora woke up, it was almost noon. After a good stretch, she got up and picked up her cell phone. When she saw the text message from her son, a happy smile formed on her face.

Pete went to the Quinn School of Martial Arts for martial arts practice every Tuesday and Saturday, and studied under a home tutor at the Hunts the rest of the days. It was Sunday that day, so it was his rest day.

At this point, she received a call from Solo. When she answered, the other party said weakly, "We've been investigating for a week, but even so, we still haven't found any traces indicating that Justin was in California five years ago. Apart from himself, I think there's probably no one else who really knows how his son came about."

During the past week, Nora had either been cooping up in the villa or investigating this matter.

For the sake of her son's fate, she had to find out why Justin hated her so much.

However, neither of them had found anything. Nora sounded a little hoarse as she replied, "I see."

"Do you want to investigate further?" Solo asked.

"Yeah."

"How are you going to do that?"

Nora got up, went to the bathroom, and picked up the toothbrush. She looked at herself in the mirror—she was as pale as a sheet. She bared her teeth and said cockily and presumptuously, “I suppose I’ll just straight-up ask him.”

“ ... ”

After hanging up, she washed up and went out.

Melissa was playing with Cherry in the small living room on the second floor. Upon hearing the door opening, Cherry ran over and hugged Nora’s leg. “Mommy! Great-Grandma is still asleep.”

Nora was about to go over and take a look when someone suddenly rushed in front of her. Their outstretched finger nearly poked the tip of her nose. “Nora! Just what did you give my mother?! Why isn’t she awake yet?!”

Sheena’s eyeliner was drawn very thick and dramatic, making her eyes look awfully fierce. The way she was speaking so harshly made her look as if she was about to eat Nora alive.

Nora frowned and stared at her outstretched finger.

Melissa walked over and stood in front of Nora, blocking her from Sheena. “What are you doing? Calm down and talk this through nicely, Sheena.”

An angry Sheena snapped, “Talk this through nicely? No wonder it’s said that there’s ultimately still a wall between mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law. Are you unconcerned because she isn’t your mother?”

Melissa’s expression instantly changed.

Simon said sharply, “That’s enough, Sheena!”

Sheena stared hard at him and yelled, “Mom’s lying in there comatose! Aren’t you concerned?! Or do you find her a bother after taking care of her all these years?!”

“ ... ”

Simon and Melissa were so angry that they couldn’t even speak for a while. At this moment, a cool and clear voice reached them: “Who says Grandma’s comatose?”

Nora looked at Sheena and scoffed, “Grandma’s just asleep. Just wake her up and everything will be fine. What are you making such a huge fuss about?”

After saying that, she took the lead and walked over to Mrs. Anderson’s bedroom.

The others looked at one another and followed after her.

Mrs. Anderson was blind and had limited mobility. Thus, in order to make it convenient for others to take care of her, she didn’t lock her bedroom door. This way, everyone could freely enter and leave.

Mrs. Anderson was lying on the bed at the moment. Her complexion was ruddy, and even the redness and swelling around her eyes seemed to have subsided a little.

Nora called out softly, “Grandma?”

Mrs. Anderson’s lips moved a little. Then, she slowly opened her eyes. Her eyelids were swollen, so there were only two small slits where her eyes would be.

Melissa hurriedly stepped forward and helped her sit up on the bed. “Mom, how do you feel?”

Mrs. Anderson looked at her blankly. Her reaction badly frightened Melissa. Just as she was wondering whether she should send her to the hospital, she suddenly heard Mrs. Anderson say, “Melissa, you’ve aged...”

Melissa was taken aback.

Mrs. Anderson smiled and said, “Well, it’s been more than twenty years after all. There’s no way you won’t age.”

At this point, Melissa finally reacted. She exclaimed in surprise, “Mom, you can see me?”

Mrs. Anderson nodded. Then, she looked at the others. When her gaze swept across Sheena and Simon, she said, “All of you have aged... And you, Sheena. It’s been so many years, yet that foul temper of yours still hasn’t changed!”

It was only at the very end that her gaze reached Nora.

The young woman stood there with an aloof look on her face as if she didn't fit in with the family at all.

She had exquisite facial features. Her almond-shaped eyes should have made her look gentle, yet on her, there was an additional sense of arrogance and wildness to them.

She bore an 80% resemblance to her own daughter back then.

Mrs. Anderson's eyes instantly reddened. She reached out to her as she said, "Nora..."

Although Melissa was also very protective of her, the concern from a blood relative gave Nora an indescribable ache and soreness in her heart.

It was as if she was no longer alone.

Next to her, Simon's eyes also reddened. He said agitatedly, "It's been over twenty years, but we've never managed to cure your eyes all this time! To think you can actually see now... Nora, what exactly were those pills you gave Mom?"

The Carefree Pill.

Nora said silently in her mind. However, when she thought of how her mother had instructed her to stay low-key and avoid being too showy, she casually said, "I bought them at Guardian Pharmacy. They said it invigorates and refreshes the mind. I didn't ask the specifics."

In other words, she had bought them without much thought.

Sheena said sharply, "That's some sheer dumb luck, huh! Didn't I say? You're so young; even if you do know a bit of medicine, it's not going to be this great—"

Melissa couldn't stand listening to her anymore. She interjected and said, "Sheena, no matter what the case is, we still ought to thank Nora!"

Sheena said mockingly, "Thank her? Do you need me to get down on my knees and kowtow to her, or set off some fireworks to celebrate, then?"

She was obviously being sarcastic, but the corners of Nora's lips quirked upward and she replied seriously, "No, you don't have to."

Her voice was low and husky, which lent it a sense of calmness and steadiness. She said, "You should apologize to my mother now."

Sheena immediately felt her cheeks burning.

She clenched her fists and straightened her back. She avoided Nora's gaze and said, "Why should I? Mom only became blind because she was so angry at your mother for running away from home! Isn't it only right for you to cure her? Also, we're in this state because your mother just up and left back then! She's the sinner of the family! Why should I apologize to her?!"

Simon sighed. Then, he ordered harshly, "Shut up, Sheena!"

Sheena felt that she must have misheard him. Shocked, she looked at him and asked, "Simon, are you actually yelling at me because of a stray like her?!"

Simon replied, "She's no stray; she's Sis' daughter and my niece! She's an Anderson! Apologize to Sis now!"

"You—" Sheena shouted angrily, "Are you determined to go against me? Fine, you don't need me to help you manage Harmonia Pharmacy anymore, do you?"

"..."

Simon was stunned.

Sheena had always been the one in charge of Harmonia Pharmacy's manufacturing department during all these years. It was indeed also because of her that the business hadn't gone bust yet.

But what she just said... Was she threatening him?

At the sight of Simon's silence, Sheena immediately knew that her threat had been effective. She straightened her back and sneered, "You have to suffer the consequences if you make a mistake! Sis made a mistake by eloping back then, which caused our reputation to plummet! So, why should I apologize to her? Does she have the cheek to accept my apology?"

Smack!

Sheena, who was close to the bed, was stunned when Mrs. Anderson's slap landed on her cheek, and she looked at her in disbelief.

Mrs. Anderson, who was trembling all over, shouted angrily, "Your elder sister must have had her reasons! I forbid you to say that about her!"

Sheena took a step back. With a wry smile, she held her hand to her cheek and said, "You can shut me up, but can you shut up those people outside? Her mother was a woman of loose morals who eloped with another man, and it held back Ian Smith for life! This is the biggest scandal among the wealthy families in all of New York in the past two decades!"

Simon said sternly, "Sis had her reasons!"

"What reasons did she have?!"

Sheena yelled hysterically, "We even found love letters in her room! She eloped! When will all of you stop lying to yourselves?!"

She turned to Mrs. Anderson and Simon and said, "I'll say one last thing—it's either her or me in this family. Pick one!"

"..."

The room fell silent.

A silent Nora turned and said, "I'll leave."

However, a large warm hand held her shoulder before she reached the door, and Simon's slightly tired voice reached her: "Nora, where are you going? This is your home."

He didn't dare to look at Sheena when he spoke, but his decision was already obvious.

Sheena looked at Mrs. Anderson and then at Melissa—both of them turned away.

Toward the end, she looked at Simon and said, "Fine! Okay! The Andersons and the Myerses are fighting it out now, but you're actually driving me away at a critical moment like this because of that no-good girl?"

"Fine! I'll leave!"

Sheena turned and started to walk out, but found that no one was stopping her. When she reached the door, she stopped. A moment later, with her eyes red, she sneered, “You’re all partial toward Sis, and have forgotten that I’m the one who has led Harmonia Pharmacy over the past twenty years to where it currently is!

“In that case, don’t blame me for hardening my heart! Simon, I’ll wait for Harmonia Pharmacy to be completely crushed by the Myerses! I’ll wait for the day it closes down!”

After saying that, she turned and strode off.

Melissa frowned. “Has Sheena lost her mind? How can she bring herself to say such a thing after just a few heated words? She’s almost 50, yet she’s still so impulsive!”

Then, she looked at Simon worriedly. “We’re at a critical point of the Andersons and the Myerses’ fight for market share now. What do we do if Sheena really goes on strike?”

A troubled Simon rubbed his temples. “We’ll just do whatever we can and take it one step at a time!”

Seeing how worried they both looked, Nora asked, “Uncle Simon, Aunt Melissa. Is there anything I can help with?”

Simon sighed and replied, “No, it’s fine, Nora. You can just stay home with Cherry.”

What the Andersons needed the most at the moment wasn’t a contest of skill in commerce but an actual bona fide formula for a pill!

Thanks to Nora’s mother’s Carefree Pill, the Myerses had leaped to stardom among the wealthy circles in New York. If she, as well as the formula, were still around... The ones stealing the show would have been them now.

Sigh!

A troubled Simon and Melissa left the house after deciding that they would head to Harmonia Pharmacy to think of a solution.

As for Nora, she gave her grandmother a detailed explanation on how to use the ointment next. Then, she spent some time accompanying her while she adjusted to life with a sense of sight again. After she went on the right track, Nora went downstairs.

During brunch, Sheril suddenly rushed into the villa.

Her eyes were shining. At the sight of Nora, she flew straight up to her and exclaimed, "Nora! Is this pill the Carefree Pill?!"

"..."

At the same time.

The Hunt Corporation's office building towered into the sky in the center of New York.

On the top floor, Justin was currently in the midst of work.

An extremely troubled Chester paced about in the hallway with a million thoughts in his mind.

His little nephew had said that once the Smith woman cures Grandma, he would tell Justin the truth!

But why did he feel like Justin was still unaware of the fact that he had a daughter?

He mustn't hide it from his brother anymore.

During this recent period of time, he had been terribly troubled every day over how he should tell Justin the truth, leading to him having trouble eating and sleeping. He wasn't even having fun killing mobs in the game anymore!

His little nephew wanted the two of them to form a family.

But in his opinion, this was simply impossible!

Justin hated Pete's mother so much. Wouldn't it be too much of him if he hid the truth from him?

Justin was his elder brother!

After doing enough ideological construction and also coming to terms with the possibility that there might not be anyone carrying him in the game anymore in the future, Chester took a deep breath and pushed open the office door.

Justin was in the midst of reviewing documents. His brows were drawn together coldly, and even the beauty mark at the corner of his eye seemed to exude a serious aura.

He looked up when he heard the door open.

Upon making eye contact, Chester immediately said, “Justin, actually, you can also have a daughter!”

“...”

The office was quiet.

Sean, the executive assistant, gave his glasses a push. Then, he walked over and closed the door, cutting off the gossipy gazes of those in the secretary’s office outside but also arousing everyone’s intense curiosity.

Chester weakly tried to tempt him. “Think about it, Justin. A soft, tender, and adorable daughter—don’t you want one?”

The way he described it caused the sight of Pete playing with Barbies to flash across Justin’s mind. A sharp glint instantly flashed in his eyes and with a warning tone, he asked, “What are you thinking of doing?”

Was he thinking of having Pete undergo some kind of outraging operation?

Chester was so scared that he cowered and stammered, “J-J-Justin, really! You can also have a daughter! I-if you go to Nora, you’ll be able to have both a son and a daughter!”

Justin, “?”

His first reaction was to breathe a sigh of relief. Fortunately, he hadn’t brought up Pete...

But immediately after, he realized what he meant... But going to Nora... And having a daughter...

If he got into a relationship with that woman, her daughter would indeed have to call him Daddy. Wouldn't he have a daughter, then?

He frowned and subconsciously barked, "Don't be ridiculous!"

How could he possibly help someone else raise their kid?!

A wave of irritation suddenly surged up in him, causing him to become infuriated at the sight of Chester's cowering appearance. He immediately pointed to the door. "Get out."

Chester wanted to say more, but as soon as he said his name, Justin barked angrily, "Get out!"

"..."

A terrified Chester rushed out of his office. His legs were even shaking as he wiped the non-existent perspiration on his forehead.

However, his eyes were bright and shiny.

He had already told Justin the truth. He was the one who didn't believe him, so he couldn't blame him when he found out in the future... Right?

Time to hurry home, look for his little niece, and have her carry him in the game!

He left without any psychological burden. However, the low pressure in the office didn't ease.

Justin's eyes were downcast, but he suddenly couldn't process the words on the documents anymore.

It wasn't really a big deal to raise someone else's daughter. At the most, he could just have a nanny raise her instead. However, he had always been a cold and unfeeling man and found relationships highly troublesome.

Cultivating feelings with that woman was already troublesome enough. If one added an additional daughter to it...

Wait a minute, when had he agreed to cultivate feelings with that woman?

Justin's eyes—which had always been cool, rational, restrained, and wise—appeared to be at a loss at this moment. A short while later, he let out a short scoff of laughter. He felt as if he was being unreasonably worried.

What did whether or not that woman had a child, and whether or not she had made mistakes in her youth have anything to do with him?

All he had done was having her treat someone's illness and owe her a favor, that was all.

He would just find an opportunity to return the favor and that would be it.

At the Andersons.

Sheril's eyes were shining beneath her double eyelids. "Nora, where did you get the formula?"

Nora was about to make up something when Sheril asked excitedly, "Did my aunt leave it for you?"

"..."

Seeing that she had already found a good excuse for her, Nora nodded.

Sheril immediately became so excited that she grabbed her hand. "The Myerses released the Cooling Tablets, which are even more effective than our Vitality Water, this year. In addition, they also produced a Carefree Pill and saved the elderly Mrs. Hunt. This has already become a legend in the industry!

"Harmonia Pharmacy's footfall has seen a visible decrease recently. Most of the drugstores and hospitals that we worked with have also returned the goods and replaced them with the Myerses'.

"If your mother really left behind the Carefree Pill formula, then there's hope for the Andersons!"

Nora raised an eyebrow.

So that was what the Andersons were currently going through.

She cast her eyes down and said, "Wait a moment."

She went upstairs, found a piece of paper in the room, and wrote down on it the Carefree Pill's formula and things to take note of during the manufacturing process. After that, she went back down and handed it to her. "This is the formula."

Sheril got up hurriedly. She looked somewhat grave as she said, "Y-you're giving me the formula just like that, Nora?"

As a medical practitioner, Sheril knew just how important a formula is.

However, Nora replied casually, "Yeah."

Seeing how trusting she was of her, Sheril gritted her teeth and took the formula from her. She said, "I'll give it a go, then. Nora, this pill is very difficult to make. My aunt tried so hard to make them last time, but only succeeded in making five in the end. Don't tell Dad and Mom about this for now, lest it gives them hope and then disappoints them again."

"..."

She had already improved the formula, so there definitely wouldn't be any problem.

But seeing her so nervous, Nora nodded.

The anxious Sheril ran out again. She must hurry and get the pills manufactured! This way, her parents wouldn't have to go around begging for help to improve sales anymore!

The next day, when Nora woke up and went downstairs for breakfast, she found Simon and Melissa sitting on the sofa with awful looks on their faces.

A healthcare conference was being held today, and all relevant personnel in the industry would be attending.

They had previously agreed to have Sheena and Simon attend together. She was to be in charge of technology while Simon was to be in charge of sales. He had called Sheena and said a lot to placate her, but the other party had sneered, "Didn't the Andersons not need me anymore? Since all of you like Nora so much, you can have her go with you instead!"

No matter what happened internally, a family must always unite when facing external foes. In spite of that, she was being so stubborn.

Melissa had always been even-tempered, but even she was rather incensed. "If she doesn't want to go, then so be it! I'll go with you instead!"

Simon nodded.

After the two finished speaking, they saw Nora come downstairs.

Melissa took the opportunity to say, "Let's go together, Nora! Today's conference will also benefit you in many ways."

Nora thought for a moment before she said, "Okay."

The conference was held in Hotel Finest's conference hall. While they called it a conference, it was actually more like a small banquet. People could discuss and seal a lot of business deals here.

However, the three of them were stopped by the service staff at the door. "Sorry, the QR code for your invitation is wrong, so you can't enter."

Simon frowned. "But this is what they sent us!"

The service staff replied, "This year's conference is held by the Myerses. They said that this is a high-end medical conference, so they aren't inviting doctors with little or bad reputations anymore and reissued the invitations. You're not allowed to enter now."

Simon was furious. He clenched his fists with an infuriated look on his face.

The Myerses were obviously making things difficult for them!

But if they didn't go in today, they would be expelled from the medical industry!

At the sight of him keeping quiet, disdain welled up in the service staff.

Nobody doctors trying to worm their way in to get acquainted with the guests in high-end conferences like this were a common sight. He had seen a lot of them before.

Thinking that the three in front of him were also people like that, he said loudly, "If you don't have an invitation, please stand aside and avoid blocking the guests behind."

His words attracted the attention of everyone around them.

The circle was only so big; everyone knew everyone very well. Simon immediately felt his cheeks burn, and he felt terribly embarrassed.

He was about to say something when a voice interrupted him: "Wait a minute."

Justin had a lunch meeting here at noon.

On the second floor of Hotel Finest, the conference hall was on the left and the restaurant on the right.

As soon as he walked out of the elevator, he heard the commotion at the entrance of the conference hall. He originally wasn't paying much attention to it, but when he glanced over, he spotted a familiar figure.

His footsteps paused for a moment. When he heard the service staff chasing them away impatiently, he frowned and said to Sean, "Let's go over and take a look."

No matter what, the Andersons were, after all, acquaintances with the Hunts. The previous generation of the two families had been closely acquainted with one another; how could he allow others to bully and humiliate them?

Sean nodded. "Yes, sir."

But when he was about to walk over, he heard that deep and clear voice going "Wait a minute."

Nora picked up her cell phone. Her fair and slender fingers tapped a couple of times on it and she opened her email inbox. Sure enough, there were a few invitations lying within.

As the most prestigious surgeon around, organizers of various conferences held in different countries would send her token invitations.

Sure enough, the organizers of a formal conference like this one had also sent her one.

However, she needed a bit of time to find the invitation from her junk mail...

At this time, someone beside her spoke. "Miss Smith?"

Taken aback, Nora lifted her head and looked over—it was a woman that looked about 30 years old. Her curly hair rested on her shoulders and she was wearing formal business attire.

She frowned. After a moment's hesitation, she asked, "You are?"

A displeased Tina York frowned. They had obviously met in the hospital before, but she was actually pretending not to know her...

However, she had been wondering why Justin had brought a young doctor over that time. After much ado, it turned out that she was actually from the Andersons.

The Andersons were gradually falling into decline day by day. They were solely relying on formulas from twenty years ago and selling medicines based on them. They must have been at the end of their tether and told that nobody doctor to operate on Mrs. Hunt as a last-ditch attempt, right?

Unfortunately, all that credit had gone to her instead!

At the thought of that, her displeasure quickly dissipated. She smiled and seemingly said as a kind reminder, "Everyone's a distinguished individual here. Since the Andersons haven't received an invitation, if you make a fuss here, it won't reflect well on you, either..."

A single line from her made everyone queuing behind start speculating in low voices:

"My goodness, I thought the Andersons just forgot their invitation, but the truth is they actually didn't receive one?"

"The Myerses' market share has expanded. There's basically no one buying the Andersons' drugs now. Sigh! To think they've been reduced to the point where they can't even get an invitation anymore!"

"They can't blame anyone else for that. What can anyone do if they don't improve themselves? I heard the drugstores and hospitals working with them have returned their goods recently and switched to the Myerses'."

“...If I were them, I’d have quickly sneaked off with my tail between my legs by now. What are they still doing here?”

The speculations made Simon’s expression change again and again, and he felt as if he had never been any more embarrassed.

After Tina kept quiet for a while, she sighed and said, “Everyone’s here for a good time today. If you simply have to go in... Uncle Simon, if you promise you won’t disturb the others, I’ll bring you in!”

“Won’t disturb the others”... The way she put it, it was as if they weren’t fit to be seen in public!

Simon felt as if someone had given him two tight slaps. Just as he became so infuriated that he turned to leave, a cool voice said, “No, it’s fine.”

Nora stared at Tina coldly and said, “The Andersons receive a lot of invitations, so I took a while to find it and ended up causing a short delay. Sorry about that, Uncle Simon and Aunt Melissa.”

She raised her cell phone and presented the QR code to the service staff. “Can we go in now?”

“... This way, please!”

Only then did the three of them from the Andersons finally enter the banquet hall.

At the door, Tina was stunned. She clearly remembered that her teacher hadn’t sent an invitation to the Andersons. Had she remembered wrongly?

Nearby.

Sean, who had taken a couple of steps toward the Andersons with the intention of helping them out of the embarrassing situation, was taken aback. Then, he looked back at Justin. “They don’t seem to need any help anymore.”

Justin, “...”

It had momentarily slipped his mind that that woman was Anti, so how could she possibly not have an invitation?

However, her line of “The Andersons receive a lot of invitations” sure was interesting.

Justin suddenly turned and started walking toward the conference hall. The usually reticent man said, “I’m just going over to see if there’s a chance for me to return the favor I owe.”

Sean, who was following closely behind him silently, was rendered speechless.

Boss, you don’t need to explain anything! An explanation is no different from a cover-up!

As a professional secretary, however, Sean quickly reported on the Andersons’ affairs. “... The Andersons can’t sell their drugs at all. If this continues, I’m afraid they’ll go bust soon.”

Although Justin didn’t reply, he nevertheless looked rather thoughtful when he heard the report.

All the Hotel Finest service staff knew their boss, so Justin entered the conference hall straightaway. The place’s layout was arranged like a small banquet. Most of the male guests were in suits and formal shoes while the women wore formal dresses.

Only that woman was dressed in a white T-shirt and a pair of jeans, yet she was still eye-catching among the crowd.

Justin narrowed his eyes slightly and walked over. As soon as he approached, he heard Melissa ask, “Nora, where did you get the invitation?”

The young woman replied casually, “Oh, I was helping with the treatment of Mrs. Hunt’s illness before, right? Although I wasn’t of much help, Mr. Hunt was still pretty nice.”

Sure enough, Melissa misunderstood her words. “Oh, so Mr. Hunt gave it to you! He must have also wanted you to come over and broaden your horizons.”

Justin, “...”

That woman really was using him as a scapegoat for everything, wasn’t she?!

A mischievous smile suddenly formed on his lips and he said in a low voice, "Uncle Simon, Aunt Melissa."

The three walking in front immediately stopped and turned around. Upon seeing him, Melissa immediately said gratefully, "Thank you for giving Nora an invitation, Justin. Otherwise, we really wouldn't have been able to enter today."

Justin glanced over and saw the discomfited girl touching her nose awkwardly. But after that, she looked down quietly and calmed down. Those docile cat-like eyes of hers were raised slightly, and she had a seemingly amused look on her face as if she wasn't the one lying just now.

Her mental resilience was first-class.

In an equally seemingly amused manner, Justin replied, "You're welcome."

Simon's purpose in attending the banquet was to sell his company's drugs. When he spotted a regular customer who wanted to return their goods in front, he hurriedly said, "Justin, you guys go ahead and have a chat first. I'll be back in a jiffy."

He started walking over after saying that.

A look of worry came over Melissa's countenance.

Justin observed Nora out of the corner of his eye.

She had almond-shaped eyes and a small but high-bridged nose. Her lips were rosy and plump, and looked very attractive.

For some reason, he suddenly thought of what Chester had said the day before: "You can have a daughter if you go to Nora."

A daughter...

He suddenly asked, "Miss Smith, what does your daughter look like? Does she resemble you?"

Nora glanced at him.

Cherry actually didn't look like her. Seriously speaking, she instead bore a 70% resemblance to the man in front of her. Thus, she answered, "No, she resembles her father instead."

"Oh?" Justin suddenly became interested. "Do you have any photos?"

Nora glanced at him and replied, "Yes."