

## Chapter 66 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

Jon, who didn't dare slight him, answered, "Okay!"

Before leaving, he looked at Nora and said, "You're still young, so you should give some things a little more thought. Mr. Smith, let's not waste any more time and hurry over!"

After Jon and Tina left, the people around them started to gather around Nora.

"So, you're Yvette Anderson's daughter? Becoming Jon's student is a great opportunity. Don't pass it up!"

"She's still young, but Simon, you'd best be sensible! Look at Tina; after she became Mr. Myers' student, she became an attending physician at Hospital Finest. She also became a lot more well-known..."

Amidst everyone's persuasion, Nora, however, merely stared in the direction where Joel and the others left.

Ian Smith was dying...

Should she go over and have a look?

However, when she thought of what Joel had said just now, she abandoned the thought.

Never mind. Everyone had their own destiny.

The conference ended with a perfect conclusion for the Andersons. All the goods piled up in their warehouse sold out. In addition, with the Carefree Pills, Harmonia Pharmacy's position in the traditional medicine industry also stabilized somewhat.

At the very least, when they left, the others no longer looked at them contemptuously like the way they did in the beginning.

It was only after he saw that the Andersons had left that Justin looked at Sean, who had already taken out his spare cell phone, logged in to the email account, and opened the email from just now.

The photo, however, was of a baby who had just turned a month old.

Honestly speaking, all newborn babies actually look more or less the same. However, the baby in the photo looked soft and chubby, and it was obvious that she had very attractive facial features.

Justin suddenly thought of Pete when he was a baby. Due to his poor health, he had been nothing but skin and bone...

At the Andersons.

After Nora and the others stepped through the door, the whole family sat on the sofa in the living room.

Simon had just answered a call from his daughter. He said excitedly, "Sheril says that they've already produced 50 pills based on the formula! The formula works! We can really mass-produce Carefree Pills!"

Melissa glanced at Sheena, who hadn't said a word since she entered. She said, "It seems like Yvette did indeed improve the formula and even had Nora bring it back. This shows that despite her leaving home, she hadn't forgotten the Andersons..."

Sheena's complexion was dull and ashen. Her lips were pursed tightly and she felt dejected.

Simon, who didn't notice anything, instead asked, "Nora, are you really not going to study under Jon?"

Nora replied, "No."

After thinking for a while, Simon said, "I know it's because Jon was making things difficult for us that you..."

"There's no need to discuss any further about this. I'm not interested in learning traditional medicine from him," said Nora, who interrupted her uncle straightaway.

Sheena frowned. "What are you interested in, then?"

Nora raised an eyebrow and kept quiet for a while.

At once, Sheena couldn't help but reprimand her. "I heard that you're a surgeon? Do you have a medical license? Which college did you graduate from? Which hospital are you working in? Are you a doctor specializing in outpatient service or an attending physician?"

Nora replied, "... I work by myself."

"You work by yourself? In that case, how many operations can you do in a month? Why don't you train in the hospital for a few years since you're still so young?"

Melissa tugged Sheena's sleeve. "Sheena, don't say any more for now."

However, Sheena pulled her sleeve back and said, "So, you want me to apologize to your mother? Okay! I'll do it! I shouldn't have said that about Sis! But Nora, as your aunt, there's something I have to say!

"Your mother was renowned as a young lady of great talent in New York back then, but you grew up elsewhere instead. The way how you're incapable of anything damages your mother's reputation! That is something I absolutely will not allow!"

"..."

Nora felt that this second aunt of hers took reputation and things like that too seriously.

She stood up and walked upstairs. "I'll go and take a look at what Cherry is doing."

Sheena immediately became angry. "You—"

Melissa grabbed her hand and said, "She's only just returned, Sheena. Give her some time to adapt. Don't worry, even if you don't bring it up, I'll do my best to groom Nora, nonetheless!"

Nora, "..."

She really didn't need it.

She went upstairs, entered her bedroom, and immediately heard Cherry in the midst of her games.

“Chesty, come on! I caught someone who’s alone!”

A voice rang out in the voice chat: “Coming! I’m coming!”

Then, Cherry let out an exclamation of surprise and said, “No, there isn’t just one person but two! Ah, there’s one... two more in the bushes! Chesty, there are four players away from their team!”

“...”

“Come on! Why are you running away, Chesty? Why are you so lousy?!”

“... Cherry, they have four people on their side while there’s only two of us. Are you sure the four of them are away from their team?”

“Why are you chickening out? I can beat five of them by myself! Are you a man or not?!”

“I’m your uncle!”

“Oh. Those who didn’t know would’ve thought you were my aunt instead!”

“...”

Seeing that Cherry was engrossed in her game, Nora reminded her to pay attention to the time and went to take a bath.

Cherry blinked with her big cute eyes and stared at her cell phone. “Chesty, Mommy’s back, so I’ll have to log off soon! Are you still streaming the gameplay?”

Chester replied, “Yes, I am. The viewers in my live stream are all calling for you to start live streaming too!”

Cherry became very interested when she heard what he said. She asked, “Will anyone watch if I live stream?”

Chester replied, “Of course! I’m a hotshot streamer with millions of fans. When we challenge the rankings with our two-man team, you’ll definitely get a lot of traffic!”

“Okie-Dokie!” Cherry said, “I’ll start a live stream tomorrow! What do I have to prepare?”

Chester asked, “Do you have a computer at home? You’ll have to buy a good camera, preferably one that comes with a beautifying feature!”

“No problem!”

The two sillies chatted cheerfully. Cherry even grinned happily as she dreamed of becoming a little star.

Once she started live streaming, would it mean that she would be able to give history trivia and even do poem recitals in her live stream and let everyone see how much of a genius and beauty she was?!

—

The Smiths’ residence was located near Third Avenue in New York.

Interior decor in the manor was low-key and exuded elegance in every detail.

Several servants busied themselves with their chores, yet they didn’t make any sound. It was apparent that they were well-trained.

All the members of the Smiths were gathered outside the master bedroom door. They sat on the leather sofa and stared anxiously at the bedroom door.

In the bedroom, a big and tall man was lying on a large gray bed.

Even though he was nearly fifty years old, Ian didn’t look his age at all. Apart from how he was unusually pale, he looked as if he was in his thirties.

Even though his eyes were closed and he was unconscious at the moment, his features exuded the elegance and sobriety of a man who had enjoyed a high social standing for a long time.

If one looked closely, one would realize that Nora and Ian had very similar lip shapes.

A solemn Jon checked his vitals gravely while Tina stood straight and carefully sized up the luxurious decor around her.

Even at his current level, Jon was just a bigwig in the traditional medicine circle. To true top-notch wealthy families like the Smiths, he was just a doctor with a little more skill than most. Their status and the amount of power each wielded weren’t comparable at all.

Joel had a troubled look on his face. When he saw that Jon was done with the checkup, he asked anxiously, "How is my uncle?"

Jon frowned and replied, "Mr. Smith has no will to live, so there's nothing that can cure him. Please prepare for his funeral."

Joel's expression changed drastically. "Is there really no other way, Mr. Myers?"

Jon replied, "There may be someone who can do something about it."

Joel asked anxiously, "Who is it?"

Jon's expression remained unchanged as he answered, "It's Dr. Zabe."

At once, Joel got ready to instruct his subordinates to invite him over.

However, Jon stopped him. He said, "He's already very old, and has even become somewhat absent-minded and bedridden. But I've heard that he took in a student who inherited all of his skills. Unfortunately, this person is very mysterious. No one knows where they are."

Joel frowned. His gaze fell on Ian who was lying on the bed.

Jon contemplated for a while before he spoke again. He said, "I can keep Mr. Smith alive, but you'll have to either let him rekindle his will to live or find Dr. Zabe's student."

Joel nodded, a bit of a sharp look appearing in his flirtatious eyes. "In that case, please help my uncle regain consciousness as soon as possible, Mr. Myers."

"Okay."

Jon took out a silver needle and pierced it into several important points on Ian. Then, he took out a pill, crushed it, and stuffed it into his mouth.

After some work, Ian's heartbeat became steady again.

Jon wiped the sweat off his brows and said to Joel, "Mr. Smith should be able to wake up tomorrow. I'll have Tina personally come over to check on him every day and do our best to keep him alive until you find Dr. Zabe's successor."

A smile formed on Joel's countenance once more. "Okay, I'll get the butler to send you out."

After the two of them left, a feminine and delicate voice suddenly rang out. "Joel, he's obviously capable of curing Dad, yet he keeps going on and on here with you instead. Also, Dr. Zabe? He sure says a lot of nonsense."

Joel smiled upon hearing this.

He turned around to see an attractive figure walk in—it was Ian's adopted daughter, Yvonne Smith.

Ian never married in his whole life, choosing to only adopt a daughter. All the other children born into the Smiths were boys, so they doted on their one and only younger sister very much.

Joel said, "As long as he can cure Uncle Ian's illness, what's the big deal about helping him boost his reputation?"

Yvonne stuck out her tongue and cast her eyes down.

Everyone said she was the princess of the Smiths in New York, but no one knew that she was actually the most afraid of Joel.

The new head of the Smiths was always smiling and was gentle and generous, but Yvonne always felt like there was a thin wall between the two of them...

At the entrance of the Smiths' residence.

It took a full ten minutes for the car to go from the villa where Ian lived to the gate of the manor.

It was only when she saw that they were on the main road that Tina finally looked away from the manor.

She looked at Jon nervously. "Sir, Ian Smith is already on his deathbed. Even he himself doesn't want to live anymore; how can we possibly save his life?"

Ian had no external or internal injuries. From a modern medicine perspective, there wasn't anything wrong with him.

Yet his internal organs were slowly failing...

Jon stretched out his hand—half a pill was resting on his palm. He said, “Go over every day to check his health. Give him a couple of jabs on unimportant points of his body first, and then have him consume this pill. This will keep him alive.”

Tina exclaimed, “Sir, that pill is...”

Jon heaved a heavy sigh and answered, “It’s the Carefree Pill.”

Tina’s eyes widened. “That pill is worth a lot! You...”

Jon balled up his fist and closed his eyes. Due to his age, the skin at his eyelids was loose and saggy. He instructed, “Have someone secretly buy them from Harmonia Pharmacy. Don’t let anyone discover anything. Harmonia Pharmacy has won this round, thanks to the Carefree Pill. If we don’t achieve anything big, they’ll probably rise above us!”

Tina immediately understood what Jon meant.

The Myerses had made a name for themselves overnight by using the Carefree Pill to cure the elderly Mrs. Hunt. Additionally, it had also allowed Jon to cement his position in the field of traditional medicine. However, now that the Carefree Pill had become the Andersons’, it had robbed them of their glory.

Dr. Zabe was the only one capable of curing Ian, yet Jon had successfully kept him alive. This was undoubtedly something glorious to tell everyone.

Tina sat up straight and said seriously, “Don’t worry, Sir. I’ll make sure I don’t slip up and give anything away!”

It was getting late and the moon was already visible in the sky.

The streets of New York were filled with cars. From a distance, it was as though the stream of red car lights stretched on endlessly.

Although the Andersons’ residence wasn’t a large manor, it was located in the city center and was a quiet little area amid the hustle and bustle of the city. The small villa’s market value was worth over ten million.

After dinner, Mrs. Anderson and Melissa brought Nora into the study.



The swelling around Mrs. Anderson's eyes had already gone down and she had completely regained her vision. She looked at Nora kindly and asked, "Nora, Cherry must be five by now, right? It's not appropriate to just let her stay at home all the time. Do you have any plans to send her to kindergarten?"

Nora had thought about this a long time ago.

Originally, her trip to New York was only supposed to be a temporary stay, but now that her son was here, it was likely that she had to stay here permanently.

She nodded and asked, "Which is the best kindergarten nearby?"

Cherry had a super high IQ, so she wasn't quite the same as other children. She was impatient and, apart from when she played games, she couldn't sit still at all, no matter what she was doing.

This was the only reason why Nora had allowed her to play games—so that she could practice how to focus. However, in truth, the amount of game time she had every day was limited.

Considering her situation, she needed a kindergarten with the most abundant manpower resources, so that there would be the most professional teachers there to take care of her.

At her question, Melissa was taken aback for a moment before she answered, "The best kindergarten around here is the International Golden Sunshine Kindergarten."

Mrs. Anderson frowned and supplemented, "That kindergarten is hard to enroll into, though."

Nora was puzzled.

Melissa explained, "That's the best kindergarten in New York. The students there are either wealthy or of noble status. Given our family's conditions, neither Sheril nor Logan were accepted into the school when they were children..."

She said, "The main reason for that is that not only does the kindergarten have tough requirements for the children, but they also have very demanding

requirements for parents. Parents must either be special talents or top cadres. Additionally, there are also assessments of varied content specifically set for parents.”

Nora went straight for the key point. She asked, “What’s considered a special talent?”

Melissa answered, “They are talents who have made major contributions. Alternatively, it’ll also work if the parents are holders of top-class black cards.”

A puzzled Mrs. Anderson asked, “What’s a top-class black card?”

Melissa shook her head. “I’ve only heard of it and never seen it before.”

The look in Nora’s eyes flickered a little, however.

A bank’s top-class black card was a credit card with no credit limit.

Currently, there were only a double-digit number of black cards in the world. It was said that these dozen or so people had formed a mysterious organization known as the Imperial League.

Imperial League members were either tycoons of the world or hotshot politicians, and they controlled the global economy.

They were very mysterious, and even an occasional conversation among them was capable of triggering global economic storms. However, all the members were anonymous, and even people within the organization itself didn’t know who the others were.

Everyone privately speculated that in all of the United States, the person who might have a black card like that must be Justin. Thus, everyone, no matter who it was, treated him very politely.

Anyone who owned a black card like that could buy the kindergarten itself, so there definitely wouldn’t be any enrollment restrictions for them.

Nora’s lip corners curled upward. She was about to say something when her cell phone rang.

However, when she saw the name on the caller ID, she was taken aback for a moment.

Why was he calling her?

Nora said to Melissa, "We'll go for that kindergarten, Aunt Melissa. I'll take Cherry there and give it a go."

Then, she got up, went out the door, and picked up the call.

An aged and stern voice came from the other end of the call. "Where are you?"

It was her traditional medicine teacher, Silvester Zabe.

At the thought of how serious and stern of a man he was, Nora subconsciously straightened her back and answered, "I'm in New York, sir. What's the matter?"

Silvester slowly replied, "Oh. The Smiths are looking for you; they want you to treat someone's illness."

The Smiths? Ian Smith?

Just as Nora was about to say that she would go, Silvester said, "You don't have to go. He isn't sick; he just doesn't want to live anymore."

"..."

"His internal organs are failing. Currently, they're using the Carefree Pill to keep him alive. Even if you do go over, can you make him regain his will to live?"

Nora had no words for that. She reckoned that Ian would probably wish to die even more if he saw her.

She sighed mentally. Then, she asked carefully, "Okay. Can I visit you tomorrow, sir?"

Silvester was already over 90 years old this year, but the elderly man nevertheless spoke clearly. He replied, "No, it's fine. I'm already old; there's nothing to see here. You passing down my skills in traditional medicine would be the best way of repaying my kindness."

However, the old man's indifference instead made Nora tear up.

Without him, she would probably have already died several times.

She cast her eyes down and said, "In that case, let me know if you ever want to see me."

"You're not a kid anymore, so why are you still so clingy? Stop it!" After saying that, Silvester said, "I'm hanging up."

Beep... beep... beep...

Nora looked at her cell phone and heaved a soft sigh. That old man's temper was as weird as ever.

The night passed peacefully.

When Cherry woke up the next morning, Nora was still asleep.

She tiptoed gently across the carpet, closing the door only after she entered the study.

Then, she picked up her cell phone and sent Chester a text message: "Chesty, are you ready?"

Chester replied instantly: "I've already registered a live stream account for you, so you can officially start live streaming now!"

"Okie-Dokie!"

Cherry climbed up the chair and planted her tiny self on the big swivel chair. She pushed her foot against the table and turned the chair straight. Then, she turned on Nora's computer.

Chester chuckled and texted: "It's your first live stream today, Cherry. Let's do something a little special today so that you can attract more fans!"

Cherry's big dark eyes lit up and she replied: "Okay! What shall we do?"

Chester, who was in his room at the Hunts', replied: "Let's compete in the live stream!"

Cherry eagerly replied: "No problem! I'll beat you for sure!"

“Heh heh.” Chester replied smugly: “A contest in a live stream isn’t dependent on the game but the fans’ monetary tips! I have 10 million fans, so I’ll definitely beat you!”

Chester had suffered his little niece’s dissing in the game for over half a year.

Now, he was going to stand tall and regain his dignity as her uncle!

He would let his little niece see just how crazy his fans are.

Cherry wrote: “I’ll definitely be better at this than you!”

Chester grinned and started a new live stream. “Hello everyone! This is Chesty. Today, I will introduce a new friend to all of you. She’s my team leader! Yes, she’s none other than the cutie with a little girl’s voice who loves playing as the heroine with the huge cannon! Everyone, please show her lots of support!”

At the Smiths.

Ian had woken up in the morning.

The servant quickly told him that Joel had watched over him all night the previous day.

Joel, whose eyes were all red, held his hand and said, “Uncle Ian, the Smiths still need you. I can’t head the family by myself yet. You can’t just leave all of this behind and go.”

Joel was lying.

He was even more outstanding than himself back then, yet he was putting on an act like that.

Ian smiled weakly. “I’m fine.”

A touch of sorrow flashed across Joel’s eyes. He picked up the cell phone and handed it to Ian in an attempt to pique his interest. He said, “I remember you used to like playing games, Uncle Ian. This game is very popular now. How about trying it out?”

The reason why he had played games in the past was that she was still with him back then.

Ian actually wasn't very interested in games. He said dispassionately, "... I don't know how to play it."

"It's fine." Joel opened a live stream app and said, "It's pretty interesting to watch others play, too! You can even learn how to play just by watching."

He opened a random live stream and placed the cell phone at a corner on the side within Ian's line of vision.

Ian didn't have the heart to refuse his nephew's kindness, so he simply looked over casually.

A soft and tender voice could already be heard coming from the live stream.

"Chesty, why are my points so low?"

Chester replied, "That's because the points are calculated using the total amount of tips you receive from fans through the virtual gifts they send you! You don't have many fans yet! Hehe, come on, everyone! I'm always being trashed by sweetcherry in the game, so I'm going to give her a taste of how it feels to be trashed this time!"

'sweetcherry'?

Ian was taken aback for a moment.

He remembered that Yvette's game alias had been 'lollipop' back then. When he teased her for using such a sweet-sounding name, she had replied, "What's wrong with that? If I have a daughter in the future, I'll play games with her and give her the alias 'sweetcherry', and have you die of diabetes from all the sugar!"

'sweetcherry'...

Ian stretched out his pale and feeble arm and took hold of the cell phone. Right away, a face-off screen entered his sight. sweetcherry only had a few hundred points while her opponent Chesty had a few thousand points.

He suddenly gained a little interest.

When Chester raised his head, he suddenly discovered that Cherry's total number of points had exceeded his. He immediately exclaimed, "What the f\*ck?! What happened?"

Cherry exclaimed excitedly, “Someone just gave me a huge tip! I can’t even keep count anymore!”

Chester did a count and found that the person had actually given her a \$80,000 tip in one go!

Shocked, he urged, “Quick, greet your Sponsor Daddy! Thank you for the tip, Sponsor Daddy!”

Cherry was very troubled, though. She said, “But I already have a Daddy!”

She tilted her head, bit her finger, and thought about it for a while. Then, her eyes suddenly lit up and she exclaimed, “I know, I’ll have Mommy call him Daddy instead! So, that means he’s Grandpa! Thank you for the tip, Grandpa!”

While talking, another notification saying she had received an \$80,000 tip scrolled across the screen.

It instantly dealt a crushing blow to Chester’s points.

“F\*ck!” He was angry now. “Don’t be so arrogant! I also have sponsors!”

He immediately posted a link to the live stream on his Facebook page and wrote: “Hey everyone! Those with money, please show some support! Those without, go away.”

Most of Chester’s friends were wealthy people, and they usually gave tips worth a few thousand dollars for fun.

After making the post, his score indeed started to rise.

At this time, Justin was currently seated in his office in the Hunt Corporation’s office tower.

Beside him, Pete was studying.

He opened his Facebook page and immediately saw Chester’s post.

Bored, he opened the link.

He immediately heard a tender voice coming from the live stream: "Sponsor Grandpa, in order to thank you for giving me such big tips, I'll tell you some trivia!"

Justin was taken aback when he heard the voice. It sounded vaguely familiar. However, when he lowered his head and saw his son beside him, he suppressed his doubts.

Back in California, Pete had worn girls' clothing from time to time as if he had a split personality.

However, after they returned to New York, apart from the first day he went to practice martial arts at the Quinn School of Martial Arts where he had returned in a princess dress and became a little princess again, he had been normal the past few days.

He must be too high-strung. Otherwise, why would he find the voice just now so similar to his son's when he was having relapses previously?

What was Chester doing, though? Why was there a child's voice in his live stream?

Justin's deep-set eyes narrowed as he watched on sullenly.

It took only a few seconds for him to figure out what was going on with the so-called 'contest'. He let out a cold laugh right away.

His younger brother sure was making a good showing. To think he was being suppressed by a nobody streamer.

It wasn't an issue as long as no one knew, but should there come a day where it became known that Chesty the game streamer was a Hunt, it would be a huge embarrassment to the family!

At the thought, Justin immediately topped up \$300,000 into his account.

He was about to tip his younger brother when he suddenly heard the tender voice say,

"Do you know who discovered radium? It's Johnny Depp!"

Justin, "??"



His fingers instantly paused, and he felt a sense of familiarity welling up in him.

He impulsively entered the live stream hosted by 'sweetcherry'.

The screen showed both streamers facing off, but neither of their cameras was turned on. Instead, they were streaming their gameplay. In a crisp and clear voice, the little girl said, "Sponsor Grandpa, I didn't get it wrong. I have a really awesome memory, yeah! If you don't believe me, I can tell you more!"

"Do you know the famous playwright who wrote Romeo and Juliet? It's Chris Hemsworth!"

"..."

These insignificant trivia whose answers were all handsome actors and celebrities... Why did they sound so familiar?

Justin couldn't help but glance at Pete again.

He coughed and cast his eyes down, but an inexplicable sense of intimacy suddenly surged up in him.

He had always been a loner since he was a child. He didn't have many friends and on top of that, there was a lot of scheming and trickery among his relatives. Even his grandfather had tricked him right before his death...

Therefore, there were times when he felt lonely, too.

Pete was a boy, so he had always taught him to be independent and self-reliant since he was a baby.

He hadn't liked the Pete who wore a princess dress, but to be honest, when he grasped his big hand with his soft little hands and looked at him with those big, damp, and innocent eyes of his, his heart had felt as if it were soaking in a hot spring.

Sometimes, he couldn't help but wonder—how nice would it be if he really had a daughter?

"Aren't I clever, yeah? I see everyone in the comments laughing. Is it because I'm so smart? But why isn't anyone tipping me?"

“ ... ”

With a flick of his fingers, Justin immediately sent out a tip worth 9,999 airplanes, which was the most expensive virtual gift purchasable.

Cherry immediately exclaimed “I must have done really well! Someone has tipped me again!”

She didn't know how much money that was at all, but she nevertheless said in a rather troubled manner, “But it's only because Mommy's Daddy is a very bad man that I got her a Sponsor Daddy. I can't have two at the same time! I can only choose one to be my Sponsor Grandpa.”

As soon as she said that, another account also gave her a tip worth 9,999 airplanes!

Cherry shouted, “Sponsor Grandpa! Love you!”

Justin opened the list of fans and found that the top fan in sweetcherry's fan list was a person named 'Grandpa'.

He sure knew how to take advantage of others.

He let out a cold laugh and sent another 9,999 airplanes.

In other words, he had given her a tip of \$150,000 right away.

Troubled, Cherry lowered her voice and asked Chester seriously, “Chesty, who should I call Sponsor Grandpa?”

Seeing that his points that had just increased greatly were firmly suppressed again, Chester entered her live stream huffily and said, “Let me see who's the bastard that actually tipped you \$300,000 straightaway...”

As he spoke, he opened her fan list.

As user accounts of the live stream platform were linked to their Facebook profiles, the users' Facebook profile pictures would also show in the live-stream platform. At the sight of that familiar profile picture on Cherry's fan list, the words at the tip of Chester's tongue changed and he stuttered, “J-J-Justin?”

Cherry immediately understood what he meant and she exclaimed softly, “Daddy?!”

Justin, “??”

Cherry’s voice immediately became excited, though she also did an obvious turnaround and added, “I meant Sponsor Daddy!”

Justin, “!!”

That familiar voice and way of speech... He turned and looked at Pete, who was next to him, again.

Pete, “??”

The tyrant was using his cell phone and also had earphones on, but he kept glancing at him from time to time. A resigned Pete raised the book in his hand and said, “I really am reading.”

Justin kept quiet. Then, he nodded and continued to watch the live stream.

Everyone in the comments was laughing at the streamer. She had said just now that she wouldn’t call anyone ‘Sponsor Daddy’, but a moment later, she had given in for the sake of tips!

Not only did she have a Sponsor Grandpa, but she also had a Sponsor Daddy now!

Justin’s eyes darkened slightly. His expression turned cold and even the beauty mark at the corner of his eye seemed to be giving off an icy chill.

Little did he think that he, who had always been hard-hearted, would actually fall for a nobody streamer’s charms.

He was about to close the live stream when the tender voice said, “Sponsor Daddy, do you wanna watch me play games? I’m super good at it, yeah! I’m even better at games than trivia knowledge!”

“...”

His fingers suddenly paused and he started to watch her play just like that.

The streamer sounded like she was only five or six years old. Her voice was soft and tender, and she liked to play as a particular female hero in the game.

The hero was a very cute little girl who carried a huge cannon. However, not only did she diss people mercilessly in the game, but she also had a lot of firepower.

Before he knew it, he had spent an hour and a half watching the live stream.

This continued until...

“Sponsor Grandpa, Daddy. I’m going offline. By the way, what are you having for lunch today? We’re gonna have beef steak! That’s my favorite food, yeah!”

At some point, she no longer addressed Justin as ‘Sponsor Daddy’ but just ‘Daddy’.

It was only after the live stream ended that Justin finally came back to his senses.

He couldn’t help looking at Pete again.

An expressionless Pete looked back at him.

Justin kept quiet for a while. Then, he said, “Pete, say ‘Daddy’.”

The way that little streamer kept calling him ‘Daddy’ was so adorable that even his heart had softened. Were all children that cute?

Pete pursed his lips. His little face was serious as he looked at him. After contemplating for a while, he asked, “Daddy, have you seen the doctor?”

“ ... ”

Justin also felt that he was acting rather ridiculously. He stood up and said, “Let’s go home for lunch.”

When the two returned home, the nanny brought out plates of piping hot food.

Chester automatically sat at the dining table.

Justin suddenly looked at him and asked, “Who’s that kid you were doing a live-stream with today?”

Chester's fork-holding hand stopped moving and he froze all over.

Chester grew up with Justin, so his elder brother had always inspired awe and respect in him as though he was his father.

Therefore, he actually felt very guilty about hiding the truth from Justin.

If Justin didn't ask, he wouldn't say anything. But now that he had, he mustn't lie!

As such, he stammered, "I-it's your daughter..."

His daughter? Well, the little streamer had called him Daddy for two hours, but he was indeed her true blue Sponsor Daddy.

At this time, a calm voice reached them. "What live stream are you talking about?"

Pete sat with his back straight. Although his voice still had a childish quality to it, it nevertheless gave off a calm and steady feeling.

Chester replied, "My team leader in the game hosted a live stream today..."

Justin snorted coldly. "You're actually acknowledging a five or six-year-old girl as your leader? How promising of you."

Pete, "..."

Uncle Chester's team leader in the game was Cherry.

He stilled his expression and started spouting nonsense with a straight face. "Uncle Chester, you must have been tricked. A lot of people use voice changers these days."

Chester, "?"

However, Justin said, "It didn't sound like she was using a voice changer."

He didn't dwell on these, though. Instead, after casting a glance at Chester, he asked dispassionately, "Are you intending to play games for the rest of your life?"

Chester shook his head. “Actually, I want to be a professional e-sports player and start my own team, but I don’t have that much money. I—”

“Is eight million enough?” Justin’s voice was cool and crisp as he casually cut a piece of his steak.

Chester was stunned.

As he looked at Justin, his eyes suddenly reddened. It was just like back when he was still a child. When he said that he didn’t want to study, no one in the family had supported him. Everyone had called him a good-for-nothing. Justin was the only one who had asked, “Then what do you want to do?”

Justin had always respected his dreams.

Chester lowered his head. His voice sounded a little choked as he replied, “Yes.”

“Well, I think that little girl has a bright future ahead of her,” Justin said, “You can recruit her into your team.”

Chester, “?”

All his emotions from just now evaporated in an instant.

If Justin knew that was his daughter, he probably wouldn’t think so anymore!

He stammered, “Justin, you s-seem to like my team leader quite a bit?”

“She’s fine, I suppose.”

Justin speared another piece of steak and said, “This tastes pretty good.”

“...”

At the Smiths.

Before one knew it, it was already noon. Joel entered the room and saw Ian staring at the screen of the live stream that had already ended.

After a moment’s hesitation, he asked, “Is there anything you would like for lunch today, Uncle Ian?”

He had initially thought that he wouldn't have any appetite as usual and would just patronize him a little, but unexpectedly, Ian actually answered, "Steak, I suppose."

Joel was taken aback.

His uncle hadn't had meat for several years. Because he had lost all will to live, he had lost interest in everything, including eating.

What had happened?

Joel couldn't figure it out, so he simply decided not to think about it anymore. It was fine as long as Uncle Ian was willing to eat!

...

"Mmm!"

Cherry put a piece of steak into her mouth, which was stuffed so full that her cheeks were bulging. Her lips were all greasy and her big black eyes were filled with a rich sense of contentment. Her speech was unclear as she said, "This ish delicious!"

Her adorable appearance gave Melissa, who had cooked the meal, a sense of satisfaction. She patted her on the head and said, "If Cherry likes it, Grand-aunt Melissa will make some for you again!"

"Okie!"

Cherry nodded repeatedly as she dished out compliments generously. "Not only is Grand-aunt Melissa pretty, but she's also kind and a great cook! Aunt Sheril is so blessed to have a mommy like you!"

As soon as she said that, she spied Nora coming downstairs. Cherry blinked and added, "But my Mommy's also super awesome!"

Nora raised an eyebrow. "Oh? Which part of me do you think is awesome?"

Cherry thought hard for a while. Then, she tilted her head and answered, "You're awesome at sleeping!"

" ... "

Nora decided not to hold it against the little fellow. After stretching and yawning, she walked over, took a seat, and finished her meal in just a few bites.

There was a rare guest at the table today—Logan Anderson.

He ate slowly and gracefully. When he saw Nora wolfing down her food, he inadvertently curled his lip.

The way his cousin ate as if she had never eaten anything in her life before...

He lowered his beautiful almond-shaped eyes. However, there wasn't any disdain in his eyes but just a thoughtful look.

After lunch, Nora went upstairs and packed Cherry's school bag for her. By the time she went back down, Cherry was also almost done with her lunch.

At the sight of the schoolbag in her hands, a dazed Melissa asked, "Where are you going, Nora?"

Nora replied, "For an interview."

"At the International Golden Sunshine Kindergarten?"

"Yeah."

Melissa said apologetically, "But we don't have any interview spots. Give me some time; I've already asked my family about it, though they haven't given me any answer yet..."

As soon as she said that, the piercing sound of the chair dragging against the floor rang out.

Logan stood up abruptly. "Mom, did you go back to the Woods and let them bully you again?"

As though she was afraid that Nora would realize something, Melissa frowned at Logan and said, "Logan, shut up!"

Logan snorted. "Mom, have you forgotten what you told Sheril and me in the past? Does attending that kindergarten even bring any meaning?"

Melissa had never been one to care about superficial formalities like that.



When Sheril and Logan didn't get places for the interview to enroll in the kindergarten, she had told the two children, "Enrolling into the kindergarten doesn't make one noble. What gives you a noble character is when you value and respect yourselves."

Melissa, however, frowned.

She grabbed Logan, lowered her voice, and said, "Nora is different from the two of you! She grew up elsewhere. If Cherry can't even attend that kindergarten, I'm worried that Nora won't be able to hold her head up high in the circle in the future!"

Logan understood all of this.

But the moment he thought of his elegant and graceful mother returning to the Woods to be mistreated by others...

He said in an unruly manner, "Do you really think she can enroll Cherry into the kindergarten even if she has a recommendation letter? There's no way she'll pass the interview!"

Melissa patted him on the shoulder and said, "That's why I got you back here. I want you to take them there and accompany Nora for the interview."

Logan was stunned.

He clenched his jaw. His features, which were similar to Nora's, carried an air of unruliness and defiance. He said, "But the Woods haven't sent the recommendation letter yet!"

Melissa sighed. She knew that her sister-in-law must be making things difficult for her again. She said, "I'll call them and urge them."

Rather than saying she was 'urging' them... It was actually probably more like she was begging them instead.

Logan's expression turned even colder. It was at this moment that the two of them heard a cool and indifferent voice: "You don't have to beg them for one. I already have an interview spot."

Taken aback, Melissa looked at Nora and asked, "How did you get the spot, Nora?"

Nora was about to give her a simple explanation when her cell phone rang.

When she picked up, she heard the voice of Lisa, her cousin in California, reaching her through the phone. She said, "Nora, I suspect you aren't Uncle Henry's daughter at all!"

## **Chapter 67 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams**

Jon's expression remained unchanged as he answered, "It's Dr. Zabe."

At once, Joel got ready to instruct his subordinates to invite him over.

However, Jon stopped him. He said, "He's already very old, and has even become somewhat absent-minded and bedridden. But I've heard that he took in a student who inherited all of his skills. Unfortunately, this person is very mysterious. No one knows where they are."

Joel frowned. His gaze fell on Ian who was lying on the bed.

Jon contemplated for a while before he spoke again. He said, "I can keep Mr. Smith alive, but you'll have to either let him rekindle his will to live or find Dr. Zabe's student."

Joel nodded, a bit of a sharp look appearing in his flirtatious eyes. "In that case, please help my uncle regain consciousness as soon as possible, Mr. Myers."

"Okay."

Jon took out a silver needle and pierced it into several important points on Ian. Then, he took out a pill, crushed it, and stuffed it into his mouth.

After some work, Ian's heartbeat became steady again.

Jon wiped the sweat off his brows and said to Joel, "Mr. Smith should be able to wake up tomorrow. I'll have Tina personally come over to check on him every day and do our best to keep him alive until you find Dr. Zabe's successor."

A smile formed on Joel's countenance once more. "Okay, I'll get the butler to send you out."

After the two of them left, a feminine and delicate voice suddenly rang out. “Joel, he’s obviously capable of curing Dad, yet he keeps going on and on here with you instead. Also, Dr. Zabe? He sure says a lot of nonsense.”

Joel smiled upon hearing this.

He turned around to see an attractive figure walk in—it was Ian’s adopted daughter, Yvonne Smith.

Ian never married in his whole life, choosing to only adopt a daughter. All the other children born into the Smiths were boys, so they doted on their one and only younger sister very much.

Joel said, “As long as he can cure Uncle Ian’s illness, what’s the big deal about helping him boost his reputation?”

Yvonne stuck out her tongue and cast her eyes down.

Everyone said she was the princess of the Smiths in New York, but no one knew that she was actually the most afraid of Joel.

The new head of the Smiths was always smiling and was gentle and generous, but Yvonne always felt like there was a thin wall between the two of them...

At the entrance of the Smiths’ residence.

It took a full ten minutes for the car to go from the villa where Ian lived to the gate of the manor.

It was only when she saw that they were on the main road that Tina finally looked away from the manor.

She looked at Jon nervously. “Sir, Ian Smith is already on his deathbed. Even he himself doesn’t want to live anymore; how can we possibly save his life?”

Ian had no external or internal injuries. From a modern medicine perspective, there wasn’t anything wrong with him.

Yet his internal organs were slowly failing...

Jon stretched out his hand—half a pill was resting on his palm. He said, “Go over every day to check his health. Give him a couple of jabs on unimportant

points of his body first, and then have him consume this pill. This will keep him alive.”

Tina exclaimed, “Sir, that pill is...”

Jon heaved a heavy sigh and answered, “It’s the Carefree Pill.”

Tina’s eyes widened. “That pill is worth a lot! You...”

Jon balled up his fist and closed his eyes. Due to his age, the skin at his eyelids was loose and saggy. He instructed, “Have someone secretly buy them from Harmonia Pharmacy. Don’t let anyone discover anything. Harmonia Pharmacy has won this round, thanks to the Carefree Pill. If we don’t achieve anything big, they’ll probably rise above us!”

Tina immediately understood what Jon meant.

The Myerses had made a name for themselves overnight by using the Carefree Pill to cure the elderly Mrs. Hunt. Additionally, it had also allowed Jon to cement his position in the field of traditional medicine. However, now that the Carefree Pill had become the Andersons’, it had robbed them of their glory.

Dr. Zabe was the only one capable of curing Ian, yet Jon had successfully kept him alive. This was undoubtedly something glorious to tell everyone.

Tina sat up straight and said seriously, “Don’t worry, Sir. I’ll make sure I don’t slip up and give anything away!”

It was getting late and the moon was already visible in the sky.

The streets of New York were filled with cars. From a distance, it was as though the stream of red car lights stretched on endlessly.

Although the Andersons’ residence wasn’t a large manor, it was located in the city center and was a quiet little area amid the hustle and bustle of the city. The small villa’s market value was worth over ten million.

After dinner, Mrs. Anderson and Melissa brought Nora into the study.

The swelling around Mrs. Anderson’s eyes had already gone down and she had completely regained her vision. She looked at Nora kindly and asked, “Nora, Cherry must be five by now, right? It’s not appropriate to just let her

stay at home all the time. Do you have any plans to send her to kindergarten?”

Nora had thought about this a long time ago.

Originally, her trip to New York was only supposed to be a temporary stay, but now that her son was here, it was likely that she had to stay here permanently.

She nodded and asked, “Which is the best kindergarten nearby?”

Cherry had a super high IQ, so she wasn’t quite the same as other children. She was impatient and, apart from when she played games, she couldn’t sit still at all, no matter what she was doing.

This was the only reason why Nora had allowed her to play games—so that she could practice how to focus. However, in truth, the amount of game time she had every day was limited.

Considering her situation, she needed a kindergarten with the most abundant manpower resources, so that there would be the most professional teachers there to take care of her.

At her question, Melissa was taken aback for a moment before she answered, “The best kindergarten around here is the International Golden Sunshine Kindergarten.”

Mrs. Anderson frowned and supplemented, “That kindergarten is hard to enroll into, though.”

Nora was puzzled.

Melissa explained, “That’s the best kindergarten in New York. The students there are either wealthy or of noble status. Given our family’s conditions, neither Sheril nor Logan were accepted into the school when they were children...”

She said, “The main reason for that is that not only does the kindergarten have tough requirements for the children, but they also have very demanding requirements for parents. Parents must either be special talents or top cadres. Additionally, there are also assessments of varied content specifically set for parents.”

Nora went straight for the key point. She asked, "What's considered a special talent?"

Melissa answered, "They are talents who have made major contributions. Alternatively, it'll also work if the parents are holders of top-class black cards."

A puzzled Mrs. Anderson asked, "What's a top-class black card?"

Melissa shook her head. "I've only heard of it and never seen it before."

The look in Nora's eyes flickered a little, however.

A bank's top-class black card was a credit card with no credit limit.

Currently, there were only a double-digit number of black cards in the world. It was said that these dozen or so people had formed a mysterious organization known as the Imperial League.

Imperial League members were either tycoons of the world or hotshot politicians, and they controlled the global economy.

They were very mysterious, and even an occasional conversation among them was capable of triggering global economic storms. However, all the members were anonymous, and even people within the organization itself didn't know who the others were.

Everyone privately speculated that in all of the United States, the person who might have a black card like that must be Justin. Thus, everyone, no matter who it was, treated him very politely.

Anyone who owned a black card like that could buy the kindergarten itself, so there definitely wouldn't be any enrollment restrictions for them.

Nora's lip corners curled upward. She was about to say something when her cell phone rang.

However, when she saw the name on the caller ID, she was taken aback for a moment.

Why was he calling her?

Nora said to Melissa, "We'll go for that kindergarten, Aunt Melissa. I'll take Cherry there and give it a go."

Then, she got up, went out the door, and picked up the call.

An aged and stern voice came from the other end of the call. "Where are you?"

It was her traditional medicine teacher, Silvester Zabe.

At the thought of how serious and stern of a man he was, Nora subconsciously straightened her back and answered, "I'm in New York, sir. What's the matter?"

Silvester slowly replied, "Oh. The Smiths are looking for you; they want you to treat someone's illness."

The Smiths? Ian Smith?

Just as Nora was about to say that she would go, Silvester said, "You don't have to go. He isn't sick; he just doesn't want to live anymore."

"..."

"His internal organs are failing. Currently, they're using the Carefree Pill to keep him alive. Even if you do go over, can you make him regain his will to live?"

Nora had no words for that. She reckoned that Ian would probably wish to die even more if he saw her.

She sighed mentally. Then, she asked carefully, "Okay. Can I visit you tomorrow, sir?"

Silvester was already over 90 years old this year, but the elderly man nevertheless spoke clearly. He replied, "No, it's fine. I'm already old; there's nothing to see here. You passing down my skills in traditional medicine would be the best way of repaying my kindness."

However, the old man's indifference instead made Nora tear up.

Without him, she would probably have already died several times.

She cast her eyes down and said, "In that case, let me know if you ever want to see me."

“You’re not a kid anymore, so why are you still so clingy? Stop it!” After saying that, Silvester said, “I’m hanging up.”

Beep... beep... beep...

Nora looked at her cell phone and heaved a soft sigh. That old man’s temper was as weird as ever.

The night passed peacefully.

When Cherry woke up the next morning, Nora was still asleep.

She tiptoed gently across the carpet, closing the door only after she entered the study.

Then, she picked up her cell phone and sent Chester a text message: “Chesty, are you ready?”

Chester replied instantly: “I’ve already registered a live stream account for you, so you can officially start live streaming now!”

“Okie-Dokie!”

Cherry climbed up the chair and planted her tiny self on the big swivel chair. She pushed her foot against the table and turned the chair straight. Then, she turned on Nora’s computer.

Chester chuckled and texted: “It’s your first live stream today, Cherry. Let’s do something a little special today so that you can attract more fans!”

Cherry’s big dark eyes lit up and she replied: “Okay! What shall we do?”

Chester, who was in his room at the Hunts’, replied: “Let’s compete in the live stream!”

Cherry eagerly replied: “No problem! I’ll beat you for sure!”

“Heh heh.” Chester replied smugly: “A contest in a live stream isn’t dependent on the game but the fans’ monetary tips! I have 10 million fans, so I’ll definitely beat you!”

Chester had suffered his little niece’s dissing in the game for over half a year.



Now, he was going to stand tall and regain his dignity as her uncle!

He would let his little niece see just how crazy his fans are.

Cherry wrote: "I'll definitely be better at this than you!"

Chester grinned and started a new live stream. "Hello everyone! This is Chesty. Today, I will introduce a new friend to all of you. She's my team leader! Yes, she's none other than the cutie with a little girl's voice who loves playing as the heroine with the huge cannon! Everyone, please show her lots of support!"

At the Smiths.

Ian had woken up in the morning.

The servant quickly told him that Joel had watched over him all night the previous day.

Joel, whose eyes were all red, held his hand and said, "Uncle Ian, the Smiths still need you. I can't head the family by myself yet. You can't just leave all of this behind and go."

Joel was lying.

He was even more outstanding than himself back then, yet he was putting on an act like that.

Ian smiled weakly. "I'm fine."

A touch of sorrow flashed across Joel's eyes. He picked up the cell phone and handed it to Ian in an attempt to pique his interest. He said, "I remember you used to like playing games, Uncle Ian. This game is very popular now. How about trying it out?"

The reason why he had played games in the past was that she was still with him back then.

Ian actually wasn't very interested in games. He said dispassionately, "... I don't know how to play it."

"It's fine." Joel opened a live stream app and said, "It's pretty interesting to watch others play, too! You can even learn how to play just by watching."

He opened a random live stream and placed the cell phone at a corner on the side within Ian's line of vision.

Ian didn't have the heart to refuse his nephew's kindness, so he simply looked over casually.

A soft and tender voice could already be heard coming from the live stream.

"Chesty, why are my points so low?"

Chester replied, "That's because the points are calculated using the total amount of tips you receive from fans through the virtual gifts they send you! You don't have many fans yet! Hehe, come on, everyone! I'm always being trashed by sweetcherry in the game, so I'm going to give her a taste of how it feels to be trashed this time!"

'sweetcherry'?

Ian was taken aback for a moment.

He remembered that Yvette's game alias had been 'lollipop' back then. When he teased her for using such a sweet-sounding name, she had replied, "What's wrong with that? If I have a daughter in the future, I'll play games with her and give her the alias 'sweetcherry', and have you die of diabetes from all the sugar!"

'sweetcherry'...

Ian stretched out his pale and feeble arm and took hold of the cell phone. Right away, a face-off screen entered his sight. sweetcherry only had a few hundred points while her opponent Chesty had a few thousand points.

He suddenly gained a little interest.

When Chester raised his head, he suddenly discovered that Cherry's total number of points had exceeded his. He immediately exclaimed, "What the f\*ck?! What happened?"

Cherry exclaimed excitedly, "Someone just gave me a huge tip! I can't even keep count anymore!"

Chester did a count and found that the person had actually given her a \$80,000 tip in one go!

Shocked, he urged, "Quick, greet your Sponsor Daddy! Thank you for the tip, Sponsor Daddy!"

Cherry was very troubled, though. She said, "But I already have a Daddy!"

She tilted her head, bit her finger, and thought about it for a while. Then, her eyes suddenly lit up and she exclaimed, "I know, I'll have Mommy call him Daddy instead! So, that means he's Grandpa! Thank you for the tip, Grandpa!"

While talking, another notification saying she had received an \$80,000 tip scrolled across the screen.

It instantly dealt a crushing blow to Chester's points.

"F\*ck!" He was angry now. "Don't be so arrogant! I also have sponsors!"

He immediately posted a link to the live stream on his Facebook page and wrote: "Hey everyone! Those with money, please show some support! Those without, go away."

Most of Chester's friends were wealthy people, and they usually gave tips worth a few thousand dollars for fun.

After making the post, his score indeed started to rise.

At this time, Justin was currently seated in his office in the Hunt Corporation's office tower.

Beside him, Pete was studying.

He opened his Facebook page and immediately saw Chester's post.

Bored, he opened the link.

He immediately heard a tender voice coming from the live stream: "Sponsor Grandpa, in order to thank you for giving me such big tips, I'll tell you some trivia!"

Justin was taken aback when he heard the voice. It sounded vaguely familiar. However, when he lowered his head and saw his son beside him, he suppressed his doubts.

Back in California, Pete had worn girls' clothing from time to time as if he had a split personality.

However, after they returned to New York, apart from the first day he went to practice martial arts at the Quinn School of Martial Arts where he had returned in a princess dress and became a little princess again, he had been normal the past few days.

He must be too high-strung. Otherwise, why would he find the voice just now so similar to his son's when he was having relapses previously?

What was Chester doing, though? Why was there a child's voice in his live stream?

Justin's deep-set eyes narrowed as he watched on sullenly.

It took only a few seconds for him to figure out what was going on with the so-called 'contest'. He let out a cold laugh right away.

His younger brother sure was making a good showing. To think he was being suppressed by a nobody streamer.

It wasn't an issue as long as no one knew, but should there come a day where it became known that Chesty the game streamer was a Hunt, it would be a huge embarrassment to the family!

At the thought, Justin immediately topped up \$300,000 into his account.

He was about to tip his younger brother when he suddenly heard the tender voice say,

"Do you know who discovered radium? It's Johnny Depp!"

Justin, "??"

His fingers instantly paused, and he felt a sense of familiarity welling up in him.

He impulsively entered the live stream hosted by 'sweetcherry'.

The screen showed both streamers facing off, but neither of their cameras was turned on. Instead, they were streaming their gameplay. In a crisp and

clear voice, the little girl said, “Sponsor Grandpa, I didn’t get it wrong. I have a really awesome memory, yeah! If you don’t believe me, I can tell you more!”

“Do you know the famous playwright who wrote Romeo and Juliet? It’s Chris Hemsworth!”

“ ... ”

These insignificant trivia whose answers were all handsome actors and celebrities... Why did they sound so familiar?

Justin couldn’t help but glance at Pete again.

He coughed and cast his eyes down, but an inexplicable sense of intimacy suddenly surged up in him.

He had always been a loner since he was a child. He didn’t have many friends and on top of that, there was a lot of scheming and trickery among his relatives. Even his grandfather had tricked him right before his death...

Therefore, there were times when he felt lonely, too.

Pete was a boy, so he had always taught him to be independent and self-reliant since he was a baby.

He hadn’t liked the Pete who wore a princess dress, but to be honest, when he grasped his big hand with his soft little hands and looked at him with those big, damp, and innocent eyes of his, his heart had felt as if it were soaking in a hot spring.

Sometimes, he couldn’t help but wonder—how nice would it be if he really had a daughter?

“Aren’t I clever, yeah? I see everyone in the comments laughing. Is it because I’m so smart? But why isn’t anyone tipping me?”

“ ... ”

With a flick of his fingers, Justin immediately sent out a tip worth 9,999 airplanes, which was the most expensive virtual gift purchasable.

Cherry immediately exclaimed “I must have done really well! Someone has tipped me again!”

She didn't know how much money that was at all, but she nevertheless said in a rather troubled manner, "But it's only because Mommy's Daddy is a very bad man that I got her a Sponsor Daddy. I can't have two at the same time! I can only choose one to be my Sponsor Grandpa."

As soon as she said that, another account also gave her a tip worth 9,999 airplanes!

Cherry shouted, "Sponsor Grandpa! Love you!"

Justin opened the list of fans and found that the top fan in sweetcherry's fan list was a person named 'Grandpa'.

He sure knew how to take advantage of others.

He let out a cold laugh and sent another 9,999 airplanes.

In other words, he had given her a tip of \$150,000 right away.

Troubled, Cherry lowered her voice and asked Chester seriously, "Chesty, who should I call Sponsor Grandpa?"

Seeing that his points that had just increased greatly were firmly suppressed again, Chester entered her live stream huffily and said, "Let me see who's the bastard that actually tipped you \$300,000 straightaway..."

As he spoke, he opened her fan list.

As user accounts of the live stream platform were linked to their Facebook profiles, the users' Facebook profile pictures would also show in the live-stream platform. At the sight of that familiar profile picture on Cherry's fan list, the words at the tip of Chester's tongue changed and he stuttered, "J-J-Justin?"

Cherry immediately understood what he meant and she exclaimed softly, "Daddy?!"

Justin, "??"

Cherry's voice immediately became excited, though she also did an obvious turnaround and added, "I meant Sponsor Daddy!"

Justin, "!!"

That familiar voice and way of speech... He turned and looked at Pete, who was next to him, again.

Pete, “??”

The tyrant was using his cell phone and also had earphones on, but he kept glancing at him from time to time. A resigned Pete raised the book in his hand and said, “I really am reading.”

Justin kept quiet. Then, he nodded and continued to watch the live stream.

Everyone in the comments was laughing at the streamer. She had said just now that she wouldn't call anyone 'Sponsor Daddy', but a moment later, she had given in for the sake of tips!

Not only did she have a Sponsor Grandpa, but she also had a Sponsor Daddy now!

Justin's eyes darkened slightly. His expression turned cold and even the beauty mark at the corner of his eye seemed to be giving off an icy chill.

Little did he think that he, who had always been hard-hearted, would actually fall for a nobody streamer's charms.

He was about to close the live stream when the tender voice said, “Sponsor Daddy, do you wanna watch me play games? I'm super good at it, yeah! I'm even better at games than trivia knowledge!”

“...”

His fingers suddenly paused and he started to watch her play just like that.

The streamer sounded like she was only five or six years old. Her voice was soft and tender, and she liked to play as a particular female hero in the game.

The hero was a very cute little girl who carried a huge cannon. However, not only did she diss people mercilessly in the game, but she also had a lot of firepower.

Before he knew it, he had spent an hour and a half watching the live stream.

This continued until...

“Sponsor Grandpa, Daddy. I’m going offline. By the way, what are you having for lunch today? We’re gonna have beef steak! That’s my favorite food, yeah!”

At some point, she no longer addressed Justin as ‘Sponsor Daddy’ but just ‘Daddy’.

It was only after the live stream ended that Justin finally came back to his senses.

He couldn’t help looking at Pete again.

An expressionless Pete looked back at him.

Justin kept quiet for a while. Then, he said, “Pete, say ‘Daddy’.”

The way that little streamer kept calling him ‘Daddy’ was so adorable that even his heart had softened. Were all children that cute?

Pete pursed his lips. His little face was serious as he looked at him. After contemplating for a while, he asked, “Daddy, have you seen the doctor?”

“ ... ”

Justin also felt that he was acting rather ridiculously. He stood up and said, “Let’s go home for lunch.”

When the two returned home, the nanny brought out plates of piping hot food.

Chester automatically sat at the dining table.

Justin suddenly looked at him and asked, “Who’s that kid you were doing a live-stream with today?”

Chester’s fork-holding hand stopped moving and he froze all over.

Chester grew up with Justin, so his elder brother had always inspired awe and respect in him as though he was his father.

Therefore, he actually felt very guilty about hiding the truth from Justin.

If Justin didn’t ask, he wouldn’t say anything. But now that he had, he mustn’t lie!



As such, he stammered, “I-it’s your daughter...”

His daughter? Well, the little streamer had called him Daddy for two hours, but he was indeed her true blue Sponsor Daddy.

At this time, a calm voice reached them. “What live stream are you talking about?”

Pete sat with his back straight. Although his voice still had a childish quality to it, it nevertheless gave off a calm and steady feeling.

Chester replied, “My team leader in the game hosted a live stream today...”

Justin snorted coldly. “You’re actually acknowledging a five or six-year-old girl as your leader? How promising of you.”

Pete, “...”

Uncle Chester’s team leader in the game was Cherry.

He stilled his expression and started spouting nonsense with a straight face. “Uncle Chester, you must have been tricked. A lot of people use voice changers these days.”

Chester, “?”

However, Justin said, “It didn’t sound like she was using a voice changer.”

He didn’t dwell on these, though. Instead, after casting a glance at Chester, he asked dispassionately, “Are you intending to play games for the rest of your life?”

Chester shook his head. “Actually, I want to be a professional e-sports player and start my own team, but I don’t have that much money. I—”

“Is eight million enough?” Justin’s voice was cool and crisp as he casually cut a piece of his steak.

Chester was stunned.

As he looked at Justin, his eyes suddenly reddened. It was just like back when he was still a child. When he said that he didn’t want to study, no one in the

family had supported him. Everyone had called him a good-for-nothing. Justin was the only one who had asked, "Then what do you want to do?"

Justin had always respected his dreams.

Chester lowered his head. His voice sounded a little choked as he replied, "Yes."

"Well, I think that little girl has a bright future ahead of her," Justin said, "You can recruit her into your team."

Chester, "?"

All his emotions from just now evaporated in an instant.

If Justin knew that was his daughter, he probably wouldn't think so anymore!

He stammered, "Justin, you s-seem to like my team leader quite a bit?"

"She's fine, I suppose."

Justin speared another piece of steak and said, "This tastes pretty good."

"..."

At the Smiths.

Before one knew it, it was already noon. Joel entered the room and saw Ian staring at the screen of the live stream that had already ended.

After a moment's hesitation, he asked, "Is there anything you would like for lunch today, Uncle Ian?"

He had initially thought that he wouldn't have any appetite as usual and would just patronize him a little, but unexpectedly, Ian actually answered, "Steak, I suppose."

Joel was taken aback.

His uncle hadn't had meat for several years. Because he had lost all will to live, he had lost interest in everything, including eating.

What had happened?

Joel couldn't figure it out, so he simply decided not to think about it anymore. It was fine as long as Uncle Ian was willing to eat!

...

"Mmm!"

Cherry put a piece of steak into her mouth, which was stuffed so full that her cheeks were bulging. Her lips were all greasy and her big black eyes were filled with a rich sense of contentment. Her speech was unclear as she said, "This ish delicious!"

Her adorable appearance gave Melissa, who had cooked the meal, a sense of satisfaction. She patted her on the head and said, "If Cherry likes it, Grand-aunt Melissa will make some for you again!"

"Okie!"

Cherry nodded repeatedly as she dished out compliments generously. "Not only is Grand-aunt Melissa pretty, but she's also kind and a great cook! Aunt Sheril is so blessed to have a mommy like you!"

As soon as she said that, she spied Nora coming downstairs. Cherry blinked and added, "But my Mommy's also super awesome!"

Nora raised an eyebrow. "Oh? Which part of me do you think is awesome?"

Cherry thought hard for a while. Then, she tilted her head and answered, "You're awesome at sleeping!"

"..."

Nora decided not to hold it against the little fellow. After stretching and yawning, she walked over, took a seat, and finished her meal in just a few bites.

There was a rare guest at the table today—Logan Anderson.

He ate slowly and gracefully. When he saw Nora wolfing down her food, he inadvertently curled his lip.

The way his cousin ate as if she had never eaten anything in her life before...

He lowered his beautiful almond-shaped eyes. However, there wasn't any disdain in his eyes but just a thoughtful look.

After lunch, Nora went upstairs and packed Cherry's school bag for her. By the time she went back down, Cherry was also almost done with her lunch.

At the sight of the schoolbag in her hands, a dazed Melissa asked, "Where are you going, Nora?"

Nora replied, "For an interview."

"At the International Golden Sunshine Kindergarten?"

"Yeah."

Melissa said apologetically, "But we don't have any interview spots. Give me some time; I've already asked my family about it, though they haven't given me any answer yet..."

As soon as she said that, the piercing sound of the chair dragging against the floor rang out.

Logan stood up abruptly. "Mom, did you go back to the Woods and let them bully you again?"

As though she was afraid that Nora would realize something, Melissa frowned at Logan and said, "Logan, shut up!"

Logan snorted. "Mom, have you forgotten what you told Sheril and me in the past? Does attending that kindergarten even bring any meaning?"

Melissa had never been one to care about superficial formalities like that.

When Sheril and Logan didn't get places for the interview to enroll in the kindergarten, she had told the two children, "Enrolling into the kindergarten doesn't make one noble. What gives you a noble character is when you value and respect yourselves."

Melissa, however, frowned.

She grabbed Logan, lowered her voice, and said, "Nora is different from the two of you! She grew up elsewhere. If Cherry can't even attend that

kindergarten, I'm worried that Nora won't be able to hold her head up high in the circle in the future!"

Logan understood all of this.

But the moment he thought of his elegant and graceful mother returning to the Woods to be mistreated by others...

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Melissa patted him on the shoulder and said, "That's why I got you back here. I want you to take them there and accompany Nora for the interview."

Logan was stunned.

He clenched his jaw. His features, which were similar to Nora's, carried an air of unruliness and defiance. He said, "But the Woods haven't sent the recommendation letter yet!"

Melissa sighed. She knew that her sister-in-law must be making things difficult for her again. She said, "I'll call them and urge them."

Rather than saying she was 'urging' them... It was actually probably more like she was begging them instead.

Logan's expression turned even colder. It was at this moment that the two of them heard a cool and indifferent voice: "You don't have to beg them for one. I already have an interview spot."

Taken aback, Melissa looked at Nora and asked, "How did you get the spot, Nora?"

Nora was about to give her a simple explanation when her cell phone rang.

When she picked up, she heard the voice of Lisa, her cousin in California, reaching her through the phone. She said, "Nora, I suspect you aren't Uncle Henry's daughter at all!"

## **Chapter 68 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams**

Nora said to Melissa, "We'll go for that kindergarten, Aunt Melissa. I'll take Cherry there and give it a go."

Then, she got up, went out the door, and picked up the call.

An aged and stern voice came from the other end of the call. "Where are you?"

It was her traditional medicine teacher, Silvester Zabe.

At the thought of how serious and stern of a man he was, Nora subconsciously straightened her back and answered, "I'm in New York, sir. What's the matter?"

Silvester slowly replied, "Oh. The Smiths are looking for you; they want you to treat someone's illness."

The Smiths? Ian Smith?

Just as Nora was about to say that she would go, Silvester said, "You don't have to go. He isn't sick; he just doesn't want to live anymore."

"..."

"His internal organs are failing. Currently, they're using the Carefree Pill to keep him alive. Even if you do go over, can you make him regain his will to live?"

Nora had no words for that. She reckoned that Ian would probably wish to die even more if he saw her.

She sighed mentally. Then, she asked carefully, "Okay. Can I visit you tomorrow, sir?"

Silvester was already over 90 years old this year, but the elderly man nevertheless spoke clearly. He replied, "No, it's fine. I'm already old; there's nothing to see here. You passing down my skills in traditional medicine would be the best way of repaying my kindness."

However, the old man's indifference instead made Nora tear up.

Without him, she would probably have already died several times.

She cast her eyes down and said, "In that case, let me know if you ever want to see me."

"You're not a kid anymore, so why are you still so clingy? Stop it!" After saying that, Silvester said, "I'm hanging up."

Beep... beep... beep...

Nora looked at her cell phone and heaved a soft sigh. That old man's temper was as weird as ever.

The night passed peacefully.

When Cherry woke up the next morning, Nora was still asleep.

She tiptoed gently across the carpet, closing the door only after she entered the study.

Then, she picked up her cell phone and sent Chester a text message: "Chesty, are you ready?"

Chester replied instantly: "I've already registered a live stream account for you, so you can officially start live streaming now!"

"Okie-Dokie!"

Cherry climbed up the chair and planted her tiny self on the big swivel chair. She pushed her foot against the table and turned the chair straight. Then, she turned on Nora's computer.

Chester chuckled and texted: "It's your first live stream today, Cherry. Let's do something a little special today so that you can attract more fans!"

Cherry's big dark eyes lit up and she replied: "Okay! What shall we do?"

Chester, who was in his room at the Hunts', replied: "Let's compete in the live stream!"

Cherry eagerly replied: "No problem! I'll beat you for sure!"

"Heh heh." Chester replied smugly: "A contest in a live stream isn't dependent on the game but the fans' monetary tips! I have 10 million fans, so I'll definitely beat you!"

Chester had suffered his little niece's dissing in the game for over half a year.

Now, he was going to stand tall and regain his dignity as her uncle!

He would let his little niece see just how crazy his fans are.

Cherry wrote: "I'll definitely be better at this than you!"

Chester grinned and started a new live stream. "Hello everyone! This is Chesty. Today, I will introduce a new friend to all of you. She's my team leader! Yes, she's none other than the cutie with a little girl's voice who loves playing as the heroine with the huge cannon! Everyone, please show her lots of support!"

At the Smiths.

Ian had woken up in the morning.

The servant quickly told him that Joel had watched over him all night the previous day.

Joel, whose eyes were all red, held his hand and said, "Uncle Ian, the Smiths still need you. I can't head the family by myself yet. You can't just leave all of this behind and go."

Joel was lying.

He was even more outstanding than himself back then, yet he was putting on an act like that.

Ian smiled weakly. "I'm fine."

A touch of sorrow flashed across Joel's eyes. He picked up the cell phone and handed it to Ian in an attempt to pique his interest. He said, "I remember you used to like playing games, Uncle Ian. This game is very popular now. How about trying it out?"

The reason why he had played games in the past was that she was still with him back then.

Ian actually wasn't very interested in games. He said dispassionately, "... I don't know how to play it."



“It’s fine.” Joel opened a live stream app and said, “It’s pretty interesting to watch others play, too! You can even learn how to play just by watching.”

He opened a random live stream and placed the cell phone at a corner on the side within Ian’s line of vision.

Ian didn’t have the heart to refuse his nephew’s kindness, so he simply looked over casually.

A soft and tender voice could already be heard coming from the live stream.

“Chesty, why are my points so low?”

Chester replied, “That’s because the points are calculated using the total amount of tips you receive from fans through the virtual gifts they send you! You don’t have many fans yet! Hehe, come on, everyone! I’m always being trashed by sweetcherry in the game, so I’m going to give her a taste of how it feels to be trashed this time!”

‘sweetcherry’?

Ian was taken aback for a moment.

He remembered that Yvette’s game alias had been ‘lollipop’ back then. When he teased her for using such a sweet-sounding name, she had replied, “What’s wrong with that? If I have a daughter in the future, I’ll play games with her and give her the alias ‘sweetcherry’, and have you die of diabetes from all the sugar!”

‘sweetcherry’...

Ian stretched out his pale and feeble arm and took hold of the cell phone. Right away, a face-off screen entered his sight. sweetcherry only had a few hundred points while her opponent Chesty had a few thousand points.

He suddenly gained a little interest.

When Chester raised his head, he suddenly discovered that Cherry’s total number of points had exceeded his. He immediately exclaimed, “What the f\*ck?! What happened?”

Cherry exclaimed excitedly, “Someone just gave me a huge tip! I can’t even keep count anymore!”

Chester did a count and found that the person had actually given her a \$80,000 tip in one go!

Shocked, he urged, "Quick, greet your Sponsor Daddy! Thank you for the tip, Sponsor Daddy!"

Cherry was very troubled, though. She said, "But I already have a Daddy!"

She tilted her head, bit her finger, and thought about it for a while. Then, her eyes suddenly lit up and she exclaimed, "I know, I'll have Mommy call him Daddy instead! So, that means he's Grandpa! Thank you for the tip, Grandpa!"

While talking, another notification saying she had received an \$80,000 tip scrolled across the screen.

It instantly dealt a crushing blow to Chester's points.

"F\*ck!" He was angry now. "Don't be so arrogant! I also have sponsors!"

He immediately posted a link to the live stream on his Facebook page and wrote: "Hey everyone! Those with money, please show some support! Those without, go away."

Most of Chester's friends were wealthy people, and they usually gave tips worth a few thousand dollars for fun.

After making the post, his score indeed started to rise.

At this time, Justin was currently seated in his office in the Hunt Corporation's office tower.

Beside him, Pete was studying.

He opened his Facebook page and immediately saw Chester's post.

Bored, he opened the link.

He immediately heard a tender voice coming from the live stream: "Sponsor Grandpa, in order to thank you for giving me such big tips, I'll tell you some trivia!"

Justin was taken aback when he heard the voice. It sounded vaguely familiar. However, when he lowered his head and saw his son beside him, he suppressed his doubts.

Back in California, Pete had worn girls' clothing from time to time as if he had a split personality.

However, after they returned to New York, apart from the first day he went to practice martial arts at the Quinn School of Martial Arts where he had returned in a princess dress and became a little princess again, he had been normal the past few days.

He must be too high-strung. Otherwise, why would he find the voice just now so similar to his son's when he was having relapses previously?

What was Chester doing, though? Why was there a child's voice in his live stream?

Justin's deep-set eyes narrowed as he watched on sullenly.

It took only a few seconds for him to figure out what was going on with the so-called 'contest'. He let out a cold laugh right away.

His younger brother sure was making a good showing. To think he was being suppressed by a nobody streamer.

It wasn't an issue as long as no one knew, but should there come a day where it became known that Chesty the game streamer was a Hunt, it would be a huge embarrassment to the family!

At the thought, Justin immediately topped up \$300,000 into his account.

He was about to tip his younger brother when he suddenly heard the tender voice say,

"Do you know who discovered radium? It's Johnny Depp!"

Justin, "??"

His fingers instantly paused, and he felt a sense of familiarity welling up in him.

He impulsively entered the live stream hosted by 'sweetcherry'.

The screen showed both streamers facing off, but neither of their cameras was turned on. Instead, they were streaming their gameplay. In a crisp and clear voice, the little girl said, “Sponsor Grandpa, I didn’t get it wrong. I have a really awesome memory, yeah! If you don’t believe me, I can tell you more!”

“Do you know the famous playwright who wrote Romeo and Juliet? It’s Chris Hemsworth!”

“ ... ”

These insignificant trivia whose answers were all handsome actors and celebrities... Why did they sound so familiar?

Justin couldn’t help but glance at Pete again.

He coughed and cast his eyes down, but an inexplicable sense of intimacy suddenly surged up in him.

He had always been a loner since he was a child. He didn’t have many friends and on top of that, there was a lot of scheming and trickery among his relatives. Even his grandfather had tricked him right before his death...

Therefore, there were times when he felt lonely, too.

Pete was a boy, so he had always taught him to be independent and self-reliant since he was a baby.

He hadn’t liked the Pete who wore a princess dress, but to be honest, when he grasped his big hand with his soft little hands and looked at him with those big, damp, and innocent eyes of his, his heart had felt as if it were soaking in a hot spring.

Sometimes, he couldn’t help but wonder—how nice would it be if he really had a daughter?

“Aren’t I clever, yeah? I see everyone in the comments laughing. Is it because I’m so smart? But why isn’t anyone tipping me?”

“ ... ”

With a flick of his fingers, Justin immediately sent out a tip worth 9,999 airplanes, which was the most expensive virtual gift purchasable.

Cherry immediately exclaimed “I must have done really well! Someone has tipped me again!”

She didn't know how much money that was at all, but she nevertheless said in a rather troubled manner, “But it's only because Mommy's Daddy is a very bad man that I got her a Sponsor Daddy. I can't have two at the same time! I can only choose one to be my Sponsor Grandpa.”

As soon as she said that, another account also gave her a tip worth 9,999 airplanes!

Cherry shouted, “Sponsor Grandpa! Love you!”

Justin opened the list of fans and found that the top fan in sweetcherry's fan list was a person named ‘Grandpa’.

He sure knew how to take advantage of others.

He let out a cold laugh and sent another 9,999 airplanes.

In other words, he had given her a tip of \$150,000 right away.

Troubled, Cherry lowered her voice and asked Chester seriously, “Chesty, who should I call Sponsor Grandpa?”

Seeing that his points that had just increased greatly were firmly suppressed again, Chester entered her live stream huffily and said, “Let me see who's the bastard that actually tipped you \$300,000 straightaway...”

As he spoke, he opened her fan list.

As user accounts of the live stream platform were linked to their Facebook profiles, the users' Facebook profile pictures would also show in the live-stream platform. At the sight of that familiar profile picture on Cherry's fan list, the words at the tip of Chester's tongue changed and he stuttered, “J-J-Justin?”

Cherry immediately understood what he meant and she exclaimed softly, “Daddy?!”

Justin, “??”

Cherry's voice immediately became excited, though she also did an obvious turnaround and added, "I meant Sponsor Daddy!"

Justin, "!!"

That familiar voice and way of speech... He turned and looked at Pete, who was next to him, again.

Pete, "??"

The tyrant was using his cell phone and also had earphones on, but he kept glancing at him from time to time. A resigned Pete raised the book in his hand and said, "I really am reading."

Justin kept quiet. Then, he nodded and continued to watch the live stream.

Everyone in the comments was laughing at the streamer. She had said just now that she wouldn't call anyone 'Sponsor Daddy', but a moment later, she had given in for the sake of tips!

Not only did she have a Sponsor Grandpa, but she also had a Sponsor Daddy now!

Justin's eyes darkened slightly. His expression turned cold and even the beauty mark at the corner of his eye seemed to be giving off an icy chill.

Little did he think that he, who had always been hard-hearted, would actually fall for a nobody streamer's charms.

He was about to close the live stream when the tender voice said, "Sponsor Daddy, do you wanna watch me play games? I'm super good at it, yeah! I'm even better at games than trivia knowledge!"

"..."

His fingers suddenly paused and he started to watch her play just like that.

The streamer sounded like she was only five or six years old. Her voice was soft and tender, and she liked to play as a particular female hero in the game.

The hero was a very cute little girl who carried a huge cannon. However, not only did she diss people mercilessly in the game, but she also had a lot of firepower.

Before he knew it, he had spent an hour and a half watching the live stream.

This continued until...

“Sponsor Grandpa, Daddy. I’m going offline. By the way, what are you having for lunch today? We’re gonna have beef steak! That’s my favorite food, yeah!”

At some point, she no longer addressed Justin as ‘Sponsor Daddy’ but just ‘Daddy’.

It was only after the live stream ended that Justin finally came back to his senses.

He couldn’t help looking at Pete again.

An expressionless Pete looked back at him.

Justin kept quiet for a while. Then, he said, “Pete, say ‘Daddy’.”

The way that little streamer kept calling him ‘Daddy’ was so adorable that even his heart had softened. Were all children that cute?

Pete pursed his lips. His little face was serious as he looked at him. After contemplating for a while, he asked, “Daddy, have you seen the doctor?”

“...”

Justin also felt that he was acting rather ridiculously. He stood up and said, “Let’s go home for lunch.”

When the two returned home, the nanny brought out plates of piping hot food.

Chester automatically sat at the dining table.

Justin suddenly looked at him and asked, “Who’s that kid you were doing a live-stream with today?”

Chester’s fork-holding hand stopped moving and he froze all over.

Chester grew up with Justin, so his elder brother had always inspired awe and respect in him as though he was his father.

Therefore, he actually felt very guilty about hiding the truth from Justin.

If Justin didn't ask, he wouldn't say anything. But now that he had, he mustn't lie!

As such, he stammered, "I-it's your daughter..."

His daughter? Well, the little streamer had called him Daddy for two hours, but he was indeed her true blue Sponsor Daddy.

At this time, a calm voice reached them. "What live stream are you talking about?"

Pete sat with his back straight. Although his voice still had a childish quality to it, it nevertheless gave off a calm and steady feeling.

Chester replied, "My team leader in the game hosted a live stream today..."

Justin snorted coldly. "You're actually acknowledging a five or six-year-old girl as your leader? How promising of you."

Pete, "..."

Uncle Chester's team leader in the game was Cherry.

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Chester lowered his head. His voice sounded a little choked as he replied, "Yes."

"Well, I think that little girl has a bright future ahead of her," Justin said, "You can recruit her into your team."

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At the sight of the schoolbag in her hands, a dazed Melissa asked, "Where are you going, Nora?"

Nora replied, "For an interview."

"At the International Golden Sunshine Kindergarten?"

"Yeah."

Melissa said apologetically, "But we don't have any interview spots. Give me some time; I've already asked my family about it, though they haven't given me any answer yet..."

As soon as she said that, the piercing sound of the chair dragging against the floor rang out.

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## Chapter 69 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

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He impulsively entered the live stream hosted by 'sweetcherry'.

The screen showed both streamers facing off, but neither of their cameras was turned on. Instead, they were streaming their gameplay. In a crisp and clear voice, the little girl said, "Sponsor Grandpa, I didn't get it wrong. I have a really awesome memory, yeah! If you don't believe me, I can tell you more!"

"Do you know the famous playwright who wrote Romeo and Juliet? It's Chris Hemsworth!"

"..."

These insignificant trivia whose answers were all handsome actors and celebrities... Why did they sound so familiar?

Justin couldn't help but glance at Pete again.

He coughed and cast his eyes down, but an inexplicable sense of intimacy suddenly surged up in him.

He had always been a loner since he was a child. He didn't have many friends and on top of that, there was a lot of scheming and trickery among his relatives. Even his grandfather had tricked him right before his death...

Therefore, there were times when he felt lonely, too.

Pete was a boy, so he had always taught him to be independent and self-reliant since he was a baby.

He hadn't liked the Pete who wore a princess dress, but to be honest, when he grasped his big hand with his soft little hands and looked at him with those big, damp, and innocent eyes of his, his heart had felt as if it were soaking in a hot spring.

Sometimes, he couldn't help but wonder—how nice would it be if he really had a daughter?

"Aren't I clever, yeah? I see everyone in the comments laughing. Is it because I'm so smart? But why isn't anyone tipping me?"

“ ... ”

With a flick of his fingers, Justin immediately sent out a tip worth 9,999 airplanes, which was the most expensive virtual gift purchasable.

Cherry immediately exclaimed “I must have done really well! Someone has tipped me again!”

She didn't know how much money that was at all, but she nevertheless said in a rather troubled manner, “But it's only because Mommy's Daddy is a very bad man that I got her a Sponsor Daddy. I can't have two at the same time! I can only choose one to be my Sponsor Grandpa.”

As soon as she said that, another account also gave her a tip worth 9,999 airplanes!

Cherry shouted, “Sponsor Grandpa! Love you!”

Justin opened the list of fans and found that the top fan in sweetcherry's fan list was a person named 'Grandpa'.

He sure knew how to take advantage of others.

He let out a cold laugh and sent another 9,999 airplanes.

In other words, he had given her a tip of \$150,000 right away.

Troubled, Cherry lowered her voice and asked Chester seriously, “Chesty, who should I call Sponsor Grandpa?”

Seeing that his points that had just increased greatly were firmly suppressed again, Chester entered her live stream huffily and said, “Let me see who's the bastard that actually tipped you \$300,000 straightaway...”

As he spoke, he opened her fan list.

As user accounts of the live stream platform were linked to their Facebook profiles, the users' Facebook profile pictures would also show in the live-stream platform. At the sight of that familiar profile picture on Cherry's fan list, the words at the tip of Chester's tongue changed and he stuttered, “J-J-Justin?”

Cherry immediately understood what he meant and she exclaimed softly, "Daddy?!"

Justin, "??"

Cherry's voice immediately became excited, though she also did an obvious turnaround and added, "I meant Sponsor Daddy!"

Justin, "!!"

That familiar voice and way of speech... He turned and looked at Pete, who was next to him, again.

Pete, "??"

The tyrant was using his cell phone and also had earphones on, but he kept glancing at him from time to time. A resigned Pete raised the book in his hand and said, "I really am reading."

Justin kept quiet. Then, he nodded and continued to watch the live stream.

Everyone in the comments was laughing at the streamer. She had said just now that she wouldn't call anyone 'Sponsor Daddy', but a moment later, she had given in for the sake of tips!

Not only did she have a Sponsor Grandpa, but she also had a Sponsor Daddy now!

Justin's eyes darkened slightly. His expression turned cold and even the beauty mark at the corner of his eye seemed to be giving off an icy chill.

Little did he think that he, who had always been hard-hearted, would actually fall for a nobody streamer's charms.

He was about to close the live stream when the tender voice said, "Sponsor Daddy, do you wanna watch me play games? I'm super good at it, yeah! I'm even better at games than trivia knowledge!"

"..."

His fingers suddenly paused and he started to watch her play just like that.



The streamer sounded like she was only five or six years old. Her voice was soft and tender, and she liked to play as a particular female hero in the game.

The hero was a very cute little girl who carried a huge cannon. However, not only did she diss people mercilessly in the game, but she also had a lot of firepower.

Before he knew it, he had spent an hour and a half watching the live stream.

This continued until...

“Sponsor Grandpa, Daddy. I’m going offline. By the way, what are you having for lunch today? We’re gonna have beef steak! That’s my favorite food, yeah!”

At some point, she no longer addressed Justin as ‘Sponsor Daddy’ but just ‘Daddy’.

It was only after the live stream ended that Justin finally came back to his senses.

He couldn’t help looking at Pete again.

An expressionless Pete looked back at him.

Justin kept quiet for a while. Then, he said, “Pete, say ‘Daddy’.”

The way that little streamer kept calling him ‘Daddy’ was so adorable that even his heart had softened. Were all children that cute?

Pete pursed his lips. His little face was serious as he looked at him. After contemplating for a while, he asked, “Daddy, have you seen the doctor?”

“ ... ”

Justin also felt that he was acting rather ridiculously. He stood up and said, “Let’s go home for lunch.”

When the two returned home, the nanny brought out plates of piping hot food.

Chester automatically sat at the dining table.

Justin suddenly looked at him and asked, “Who’s that kid you were doing a live-stream with today?”

Chester's fork-holding hand stopped moving and he froze all over.

Chester grew up with Justin, so his elder brother had always inspired awe and respect in him as though he was his father.

Therefore, he actually felt very guilty about hiding the truth from Justin.

If Justin didn't ask, he wouldn't say anything. But now that he had, he mustn't lie!

As such, he stammered, "I-it's your daughter..."

His daughter? Well, the little streamer had called him Daddy for two hours, but he was indeed her true blue Sponsor Daddy.

At this time, a calm voice reached them. "What live stream are you talking about?"

Pete sat with his back straight. Although his voice still had a childish quality to it, it nevertheless gave off a calm and steady feeling.

Chester replied, "My team leader in the game hosted a live stream today..."

Justin snorted coldly. "You're actually acknowledging a five or six-year-old girl as your leader? How promising of you."

Pete, "..."

Uncle Chester's team leader in the game was Cherry.

He stilled his expression and started spouting nonsense with a straight face. "Uncle Chester, you must have been tricked. A lot of people use voice changers these days."

Chester, "?"

However, Justin said, "It didn't sound like she was using a voice changer."

He didn't dwell on these, though. Instead, after casting a glance at Chester, he asked dispassionately, "Are you intending to play games for the rest of your life?"

Chester shook his head. “Actually, I want to be a professional e-sports player and start my own team, but I don’t have that much money. I—”

“Is eight million enough?” Justin’s voice was cool and crisp as he casually cut a piece of his steak.

Chester was stunned.

As he looked at Justin, his eyes suddenly reddened. It was just like back when he was still a child. When he said that he didn’t want to study, no one in the family had supported him. Everyone had called him a good-for-nothing. Justin was the only one who had asked, “Then what do you want to do?”

Justin had always respected his dreams.

Chester lowered his head. His voice sounded a little choked as he replied, “Yes.”

“Well, I think that little girl has a bright future ahead of her,” Justin said, “You can recruit her into your team.”

Chester, “?”

All his emotions from just now evaporated in an instant.

If Justin knew that was his daughter, he probably wouldn’t think so anymore!

He stammered, “Justin, you s-seem to like my team leader quite a bit?”

“She’s fine, I suppose.”

Justin speared another piece of steak and said, “This tastes pretty good.”

“...”

At the Smiths.

Before one knew it, it was already noon. Joel entered the room and saw Ian staring at the screen of the live stream that had already ended.

After a moment’s hesitation, he asked, “Is there anything you would like for lunch today, Uncle Ian?”

He had initially thought that he wouldn't have any appetite as usual and would just patronize him a little, but unexpectedly, Ian actually answered, "Steak, I suppose."

Joel was taken aback.

His uncle hadn't had meat for several years. Because he had lost all will to live, he had lost interest in everything, including eating.

What had happened?

Joel couldn't figure it out, so he simply decided not to think about it anymore. It was fine as long as Uncle Ian was willing to eat!

...

"Mmm!"

Cherry put a piece of steak into her mouth, which was stuffed so full that her cheeks were bulging. Her lips were all greasy and her big black eyes were filled with a rich sense of contentment. Her speech was unclear as she said, "This ish delicious!"

Her adorable appearance gave Melissa, who had cooked the meal, a sense of satisfaction. She patted her on the head and said, "If Cherry likes it, Grand-aunt Melissa will make some for you again!"

"Okie!"

Cherry nodded repeatedly as she dished out compliments generously. "Not only is Grand-aunt Melissa pretty, but she's also kind and a great cook! Aunt Sheril is so blessed to have a mommy like you!"

As soon as she said that, she spied Nora coming downstairs. Cherry blinked and added, "But my Mommy's also super awesome!"

Nora raised an eyebrow. "Oh? Which part of me do you think is awesome?"

Cherry thought hard for a while. Then, she tilted her head and answered, "You're awesome at sleeping!"

" ... "

Nora decided not to hold it against the little fellow. After stretching and yawning, she walked over, took a seat, and finished her meal in just a few bites.

There was a rare guest at the table today—Logan Anderson.

He ate slowly and gracefully. When he saw Nora wolfing down her food, he inadvertently curled his lip.

The way his cousin ate as if she had never eaten anything in her life before...

He lowered his beautiful almond-shaped eyes. However, there wasn't any disdain in his eyes but just a thoughtful look.

After lunch, Nora went upstairs and packed Cherry's school bag for her. By the time she went back down, Cherry was also almost done with her lunch.

At the sight of the schoolbag in her hands, a dazed Melissa asked, "Where are you going, Nora?"

Nora replied, "For an interview."

"At the International Golden Sunshine Kindergarten?"

"Yeah."

Melissa said apologetically, "But we don't have any interview spots. Give me some time; I've already asked my family about it, though they haven't given me any answer yet..."

As soon as she said that, the piercing sound of the chair dragging against the floor rang out.

Logan stood up abruptly. "Mom, did you go back to the Woods and let them bully you again?"

As though she was afraid that Nora would realize something, Melissa frowned at Logan and said, "Logan, shut up!"

Logan snorted. "Mom, have you forgotten what you told Sheril and me in the past? Does attending that kindergarten even bring any meaning?"

Melissa had never been one to care about superficial formalities like that.

When Sheril and Logan didn't get places for the interview to enroll in the kindergarten, she had told the two children, "Enrolling into the kindergarten doesn't make one noble. What gives you a noble character is when you value and respect yourselves."

Melissa, however, frowned.

She grabbed Logan, lowered her voice, and said, "Nora is different from the two of you! She grew up elsewhere. If Cherry can't even attend that kindergarten, I'm worried that Nora won't be able to hold her head up high in the circle in the future!"

Logan understood all of this.

But the moment he thought of his elegant and graceful mother returning to the Woods to be mistreated by others...

He said in an unruly manner, "Do you really think she can enroll Cherry into the kindergarten even if she has a recommendation letter? There's no way she'll pass the interview!"

Melissa patted him on the shoulder and said, "That's why I got you back here. I want you to take them there and accompany Nora for the interview."

Logan was stunned.

He clenched his jaw. His features, which were similar to Nora's, carried an air of unruliness and defiance. He said, "But the Woods haven't sent the recommendation letter yet!"

Melissa sighed. She knew that her sister-in-law must be making things difficult for her again. She said, "I'll call them and urge them."

Rather than saying she was 'urging' them... It was actually probably more like she was begging them instead.

Logan's expression turned even colder. It was at this moment that the two of them heard a cool and indifferent voice: "You don't have to beg them for one. I already have an interview spot."

Taken aback, Melissa looked at Nora and asked, "How did you get the spot, Nora?"

Nora was about to give her a simple explanation when her cell phone rang.

When she picked up, she heard the voice of Lisa, her cousin in California, reaching her through the phone. She said, “Nora, I suspect you aren’t Uncle Henry’s daughter at all!”

## **Chapter 70 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams**

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