

## Chapter 91 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

Bob was in a constant state of anxiety during the entire meeting, and he glanced at the child sitting there quietly from time to time.

His hair was neither long nor short. He looked like a boy, but his delicate features and fair skin made it seem like he could also be a girl.

“... eighteen plots of land will have the best development prospects in New York in the future, but we simply cannot afford such a huge project.” The project manager who had come along with Bob looked at Justin respectfully and asked, “Mr. Hunt, may I know if you’re interested in working with us?”

Bob hurriedly retracted his gaze and looked at Justin.

He was leaning back on the chair the whole time while the project manager was talking, and his entire self exuded an air of indifference. Although he didn’t say a word throughout the whole process, the project manager pretty much glanced at him every time he finished a sentence.

Justin didn’t do anything, yet the entire negotiation was under his control.

His eyes were as deep and bottomless as a well, and the beauty mark at the corner of his eye even added a bit of a mysterious aura to him, making it impossible for anyone to read his thoughts.

His slender fingers with distinct joints tapped lightly on the black marble tabletop, causing everyone else’s hearts to also pound along with the rhythm.

Bob was also a well-respected and influential man in New York, but in front of Justin, he nevertheless didn’t dare to even breathe a little louder than usual.

While his imagination was running wild, Justin slowly said, “No, I’m not interested.”

Bob and the project manager’s eyes widened suddenly and they looked at each other incredulously.

It was thanks to their investments in real estate that the Hunts had surpassed the Smiths to secure their position as the number one family in the States.

Over the years, the Hunt Corporation had also spread their net even wider and successfully purchased quite a lot of land.

Very few plots of land had been put up for sale in New York during the past two years. It really was no easy feat to get such a large plot of land.

Bob had used a lot of connections before he managed to purchase the plot of land. Even when the funds needed had exceeded what he could provide himself, what he had thought of was still to have others join him instead of giving up the plot of land.

In their opinion, Justin really shouldn't refuse such a good deal.

Bob stood up. "Mr. Hunt, this piece of land is really something that only comes by once in a blue moon. Are you sure you don't want to consider it further?"

Justin stood up, his tall and lean figure making even the entire office seem a little cramped. He neatened his suit and said, "See the guests out, Sean."

Bob still wanted to say more even when Justin said that, but when his gaze met Justin's expressionless countenance, he subconsciously closed his mouth.

Even after Sean saw them out of the office, Bob still couldn't recover.

Why had the Hunts suddenly changed their strategy?

Next to him, the Lowes' project manager was chatting with Sean. He asked, "We're old buddies, Sean. Can you give me some insight as to why Mr. Hunt rejected the partnership offer?"

The reticent Sean glanced at him and said, "Mr. Hunt is in a bad mood today."

"..."

Even the project manager couldn't help but fall silent.

Just because he was in a bad mood, he had rejected a huge project worth a few dozen billion dollars. Mr. Hunt sure was willful!

Tumultuous waves, however, churned in Bob's heart. He asked tentatively, "Is it because of his child?"

Had Mr. Hunt caught wind about what had happened in the kindergarten?

Was that why he had rejected his offer?

While he was wondering, Sean nodded. "Yes."

Bob, "!"

He wanted to ask further, but Sean refused to reveal any more.

Bob and the project manager didn't dare to pester him further, either. They could only ask Sean to relay their message to Mr. Hunt and ask him to reconsider carefully before they went downstairs.

On the top floor, inside the office.

After they left and the door closed, Justin walked over to Pete and stood in front of his desk.

Pete lifted his head and looked at him.

Father and son stared at each other for a long while before Justin finally asked, "Are you going to cut your hair or not?"

Pete replied simply and concisely, "No."

Justin, "..."

His son's hair had already reached almost under his ears. If he continued to let it grow, he would even be able to braid them soon!

Had it been before, he would definitely have held his son down and forced him to cut his hair. Now, though... The family doctor had said that his personality switching back and forth was a sign of mental illness.

He mustn't force him to do things he didn't want to do during such moments.

Justin suppressed his anger and asked as calmly as he could, "What must I do before you'll cut it?"

Pete lowered his head and returned to his homework. He replied, "You're a man, Daddy. Why do you keep staring at my hair? If you're that free, why don't you think about how to woo Mommy instead?"

He needed to switch places with his sister once in a while. If he cut his hair too short, wouldn't they be exposed? He wanted to let Cherry grow out her hair, so even though the grown-out hair was uncomfortable, he would just grin and bear with it until they acknowledged one another.

Justin, “??”

Wasn't the only reason why he had become such a naggy father—the unpredictable changes in his behavior?!

Besides...

Justin frowned and said seriously, “You got it the other way round, Pete. Your Mommy is the one who's wooing me. I'm in the midst of considering whether she's qualified to become Mrs. Hunt.”

Pete, “...”

He looked at his father, who had always been very strong, powerful, confident, and in control of everything. However, his baseless confidence in this instant instead rendered him speechless.

If Mommy were to really make a move on him, he would definitely be very easy to woo and would fall for her the moment she did.

Sigh. Men were just so contrary.

Someone knocked on the door at this point.

Sean walked in and said, “Mr. Hunt, the Golden Sunshine Kindergarten has sent you an invitation to their 50th-anniversary celebrations. May I know if you want me to reject the invitation?”

The Golden Sunshine Kindergarten was founded abroad.

The founder had very high EQ, so the branch in New York had nearly gathered all the children of the wealthy families.

The Hunts' children never attended kindergarten, but the school nevertheless wisely took the initiative to ask them every year and even offered them a few places.

In addition, they never left them out during celebratory occasions like this, either.

Justin had never participated in previous years, but this year...

He thought back to the time when Nora made up the excuse that he was the one who had given her the recommendation letter for her daughter's admittance into the school. In an uncharacteristic move, Justin suddenly said in a stuck-up manner, "I'll go if there's nothing scheduled on that day."

Sean said, "You have a video conference in the morning that day, Boss."

"Then cancel the meeting."

Sean, "??"

At the Golden Sunshine Kindergarten.

It was time for dance lessons again. Ms. Lynn was still sighing while she sent Cherry to the dance studio. She said, "I don't know whether I'm right or wrong in bringing you here, either. But since your mother has managed to ask Ms. Turner to speak up for you, no matter how strict Mrs. Lowe is on you, don't give up, okay?"

"Don't worry, Ms. Lynn! Cherry won't cry, yeah!"

Cherry's young, tender voice made Ms. Lynn's heart melt. She kept looking back as she left the dance studio as if it was her own child she was seeing off.

Whitney stared at Cherry. When she thought of how she had fled the scene earlier that day, she said coldly, "You don't have any dancing foundation, Cheryl Smith. Go to the side to do your stretching and practice your splits! You can only join the practice after you're done!"

Cherry didn't refute Whitney this time because what she said made sense.

She walked over to the wall in silence.

A triumphant smile formed on Whitney's face as she watched her from the back.

At this moment, her cell phone suddenly rang.

