

Chapter 76 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

Nora was driving a jeep, but the way she was driving, it was as if she was driving a sports car instead.

Screeeeech!

The car stopped at the school gate. She got out and strode toward the kindergarten.

Ms. Lynn, the teacher who had brought Cherry into the kindergarten earlier that day, was waiting there. She was a young woman in her twenties and was currently in a panic.

How anxious must the parents be, having something go wrong on the first day their child was sent to school?

With that thought in mind, she went forward to Nora and said, “Ms. Smith...”

Nora interrupted her and asked, “Are the children okay?”

Ms. Lynn, “?”

The confused teacher replied, “... Yes, they are.”

As Nora walked in with the teacher, she asked, “Are the teachers also okay?”

“... Yes, they are all fine.”

Nora was taken aback. “In that case, who did Cherry beat up?”

She subconsciously glanced at the school gate. “The security guard?”

Ms. Lynn, “???”

How would Cherry possibly be able to beat such a big and tall security guard, especially when he had even gone through professional martial arts training?!

No, wait, they had digressed too much.

Ms. Lynn said anxiously, “Cherry fainted!”

It was Nora's turn to be surprised this time. "Surely, she's just faking it?"

Although Cherry was born a month prematurely, as a doctor, Nora had nursed and taken care of Cherry very well. While she looked a little skinnier than most, she was actually as strong as a young calf!

Faint? Cherry?

Ms. Lynn was so dumbfounded that she couldn't even utter the words of comfort she had originally wanted to say. She said emphatically, "It's true!"

This piqued Nora's curiosity and she said, "I'll go take a look."

Ms. Lynn followed after her and said, "She's in the dance studio. Don't worry, Ms. Smith. I know you aren't in good health, so it must have been hard raising Cherry all these years. Cherry is also a very lovable and obedient girl. We'll definitely hold the culprit accountable!"

Nora was rendered speechless.

Only then did she realize that the teacher was now calling Cherry by her nickname instead of 'Cheryl Smith' like what she had done when Nora sent her to the kindergarten...

So, what exactly happened today?

Despite claiming that it was impossible that Cherry had fainted, Nora nevertheless obviously quickened her pace. Ms. Lynn couldn't catch up to her even when she jogged briskly behind her.

The moment they entered the dance studio, Nora immediately saw Cherry lying on the sofa. A few teachers were gathered around her, and standing next to them was a little girl in a dance practice outfit who was crying loudly. A teacher, who was also wearing a dance practice outfit, was currently trying to coax her.

Was Cherry really hurt?

When Nora walked over, she heard the school doctor say, "Don't worry, Ms. Smith. I've already given her a checkup. Cherry looks totally fine. She probably fainted because she was too aggrieved. Sigh!"

" ... "

Yeah, aggrieved, my a*s.

From the moment she held Cherry's wrist and felt a strong pulse, Nora knew immediately that she was just pretending.

She couldn't help but hold her forehead.

She had only just warned her against pretending to cry in the morning, yet she was already pretending to faint?

Even so, the little fellow's eyes were still and motionless. Her acting was pretty good.

She tickled Cherry's palm with a finger: 'Stop acting and wake up.'

Cherry returned a tickle of her own on Nora's palm: 'Mommy, don't expose me!'

Nora was rendered speechless.

She coughed and asked, "What happened?"

By then, Ms. Lynn had also entered the dance studio. Seeing that she looked calm and hadn't started ranting at the teachers as soon as she came in, she immediately felt even more strongly that Cherry's family must be reasonable people.

She said, "The kindergarten is celebrating its 50th anniversary soon, so we're going to hold a huge party and all the parents will be invited. The kindergarten is selecting twenty children for the finale dance. I saw that Cherry is very talented, so I wanted to let her try out for the dance, but as a result, she ended up getting into a conflict with her classmate Sinead Lowe..."

Sinead was probably the crying little girl.

Nora glanced at her. The child's posture was straight and upright. It was obvious from a glance that she had gone through dance training before. It was just that even though so much time had already passed, she was still crying. It was obvious how spoiled she was.

While she was thinking, the dance teacher who was coaxing Sinead stood up. She had an air of elegance around her, though she also had a bit of an

arrogant look on her face. She frowned and said, "I am Whitney Lowe, Sinead's mother."

She walked to the side and took out a bag. Then, she took out a wad of cash from within and threw it in Nora's face. "I'll take responsibility for this and pay for Cheryl Smith's medical expenses. This should be enough for you to still have some left over after that. In that sense, the two of you even profited a little."

Nora was bewildered.

A cold look appeared on her face. She looked at Ms. Lynn and asked, "What exactly is going on?"

Ms. Lynn glanced at the dance teacher and explained in a low voice, "Sinead's mother is a dance teacher that the kindergarten specially hired. She was the runner-up in the women's category for an international dance competition. After that, she married into the Lowes, a wealthy family. She's now a famous dance teacher in the circle..."

"Cherry's very smart and learned the dance very quickly, but Sinead kept saying that she wasn't doing it right. The two children then got into an argument and Mrs. Lowe chided Cherry a little. After that, she passed out from anger..."

As soon as she said that, Sinead yelled, "That's because everyone keeps looking at her when she's dancing! I'm the center! Don't let her go on stage!"

The moment she said that, the teachers became even more embarrassed.

Nora understood now.

Cherry had big eyes and fair skin, and looked very adorable. She was certainly very eye-catching among the group of children in the kindergarten.

Sinead was the center, but Cherry had robbed her of all the limelight, so she became dissatisfied.

Whitney was their dance teacher, so she would definitely be partial toward Sinead.

Cherry had always been clever and was someone who refused to let anyone give her the short end of the stick. As she was at a disadvantage, she had pretended to faint so that Sinead couldn't say anything even if she wanted to!

Nora couldn't help yawning.

She had always been someone who fought others head-on and did everything directly and straightforwardly. Just whom did her daughter inherit all these little ideas from? It really was very... silly.

She picked up Cherry and prepared to leave.

However, Whitney stood in front of her as soon as she got up. The cool and standoffish woman said arrogantly, "Ms. Smith, your child is so bad-tempered. All they did was just argue a little, yet she could make herself pass out from anger."

Nora, "?"

She didn't even make a fuss, yet Whitney was kicking up one instead?

She stood still and turned around.

Whitney pointed to Cherry and said to Ms. Lynn, "That girl has a poor physique. I checked her body just now. She's very stiff and isn't suitable to be a dancer. Withdraw her from the upcoming performance and switch to someone else instead."

Sinead immediately clapped happily and said, "Yes, make her withdraw! Don't let her go on stage!"

Ms. Lynn looked livid.

She said hesitantly, "But I think Cherry danced pretty well just now..."

"Which part of that was good?" Whitney reprimanded sternly, "Are you the professional here, or am I? Her movements were stiff and too forceful just now. Neither did she follow the rhythm and ended up missing the beat several times, making her out of sync with the rest of the children. She was born unsuitable for dancing!"

The look in Nora's eyes turned even colder.

Cherry's physique was amazingly good. Otherwise, Quinn wouldn't have begged to take her as his disciple.

That woman named Whitney Lowe... A professional?

Hah.

She asked unhurriedly, "Does this mean that Cherry can be part of the dance if someone more professional than you says that she's suitable for dancing?"

Someone more professional than her?

Whitney sneered. With a confident and arrogant look in her eyes, she scoffed, "Can you even find someone more professional than me in the States?"

Ms. Lynn tugged on Nora's sleeve and said, "Ms. Smith, the competition that Mrs. Lowe had participated in was the Blackpool Dance Festival. It's a world-class international ballroom dancing competition... Mrs. Lowe has founded a dance academy in New York that specializes in teaching students gifted in the art, and there are scores of people who wish for her guidance. She holds great authority in the dancing circle."

Then, Ms. Lynn lowered her voice and said, "In order to have her teach their children, there are even some wealthy families who treat her very politely. She's even given the Hunts' and the Smiths' children dance lessons before..."

Nora scoffed lightly when she heard Ms. Lynn's explanation. As it turned out, that woman named Whitney did indeed know what she was doing.

No wonder she had the guts to try resolving the issue with money in a kindergarten like this just now.

People engaged in the arts typically had rather lofty ideals. She must have formed an exaggerated opinion of her abilities, thanks to the other parents' flattery.

Nora cast her eyes down and slowly said, "Ms. Lynn, I will find someone more professional than her to judge whether Cherry is suitable to dance or not."

Whitney had exquisite makeup on. By then, she had also already put on her coat and leather shoes, making her seem exceptionally elegant. When she heard what Nora said, she sneered, "We'll wait and see, then. However, until

you find someone more professional than me, Cheryl Smith will not be allowed to attend my dance classes!”

After saying that, she took Sinead’s hand and turned to leave.

However, as soon as she turned, someone grabbed her ponytail. Then, her shoulder was held down and a great force threw her against the wall next to her!

Bam!

In front of Whitney was an icy-cold wall. Her hair was still being pulled and her shoulder held down. She couldn’t move at all. Furious, she demanded, “What are you doing?”

A low and mild voice slowly reached from behind. “Mrs. Lowe, shouldn’t you apologize to my daughter after bullying her?”

Cherry was mischievous and never allowed anyone to give her the short end of the stick.

Neither would Nora allow her daughter to suffer any grievances for no reason.

Whitney yelled, “No way!”

As soon as she did, Nora yanked her hair downward hard again, making her scalp sting terribly. As though she was simply stating a truth, the woman’s voice was calm and peaceful as she said, “Apologize.”

There was a murderous look in her frosty eyes.

Whitney shivered. She swallowed hard and clenched her fists tightly. At last, as though humiliated, she said, “I’m sorry.”

“Yawn…”

Nora let go of her and yawned again. Only then did she pick up Cherry again and lazily leave the dance studio.

After she left, a furious Whitney yelled hysterically, “I’m calling the police! How dare she assault me! I’m having her thrown in jail!”

Ms. Lynn and the others finally recovered from the sudden turn of events just now.

At this point, the principal also arrived fashionably late. Upon hearing Whitney, he held her arm and said, “Mrs. Lowe, we’re all people with respectable identities here. Moreover, we really have no idea who that lady is. The bigwigs have specially instructed us to treat her with civility...”

The bigwigs...

Whitney clenched her fists tightly and breathed heavily as a look of intense fury came over her face. However, she did stop clamoring about calling the police.

—

In the jeep on the way home.

Cherry sat in the passenger seat and buckled her seat belt. The large seat made her look even smaller than she was. She asked, “Mommy, are you really going to ask Aunt Tanya to come back to the States for my sake?”

Nora raised her eyebrows. “No way.”

Cherry was puzzled.

Aunt Tanya was someone who loved dancing. She had also participated in competitions and emerged as the champion before. She had immediately thought of her when Mommy said that she would find someone more professional just now.

However, Mommy was actually saying that she wasn’t asking her to come back?

Amid Cherry’s puzzlement, Nora chuckled and said, “Your Aunt Tanya is returning to the States next week. She was invited to a dance conference as an examiner.”

Cherry immediately became excited. “So that’s what it is!”

While the two of them were chatting, they had already returned to the Andersons’ residence.

After parking the car and entering the house, Sheril came over with a smile and said, “Nora, I’ve successfully produced the Carefree Pill according to your formula! We can finally start mass production now!”

Nora nodded. “Oh.”

Sheril was about to say more when Melissa walked over with a smile. “Alright, you may have accomplished something big, Sheril, but don’t you forget the trivial matters now.”

Trivial matters?

A puzzled Nora looked at Sheril, who smiled and said, “I have dance class later, Nora. Can you come with me? Let’s have the choreographer choreograph a dance for us. We can perform it together during the dance party!”

Nora didn’t want to go. She wanted to go upstairs and sleep instead, so she replied, “No, it’s…”

“C’mon, let’s go!” Sheril pulled Nora by her arm and called out, “Mom, look after Cherry, okay?”

“…”

An absolutely unwilling Nora was then dragged out of the door!

But before she was dragged out the door, she saw the gentle expression on Melissa’s countenance and she found herself unable to refuse her kindness again.

Forget it, she would just go.

On the way there, Sheril asked, “Can you dance, Nora?”

Nora thought for a moment before she replied, “Just a little, but I don’t dance often.”

Perhaps because she spent more time sleeping than others, she preferred engaging in more stimulating activities when she was awake—such as racing, skiing, and martial arts.

When it came to dancing, the only kind she liked was tango.

However, because she practiced martial arts, her strength was too great. There was basically no man who could suppress her aura, so she stopped dancing.

Sheril smiled and said, "It's fine. We'll just pick up a few moves casually. It's okay even if you don't dance during the party!"

After Nora went out, Cherry obediently went to the study with her cell phone, intending to spend the next two hours gaming and doing a live-stream.

As soon as she started the live stream, she saw that her number one fan, Sponsor Grandpa, was already there. Cherry immediately greeted excitedly, "Hello, Sponsor Grandpa!"

Sponsor Grandpa responded relatively slowly: "Hello."

Cherry said, "I'm playing as the same hero today. Without Chesty making trouble here today, I'm gonna try getting into this season's rankings on the local server!"

She turned on the game after she spoke.

Then, a large number of notifications suddenly scrolled past her screen!

Cherry was taken aback for a moment. Then, she saw that Sponsor Grandpa had tipped her with 9,999 airplanes.

Sponsor Grandpa wrote: 'This is for you to buy candy with, little fellow.'

Cherry smiled sweetly and said, "Thank you, Grandpa!"

After she entered the game and played for a couple of minutes, she noticed that Sponsor Grandpa was arguing with some of the other viewers in the comments.

"Stop pretending to be a kid, sweetcherry. That kiddy voice of yours makes me wanna puke! You're so shameless to try attracting big bosses that way!"

Sponsor Grandpa: "She's a child."

"Haha, which idiot with too much money to spare is that Sponsor Grandpa of hers?"

“There must be something wrong with his brain. Is there any child who plays games so well? sweetcherry is definitely a cross-dresser using a voice changer! Otherwise, why wouldn’t they dare to turn on the camera?”

“ ... ”

Cherry became angry. “Who says I don’t dare to turn on the camera?!”

More people started to comment:

“Turn it on, then? You’re a bastard if you don’t!”

“Is sweetcherry going to turn on the camera? I feel like I’m going to go blind later!”

“I smell a fight breaking out. This is a gaming channel. Does it matter whether they turn on the camera or not?”

“Yes, it does! No one goes as far as them as to straight-up pretend to be a five-year-old kid even if they use a voice changer when they play games. Do they think our IQs are very low?”

“Exactly! They even duped others into giving them tips to buy candy with. Tsk, the point here is—there are actually people who are falling for it! The top fan on their list who calls himself Grandpa just gave them another tip worth \$150,000!”

“How does a perverted liar like them find the cheek to do live streams? Is it because their original voice sounds too awful?”

“That kind of tender voice is originally a child’s, which is supposed to sound cute and lovable. How come they have the gall to change their voice into one like that? What an insult to kids!”

Of course, there were also loyal fans of sweetcherry who defended her. It was just that there were only a few of them, so they were all drowned out by the insults.

“Watching sweetcherry pretending to be a kid is exactly what we like. What’s it to you? If you can’t stand it, then why don’t you get out?”

“Exactly. Are they holding a knife to your neck and forcing you to tip them?”

“The hero the live streamer plays as is a little girl who carries a cannon. I think it’s very apt that they use a child’s voice! Why are you being such a busybody?”

“ ... ”

When Cherry saw that even her loyal fans didn’t believe that she was a child, she frowned and said huffily and seriously, “I’m not a kid!”

In the comments:

“Hahaha, they’ve admitted it now!”

“I knew they were lying!”

“ ... ”

A few comments had only just scrolled past the screen when Cherry said huffily, “I’m already five! Which part of me is a kid?”

The comments fell silent for a while. Then, a loyal fan wrote weakly:

“Sweetie, that’s enough. Let’s not say any more. There’s nothing shameful in pretending to be a kid anyway...”

“If you say any more, it’ll start to seem a little pretentious. It’s enough! Enough!”

As for the antis, they switched on their combat mode.

“Ugh, they’re still pretending to be a kid. It’s so gross! ‘Already five’? More like you’re fifty, right? Which five-year-old can read so well?”

“A fifty-year-old probably doesn’t have that kind of hand speed and reflexes. They’re probably in their twenties or thirties... What I’m seeing in my mind is an ugly, gross, and wretched-looking middle-aged man...”

“Didn’t they say they’re gonna turn on the camera? What are you still dilly-dallying so much for? Hurry up and turn it on!”

“They must be deliberately saying all that in order to change the subject, right? Turn on the camera! Turn on the camera!”

“It’s not like they have the guts to. If they turn it on, they’ll expose their own lies!”

“ ... ”

Seeing that no one believed her, Cherry felt as if she had suffered a great injustice. She said quietly, “Okay, I’ll turn on the camera now. Wait a minute, okie?”

After finishing the round at hand, she fumbled around for a while and finally turned on the camera.

The moment she did, an uproar went through the comments!

At the same time, Justin ended a busy day of work.

Bored, he glanced at Pete, who was studying next to him, and picked up his cell phone. Suddenly, he thought of the friend whom Chester had posted about the other day.

After downloading the live streaming app, he searched for ‘sweetcherry’.

As soon as he entered her live stream, he found that the comments were in a huge uproar.

“F*ck! F*ck, she’s really a kid!”

“I can’t believe my eyes!”

“sweetcherry is actually really only five?”

“F*ck! I’m actually a lousier player than an elementary school kid? Ah, no, a kindergartener? Self-doubt in progress here right now...”

“Ahhh, she’s so cute! She’s so cute! To think such a cute little baby who talks so adorably really exists!”

Justin, “?”

When he finally looked at the screen, he saw that the screen, which originally was showing just the game interface, now had a small window at a corner on the right.

Inside the window was a small figure.

She looked like she was about five years old. It was hard to tell whether it was a wig or her real hair, but she had two little braids on each side of her head, which made her look very adorable.

She was also wearing a white feather mask that covered most of her face.

The little fellow said huffily, "There, I've turned on the camera! I wasn't lying, yeah! All of you should apologize to me!"

In the comments:

"She's really only five? Oh my god! My outlook on life has been shattered!"

"I'm sorry! I was wrong! Please forgive me, big boss!"

All the antis had already disappeared in the background and didn't dare to speak anymore.

Someone asked:

"Why are you wearing a mask? Are we not worthy of seeing what sweetcherry really looks like?"

"I already find her so cute when she's just sitting there like that! Can you take off your mask and show us how you look? Don't worry, there aren't any ugly children out there!"

Sweetcherry waved and explained seriously, "No, I'm afraid that Daddy will see me!"

"What are you afraid of? It's nothing bad that you're making money on live streams. It's not like your father will smack you, right?"

"Exactly. If I had such a lovely daughter, I'd definitely spoil her like a precious treasure!"

Of course, there were also some who didn't agree with her actions. They reprimanded her, "Five-year-olds shouldn't be playing with the cell phone every day. It's not good for children! Your father is right to discipline you!"

Cherry said seriously, “No, Daddy won’t discipline me, but he’ll take me away and forbid Mommy from ever seeing me again!”

Her top fan, Grandpa, couldn’t help but write: “Your father is such an awful man!”

The rest of the comments agreed with his statement.

“Why would he take her away? Are your parents divorced? Is it because your father would think that your mother isn’t teaching you well if he finds out about the live stream?”

“My goodness, it’s so sad that there are fathers like that in this world. It’s so awful how they always think the world of themselves. My heart aches for sweetcherry.”

“Although it isn’t right that children play games every day, I checked the records just now. Sweetie, your game time is fixed, right? And you only play for two hours a day... I’m sure your mother has put thought into this, right? For some reason, my heart aches for Sweetie. I hate your wicked father!”

After seeing the comments, Cherry waved her hands anxiously and said, “No, no, it’s not like that! It’s not like that! My father doesn’t know that Mommy gave birth to me, so if he finds out, Mommy will be in trouble!”

“Your mother sounds so tragic. Did she raise you by herself?”

When Justin heard what she said, he suddenly thought of Pete...

Even sweetcherry’s mother knew that she should take care of her child, yet Pete’s biological mother was so horrible!

A hint of anger flashed in his eyes.

Cherry was about to say something when she noticed a tip of 9,999 airplanes. Amid the airplane icons scrolling across the screen, her number two fan, ‘JH’, wrote a few big words in bold red text: ‘Your father isn’t worthy of calling himself a man!’

Cherry, “??”

Daddy, is it really okay to insult yourself like that?

She panicked and got up from her chair. “Daddy, you—”

Before she could finish, she lost her balance and almost fell. However, after she steadied herself, the mask on her face instead fell off...

Justin’s heart suddenly stopped beating for a moment. It was only when he saw that she managed to regain her balance that he finally relaxed.

When he wanted to see what she looked like, rows of airplane icons suddenly swept across the screen.

After studying the interface with a frown for a while, he finally turned off the virtual gift visual effects. However, by the time he looked again, he found that sweetcherry had already turned off the camera.

For some reason, he felt a little disappointed.

He shook his head, finding his behavior rather comical.

She was just a child that he had interacted with a few times. Why was he so curious about what she looked like?

He tossed the cell phone aside. The little girl’s tender voice rang out in his earphones. “Thank you for the airplanes, Grandpa! Mwah!”

For some reason, Justin felt a little unhappy.

He had gifted her so many airplanes, but why didn’t she blow him any flying kisses?

As a result, yet another row of 9999 airplane icons scrolled across the screen.

After sending the gift, he came back to his senses. He felt that he must be out of his mind...

Then, he heard the excited little fellow exclaim, “Wow, Daddy! You’re so amazing, too! Mwah!”

Justin’s lip corners couldn’t help but curl upward.

Two hours later, Cherry stopped playing and got ready for dinner.

After ending the live stream, she sat on the chair with her chin propped on her hands and looked at the two highest-ranking names on the fan list.

Sponsor Grandpa was still in top place with a total of almost \$800,000 in tips.

Daddy was ranked second place with a total of about \$600,000 in tips.

She felt justified and didn't have any qualms about taking money from her father. However, it seemed like Sponsor Grandpa didn't know her at all...

Cherry opened a private chat window and sent him a voice message.

At the Smiths.

Although he had asked for steak the day before, Ian had stopped eating after taking just a bite.

He rested on the bed in a groggy daze all the way until now.

Watching sweetcherry's live stream seemed to have become the only thing he looked forward to every day.

Ian was frowning.

On his attractive visage, there was a contemplative look in his eyes.

He had seen what sweetcherry looked like when her mask dropped off just now, and he found her face vaguely familiar.

It was as if he had seen it somewhere before.

Even though he couldn't recall where he might have seen a face like that before, it nevertheless gave him a sense of kinship.

Ian smiled bitterly.

Perhaps life was just too boring. Or perhaps it was because she simply looked so adorable and clever?

He was about to toss the cell phone aside when he heard a sound notification.

When Ian picked it back up, he found that sweetcherry had sent him a private message: "Sponsor Grandpa, do you wanna play games? I can guide you, yeah!"

Games?

To be honest, Ian wasn't interested, but he didn't have the heart to refuse the little girl's kindness. Thus, he replied: "How are you going to guide me?"

Beep! Another notification rang out.

He tapped on it: "Let's add each other as friends first! Do you have a Facebook account, Sponsor Grandpa? After we add each other as friends, I'll be able to add you into the game from my friends list."

Ian replied: "Yes, I do."

Sweetcherry sent him a link to her Facebook page.

Ian logged in to the Facebook account that he hadn't touched in years. He had only registered the account because of Yvette in the past.

He cast his eyes down, suppressed the discomfort in his heart, and added sweetcherry as a friend.

Her Facebook name was Cherry Smith.

She approved the friend request as soon as he sent it.

After that, Cherry sent him several pictures.

Puzzled, Ian replied with a question mark: ?

Cherry sent him a voice message: "Sponsor Grandpa, you're under my care from today onward. You must remember to log in to Facebook every day and send me messages, okay? We must maintain the sparks of our friendship!"

Sparks?

Ian was confused.

Cherry sent another message: "We mustn't let the sparks of our friendship extinguish! Once we send each other messages for seven days, our sparks of

friendship will burn strongly! After another few days, our little boat of friendship will sail off and eventually become a giant ferry!”

“ ... ”

Ian fell silent. He couldn't help but feel that children came up with some pretty ridiculous things these days.

However, when he thought of what she said again, he replied: “Okay.”

After he replied, it was time for dinner. The caretaker came in and asked, “Sir, how about having some oatmeal?”

Ian clenched his jaw.

He didn't have any appetite, but when he thought of his promise with the little girl... He would drag his life on for a few more days, he supposed. If he passed the next day, the little girl would probably be sad.

He said dispassionately, “Okay.”

—

Elsewhere, Nora had reached the dance studio after being dragged there by Sheril.

The classroom was very big and featured mirrors on all four sides.

The moment she walked in, she saw that there were a few young men and women there. They were currently standing around a girl in the corner and chatting.

At the sight of Sheril, a thin man came over and smiled bashfully at her. He said, “Sheril, you're here!”

Sheril blushed and nodded. Then, she introduced him to Nora. “Nora, this is my boyfriend, Caden Hayes.”

Her boyfriend?

Nora sized him up carefully. She couldn't help but feel like the man made people feel a little uncomfortable.

However, she didn't say much.

Sheril introduced Nora to Caden and the two of them said hi to each other.

At this point, the chatter from a distance away reached them.

"Really? Your family is so amazing!"

"Wow, Rachel, are you going to meet Tanya Turner? I'm so envious!"

"..."

Caden was taken aback for a moment. Then, he asked with a smile, "Tanya Turner? What are you guys talking about?"

Someone answered, "It's Rachel! Her mother heard that Ms. Turner will be coming back to the States in a few days, so she specially invited her to go to their place to hold a few dance lessons for her!"

After answering him, the group of youngsters gathered around Rachel and asked, "Can we also join the class, Rachel?"

At the sight of everyone swarming over there, Caden looked at Sheril and said, "Sheril, Rachel is your cousin, right? Can you ask her to let us join the class?"

Sheril's expression immediately changed and she looked as if she had been put in a spot.

Nora, on the other hand, was taken aback. "She's your cousin?"

"Yes, Rachel is Sheril's uncle's daughter from the maternal side of the family. I'm sure she'll agree if Sheril asks her!"

Nora looked at Rachel Wood, who was surrounded by everyone and basking in the limelight.

She had wavy hair, a slim and graceful figure, and a delicate aura around her. The scholarly aura around her was a little similar to the one that Melissa had.

It was just that even though Melissa looked delicate, she also had a very dignified aura around her.

On the other hand, Rachel's imitation was lacking and it fell flat, making her seem somewhat chintzy.

With the wall of people in between, she spoke with a great sense of superiority and said, "It's very difficult to get Ms. Turner to open a class. It's not about money at all. My mother only managed to ask her to open a class for me after asking a lot of people for favors."

Someone who was trying to flatter her said, "It's rare for Tanya Turner to come back to the States, so I heard that her schedule is totally packed. It's really amazing that your family could get her over!"

Rachel suddenly looked at Sheril. "There are already a lot of people in the class, Sheril. I may not be able to let you join this time..."

As soon as she said that, everyone looked over.

Sheril immediately felt her face flush in embarrassment as though she was living on someone's charity.

Rachel, however, didn't let her off. She continued and said, "You can ask your mother to make an appointment for you, though. That way, you'll also be able to attend her classes! By the way, does your mother have any connections? Do you want my mother to hook her up with the relevant people?"

After the Andersons fell into decline, as Simon's wife, Melissa's status had also dropped.

However, not only did her family, the Woods, not help her in any way, but they even rubbed it in.

Take, for example, what was currently happening. What Rachel said had in no uncertain terms told everyone that even though Melissa had been part of the Woods in the past, her current authority and connections were actually not as good as the Woods'.

Sheril clenched her fists and tried her best to make herself look calm as she replied, "No, it's fine. I'm not very interested in dancing anyway..."

Rachel curled her lip. "Is that so?"

She glanced at Caden. Then, as though she was talking about Sheril yet also as insinuating something else, she said, "What a shame."

After that, she turned and looked at the other people there.

However, when she did, she saw that everyone who had been circling around her and asking about Tanya just now was instead now staring curiously at Nora.

The young woman, who was dressed simply, easily became the focus of the crowd just by gracefully standing there.

Rachel frowned. She took the initiative to walk over, held Sheril's hand with a smile, and asked gently, "Who's this, Sheril?"

Sheril suppressed her awkwardness and embarrassment and naturally made the introductions. "This is Nora, my eldest aunt's daughter."

A surprised Rachel immediately exclaimed rather loudly, "Huh? So that's who you are! I totally couldn't tell from your figure that you've given birth before!"

The words "you've given birth before" astonished everyone there.

Rachel covered her mouth and looked at the two of them apologetically. She said, "S-sorry, I accidentally spoke without thinking for a moment there. Nora, you don't mind, right?"

To outsiders, premarital pregnancies were seen as immoral behavior. Under normal circumstances, even if one's family didn't help them to hide it, they wouldn't publicize it like that, either.

However, Rachel had mentioned it the moment she came over. This made everyone instantly look at her in a different way.

Nora could hear someone nearby whisper, "Tsk, she looks pretty pure and innocent. I didn't expect that she already has kids."

"Why is someone like her here to dance? Is she trying to hook up with someone?"

Sheril frowned. She stood in front of Nora and said, "Don't spout nonsense, Rachel. Nora's just here to learn how to dance!"

Rachel cast her eyes down and smirked. "In that case, does she have a dance partner yet?"

Sheril looked at the other people there.

Most people who came here to dance didn't come at fixed intervals. Neither did they have fixed dance partners. She had originally thought that it would be very easy to find Nora a dance partner since she was so pretty.

However, Rachel's words just now had obviously made everyone averse to Nora.

She was about to say something when Nora smiled and said, "It's okay, Sheril. I'll just watch you dance."

Sheril said, "Nora, you..."

Nora cast her eyes down. "It's fine, really."

Sheril knew that trying to comfort her further now would only result in the opposite effect, so she could only give her a resigned nod.

When the dance teacher arrived, everyone split into pairs and started to dance.

A bored Nora leaned against the wall and played with her cell phone while she watched Sheril out of the corner of her eye.

Caden was unexpectedly a pretty good dancer.

International ballroom dancing was performed in pairs of men and women. In particular, if the men were strong enough, their dancing would be very exciting to watch when they led the woman.

Caden was likely a professional. He held Sheril by her waist and danced, the two of them forming a dazzling sight. Gradually, they became the center of all the dancers in the room.

While they were dancing, Sheril was also constantly looking at Nora.

She suddenly suggested, "Caden, why don't you dance with Nora later?"

Caden was a little reluctant. He replied, "I wanted to say this just now, but someone like her who became pregnant before marriage must have a very profligate lifestyle in private. Sheril, you shouldn't associate too much with her."

An unhappy-looking Sheril said, "You don't even know what Nora is like or anything about her past. Why would you say that?"

Caden frowned. "Okay, okay, I won't say any more. She doesn't look like she's danced before, though. I'm a professional; it may not be appropriate to have me lead her in a dance."

His eyes were downcast and he looked obviously reluctant.

After the dance, Sheril cast Caden aside and went to Nora.

Next to them, Rachel clenched her fists when she saw what she did.

Although her dance partner was also pretty good, he ultimately still couldn't compare with Caden.

Sheril obviously didn't dance as well as her, yet because Caden was the one leading her, she had actually danced better than her!

Furious, Rachel narrowed her eyes. Then, she suddenly walked toward Caden...

Sheril had a good temper and a cheerful personality.

Although she found Caden's words unpleasant, she knew that he ultimately wasn't aware of her cousin's circumstances, so it was understandable that he would misunderstand. Thus, after she counseled herself a little, she decided to explain to Caden what had happened to Nora.

She didn't have a profligate lifestyle. Rather, she had been deceived.

But as soon as she turned around, she instead saw Caden and Rachel walking toward her together.

The two of them behaved intimately, which made Sheril frown.

Caden seemed a little awkward, but he nevertheless bit the bullet and said, "I'm having the next dance with Rachel, Sheril."

Sheril's eyes widened. "What?"

Rachel smiled and took Caden's arm. She said, "Sorry about that, Sheril. My partner and I don't fit quite well together. Caden's the best dancer in our class, so I thought that if we dance together, I could have Ms. Turner give him a few pointers, too. It's mutually beneficial for both of us after all! You won't mind, right?"

Sheril was so angry that her hands were shaking.

She looked at Caden with her eyes red.

He had refused to dance with her cousin when she asked him just now, yet he was going to dance with Rachel now?

He clearly knew that she and Rachel were at loggerheads! And that she was always looking for opportunities to bully her!

Sheril felt her throat going tight and she felt like she had been betrayed. She asked, "Are you sure you want to do that, Caden?"

Caden replied in a low voice, "You know I major in dance, so I'll have to participate in international ballroom dancing competitions. If I can get some pointers from Ms. Turner, I'll definitely benefit a lot from it!"

Sheril clenched her fists and said, "Caden, I'll let you choose—either you dance with me or we break up, in which case you're free to dance with whomever you want!"

Caden frowned and said, "You're being unreasonable, Sheril!"

Rachel also said calmly, "Sheril, I'm just asking Caden to dance with me. Why are you making such a huge fuss? How can you hold Caden back like that?"

She sneered, "It's the Andersons who can't get Ms. Turner as a dance teacher, yet you're forbidding me from helping him? If you were able to get her as a teacher and have her give Caden some pointers, he wouldn't have chosen to dance with me, either!"

Sheril turned pale and she tried to hold her tears back.

At this point, an extremely cold and indifferent voice reached them. "Who says the Andersons can't get Tanya to teach us how to dance?"

Chapter 77 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

Someone more professional than her?

Whitney sneered. With a confident and arrogant look in her eyes, she scoffed, "Can you even find someone more professional than me in the States?"

Ms. Lynn tugged on Nora's sleeve and said, "Ms. Smith, the competition that Mrs. Lowe had participated in was the Blackpool Dance Festival. It's a world-class international ballroom dancing competition... Mrs. Lowe has founded a dance academy in New York that specializes in teaching students gifted in the art, and there are scores of people who wish for her guidance. She holds great authority in the dancing circle."

Then, Ms. Lynn lowered her voice and said, "In order to have her teach their children, there are even some wealthy families who treat her very politely. She's even given the Hunts' and the Smiths' children dance lessons before..."

Nora scoffed lightly when she heard Ms. Lynn's explanation. As it turned out, that woman named Whitney did indeed know what she was doing.

No wonder she had the guts to try resolving the issue with money in a kindergarten like this just now.

People engaged in the arts typically had rather lofty ideals. She must have formed an exaggerated opinion of her abilities, thanks to the other parents' flattery.

Nora cast her eyes down and slowly said, "Ms. Lynn, I will find someone more professional than her to judge whether Cheryl is suitable to dance or not."

Whitney had exquisite makeup on. By then, she had also already put on her coat and leather shoes, making her seem exceptionally elegant. When she heard what Nora said, she sneered, "We'll wait and see, then. However, until you find someone more professional than me, Cheryl Smith will not be allowed to attend my dance classes!"

After saying that, she took Sinead's hand and turned to leave.

However, as soon as she turned, someone grabbed her ponytail. Then, her shoulder was held down and a great force threw her against the wall next to her!

Bam!

In front of Whitney was an icy-cold wall. Her hair was still being pulled and her shoulder held down. She couldn't move at all. Furious, she demanded, "What are you doing?"

A low and mild voice slowly reached from behind. "Mrs. Lowe, shouldn't you apologize to my daughter after bullying her?"

Cherry was mischievous and never allowed anyone to give her the short end of the stick.

Neither would Nora allow her daughter to suffer any grievances for no reason.

Whitney yelled, "No way!"

As soon as she did, Nora yanked her hair downward hard again, making her scalp sting terribly. As though she was simply stating a truth, the woman's voice was calm and peaceful as she said, "Apologize."

There was a murderous look in her frosty eyes.

Whitney shivered. She swallowed hard and clenched her fists tightly. At last, as though humiliated, she said, "I'm sorry."

"Yawn..."

Nora let go of her and yawned again. Only then did she pick up Cherry again and lazily leave the dance studio.

After she left, a furious Whitney yelled hysterically, "I'm calling the police! How dare she assault me! I'm having her thrown in jail!"

Ms. Lynn and the others finally recovered from the sudden turn of events just now.

At this point, the principal also arrived fashionably late. Upon hearing Whitney, he held her arm and said, "Mrs. Lowe, we're all people with respectable

identities here. Moreover, we really have no idea who that lady is. The bigwigs have specially instructed us to treat her with civility...”

The bigwigs...

Whitney clenched her fists tightly and breathed heavily as a look of intense fury came over her face. However, she did stop clamoring about calling the police.

—

In the jeep on the way home.

Cherry sat in the passenger seat and buckled her seat belt. The large seat made her look even smaller than she was. She asked, “Mommy, are you really going to ask Aunt Tanya to come back to the States for my sake?”

Nora raised her eyebrows. “No way.”

Cherry was puzzled.

Aunt Tanya was someone who loved dancing. She had also participated in competitions and emerged as the champion before. She had immediately thought of her when Mommy said that she would find someone more professional just now.

However, Mommy was actually saying that she wasn’t asking her to come back?

Amid Cherry’s puzzlement, Nora chuckled and said, “Your Aunt Tanya is returning to the States next week. She was invited to a dance conference as an examiner.”

Cherry immediately became excited. “So that’s what it is!”

While the two of them were chatting, they had already returned to the Andersons’ residence.

After parking the car and entering the house, Sheril came over with a smile and said, “Nora, I’ve successfully produced the Carefree Pill according to your formula! We can finally start mass production now!”

Nora nodded. “Oh.”

Sheril was about to say more when Melissa walked over with a smile. “Alright, you may have accomplished something big, Sheril, but don’t you forget the trivial matters now.”

Trivial matters?

A puzzled Nora looked at Sheril, who smiled and said, “I have dance class later, Nora. Can you come with me? Let’s have the choreographer choreograph a dance for us. We can perform it together during the dance party!”

Nora didn’t want to go. She wanted to go upstairs and sleep instead, so she replied, “No, it’s…”

“C’mon, let’s go!” Sheril pulled Nora by her arm and called out, “Mom, look after Cherry, okay?”

“…”

An absolutely unwilling Nora was then dragged out of the door!

But before she was dragged out the door, she saw the gentle expression on Melissa’s countenance and she found herself unable to refuse her kindness again.

Forget it, she would just go.

On the way there, Sheril asked, “Can you dance, Nora?”

Nora thought for a moment before she replied, “Just a little, but I don’t dance often.”

Perhaps because she spent more time sleeping than others, she preferred engaging in more stimulating activities when she was awake—such as racing, skiing, and martial arts.

When it came to dancing, the only kind she liked was tango.

However, because she practiced martial arts, her strength was too great. There was basically no man who could suppress her aura, so she stopped dancing.

Sheril smiled and said, "It's fine. We'll just pick up a few moves casually. It's okay even if you don't dance during the party!"

After Nora went out, Cherry obediently went to the study with her cell phone, intending to spend the next two hours gaming and doing a live-stream.

As soon as she started the live stream, she saw that her number one fan, Sponsor Grandpa, was already there. Cherry immediately greeted excitedly, "Hello, Sponsor Grandpa!"

Sponsor Grandpa responded relatively slowly: "Hello."

Cherry said, "I'm playing as the same hero today. Without Chesty making trouble here today, I'm gonna try getting into this season's rankings on the local server!"

She turned on the game after she spoke.

Then, a large number of notifications suddenly scrolled past her screen!

Cherry was taken aback for a moment. Then, she saw that Sponsor Grandpa had tipped her with 9,999 airplanes.

Sponsor Grandpa wrote: 'This is for you to buy candy with, little fellow.'

Cherry smiled sweetly and said, "Thank you, Grandpa!"

After she entered the game and played for a couple of minutes, she noticed that Sponsor Grandpa was arguing with some of the other viewers in the comments.

"Stop pretending to be a kid, sweetcherry. That kiddy voice of yours makes me wanna puke! You're so shameless to try attracting big bosses that way!"

Sponsor Grandpa: "She's a child."

"Haha, which idiot with too much money to spare is that Sponsor Grandpa of hers?"

"There must be something wrong with his brain. Is there any child who plays games so well? sweetcherry is definitely a cross-dresser using a voice changer! Otherwise, why wouldn't they dare to turn on the camera?"

“ ... ”

Cherry became angry. “Who says I don’t dare to turn on the camera?!”

More people started to comment:

“Turn it on, then? You’re a bastard if you don’t!”

“Is sweetcherry going to turn on the camera? I feel like I’m going to go blind later!”

“I smell a fight breaking out. This is a gaming channel. Does it matter whether they turn on the camera or not?”

“Yes, it does! No one goes as far as them as to straight-up pretend to be a five-year-old kid even if they use a voice changer when they play games. Do they think our IQs are very low?”

“Exactly! They even duped others into giving them tips to buy candy with. Tsk, the point here is—there are actually people who are falling for it! The top fan on their list who calls himself Grandpa just gave them another tip worth \$150,000!”

“How does a perverted liar like them find the cheek to do live streams? Is it because their original voice sounds too awful?”

“That kind of tender voice is originally a child’s, which is supposed to sound cute and lovable. How come they have the gall to change their voice into one like that? What an insult to kids!”

Of course, there were also loyal fans of sweetcherry who defended her. It was just that there were only a few of them, so they were all drowned out by the insults.

“Watching sweetcherry pretending to be a kid is exactly what we like. What’s it to you? If you can’t stand it, then why don’t you get out?”

“Exactly. Are they holding a knife to your neck and forcing you to tip them?”

“The hero the live streamer plays as is a little girl who carries a cannon. I think it’s very apt that they use a child’s voice! Why are you being such a busybody?”

“ ... ”

When Cherry saw that even her loyal fans didn't believe that she was a child, she frowned and said huffily and seriously, "I'm not a kid!"

In the comments:

"Hahaha, they've admitted it now!"

"I knew they were lying!"

“ ... ”

A few comments had only just scrolled past the screen when Cherry said huffily, "I'm already five! Which part of me is a kid?"

The comments fell silent for a while. Then, a loyal fan wrote weakly:

"Sweetie, that's enough. Let's not say any more. There's nothing shameful in pretending to be a kid anyway..."

"If you say any more, it'll start to seem a little pretentious. It's enough! Enough!"

As for the antis, they switched on their combat mode.

"Ugh, they're still pretending to be a kid. It's so gross! 'Already five'? More like you're fifty, right? Which five-year-old can read so well?"

"A fifty-year-old probably doesn't have that kind of hand speed and reflexes. They're probably in their twenties or thirties... What I'm seeing in my mind is an ugly, gross, and wretched-looking middle-aged man..."

"Didn't they say they're gonna turn on the camera? What are you still dilly-dallying so much for? Hurry up and turn it on!"

"They must be deliberately saying all that in order to change the subject, right? Turn on the camera! Turn on the camera!"

"It's not like they have the guts to. If they turn it on, they'll expose their own lies!"

“ ... ”

Seeing that no one believed her, Cherry felt as if she had suffered a great injustice. She said quietly, "Okay, I'll turn on the camera now. Wait a minute, okie?"

After finishing the round at hand, she fumbled around for a while and finally turned on the camera.

The moment she did, an uproar went through the comments!

At the same time, Justin ended a busy day of work.

Bored, he glanced at Pete, who was studying next to him, and picked up his cell phone. Suddenly, he thought of the friend whom Chester had posted about the other day.

After downloading the live streaming app, he searched for 'sweetcherry'.

As soon as he entered her live stream, he found that the comments were in a huge uproar.

"F*ck! F*ck, she's really a kid!"

"I can't believe my eyes!"

"sweetcherry is actually really only five?"

"F*ck! I'm actually a lousier player than an elementary school kid? Ah, no, a kindergartener? Self-doubt in progress here right now..."

"Ahhh, she's so cute! She's so cute! To think such a cute little baby who talks so adorably really exists!"

Justin, "?"

When he finally looked at the screen, he saw that the screen, which originally was showing just the game interface, now had a small window at a corner on the right.

Inside the window was a small figure.

She looked like she was about five years old. It was hard to tell whether it was a wig or her real hair, but she had two little braids on each side of her head, which made her look very adorable.

She was also wearing a white feather mask that covered most of her face.

The little fellow said huffily, “There, I’ve turned on the camera! I wasn’t lying, yeah! All of you should apologize to me!”

In the comments:

“She’s really only five? Oh my god! My outlook on life has been shattered!”

“I’m sorry! I was wrong! Please forgive me, big boss!”

All the antis had already disappeared in the background and didn’t dare to speak anymore.

Someone asked:

“Why are you wearing a mask? Are we not worthy of seeing what sweetcherry really looks like?”

“I already find her so cute when she’s just sitting there like that! Can you take off your mask and show us how you look? Don’t worry, there aren’t any ugly children out there!”

Sweetcherry waved and explained seriously, “No, I’m afraid that Daddy will see me!”

“What are you afraid of? It’s nothing bad that you’re making money on live streams. It’s not like your father will smack you, right?”

“Exactly. If I had such a lovely daughter, I’d definitely spoil her like a precious treasure!”

Of course, there were also some who didn’t agree with her actions. They reprimanded her, “Five-year-olds shouldn’t be playing with the cell phone every day. It’s not good for children! Your father is right to discipline you!”

Cherry said seriously, “No, Daddy won’t discipline me, but he’ll take me away and forbid Mommy from ever seeing me again!”

Her top fan, Grandpa, couldn’t help but write: “Your father is such an awful man!”

The rest of the comments agreed with his statement.

“Why would he take her away? Are your parents divorced? Is it because your father would think that your mother isn’t teaching you well if he finds out about the live stream?”

“My goodness, it’s so sad that there are fathers like that in this world. It’s so awful how they always think the world of themselves. My heart aches for sweetcherry.”

“Although it isn’t right that children play games every day, I checked the records just now. Sweetie, your game time is fixed, right? And you only play for two hours a day... I’m sure your mother has put thought into this, right? For some reason, my heart aches for Sweetie. I hate your wicked father!”

After seeing the comments, Cherry waved her hands anxiously and said, “No, no, it’s not like that! It’s not like that! My father doesn’t know that Mommy gave birth to me, so if he finds out, Mommy will be in trouble!”

“Your mother sounds so tragic. Did she raise you by herself?”

When Justin heard what she said, he suddenly thought of Pete...

Even sweetcherry’s mother knew that she should take care of her child, yet Pete’s biological mother was so horrible!

A hint of anger flashed in his eyes.

Cherry was about to say something when she noticed a tip of 9,999 airplanes. Amid the airplane icons scrolling across the screen, her number two fan, ‘JH’, wrote a few big words in bold red text: ‘Your father isn’t worthy of calling himself a man!’

Cherry, “??”

Daddy, is it really okay to insult yourself like that?

She panicked and got up from her chair. “Daddy, you—”

Before she could finish, she lost her balance and almost fell. However, after she steadied herself, the mask on her face instead fell off...

Justin’s heart suddenly stopped beating for a moment. It was only when he saw that she managed to regain her balance that he finally relaxed.

When he wanted to see what she looked like, rows of airplane icons suddenly swept across the screen.

After studying the interface with a frown for a while, he finally turned off the virtual gift visual effects. However, by the time he looked again, he found that sweetcherry had already turned off the camera.

For some reason, he felt a little disappointed.

He shook his head, finding his behavior rather comical.

She was just a child that he had interacted with a few times. Why was he so curious about what she looked like?

He tossed the cell phone aside. The little girl's tender voice rang out in his earphones. "Thank you for the airplanes, Grandpa! Mwah!"

For some reason, Justin felt a little unhappy.

He had gifted her so many airplanes, but why didn't she blow him any flying kisses?

As a result, yet another row of 9999 airplane icons scrolled across the screen.

After sending the gift, he came back to his senses. He felt that he must be out of his mind...

Then, he heard the excited little fellow exclaim, "Wow, Daddy! You're so amazing, too! Mwah!"

Justin's lip corners couldn't help but curl upward.

Two hours later, Cherry stopped playing and got ready for dinner.

After ending the live stream, she sat on the chair with her chin propped on her hands and looked at the two highest-ranking names on the fan list.

Sponsor Grandpa was still in top place with a total of almost \$800,000 in tips.

Daddy was ranked second place with a total of about \$600,000 in tips.

She felt justified and didn't have any qualms about taking money from her father. However, it seemed like Sponsor Grandpa didn't know her at all...

Cherry opened a private chat window and sent him a voice message.

At the Smiths.

Although he had asked for steak the day before, Ian had stopped eating after taking just a bite.

He rested on the bed in a groggy daze all the way until now.

Watching sweetcherry's live stream seemed to have become the only thing he looked forward to every day.

Ian was frowning.

On his attractive visage, there was a contemplative look in his eyes.

He had seen what sweetcherry looked like when her mask dropped off just now, and he found her face vaguely familiar.

It was as if he had seen it somewhere before.

Even though he couldn't recall where he might have seen a face like that before, it nevertheless gave him a sense of kinship.

Ian smiled bitterly.

Perhaps life was just too boring. Or perhaps it was because she simply looked so adorable and clever?

He was about to toss the cell phone aside when he heard a sound notification.

When Ian picked it back up, he found that sweetcherry had sent him a private message: "Sponsor Grandpa, do you wanna play games? I can guide you, yeah!"

Games?

To be honest, Ian wasn't interested, but he didn't have the heart to refuse the little girl's kindness. Thus, he replied: "How are you going to guide me?"

Beep! Another notification rang out.

He tapped on it: "Let's add each other as friends first! Do you have a Facebook account, Sponsor Grandpa? After we add each other as friends, I'll be able to add you into the game from my friends list."

Ian replied: "Yes, I do."

Sweetcherry sent him a link to her Facebook page.

Ian logged in to the Facebook account that he hadn't touched in years. He had only registered the account because of Yvette in the past.

He cast his eyes down, suppressed the discomfort in his heart, and added sweetcherry as a friend.

Her Facebook name was Cherry Smith.

She approved the friend request as soon as he sent it.

After that, Cherry sent him several pictures.

Puzzled, Ian replied with a question mark: ?

Cherry sent him a voice message: "Sponsor Grandpa, you're under my care from today onward. You must remember to log in to Facebook every day and send me messages, okay? We must maintain the sparks of our friendship!"

Sparks?

Ian was confused.

Cherry sent another message: "We mustn't let the sparks of our friendship extinguish! Once we send each other messages for seven days, our sparks of friendship will burn strongly! After another few days, our little boat of friendship will sail off and eventually become a giant ferry!"

"..."

Ian fell silent. He couldn't help but feel that children came up with some pretty ridiculous things these days.

However, when he thought of what she said again, he replied: "Okay."

After he replied, it was time for dinner. The caretaker came in and asked, "Sir, how about having some oatmeal?"

Ian clenched his jaw.

He didn't have any appetite, but when he thought of his promise with the little girl... He would drag his life on for a few more days, he supposed. If he passed the next day, the little girl would probably be sad.

He said dispassionately, "Okay."

—

Elsewhere, Nora had reached the dance studio after being dragged there by Sheril.

The classroom was very big and featured mirrors on all four sides.

The moment she walked in, she saw that there were a few young men and women there. They were currently standing around a girl in the corner and chatting.

At the sight of Sheril, a thin man came over and smiled bashfully at her. He said, "Sheril, you're here!"

Sheril blushed and nodded. Then, she introduced him to Nora. "Nora, this is my boyfriend, Caden Hayes."

Her boyfriend?

Nora sized him up carefully. She couldn't help but feel like the man made people feel a little uncomfortable.

However, she didn't say much.

Sheril introduced Nora to Caden and the two of them said hi to each other.

At this point, the chatter from a distance away reached them.

"Really? Your family is so amazing!"

"Wow, Rachel, are you going to meet Tanya Turner? I'm so envious!"

“ ... ”

Caden was taken aback for a moment. Then, he asked with a smile, “Tanya Turner? What are you guys talking about?”

Someone answered, “It’s Rachel! Her mother heard that Ms. Turner will be coming back to the States in a few days, so she specially invited her to go to their place to hold a few dance lessons for her!”

After answering him, the group of youngsters gathered around Rachel and asked, “Can we also join the class, Rachel?”

At the sight of everyone swarming over there, Caden looked at Sheril and said, “Sheril, Rachel is your cousin, right? Can you ask her to let us join the class?”

Sheril’s expression immediately changed and she looked as if she had been put in a spot.

Nora, on the other hand, was taken aback. “She’s your cousin?”

“Yes, Rachel is Sheril’s uncle’s daughter from the maternal side of the family. I’m sure she’ll agree if Sheril asks her!”

Nora looked at Rachel Wood, who was surrounded by everyone and basking in the limelight.

She had wavy hair, a slim and graceful figure, and a delicate aura around her. The scholarly aura around her was a little similar to the one that Melissa had.

It was just that even though Melissa looked delicate, she also had a very dignified aura around her.

On the other hand, Rachel’s imitation was lacking and it fell flat, making her seem somewhat chintzy.

With the wall of people in between, she spoke with a great sense of superiority and said, “It’s very difficult to get Ms. Turner to open a class. It’s not about money at all. My mother only managed to ask her to open a class for me after asking a lot of people for favors.”

Someone who was trying to flatter her said, "It's rare for Tanya Turner to come back to the States, so I heard that her schedule is totally packed. It's really amazing that your family could get her over!"

Rachel suddenly looked at Sheril. "There are already a lot of people in the class, Sheril. I may not be able to let you join this time..."

As soon as she said that, everyone looked over.

Sheril immediately felt her face flush in embarrassment as though she was living on someone's charity.

Rachel, however, didn't let her off. She continued and said, "You can ask your mother to make an appointment for you, though. That way, you'll also be able to attend her classes! By the way, does your mother have any connections? Do you want my mother to hook her up with the relevant people?"

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However, not only did her family, the Woods, not help her in any way, but they even rubbed it in.

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After that, she turned and looked at the other people there.

However, when she did, she saw that everyone who had been circling around her and asking about Tanya just now was instead now staring curiously at Nora.

The young woman, who was dressed simply, easily became the focus of the crowd just by gracefully standing there.

Rachel frowned. She took the initiative to walk over, held Sheril's hand with a smile, and asked gently, "Who's this, Sheril?"

Sheril suppressed her awkwardness and embarrassment and naturally made the introductions. "This is Nora, my eldest aunt's daughter."

A surprised Rachel immediately exclaimed rather loudly, "Huh? So that's who you are! I totally couldn't tell from your figure that you've given birth before!"

The words "you've given birth before" astonished everyone there.

Rachel covered her mouth and looked at the two of them apologetically. She said, "S-sorry, I accidentally spoke without thinking for a moment there. Nora, you don't mind, right?"

To outsiders, premarital pregnancies were seen as immoral behavior. Under normal circumstances, even if one's family didn't help them to hide it, they wouldn't publicize it like that, either.

However, Rachel had mentioned it the moment she came over. This made everyone instantly look at her in a different way.

Nora could hear someone nearby whisper, "Tsk, she looks pretty pure and innocent. I didn't expect that she already has kids."

"Why is someone like her here to dance? Is she trying to hook up with someone?"

Sheril frowned. She stood in front of Nora and said, "Don't spout nonsense, Rachel. Nora's just here to learn how to dance!"

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Most people who came here to dance didn't come at fixed intervals. Neither did they have fixed dance partners. She had originally thought that it would be very easy to find Nora a dance partner since she was so pretty.

However, Rachel's words just now had obviously made everyone averse to Nora.

She was about to say something when Nora smiled and said, "It's okay, Sheril. I'll just watch you dance."

Sheril said, "Nora, you..."

Nora cast her eyes down. "It's fine, really."

Sheril knew that trying to comfort her further now would only result in the opposite effect, so she could only give her a resigned nod.

When the dance teacher arrived, everyone split into pairs and started to dance.

A bored Nora leaned against the wall and played with her cell phone while she watched Sheril out of the corner of her eye.

Caden was unexpectedly a pretty good dancer.

International ballroom dancing was performed in pairs of men and women. In particular, if the men were strong enough, their dancing would be very exciting to watch when they led the woman.

Caden was likely a professional. He held Sheril by her waist and danced, the two of them forming a dazzling sight. Gradually, they became the center of all the dancers in the room.

While they were dancing, Sheril was also constantly looking at Nora.

She suddenly suggested, "Caden, why don't you dance with Nora later?"

Caden was a little reluctant. He replied, "I wanted to say this just now, but someone like her who became pregnant before marriage must have a very profligate lifestyle in private. Sheril, you shouldn't associate too much with her."

An unhappy-looking Sheril said, "You don't even know what Nora is like or anything about her past. Why would you say that?"

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Sheril obviously didn't dance as well as her, yet because Caden was the one leading her, she had actually danced better than her!

Furious, Rachel narrowed her eyes. Then, she suddenly walked toward Caden...

Sheril had a good temper and a cheerful personality.

Although she found Caden's words unpleasant, she knew that he ultimately wasn't aware of her cousin's circumstances, so it was understandable that he would misunderstand. Thus, after she counseled herself a little, she decided to explain to Caden what had happened to Nora.

She didn't have a profligate lifestyle. Rather, she had been deceived.

But as soon as she turned around, she instead saw Caden and Rachel walking toward her together.

The two of them behaved intimately, which made Sheril frown.

Caden seemed a little awkward, but he nevertheless bit the bullet and said, "I'm having the next dance with Rachel, Sheril."

Sheril's eyes widened. "What?"

Rachel smiled and took Caden's arm. She said, "Sorry about that, Sheril. My partner and I don't fit quite well together. Caden's the best dancer in our class, so I thought that if we dance together, I could have Ms. Turner give him a few pointers, too. It's mutually beneficial for both of us after all! You won't mind, right?"

Sheril was so angry that her hands were shaking.

She looked at Caden with her eyes red.

He had refused to dance with her cousin when she asked him just now, yet he was going to dance with Rachel now?

He clearly knew that she and Rachel were at loggerheads! And that she was always looking for opportunities to bully her!

Sheril felt her throat going tight and she felt like she had been betrayed. She asked, "Are you sure you want to do that, Caden?"

Caden replied in a low voice, "You know I major in dance, so I'll have to participate in international ballroom dancing competitions. If I can get some pointers from Ms. Turner, I'll definitely benefit a lot from it!"

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Caden frowned and said, "You're being unreasonable, Sheril!"

Rachel also said calmly, "Sheril, I'm just asking Caden to dance with me. Why are you making such a huge fuss? How can you hold Caden back like that?"

She sneered, "It's the Andersons who can't get Ms. Turner as a dance teacher, yet you're forbidding me from helping him? If you were able to get her as a teacher and have her give Caden some pointers, he wouldn't have chosen to dance with me, either!"

Sheril turned pale and she tried to hold her tears back.

At this point, an extremely cold and indifferent voice reached them. "Who says the Andersons can't get Tanya to teach us how to dance?"

Chapter 78 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

More people started to comment:

"Turn it on, then? You're a bastard if you don't!"

“Is sweetcherry going to turn on the camera? I feel like I’m going to go blind later!”

“I smell a fight breaking out. This is a gaming channel. Does it matter whether they turn on the camera or not?”

“Yes, it does! No one goes as far as them as to straight-up pretend to be a five-year-old kid even if they use a voice changer when they play games. Do they think our IQs are very low?”

“Exactly! They even duped others into giving them tips to buy candy with. Tsk, the point here is—there are actually people who are falling for it! The top fan on their list who calls himself Grandpa just gave them another tip worth \$150,000!”

“How does a perverted liar like them find the cheek to do live streams? Is it because their original voice sounds too awful?”

“That kind of tender voice is originally a child’s, which is supposed to sound cute and lovable. How come they have the gall to change their voice into one like that? What an insult to kids!”

Of course, there were also loyal fans of sweetcherry who defended her. It was just that there were only a few of them, so they were all drowned out by the insults.

“Watching sweetcherry pretending to be a kid is exactly what we like. What’s it to you? If you can’t stand it, then why don’t you get out?”

“Exactly. Are they holding a knife to your neck and forcing you to tip them?”

“The hero the live streamer plays as is a little girl who carries a cannon. I think it’s very apt that they use a child’s voice! Why are you being such a busybody?”

“...”

When Cherry saw that even her loyal fans didn’t believe that she was a child, she frowned and said huffily and seriously, “I’m not a kid!”

In the comments:

“Hahaha, they’ve admitted it now!”

“I knew they were lying!”

“ ... ”

A few comments had only just scrolled past the screen when Cherry said huffily, “I’m already five! Which part of me is a kid?”

The comments fell silent for a while. Then, a loyal fan wrote weakly:

“Sweetie, that’s enough. Let’s not say any more. There’s nothing shameful in pretending to be a kid anyway...”

“If you say any more, it’ll start to seem a little pretentious. It’s enough! Enough!”

As for the antis, they switched on their combat mode.

“Ugh, they’re still pretending to be a kid. It’s so gross! ‘Already five’? More like you’re fifty, right? Which five-year-old can read so well?”

“A fifty-year-old probably doesn’t have that kind of hand speed and reflexes. They’re probably in their twenties or thirties... What I’m seeing in my mind is an ugly, gross, and wretched-looking middle-aged man...”

“Didn’t they say they’re gonna turn on the camera? What are you still dilly-dallying so much for? Hurry up and turn it on!”

“They must be deliberately saying all that in order to change the subject, right? Turn on the camera! Turn on the camera!”

“It’s not like they have the guts to. If they turn it on, they’ll expose their own lies!”

“ ... ”

Seeing that no one believed her, Cherry felt as if she had suffered a great injustice. She said quietly, “Okay, I’ll turn on the camera now. Wait a minute, okie?”

After finishing the round at hand, she fumbled around for a while and finally turned on the camera.

The moment she did, an uproar went through the comments!

At the same time, Justin ended a busy day of work.

Bored, he glanced at Pete, who was studying next to him, and picked up his cell phone. Suddenly, he thought of the friend whom Chester had posted about the other day.

After downloading the live streaming app, he searched for 'sweetcherry'.

As soon as he entered her live stream, he found that the comments were in a huge uproar.

"F*ck! F*ck, she's really a kid!"

"I can't believe my eyes!"

"sweetcherry is actually really only five?"

"F*ck! I'm actually a lousier player than an elementary school kid? Ah, no, a kindergartener? Self-doubt in progress here right now..."

"Ahhh, she's so cute! She's so cute! To think such a cute little baby who talks so adorably really exists!"

Justin, "?"

When he finally looked at the screen, he saw that the screen, which originally was showing just the game interface, now had a small window at a corner on the right.

Inside the window was a small figure.

She looked like she was about five years old. It was hard to tell whether it was a wig or her real hair, but she had two little braids on each side of her head, which made her look very adorable.

She was also wearing a white feather mask that covered most of her face.

The little fellow said huffily, "There, I've turned on the camera! I wasn't lying, yeah! All of you should apologize to me!"

In the comments:

"She's really only five? Oh my god! My outlook on life has been shattered!"

“I’m sorry! I was wrong! Please forgive me, big boss!”

All the antis had already disappeared in the background and didn’t dare to speak anymore.

Someone asked:

“Why are you wearing a mask? Are we not worthy of seeing what sweetcherry really looks like?”

“I already find her so cute when she’s just sitting there like that! Can you take off your mask and show us how you look? Don’t worry, there aren’t any ugly children out there!”

Sweetcherry waved and explained seriously, “No, I’m afraid that Daddy will see me!”

“What are you afraid of? It’s nothing bad that you’re making money on live streams. It’s not like your father will smack you, right?”

“Exactly. If I had such a lovely daughter, I’d definitely spoil her like a precious treasure!”

Of course, there were also some who didn’t agree with her actions. They reprimanded her, “Five-year-olds shouldn’t be playing with the cell phone every day. It’s not good for children! Your father is right to discipline you!”

Cherry said seriously, “No, Daddy won’t discipline me, but he’ll take me away and forbid Mommy from ever seeing me again!”

Her top fan, Grandpa, couldn’t help but write: “Your father is such an awful man!”

The rest of the comments agreed with his statement.

“Why would he take her away? Are your parents divorced? Is it because your father would think that your mother isn’t teaching you well if he finds out about the live stream?”

“My goodness, it’s so sad that there are fathers like that in this world. It’s so awful how they always think the world of themselves. My heart aches for sweetcherry.”

“Although it isn’t right that children play games every day, I checked the records just now. Sweetie, your game time is fixed, right? And you only play for two hours a day... I’m sure your mother has put thought into this, right? For some reason, my heart aches for Sweetie. I hate your wicked father!”

After seeing the comments, Cherry waved her hands anxiously and said, “No, no, it’s not like that! It’s not like that! My father doesn’t know that Mommy gave birth to me, so if he finds out, Mommy will be in trouble!”

“Your mother sounds so tragic. Did she raise you by herself?”

When Justin heard what she said, he suddenly thought of Pete...

Even sweetcherry’s mother knew that she should take care of her child, yet Pete’s biological mother was so horrible!

A hint of anger flashed in his eyes.

Cherry was about to say something when she noticed a tip of 9,999 airplanes. Amid the airplane icons scrolling across the screen, her number two fan, ‘JH’, wrote a few big words in bold red text: ‘Your father isn’t worthy of calling himself a man!’

Cherry, “??”

Daddy, is it really okay to insult yourself like that?

She panicked and got up from her chair. “Daddy, you—”

Before she could finish, she lost her balance and almost fell. However, after she steadied herself, the mask on her face instead fell off...

Justin’s heart suddenly stopped beating for a moment. It was only when he saw that she managed to regain her balance that he finally relaxed.

When he wanted to see what she looked like, rows of airplane icons suddenly swept across the screen.

After studying the interface with a frown for a while, he finally turned off the virtual gift visual effects. However, by the time he looked again, he found that sweetcherry had already turned off the camera.

For some reason, he felt a little disappointed.

He shook his head, finding his behavior rather comical.

She was just a child that he had interacted with a few times. Why was he so curious about what she looked like?

He tossed the cell phone aside. The little girl's tender voice rang out in his earphones. "Thank you for the airplanes, Grandpa! Mwah!"

For some reason, Justin felt a little unhappy.

He had gifted her so many airplanes, but why didn't she blow him any flying kisses?

As a result, yet another row of 9999 airplane icons scrolled across the screen.

After sending the gift, he came back to his senses. He felt that he must be out of his mind...

Then, he heard the excited little fellow exclaim, "Wow, Daddy! You're so amazing, too! Mwah!"

Justin's lip corners couldn't help but curl upward.

Two hours later, Cherry stopped playing and got ready for dinner.

After ending the live stream, she sat on the chair with her chin propped on her hands and looked at the two highest-ranking names on the fan list.

Sponsor Grandpa was still in top place with a total of almost \$800,000 in tips.

Daddy was ranked second place with a total of about \$600,000 in tips.

She felt justified and didn't have any qualms about taking money from her father. However, it seemed like Sponsor Grandpa didn't know her at all...

Cherry opened a private chat window and sent him a voice message.

At the Smiths.

Although he had asked for steak the day before, Ian had stopped eating after taking just a bite.

He rested on the bed in a groggy daze all the way until now.

Watching sweetcherry's live stream seemed to have become the only thing he looked forward to every day.

Ian was frowning.

On his attractive visage, there was a contemplative look in his eyes.

He had seen what sweetcherry looked like when her mask dropped off just now, and he found her face vaguely familiar.

It was as if he had seen it somewhere before.

Even though he couldn't recall where he might have seen a face like that before, it nevertheless gave him a sense of kinship.

Ian smiled bitterly.

Perhaps life was just too boring. Or perhaps it was because she simply looked so adorable and clever?

He was about to toss the cell phone aside when he heard a sound notification.

When Ian picked it back up, he found that sweetcherry had sent him a private message: "Sponsor Grandpa, do you wanna play games? I can guide you, yeah!"

Games?

To be honest, Ian wasn't interested, but he didn't have the heart to refuse the little girl's kindness. Thus, he replied: "How are you going to guide me?"

Beep! Another notification rang out.

He tapped on it: "Let's add each other as friends first! Do you have a Facebook account, Sponsor Grandpa? After we add each other as friends, I'll be able to add you into the game from my friends list."

Ian replied: "Yes, I do."

Sweetcherry sent him a link to her Facebook page.

Ian logged in to the Facebook account that he hadn't touched in years. He had only registered the account because of Yvette in the past.

He cast his eyes down, suppressed the discomfort in his heart, and added sweetcherry as a friend.

Her Facebook name was Cherry Smith.

She approved the friend request as soon as he sent it.

After that, Cherry sent him several pictures.

Puzzled, Ian replied with a question mark: ?

Cherry sent him a voice message: "Sponsor Grandpa, you're under my care from today onward. You must remember to log in to Facebook every day and send me messages, okay? We must maintain the sparks of our friendship!"

Sparks?

Ian was confused.

Cherry sent another message: "We mustn't let the sparks of our friendship extinguish! Once we send each other messages for seven days, our sparks of friendship will burn strongly! After another few days, our little boat of friendship will sail off and eventually become a giant ferry!"

"..."

Ian fell silent. He couldn't help but feel that children came up with some pretty ridiculous things these days.

However, when he thought of what she said again, he replied: "Okay."

After he replied, it was time for dinner. The caretaker came in and asked, "Sir, how about having some oatmeal?"

Ian clenched his jaw.

He didn't have any appetite, but when he thought of his promise with the little girl... He would drag his life on for a few more days, he supposed. If he passed the next day, the little girl would probably be sad.

He said dispassionately, "Okay."

Elsewhere, Nora had reached the dance studio after being dragged there by Sheril.

The classroom was very big and featured mirrors on all four sides.

The moment she walked in, she saw that there were a few young men and women there. They were currently standing around a girl in the corner and chatting.

At the sight of Sheril, a thin man came over and smiled bashfully at her. He said, "Sheril, you're here!"

Sheril blushed and nodded. Then, she introduced him to Nora. "Nora, this is my boyfriend, Caden Hayes."

Her boyfriend?

Nora sized him up carefully. She couldn't help but feel like the man made people feel a little uncomfortable.

However, she didn't say much.

Sheril introduced Nora to Caden and the two of them said hi to each other.

At this point, the chatter from a distance away reached them.

"Really? Your family is so amazing!"

"Wow, Rachel, are you going to meet Tanya Turner? I'm so envious!"

"..."

Caden was taken aback for a moment. Then, he asked with a smile, "Tanya Turner? What are you guys talking about?"

Someone answered, "It's Rachel! Her mother heard that Ms. Turner will be coming back to the States in a few days, so she specially invited her to go to their place to hold a few dance lessons for her!"

After answering him, the group of youngsters gathered around Rachel and asked, "Can we also join the class, Rachel?"

At the sight of everyone swarming over there, Caden looked at Sheril and said, "Sheril, Rachel is your cousin, right? Can you ask her to let us join the class?"

Sheril's expression immediately changed and she looked as if she had been put in a spot.

Nora, on the other hand, was taken aback. "She's your cousin?"

"Yes, Rachel is Sheril's uncle's daughter from the maternal side of the family. I'm sure she'll agree if Sheril asks her!"

Nora looked at Rachel Wood, who was surrounded by everyone and basking in the limelight.

She had wavy hair, a slim and graceful figure, and a delicate aura around her. The scholarly aura around her was a little similar to the one that Melissa had.

It was just that even though Melissa looked delicate, she also had a very dignified aura around her.

On the other hand, Rachel's imitation was lacking and it fell flat, making her seem somewhat chintzy.

With the wall of people in between, she spoke with a great sense of superiority and said, "It's very difficult to get Ms. Turner to open a class. It's not about money at all. My mother only managed to ask her to open a class for me after asking a lot of people for favors."

Someone who was trying to flatter her said, "It's rare for Tanya Turner to come back to the States, so I heard that her schedule is totally packed. It's really amazing that your family could get her over!"

Rachel suddenly looked at Sheril. "There are already a lot of people in the class, Sheril. I may not be able to let you join this time..."

As soon as she said that, everyone looked over.

Sheril immediately felt her face flush in embarrassment as though she was living on someone's charity.

Rachel, however, didn't let her off. She continued and said, "You can ask your mother to make an appointment for you, though. That way, you'll also be able

to attend her classes! By the way, does your mother have any connections? Do you want my mother to hook her up with the relevant people?"

After the Andersons fell into decline, as Simon's wife, Melissa's status had also dropped.

However, not only did her family, the Woods, not help her in any way, but they even rubbed it in.

Take, for example, what was currently happening. What Rachel said had in no uncertain terms told everyone that even though Melissa had been part of the Woods in the past, her current authority and connections were actually not as good as the Woods'.

Sheril clenched her fists and tried her best to make herself look calm as she replied, "No, it's fine. I'm not very interested in dancing anyway..."

Rachel curled her lip. "Is that so?"

She glanced at Caden. Then, as though she was talking about Sheril yet also as insinuating something else, she said, "What a shame."

After that, she turned and looked at the other people there.

However, when she did, she saw that everyone who had been circling around her and asking about Tanya just now was instead now staring curiously at Nora.

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Chapter 79 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

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At the Smiths.

Although he had asked for steak the day before, Ian had stopped eating after taking just a bite.

He rested on the bed in a groggy daze all the way until now.

Watching sweetcherry's live stream seemed to have become the only thing he looked forward to every day.

Ian was frowning.

On his attractive visage, there was a contemplative look in his eyes.

He had seen what sweetcherry looked like when her mask dropped off just now, and he found her face vaguely familiar.

It was as if he had seen it somewhere before.

Even though he couldn't recall where he might have seen a face like that before, it nevertheless gave him a sense of kinship.

Ian smiled bitterly.

Perhaps life was just too boring. Or perhaps it was because she simply looked so adorable and clever?

He was about to toss the cell phone aside when he heard a sound notification.

When Ian picked it back up, he found that sweetcherry had sent him a private message: "Sponsor Grandpa, do you wanna play games? I can guide you, yeah!"

Games?

To be honest, Ian wasn't interested, but he didn't have the heart to refuse the little girl's kindness. Thus, he replied: "How are you going to guide me?"

Beep! Another notification rang out.

He tapped on it: "Let's add each other as friends first! Do you have a Facebook account, Sponsor Grandpa? After we add each other as friends, I'll be able to add you into the game from my friends list."

Ian replied: "Yes, I do."

Sweetcherry sent him a link to her Facebook page.

Ian logged in to the Facebook account that he hadn't touched in years. He had only registered the account because of Yvette in the past.

He cast his eyes down, suppressed the discomfort in his heart, and added sweetcherry as a friend.

Her Facebook name was Cherry Smith.

She approved the friend request as soon as he sent it.

After that, Cherry sent him several pictures.

Puzzled, Ian replied with a question mark: ?

Cherry sent him a voice message: "Sponsor Grandpa, you're under my care from today onward. You must remember to log in to Facebook every day and send me messages, okay? We must maintain the sparks of our friendship!"

Sparks?

Ian was confused.

Cherry sent another message: "We mustn't let the sparks of our friendship extinguish! Once we send each other messages for seven days, our sparks of friendship will burn strongly! After another few days, our little boat of friendship will sail off and eventually become a giant ferry!"

"..."

Ian fell silent. He couldn't help but feel that children came up with some pretty ridiculous things these days.

However, when he thought of what she said again, he replied: "Okay."

After he replied, it was time for dinner. The caretaker came in and asked, "Sir, how about having some oatmeal?"

Ian clenched his jaw.

He didn't have any appetite, but when he thought of his promise with the little girl... He would drag his life on for a few more days, he supposed. If he passed the next day, the little girl would probably be sad.

He said dispassionately, "Okay."

—

Elsewhere, Nora had reached the dance studio after being dragged there by Sheril.

The classroom was very big and featured mirrors on all four sides.

The moment she walked in, she saw that there were a few young men and women there. They were currently standing around a girl in the corner and chatting.

At the sight of Sheril, a thin man came over and smiled bashfully at her. He said, "Sheril, you're here!"

Sheril blushed and nodded. Then, she introduced him to Nora. "Nora, this is my boyfriend, Caden Hayes."

Her boyfriend?

Nora sized him up carefully. She couldn't help but feel like the man made people feel a little uncomfortable.

However, she didn't say much.

Sheril introduced Nora to Caden and the two of them said hi to each other.

At this point, the chatter from a distance away reached them.

"Really? Your family is so amazing!"

"Wow, Rachel, are you going to meet Tanya Turner? I'm so envious!"

"..."

Caden was taken aback for a moment. Then, he asked with a smile, "Tanya Turner? What are you guys talking about?"

Someone answered, "It's Rachel! Her mother heard that Ms. Turner will be coming back to the States in a few days, so she specially invited her to go to their place to hold a few dance lessons for her!"

After answering him, the group of youngsters gathered around Rachel and asked, "Can we also join the class, Rachel?"

At the sight of everyone swarming over there, Caden looked at Sheril and said, "Sheril, Rachel is your cousin, right? Can you ask her to let us join the class?"

Sheril's expression immediately changed and she looked as if she had been put in a spot.

Nora, on the other hand, was taken aback. “She’s your cousin?”

“Yes, Rachel is Sheril’s uncle’s daughter from the maternal side of the family. I’m sure she’ll agree if Sheril asks her!”

Nora looked at Rachel Wood, who was surrounded by everyone and basking in the limelight.

She had wavy hair, a slim and graceful figure, and a delicate aura around her. The scholarly aura around her was a little similar to the one that Melissa had.

It was just that even though Melissa looked delicate, she also had a very dignified aura around her.

On the other hand, Rachel’s imitation was lacking and it fell flat, making her seem somewhat chintzy.

With the wall of people in between, she spoke with a great sense of superiority and said, “It’s very difficult to get Ms. Turner to open a class. It’s not about money at all. My mother only managed to ask her to open a class for me after asking a lot of people for favors.”

Someone who was trying to flatter her said, “It’s rare for Tanya Turner to come back to the States, so I heard that her schedule is totally packed. It’s really amazing that your family could get her over!”

Rachel suddenly looked at Sheril. “There are already a lot of people in the class, Sheril. I may not be able to let you join this time...”

As soon as she said that, everyone looked over.

Sheril immediately felt her face flush in embarrassment as though she was living on someone’s charity.

Rachel, however, didn’t let her off. She continued and said, “You can ask your mother to make an appointment for you, though. That way, you’ll also be able to attend her classes! By the way, does your mother have any connections? Do you want my mother to hook her up with the relevant people?”

After the Andersons fell into decline, as Simon’s wife, Melissa’s status had also dropped.

However, not only did her family, the Woods, not help her in any way, but they even rubbed it in.

Take, for example, what was currently happening. What Rachel said had in no uncertain terms told everyone that even though Melissa had been part of the Woods in the past, her current authority and connections were actually not as good as the Woods'.

Sheril clenched her fists and tried her best to make herself look calm as she replied, "No, it's fine. I'm not very interested in dancing anyway..."

Rachel curled her lip. "Is that so?"

She glanced at Caden. Then, as though she was talking about Sheril yet also as insinuating something else, she said, "What a shame."

After that, she turned and looked at the other people there.

However, when she did, she saw that everyone who had been circling around her and asking about Tanya just now was instead now staring curiously at Nora.

The young woman, who was dressed simply, easily became the focus of the crowd just by gracefully standing there.

Rachel frowned. She took the initiative to walk over, held Sheril's hand with a smile, and asked gently, "Who's this, Sheril?"

Sheril suppressed her awkwardness and embarrassment and naturally made the introductions. "This is Nora, my eldest aunt's daughter."

A surprised Rachel immediately exclaimed rather loudly, "Huh? So that's who you are! I totally couldn't tell from your figure that you've given birth before!"

The words "you've given birth before" astonished everyone there.

Rachel covered her mouth and looked at the two of them apologetically. She said, "S-sorry, I accidentally spoke without thinking for a moment there. Nora, you don't mind, right?"

To outsiders, premarital pregnancies were seen as immoral behavior. Under normal circumstances, even if one's family didn't help them to hide it, they wouldn't publicize it like that, either.

However, Rachel had mentioned it the moment she came over. This made everyone instantly look at her in a different way.

Nora could hear someone nearby whisper, "Tsk, she looks pretty pure and innocent. I didn't expect that she already has kids."

"Why is someone like her here to dance? Is she trying to hook up with someone?"

Sheril frowned. She stood in front of Nora and said, "Don't spout nonsense, Rachel. Nora's just here to learn how to dance!"

Rachel cast her eyes down and smirked. "In that case, does she have a dance partner yet?"

Sheril looked at the other people there.

Most people who came here to dance didn't come at fixed intervals. Neither did they have fixed dance partners. She had originally thought that it would be very easy to find Nora a dance partner since she was so pretty.

However, Rachel's words just now had obviously made everyone averse to Nora.

She was about to say something when Nora smiled and said, "It's okay, Sheril. I'll just watch you dance."

Sheril said, "Nora, you..."

Nora cast her eyes down. "It's fine, really."

Sheril knew that trying to comfort her further now would only result in the opposite effect, so she could only give her a resigned nod.

When the dance teacher arrived, everyone split into pairs and started to dance.

A bored Nora leaned against the wall and played with her cell phone while she watched Sheril out of the corner of her eye.

Caden was unexpectedly a pretty good dancer.

International ballroom dancing was performed in pairs of men and women. In particular, if the men were strong enough, their dancing would be very exciting to watch when they led the woman.

Caden was likely a professional. He held Sheril by her waist and danced, the two of them forming a dazzling sight. Gradually, they became the center of all the dancers in the room.

While they were dancing, Sheril was also constantly looking at Nora.

She suddenly suggested, "Caden, why don't you dance with Nora later?"

Caden was a little reluctant. He replied, "I wanted to say this just now, but someone like her who became pregnant before marriage must have a very profligate lifestyle in private. Sheril, you shouldn't associate too much with her."

An unhappy-looking Sheril said, "You don't even know what Nora is like or anything about her past. Why would you say that?"

Caden frowned. "Okay, okay, I won't say any more. She doesn't look like she's danced before, though. I'm a professional; it may not be appropriate to have me lead her in a dance."

His eyes were downcast and he looked obviously reluctant.

After the dance, Sheril cast Caden aside and went to Nora.

Next to them, Rachel clenched her fists when she saw what she did.

Although her dance partner was also pretty good, he ultimately still couldn't compare with Caden.

Sheril obviously didn't dance as well as her, yet because Caden was the one leading her, she had actually danced better than her!

Furious, Rachel narrowed her eyes. Then, she suddenly walked toward Caden...

Sheril had a good temper and a cheerful personality.

Although she found Caden's words unpleasant, she knew that he ultimately wasn't aware of her cousin's circumstances, so it was understandable that he

would misunderstand. Thus, after she counseled herself a little, she decided to explain to Caden what had happened to Nora.

She didn't have a profligate lifestyle. Rather, she had been deceived.

But as soon as she turned around, she instead saw Caden and Rachel walking toward her together.

The two of them behaved intimately, which made Sheril frown.

Caden seemed a little awkward, but he nevertheless bit the bullet and said, "I'm having the next dance with Rachel, Sheril."

Sheril's eyes widened. "What?"

Rachel smiled and took Caden's arm. She said, "Sorry about that, Sheril. My partner and I don't fit quite well together. Caden's the best dancer in our class, so I thought that if we dance together, I could have Ms. Turner give him a few pointers, too. It's mutually beneficial for both of us after all! You won't mind, right?"

Sheril was so angry that her hands were shaking.

She looked at Caden with her eyes red.

He had refused to dance with her cousin when she asked him just now, yet he was going to dance with Rachel now?

He clearly knew that she and Rachel were at loggerheads! And that she was always looking for opportunities to bully her!

Sheril felt her throat going tight and she felt like she had been betrayed. She asked, "Are you sure you want to do that, Caden?"

Caden replied in a low voice, "You know I major in dance, so I'll have to participate in international ballroom dancing competitions. If I can get some pointers from Ms. Turner, I'll definitely benefit a lot from it!"

Sheril clenched her fists and said, "Caden, I'll let you choose—either you dance with me or we break up, in which case you're free to dance with whomever you want!"

Caden frowned and said, "You're being unreasonable, Sheril!"

Rachel also said calmly, “Sheril, I’m just asking Caden to dance with me. Why are you making such a huge fuss? How can you hold Caden back like that?”

She sneered, “It’s the Andersons who can’t get Ms. Turner as a dance teacher, yet you’re forbidding me from helping him? If you were able to get her as a teacher and have her give Caden some pointers, he wouldn’t have chosen to dance with me, either!”

Sheril turned pale and she tried to hold her tears back.

At this point, an extremely cold and indifferent voice reached them. “Who says the Andersons can’t get Tanya to teach us how to dance?”

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