

Dumped 151

Chapter 152

Anti: "I don't know who that is Director Shaw,?"

It suddenly occurred to him that even though the two of them had spoken to each other downstairs, if Angela really was Anti's younger sister, why would she choose to apply to be a postgraduate student under him rather than at Professor Anti's? Anti was a neurosurgery professor at the New York University School of Medicine by the school's invitation.

Many people were aware of this.

During the last two years, there was no lack of people applying to become her postgraduate students.

However, as Anti was out of the country, she had never accepted any of them.

But she had returned to the States this year! At the very worst, she could have brought her sister with her instead! This showed that her relationship with her younger sister must not be that great.

The shrewd Director Shaw immediately caught all these little details very sensitively, and he breathed a sigh of relief at once.

It was fortunate that he had made the effort to bring it up and prevented his plan from backfiring on itself! This was exactly why people shouldn't just do things for someone else's sake without saying anything about it.

Without asking the other party about it, how would one know whether or not they truly needed it? Nora had just sent the strands of hair, whose follicles were intact, and her own hair samples abroad a moment ago.

She called Lily, her assistant, and instructed, "Go to the most professional DNA testing lab and give me the results as soon as possible."

A puzzled Lily asked, "Why don't you do it in the States instead, Anti?"

Nora raised her eyebrows.

"Because it's easy for others to falsify results here"

Lily fell silent—she actually found herself rendered speechless.

A moment later, she said, "I strongly feel that you have a persecution complex. You've been hiding your identity for so many years because you're supposedly in mortal danger, but I've never seen anyone wanting to kill you."

Nora chuckled and replied, "Yeah, maybe you're right. Just get it done for me, though."

She didn't dare to let her guard down even after she hung up, however.

Her mother, Yvette Anderson, had told her to stay mediocre and avoid being too outstanding.

If not, it would get her killed! She still didn't know where exactly the danger would come from.

However, she was no longer the same woman with a devil-may-care attitude from a few years ago, either.

She had two children now.

One would never go wrong being a little more careful.

After couriering the package, she drove leisurely to the kindergarten to pick up Pete from school.

Tanya was in a bad mood that day, so she had taken a day off and hadn't gone to the kindergarten.

As a result, she had to pick up Pete from school before she could go to bed.

If only Pete could drive home by himself! She let out a yawn while thinking about it.

At the same time, a surly-looking Pete stood at the entrance of the kindergarten with his schoolbag.

After his repeated protests, Mommy had finally allowed him to wear trousers instead today.

After all! There were also other little girls in the kindergarten who wore the trouser version of the school uniform.

While he was waiting in boredom, Nora finally arrived.

After the little fellow got into the backseat and fastened his seatbelt, he heaved a silent sigh and asked, "Can I stop going to school, Mommy?"

Nora turned the car around and asked, "Why?"

Pete complained, "The kids in the kindergarten are too childish!"

Through the rearview mirror, Nora could see her son frowning helplessly.

She asked curiously, "What happened ? Pete replied, "The teacher told us the story about the tortoise and the hare today. Then, they asked us whether we wanted to be a tortoise or a hare."

Nora chuckled and asked, "And then?"

Pete replied "...Why do the kids want to be hares instead of the humans that they are?"

Then, Pete lowered his head again and went on.

"Also, Brandon drank a girl's yogurt drink today. The girl also drank it after that. Then, she became very scared and said that her mom and dad had told her that she would get pregnant if she kissed a boy. So, she asked what she should do if she became pregnant?"

Nora was no longer sleepy at this point.

She asked, "And then?"

Pete sighed.

"Brandon patted his chest and told her not to worry. He said that she can just give birth to the baby if she really becomes pregnant. After that, the three of them can attend kindergarten together!" Pete looked at Nora.

"Sharing a yogurt drink won't make anyone pregnant—you have to sleep together for that to happen. They are so ignorant!"

Nora, She held her laughter back and instead said approvingly, "I find Brandon quite a responsible boy, though. The Smiths have taught their children pretty well."

"Pete?"

Was Mommy actually praising Brandon, that simple-minded boy who had almost castrated himself? He pursed his lips and said, "I will also be a very responsible boy."

Nora raised her eyebrows.

"Oh? Is there a kid you like?"

Pete tilted his head and answered seriously, "Yes!"

Tsk.

Unexpectedly, that stubborn block of wood, who was just like his father, actually had someone he liked?

But as soon as Nora thought so, he said, "I like Cherry."

Nora's lip corners spasmed a little.

"What about people aside from Cherry? Do you have any friends you like?"

Pete was mildly autistic, so Nora had to slowly bring him out of it and encourage him to become more cheerful.

Besides, since she was driving and couldn't sleep, she might as well tease him a little.

Pete originally wanted to shake his head, but a timid little figure suddenly surfaced in his mind.

He asked, "Mommy, what will happen if someone who's allergic to mangoes eats it?"

Cherry had told him that Mommy's medical skills were the best in the world.

Nora replied, "They'll be fine if they are sent to the hospital for treatment in time."

In that case, why didn't Mia come to school today? However, he wondered about it for only a moment before he tossed the thought to the back of his mind.

When they reached the Andersons, Pete got out of the car by himself and waited obediently for Nora.

As for Nora, she saw a text message from Justin when she picked up her cell phone: "How about visiting my son again this evening, Ms. Smith?"

Nora: "???"

Cherry was just having mild stomach flu.

With the pills that she had fed her, she must be full of energy at the moment.

Yet she was still in the hospital? Weren't they going to go home? The corners of her lips spasmed a little and she replied: "He should be fine by now"

After replying to the message, she brought Pete with her and entered the house.

In the hotel next to the New York University School of Medicine.

Angela had only booked one room, and it was a double-bed room at that.

The bed could obviously fit two, but she cooked up an excuse that she wasn't used to sleeping with someone else on the same bed, and forced Lisa to sleep on the sofa instead.

After happily having a big feast, Angela was currently painting her nails with a mask sheet on her face and doing her skincare routine.

In contrast, Lisa was bent over the desk and studying.

The interview was just a few days away.

She wanted to do well in it.

When Angela finished painting her nails, she stretched out her arms and leaned back against the bed while sitting upright.

At the sight of what Lisa was doing, she couldn't help but laugh.

“What's the use of working so hard? Which professor are you applying for?”

Lisa ignored her. Angela went on.

“Is it Tina York? Not only did she just become a professor this year, but she's also young, so she's definitely inexperienced. But given your grades, you'll be doing pretty well if you can become a postgraduate student under her! At least you'll still be a postgraduate student at the New York University School of Medicine. It'll be easier for you to find a job in the future.”

Right after she said that, their cell phones suddenly beeped at the same time—the interview notices had arrived! A beaming Angela picked up her cell phone and opened the text message.

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Both of them had received interview notices.

To apply to become a postgraduate student, one had to pass a preliminary exam and then an interview.

Before the interview, they should also make contact with their tutors, so that they would pass the interview more easily.

If Director Shaw and Angela had really hit it off, with Director Shaw escorting her, the interview would just be a procedure.

Therefore, Angela wasn't nervous at all.

Lisa also breathed a sigh of relief as she looked at the interview notice.

Their interviews were on the same day, and results would basically be out shortly after the interviews.

Once she passed the interview, she would be able to stay in New York and intern at a hospital.

However, Lisa wasn't intending to leave even if she didn't clear the interview.

New York had one of the highest standards of medical care in the country.

The city also had the most advanced equipment here, so she wanted to stay and learn more.

While she was mulling over it, Angela suddenly looked at her.

She walked over and said, "I want to use the desk for a while"

Lisa:"???"

Her brows drew together as she stared at Angela whose arms were outstretched, but she still stepped aside in the end and went to the sofa with her books in her arms.

The sofa in the five-star hotel room was very narrow, so she couldn't move at all whenever she was sleeping on it.

After the last few days, her back was already sore and aching.

She leaned against the dining table and continued to read.

She had only just taken a couple of glances when she heard loud voices.

Angela had turned on her cell phone and was watching a variety TV show on it.

She had turned the audio very loud and was also guffawing.

It was so noisy that she couldn't read at all.

Lisa took a deep breath, put on her earphones, and continued reading.

At nine o'clock in the evening.

When Lisa stepped away from the table, Angela switched off the lights in the room.

Lisa panicked.

"I'm still studying my materials about patients with severe head injuries. I'm planning to go in that direction tomorrow for the interview. Why are you switching off the lights?"

Angela raised her eyebrows and said, "What does your interview have to do with me? I'm going to sleep. You'll only have the energy to go through the interview after a good night's sleep!"

She laid down on the bed after that.

Lisa: “!!!”

She took a deep breath and went to the bathroom angrily with her books.

She turned on a dim lamp, sat on the toilet bowl, and continued her studies of the subject.

In the room, Angela was resting on the bed.

As she was used to staying up, she couldn't sleep, either, so she started using her cell phone instead.

Wendy sent her a text message: 'How's Lisa?'

Angela replied: 'She's okay, I suppose, but I don't want her to pass. It'll make me look bad if word gets out that she also passed'

Wendy wrote: 'Isn't that easy? You can just hide her admission ticket “

Her words made Angela's eyes light up. She sat up from the bed and secretly peeked into the bathroom.

She wasn't actually the highest scorer in the California University of Medicine for the postgraduate written entrance examination this time.

The highest scorer was Lisa.

She had never expected that little bitch to outshine her.

Therefore, she mustn't give her the opportunity to attend the interview.

Especially when...

Angela had discovered that Lisa had also filled in Director Shaw's name in the Preferred Mentor field when she took a look at her application form earlier that day.

Didn't that make her a competitor, then? Director Shaw only accepted four to five postgraduate students a year.

Every spot taken was a spot gone! Angela got off the bed and quietly went over to Lisa's schoolbag.

She rummaged through it, took out her ID card and her admission ticket, wrapped them up, and hid them in her own bag.

That evening, Lisa made sufficient preparations for her interview the next day.

By the time she went to sleep on the sofa, it was already one o'clock in the morning.

She rested on the sofa and slept until the sun was up.

After waking up, she hurriedly washed up.

Then, she picked up her bag that she had already packed a long time ago, and went out with Angela.

The hotel was very close to the university, so it only took them ten minutes to walk there.

After entering the university, they went to the interview venue.

Angela took out her admission ticket and ID card and waited to be called in for the interview.

The interview included a self-introduction and a self-evaluation.

While she was silently reciting her self-introduction to herself, Lisa suddenly stood up.

“Where’s my ID card? And my admission ticket? Have you seen them, Angela?”

Angela pursed her lips and retorted arrogantly, “Why are you asking me about your missing ID card? It’s not like I stole it!”

“That’s not what I mean...”

Lisa was in such a panic that she was about to burst into tears.

She rummaged through her bag again but still couldn’t find her ID card.

Finally, she said, “Give me the hotel’s key card, Angela. I’m going back to look for it”

Angela raised her eyebrows and handed her the key card.

Lisa took the key card and ran to the hotel anxiously.

After she ran off, Angela suddenly stood up and went to the bathroom.

Then, she took out Lisa’s admission ticket and ID card from her pocket and tossed them into the trash can.

When she was done, she left the bathroom feeling refreshed and invigorated.

Soon, it was her turn for the interview.

Angela entered the room, only to realize that Director Shaw wasn't among the four interviewers today.

Well, that made sense.

After all, why would a doctor of Director Shaw's level attend interviews like this? Angela nevertheless sat down obediently.

When asked if she had a preferred mentor, Angela smiled and replied, "Yes, I've already talked to Director Shaw."

Everyone present could tell what she was implying.

Interviews were generally simple and easy to clear.

Although Angela's answers weren't satisfactory, the four teachers still cleared her in the end.

When Angela came out of the room, she happened to see an out-of-breath Lisa running back from the hotel.

She was talking to the person in charge of the interview.

She said, "I'm sorry. I'm really sorry, but this interview really means a lot to me. Can you allow me to go for the interview first?"

The staff member sighed and replied, "If you had lost just the admission ticket, I could still have used your ID card to print one at the last minute for you. But since you've lost even that, I can't help you. Please don't make things difficult for me, miss... You can still try again next year..."

Lisa's eyes were all red.

“But that means I would’ve wasted a whole year. Please, mister, can you help me ask the higher-ups if they can make an exception? I really like this school. I came all the way from California to New York for this...”

At the sight of her crying so pitifully, the staff member relented.

Just as he was about to say something, Angela walked over and said bitchily, “Lisa, the most important quality a doctor should possess is meticulousness. What are you making a fuss here for when you can’t even keep your admission ticket and ID card with you properly for an exam? Will you also only realize that you’ve forgotten your scalpel when you’re already at the operating table?”

Her words made the staff member harden his heart again.

Angela grabbed Lisa’s arm and dragged her away.

“Stop embarrassing yourself here and come with me instead!”

A despondent Lisa followed behind her.

However, when she walked to the entrance, she suddenly noticed a familiar-looking jeep parked there...

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The black all-terrain vehicle was big and bad-ass, and looked especially conspicuous parked there.

However, what was even more eye-catching than the vehicle was the person casually leaning against it as she used her cell phone with her head down.

Nora, who was fully dressed in black, leaned lazily against the car as she busied herself with her affairs abroad.

She was completely unaware that she had become a sight to behold.

Students coming and going, as well as passers-by walking past the university gates, found their gazes glued to her.

Fair-skinned, tall, slender, and curvy, people couldn't help but turn their heads.

Lisa was also a little surprised to see her.

She called out

"Nora?"

Upon hearing her voice, Nora finally lifted her head lazily.

Her cat-like eyes stared at Lisa's red and swollen eyes first .

She leisurely finished what she was typing on the phone, sent it out, and finally asked hesitantly, "What's wrong?"

The two words, however, made Lisa feel as if she was an aggrieved child who had finally found her parents.

She could no longer control her emotions.

Tears rolled down her cheeks as she said, "I...I lost my ID card and admission ticket, Nora!"

Nora:“???”

She had come over to take a look because Lisa was having an interview today.

She hadn't expected such a situation at all.

She had been abroad all these years, so she didn't know much about how Lisa did in school.

She'd originally wanted to have her be admitted into graduate school on her own, but she hadn't expected her to run into trouble.

Since she had lost both her ID card and admission ticket, this was undoubtedly not just an accident.

Lisa looked totally deflated after she said that.

She hung her head and her shoulders slumped downward.

Before she came to New York, her mother had told her not to give Nora any trouble.

Thus, she had put up with everything all this time.

However, she couldn't help it anymore.

She wanted to ask Nora for help.

Not to help her get in through the back door, though; rather, she wanted her to help her fight for a chance to attend the interview.

But before she could say that, Nora walked over.

As she passed her by, she said, "Come with me"

Those three coolly-uttered words, however, made Lisa's eyes redden.

She lowered her head and followed Nora.

Angela frowned.

"What are you doing, Nora? The staff member has already refused to let her attend the interview. Are you intending to get in through the back door? It's not gonna work!"

Nora rubbed her ears and uttered in annoyance, "You're so noisy."

Angela, She flushed and said, "You—"

Nora suddenly looked at her frostily.

"If you don't shut up, I'll make it such that you can't speak ever again."

Her eyes were cold and menacing, and tinged with impatience when she spoke.

However, her slight display of irritability was actually because she hadn't gotten enough sleep.

Angela, however, didn't dare to say any more and shut up for real.

She followed behind them unwillingly and the few of them returned to the interview site.

On the way there, Nora took out her cell phone and tapped on it a few times.

When they arrived at the interview site, Angela couldn't stop herself from muttering, "Isn't it a bad idea to trouble Director Shaw for something as trivial as this, Nora? Director Shaw's not going to take me as his student if you do that. You should just use whatever conveniences the Andersons' name can get you on getting me admitted into the school instead!..."

The staff member, who recognized them, stopped them resignedly.

"Please show me your ID card and admission ticket"

Angela lowered her voice and said, "I told you it won't work, yet you guys simply have to insist on trying. Now that we can't get in, it's going to be so embarrassing. You..."

At this point, Nora took out her cell phone and showed the screen to the staff member.

At the sight of whatever he saw, the staff member was instantly in awe.

His attitude became much more respectful and he asked, "Is there something that requires you to come over in person?"

Nora took back the phone.

What she had shown the staff member just now was her position as an honorary professor in the university.

The titular position was actually pretty useful.

What Nora didn't know was that this would never work in other professors' cases.

However, Anti had already become a legend to any medical student a long time ago! The staff member in charge of maintaining order here was also a teacher in the school, so he naturally knew of her.

Nora pointed at Lisa.

“Can an e-ID card act as proof of her identity?”

The staff member immediately replied, “I’ll go and consult the higher-ups-”

“Okay”

The three of them continued standing there in the meantime.

A frowning Angela couldn’t help asking, “What did you just show the staff member just now?”

“...Nothing much” replied Nora.

Angela shut her mouth huffily.

She reckoned that it was probably a business card or something from Director Shaw.

As expected, the Andersons were in contact with him.

After all, Director Shaw was the only one in the entire medical university that staff members would treat so respectfully! Nora couldn’t be bothered about her, but she was surprisingly quite attentive toward that little dimwit.

Five minutes later, the staff member returned and said, “You can go in for the interview now!”

Lisa entered the interview room.

Angela leaned toward Nora, who was leaning against the wall outside, and said mockingly in a low voice, "It's still useless even if you help her. Do you know that she actually wants to focus her research on cranial nerve damage reparation? Are there even any surgeons who would do that? Most people with brain issues are already at risk of death" who would care about insignificant problems like that?

Besides, I've already done my homework—very few people focus on that in the States.

Director Shaw once wrote a paper on it, but unfortunately, it didn't get anywhere in the end...

Nora raised an eyebrow.

She had never thought that Lisa's research would focus on that.

A contemplative look flashed across her eyes.

The interview didn't take long.

Lisa walked out of the room about ten minutes later.

She had a rather awful look on her face.

She had been in a panic after she lost her admission ticket and ID card.

To make matters worse, the examiners' questions during the interview just now had made her even more flustered, so she felt that she hadn't answered well.

Angela looked at her smugly.

"I told you not to attend the interview, yet you just had to insist. Aren't you embarrassed now?"

Lisa didn't say anything.

She heaved a huge sigh instead.

Medical university interview results were usually announced on the same day, so the two of them didn't leave after the interviews.

They continued to sit outside instead.

The wait was boring Nora, so she said, "I'll come back in the afternoon"

Lisa nodded.

Angela pursed her lips and looked at Lisa.

"Go and buy something for me to eat at noon. You definitely won't pass anyway, So you're not that anxious about it, right? I have nothing to worry about, either. After all, Director Shaw and I have already reached an agreement..."

Her mention of Director Shaw made the examinees around them look over with envy.

Upon becoming the object of everyone's envy, Angela lifted her chin smugly.

Mutual selection between candidates and professors was allowed in postgraduate studies applications.

This wasn't considered rigging—after all, everyone did it.

However, people nevertheless still found those who could contact Director Shaw and reach an agreement with him— impressive.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, all the candidates finished their interviews.

Another half an hour later, the final admission results were released!

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Inside the interview room.

After contacting the professors of each respective specialization, the four examiners would collate the candidates' interview reports, arrange them by the professor they had selected, and then pass the reports to the respective professors.

The professors would then pick the candidates they wanted.

Candidates who weren't selected would then be passed to their next choice of mentor and be reallocated, and so on and so forth.

As the newest professor at the New York University School of Medicine, Tina York was one of the examiners today.

When she was going to the bathroom halfway through the interviews, she had happened to see Nora with Lisa and Angela.

She had immediately narrowed her eyes at the sight.

Angela's interview was already over at that time.

When it was Lisa's turn, she had deliberately asked a few tough questions to make things difficult for her.

Sure enough, it had messed up her answers even further.

However, the research topic that Lisa had proposed during her self-introduction had been a refreshing change from the usual.

After she went out, the four examiners had held differing opinions when they were discussing whether or not they should clear her for the interview.

Some of the teachers were more pragmatic.

One of them said, "Although the research topic is a relatively unpopular one, her written test results are good, and can completely make up for a shortcoming like that. Besides, we can just discuss with her and have her change her research topic, and it won't be a problem anymore"

Tina, however, sneered, "As a surgeon, meticulousness and calmness are the most important qualities one should possess. But not only did she lose her ID card, but she even lost her admission ticket. Her answers were also rather sloppy when she came in for the interview and felt as though she wasn't prepared. It's obvious that she panicked. Her mental resilience is clearly not up to par!"

The teacher frowned and said, "I happen to feel the exact opposite. She was able to complete the interview and accurately express her thoughts even after so much had happened. You can tell that she's still rather orderly even amid confusion and panic."

Another teacher said, "Yes, I think Mr. Shaw will like her!"

Seeing that all three teachers were speaking in favor of her, Tina cast her eyes down and said, "Then we'll let her pass."

People that passed the interview might not necessarily be admitted to graduate school, either.

After all the interviews were done, Tina was responsible for sending Director Shaw the data of the candidates interested in becoming postgraduate students under him.

She sent Angela Smith's immediately when she came to hers.

She was all form and no function.

Even though she spoke boastfully, she had no substance at all.

Director Shaw definitely wouldn't be interested.

Besides, she had said just now that she had already contacted Director Shaw.

In that case, he would definitely inquire about her if he didn't see her information anyway.

Lisa Black, though...

Tina lifted her head and glanced at the other three teachers—she could hold her data back for a few minutes. When Director Shaw replied with his candidate choices, Tina finally feigned surprise and said, "Director Shaw, there's still another candidate here. Here, have a look..."

However, Director Shaw said, "The ones I've selected are candidates whom I've already spoken with. The one you're talking about probably didn't approach me beforehand, right? I won't take them in, then."

This was what it was like in postgraduate entrance examinations.

One must definitely touch base with popular professors in advance.

Otherwise, they would easily be cast aside.

Tina looked at Angela's data that had been rejected, and then at Lisa's that she didn't even submit, and the corners of her lips curled upward.

Her gaze fell on Angela's again.

She thought of what she had secretly just dissed her about...

Outside, Nora, who had finished her work, slowly walked over.

The door opened practically at the moment she reached the entrance.

Then, someone came out to announce the interview results.

"William Lewis, Dr.Sullivan has accepted your application.."

"That's great!"

A young man jumped to his feet excitedly.

Some rejoiced and others grieved after that.

After nearly half of the candidates' names were called out, Lisa clenched her fists even tighter and craned her neck nervously to look inside.

Next to her, Angela sneered, "It won't be of any use even if you stick your neck right in!"

At this point, someone came out with Director Shaw's student admission list.

“Next up is the admission list for those applying for Dr.Shaw as a mentor. There are five successful candidates in total. They are...” Director Shaw! Angela sat up straight and looked over cheerfully.

After leisurely reading out four names, the teacher smiled and said, “There’s one last one”

Angela smiled triumphantly.

Lisa lowered her head in disappointment.

Director Shaw was the only one who would be interested in her research topic.

She had gone out on a limb on this and was hoping that the research topic would attract Director Shaw’s attention.

It seemed like a lost cause now , though.

At the sight of her hanging her head, Angela’s lip corners curled upward and she patted her shoulder.

She said, “It’s okay. I’ll show you my notes when I attend Director Shaw’s classes in the future. I can teach you everything you want to learn—”

At this point, the teacher announced, “The last candidate is...Zack Lee!”

Angela jumped to her feet and looked at the teacher excitedly, but right after that, she suddenly realized something didn’t seem right? Her eyes widened in shock and she looked at the teacher in disbelief.

Her voice was shrill as she asked in surprise, “Who did you say it is? Did you get it wrong?”

A young man suddenly stood up.

“It’s me! Hahaha, when I sent Director Shaw an email, his reply only contained the word ‘Received.I’d thought he didn’t notice me, but...”

During his excitement, the teacher looked at Angela and said, “By the way, I’ve allocated all the candidates who weren’t selected but are eligible for reallocation to Professor York.She’s a new teacher and full of drive.I’ll announce her list of students now...”

Angela Smith...

Clara Lopez...

Angela didn’t expect to hear her name there.

It was Director Shaw whom she had wanted! Not Tina York or whoever she was! How famous could a newcomer get in the industry?

“It’s pretty good to be under Professor York, too, Angela”

In the midst of her fury, Lisa’s comforting words reached her ears.

She turned over.

When she saw Lisa’s small and pale face, she suddenly vented all her anger on her.

“Of course, it’s pretty good.At least I was accepted, but you didn’t even pass!”

Lisa turned even paler.

Angela blasted Lisa with ruthless words again and again as though she was venting her frustrations.

“I was mistaken, not just any random Tom, Dick, or Harry can become Director Shaw’s postgraduate student, yet you still applied for him as a mentor. You sure think really highly of yourself! “

“You’re too ambitious for your own good, Lisa! Why don’t you take a good look at your capabilities instead? There are fewer than ten people who failed the interview today! Why are you so stupid?”

Around them, the candidates who had been admitted into the university looked at Lisa with pity, making her wish she could bury herself in a hole...

Nora’s sharp gaze flickered as she stood in the distance and listened to what Angela was saying.

Suddenly, the corners of her lips curled upward and she put down her cell phone.

The email that she had just sent was still on the screen.

Almost instantly after she sent the email, the teacher announcing the results suddenly exclaimed, “Wait a minute! There’s one more candidate who has been accepted!”

Tina was taken aback when she heard what he said.

She asked, “Who accepted the candidate?”

The teacher was so excited that he almost couldn’t speak clearly anymore.

He replied, “It’s Anti! This is the first time Anti has accepted a postgraduate student in the university!”

As soon as the name Anti was mentioned, the entire hallway fell into silence.

All the candidates looked at the teacher who was speaking.

Someone asked, "Who is it?"

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To be able to become a postgraduate student under Anti and the very first one she had ever accepted at that Lady Luck must have been practically beaming at them! Everyone's gazes were fixed on the teacher announcing the results, hoping that he would announce who the lucky fellow was.

For some reason, Angela couldn't help but swallow hard.

She turned her head to see Lisa also watching the teacher nervously.

At once, she sneered, "What are you looking at him for? It'll never be you anyway!"

Anti had always ignored some of the emails sent to her within the country.

Moreover, she only took on two operations a month.

How many connections must the accepted candidate have made use of before they finally found her? In the midst of Angela's thoughts, the teacher announced, "The student is Lisa Black!"

A furor went through all the candidates in the hallway, and everyone looked at Lisa.

Angela also looked at her in disbelief, her eyes slowly widening bigger and bigger.

She suddenly grabbed Lisa by the wrist and demanded, "How did you know Anti?"

Lisa shook her head—she was so astounded that she couldn't even speak.

Angela was about to press the subject when someone ran up to Lisa and asked, "Ms.Black, do you know Anti? How did you manage to get them to accept you as their postgraduate student?"

"Oh my god, no wonder Director Shaw didn't accept you.It' s because Anti already has their eye on you!"

"Hello, Ms.Black.My name is William Lewis.We're in the same batch of students this year.I hope we'll get along in the future."

More and more people swarmed toward Lisa.

Even the staff member couldn't help but walk over and ask, "Ms.Black, do you really know Anti? What do they look like?"

Lisa: "!!!"

Lisa, who was still reeling from shock, felt as if all these had just fallen into her lap.

It was as if she was in a dream where everything in front of her was unreal.

Everyone surrounded her, causing Angela to be pushed back a few steps out of the circle.

Her visage was close to contorting from jealousy as she stood outside the crowd and stared at Lisa, who was within.

How did this happen? How could this happen?! Why did Anti suddenly select Lisa? In the midst of her doubt, she heard a gentle voice.

“You’re Angela Smith, right?”

A dazed Angela turned and saw Tina standing behind her.

Tina looked at her with a smile and said, “You’ll be doing your postgraduate studies under me from now on. Mm, okay, you’re in charge of contacting the rest of the students for now. By the way, I have some forms that have to be filled up. Come with me so that you can take them and distribute them to the others later...”

Although Angela wanted to rush over to Lisa and get the whole story from her, she had no choice but to follow Tina at the moment.

The two went to the office building together.

On the way, Tina asked ambiguously, “What’s your relationship with Lisa Black?”

Angela balled up her fists.

There was hatred in her eyes as she replied bitterly, “She’s my cousin” Tina smiled again.

“Oh, in that case, what’s your relationship with Nora Smith?”

Angela became even more irritated when she thought of that woman.

Didn’t she already reach an agreement with Director Shaw to accept her as his student? Why was she suddenly dropped? She lowered her head and replied vaguely, “She’s my elder sister”

“Your elder sister?”

Tina looked at her in surprise.

“Isn’t she Lisa’s elder sister?”

Angela, who sounded a little irritated, snapped, “We both have the last name Smith, so of course she’s my sister. Lisa’s last name is Black!”

Tina narrowed her eyes.

Then, she smiled and said, “Oh, it’s because of the admission exercise this time...Those who didn’t know better would have thought that she’s Lisa’s elder sister instead...”

Tina immediately clapped her hand over her mouth at this point as if she had accidentally just said something she shouldn’t have.

Angela, who had always been one to come up with all sorts of sneaky little thoughts ever since she was a child, noticed her unusual behavior.

She asked anxiously, “What do you mean by that, Ms. York?”

Tina smiled and replied, “Oh, it’s nothing...”

The more she refused to say anything, the more curious Angela became.

She stepped forward, held Tina’s arm, and said, “Ms. York, you can just give it to me straight if there’s something you want to say!”

Tina glanced at her and heaved a sigh.

“Never mind. Since we look like we’ll get along...How about this? Let’s go to the office together. I’ll slowly tell you everything there.”

In the office.

“Did you just say that Nora is able to get in contact with Professor Anti?”

Angela’s voice was so shrill that it almost sounded as if it could pierce through the ceiling.

She stared at Tina incredulously.

“Is that really true, Ms.York?”

Tina raised her eyebrows.

“Well, I only saw them together once before...”

Back when Justin got Anti to operate on the elderly Mrs.Hunt though it was not known through whose connections she had managed to Nora had also entered the operating room to study and observe the operation.

Even Tina hadn’t been allowed to enter...

Later, when she realized that Justin was treating Nora a little differently, she had immediately understood she must have pestered Justin to let her study Anti’s operation back then! Anti was a legend in the field of medicine, after all.

Very few had ever seen her during all these years.

Even when she was peeking at them the other time, she had only seen the few people from Anti’s team.

She couldn’t tell which one among them was the big boss at all...

Angela clenched her fists tightly upon hearing Tina's ambiguous statement.

At the sight of the menacing look on Angela's countenance, Tina cast her eyes down again and let out a sigh.

She said, "I'd thought that you were on good terms with your elder sister, but...Well, it makes sense too. Not only did she not introduce Anti to you, but even Director Shaw...I accepted you as my student because I took pity on you. Otherwise, you would have failed the admission exercise!"

Angela's eyes widened at once.

"Director Shaw? What does this have to do with him? Is it also because of her that Director Shaw didn't accept me as his student?"

Tina didn't say any more but only gazed at her with pity in her eyes.

Angela was shaking all over.

She suddenly screamed, "Nora! Smith!"

She rushed out of the classroom while shouting her name. Once she was out, she burst into tears and called her parents in California at once.

Henry and Wendy answered the call together.

A crying Angela told them that not only did Nora introduce Anti to Lisa, but she even stopped Director Shaw from accepting her as his student.

The two of them were livid when they heard what she said.

Wendy sighed and said, "That's too much of Nora...No matter what, Angela is still her younger sister!"

Henry smacked the table and said, "I'm going to book a plane ticket right away! We'll go over and kick up a fuss tonight! What an unfilial daughter! I'm not going to rest until I make her give me a pretty sum of money this time!"

Wendy sighed again.

"Is there any use in you going over, Henry? What if Nora ignores us? She has always resented us, sigh!"

Henry sneered, "It'll work! It has to! I'm her father! If she abandons me, I'll sue her! And the Andersons, too! We'll see which one of them is willing to embarrass themselves!"

At the same time, Nora's cell phone rang, and she picked up the call from Lily, who was far away in a foreign country

Chapter 157

Nora leaned against the window and gazed at the campus scenery outside.

She had never experienced college life before.

Neither had she experienced life as part of a community much before.

She found the sight of students walking about outside in twos and threes rather novel.

She picked up the call and said softly, "Hello."

Lily's voice reached her through the phone.

“I’ve received the samples.I’ll do the DNA test myself.Results will be out in three hours at the earliest.’

For international express mail to be delivered the next day, it meant that they had already expedited the delivery process.

Nora said unhurriedly, “Okay.”

She hung up and glanced at Lisa, who was still surrounded by people, again.

Despite what had happened, the girl remained neither arrogant nor anxious.

Her eyes were still as innocent as before.

Nora smiled and turned to go to Director Shaw’s office.

Director Shaw was selecting postgraduate students in school today, so he hadn’t gone to the hospital.

He was about to knock off from work when one of his postgraduate students suddenly said, “Director Shaw, Anti has actually taken a postgraduate student by their own initiative!”

Director Shaw was stunned.

“What?”

“It’s true! My goodness, Anti was already a professor in name here two years ago.By right, they should have made time to conduct a lesson here, but for two whole years, we didn’t even see what they looked

like. Yet they've accepted a postgraduate student the moment they appeared? I'm so envious of that student!"

"Sob, would I have stood a chance to be selected by Anti if I had taken the postgraduate entrance examination this year instead?"

While the few of them were talking, Director Shaw coughed and said coldly, "Hah, I see. So, none of you wanted to be my postgraduate students?"

The students, "..."

Director Shaw coughed again.

In order to protect his dignity as a department head, he said, "Anti isn't actually that amazing, either. What's mainly impressive about Anti is that they have steady hands. If I had my current level of medical insight when I was their age, I could also do a few perfect operations!"

As soon as he finished bragging, he heard a soft and low voice saying, "Really?"

Director Shaw, "???"

His head whipped around.

At the sight of Nora, the corners of his lips couldn't help but spasm.

He hurriedly walked over and asked with a smile, "Why are you here?"

Nora couldn't be bothered to continue the topic just now, so she shuffled toward his office.

Director Shaw wisely followed after her.

After he closed the door, he asked, "Are you going to hold lectures in the school this year?"

Nora raised her eyebrows.

"No-"

Director Shaw was surprised.

"Then that means you're intending to take on projects?"

"No."

Director Shaw was confused.

"Then why did you accept a postgraduate student? How are you going to teach her and impart knowledge to her?"

That was exactly why Nora had come over.

Her cat-like eyes looked at him calmly and she said, "Didn't you say that you owe me a favor?"

Director Shaw looked at her, speechless for a moment.

Three years ago, when he was abroad for a medical exchange, Anti had utterly impressed him.

He'd also been troubled by something academically related and hadn't had any breakthrough in it for many years.

It was Anti who had given him a few random pointers that had given him inspiration.

Director Shaw had stuck to her and refused to let her go ever since.

He also insisted on giving her a titular professor position in the school.

Director Shaw said, "So?"

"Guide Lisa for me: Director Shawy...."

He just knew it wouldn't be anything good! He was actually very busy, so he recruited very few postgraduate students these days.

He only accepted a token four or five per year.

Additionally, it was mostly his assistants who were giving them lessons on his behalf and helping him to guide the newbies.

Having one more student to teach didn't make any difference, though, so Director Shaw nodded and said, "Okay"

Seeing that he had agreed to her request, Nora stood up and got ready to leave.

She was about to walk out of the office when Director Shaw asked, "Why did you accept that young woman? Is it because she's your relative?"

To be honest, if she was going to have him guide her like this, she might as well have just given him a phone call and asked him to accept one more postgraduate student.

It'd have been more convenient that way.

Nora, however, lowered her gaze at his question.

She suddenly curled her lips into a smile and replied, "No, it's not because of that"

She would never let anyone get in through the back door if their skills weren't up to par. The reason why she had accepted Lisa was that the research topic she proposed happened to be one that she had been thinking of tackling recently.

Besides, Lisa had pure eyes; people like that were great for academics.

She waved as she walked casually to the door, and said, "She's my postgraduate student. I'm just letting you guide her a little for now"

After leaving Professor Shaw's office, she returned to where she had been just now and found that everyone was still discussing the subject as enthusiastically as before.

Lisa had already become their favorite person.

Nora sent a text message to Lisa and asked her to meet her the next day for a talk.

Then, she went home.

Having been held back a little today, it was already some time after six by the time she got home.

When she parked the car, she happened to see Logan coming out of the house.

The twenty-year-old boy had a stubborn and untamed look in his eyes.

His fair and attractive visage was filled with irritability at the moment.

He snapped, "I'll just mortgage the car to you, okay? What are you pressing me so much for? "

"That car's original price was 18.5 million dollars. It's not too much of me to lower it to 12.5 million, is it? What? Nine million? What you're doing is no different from kicking me while I'm down, Winston!"

The other side then said something that made Logan so angry that he hung up on them right away.

When he lifted his head, he happened to see Nora.

He glared at her, stormed straight into the garage, and drove the ugly poop-yellow sports car out.

Even though he had tried his best to hide it while he was walking, one could vaguely still tell that his sprained ankle from the other time still hadn't recovered...

However, Nora didn't give the matter much thought and entered the house.

Logan bore with the pain in his ankle as he drove, and he made another call.

"Spread the news for me. Aren't a lot of people interested in my Ferrari? I'm willing to sell it..."

The person on the other side sighed and said, "That's not a problem, but what are you going to do about your ankle? You still have another competition. If you also lose that one, you won't have a car to sell anymore!"

Logan clenched his fists.

The few of them were unofficial racers and had set up a sportsbook.

He had been firmly ranked first in the country all these years, but a few days ago, someone had secretly assaulted him...

He had broken his ankle in the process.

The doctor had said that he must undergo surgery in order for the bones to heal! Yet, if he underwent surgery, they couldn't guarantee that he would be able to maintain the same nimbleness in his ankle as before.

The person on the other end said, "You only have two options now. The first is to find the master surgeon Anti to operate on you and treat your injury; otherwise, you won't be able to ever race again! The second is to find the international racer Yanci and get him to race in the competition on your behalf. Otherwise, you'll really be finished this time!"

Neither of the options was achievable.

Logan lowered his gaze.

A brief moment later, he took a deep breath and said, "Let's just find a buyer first!"

"..Can you really bear to sell Little Yellow? You usually can't even bear to let me touch the car. It's one of the most notable limited edition sports cars in the world, you know. If you sell it, you may not be able to find another car that suits you in the future even if you have the money!"

Screeeeech! Logan stopped the car at the roadside when he heard what the other party said.

He stroked the steering wheel and the seat...

Everything in the car was once what he loved the most.

Selling it was no different from cutting the flesh off his body.

But there was no way he could implicate the Andersons in his affairs.

Logan slowly closed his eyes and uttered, "Sell it!"

At the Andersons, Nora sat at the desk after she went upstairs.

Her fingers tapped lightly on the desk as she waited for Lily's ONA test results.

Chapter 158

She had gone to the university that day, so she wasn't free to pick up Pete from kindergarten.

It was Melissa who picked him up.

Melissa entered the room nervously.

After glancing outside the room, she came up to Nora, neatened her dress, and sat down gracefully in front of her.

Then, she said unhurriedly, "I have something to talk to you about, Nora."

"...What is it?"

Melissa frowned and asked, "Do you find Cherry's behavior a little strange lately?"

Nora: "???"

Melissa sighed and said, "Cherry used to be very lively and a sweet talker. She played with me all day and also loved eating. Lately, though, she's become a lot quieter. When I picked her up from school and asked her what she wanted to do just now, she actually said that she wants to do gardening and play chess with Great-Grandma. The two of them have been in the garden for an hour and a half!"

Nora "..."

Melissa said sincerely and earnestly, "I know you're a good girl and that you treat your child very well, Nora, but you have to spend more time with your child when you have the time. Otherwise, she'll easily develop psychological issues."

Nora's lip corners spasmed a little at the kind reminder from her aunt, and she replied... "Okay"

Melissa breathed a sigh of relief.

She stood up and got ready to leave.

When she was about to step out, Nora suddenly asked, "By the way, is everything fine with Logan? The boy's words just now had made her a little suspicious. Had he encountered some kind of difficulty?"
Melissa sighed when she heard her question.

"That boy doesn't tell me anything. I don't know what he's doing outside at all, sigh. But even though he seems a little stubborn and belligerent, he's actually a very kind boy."

"Never mind. Let's just leave him be." Melissa waved and went downstairs.

Beep, beep.

Nora's cell phone beeped twice.

When she picked it up, she saw a text message from Cherry: “Mommy, Princess Lucy sent me a picture of her new car. Isn’t this pink Ferrari adorable?!”

Little Lucy was a friend that Cherry had made when her aunt living abroad brought her to the UK.

The UK had a queen and a princess in the royal family.

Lucy, the second princess, had hit it off with Cherry right away.

The two girls then added each other on Facebook so that they could chat with each other.

It should be noted that when Lucy asked for Cherry’s contact information, Cherry had told her that she only used Facebook Messenger.

The girl had then specially registered a new private Facebook account for her sake.

Princess Lucy only had one friend in the account, and that was Cherry.

Nora ignored the text message.

Perhaps because she saw that her mother hadn’t replied, Cherry sent another message after a while: ‘Mommy, Cherry also wants a sports car like that, yeah’

She even added an emoji with a pitiful expression at the end.

Nora scoffed at the message.

She picked up the phone lazily and sent her a voice message: “If you want something, then buy it yourself. That sports car was the same model as Logan’s poop-yellow one. It was a limited edition that was already discontinued. Only a few dozen units had been produced in the country that year, and most

of them had become part of someone wealthy's collection. One could say that it was priceless...even though she did have ways to get one if she really wanted to."

In the hospital.

Justin, who was about to take Cherry back to the family home, overheard the lazy-sounding 'If you want something, then buy it yourself voice message the moment he entered the ward.

He raised his eyebrows a little.

Was the chance to please his daughter finally here? Justin coughed and asked, "What do you want to buy, Pete? Little Cherry was pouting as she sat on the hospital bed.

She was secretly complaining inwardly that it must be because Mommy was just too lazy to buy it for her.

Upon Justin's question, her big round eyes lit up and she replied, "Daddy, I want a Ferrari sports car like this! In pink, yeah!"

Justin took a look and immediately said, "Okay, we'll buy it! " Sure enough, the little fellow immediately broke into a grin and said, "Daddy, you're so awesome, yeah!"

Upon hearing his daughter's praises, Justin was as pleased as punch.

The corners of his lips curled upward.

He sent the model of the sports car to Lawrence and instructed him to buy one, no matter the cost.

Then, he scooped his daughter up with one arm and said, "Let's go to the family home and visit your Grandma and Great-Grandma today!"

Her Grandma and Great-Grandma? Cherry became excited at once.

“Okie-Dokie!”

At the Andersons.

After dinner, Nora stood up and got ready to go upstairs to work.

That’s right, work.

Prior to an operation, in order to prevent accidents from happening, she had to make a list of every possible situation she might encounter during the operation.

This was her professionalism.

However, a pair of uninvited guests arrived at the door at this moment —it was Miranda and Rachel Wood.

As soon as she walked in, Rachel, who resembled Melissa somewhat, frowned and looked at her.

Her jaw tensed up, and a look of displeasure filled her face.

A hesitant Melissa asked, “What’s the matter?”

Miranda’s eyes were all red.

She was in tears as she said, “I was blind to pick on you all the time in the past, Melissa. I was wrong, okay? Forgive me!”

Ever since the real estate investment failed, the Sonnets hadn’t been able to get their money back.

With housing prices controlled now, people were all adopting a wait-and-see approach, and no one dared to buy any property.

They suddenly ran into trouble with recouping their capital. The Lowes could barely even keep themselves afloat at the moment, so why would they possibly care about the small shareholders who had invested a bit and were waiting to make money? The Sonnets became resentful toward Miranda as a result and drove her out.

She then went home in embarrassment, but the Woods refused to let her in and even told her that she had to apologize to Melissa first.

Miranda had no choice but to come over.

Melissa cast her eyes down.

When she thought of how Miranda had humiliated her over the years, she said, "To be honest, does it really matter whether I forgive you or not, Miranda? Let's just lessen contact with each other in the future"

There were some things that couldn't be made up for with just an apology.

Miranda's apology was too insincere.

Melissa didn't want to forgive her.

Miranda, who understood what she meant, tugged on Rachel's sleeve.

Rachel immediately frowned and said, "Why don't you forgive my mother, Aunt Melissa? Otherwise, we'll lose our mother if Dad doesn't let her go home! If you're still not agreeable to it, then shall I get down on my knees in front of you?"

She started to get down on her knees as she spoke.

Melissa hastily grabbed her and said, "What are you doing, Rachel?"

Rachel said, "Why don't you call Dad and tell him that you aren't angry anymore? Otherwise, he'll never let Mom in."

So, that was what they were up to.

Melissa looked at the mother and daughter putting on a show in front of her.

One was pretending to be weak while the other was pretending to be pitiful.

They were just forcing her to do what they wanted! She lowered her gaze and said, "Okay, I'll call him."

The way Farrell did things was just so unreliable.

Why ask them to beg her for forgiveness? He obviously couldn't bear to part with his children, so he had to bring Miranda back home even if he didn't want to.

Miranda brightened.

"Call him now." Melissa had no choice but to call Farrell.

Miranda watched her from the side with her fists tightly clenched.

She would remember how Melissa had humiliated her today! The mother and daughter pair left after Melissa made the call.

However, as soon as they reached the door, they suddenly heard violent knocking at the door.

Knock! Knock! In the middle of the night, the sound was rather ear-piercing in the high-end residential complex.

Chapter 159

Nora frowned.

The nanny went to the door.

She asked, "May I know who you are?"

A loud voice immediately came from outside.

"I'm Nora's father!"

The words made the few people in the room look at Nora.

Simon and Melissa were also taken aback, and they looked at Nora together.

Nora raised her pretty eyebrows.

Just as she was about to say that it wasn't necessary to open the door, Miranda nudged Rachel and said, "Oh, it's a relative? Quick, go and open the door"

Rachel frowned, but the next moment, she realized what Miranda was trying to do.

There was clearly a doorbell at the door, yet the man had knocked so loudly as if he was afraid that they wouldn't open the door.

This showed that the two families were definitely not on good terms.

She jumped up as if she was about to watch a show, and ran toward the door.

As she did, she said, "Oh, I'm the youngest here. I'll go and open the door, then"

Nora; "???"

She had no choice but to follow Rachel at the back.

When she walked out of the living room, Rachel had already opened the door.

Henry was cursing angrily, "Why did you wait so long to open the door? Is it because we're not welcomed here?"

Rachel stepped aside and said, "Why wouldn't you be? Please come in!"

Henry was a little surprised, but he nevertheless walked in with Wendy.

The two were about to enter the living room when someone blocked their path.

Henry frowned.

"What is the meaning of this, Nora? Are you stopping us from going in?"

Nora stood in their path at the living room entrance.

Her voice was low and deep as she said, "If you have something to say, then let's talk here"

She didn't want to cause the Andersons any trouble.

Henry sneered, "Is this what the Andersons' manners are like? Are they actually stopping their family members from entering the house?"

Nora retorted, "Are you even family?"

Henry yelled into the living room, "I'm the Andersons' son-in-law. I haven't even met my in-laws ever since your mother and I married! I heard that Mom is still around, so I think I should pay her a visit!"

He tried to squeeze his way into the living room after saying that.

Unfortunately for him, Nora stood in his path like a bouncer.

Henry wanted to push her aside and enter, but even though the girl was clearly very thin and shouldn't weigh much, Henry simply couldn't even make her budge even after he tried pushing her aside.

It was as if her feet had been nailed in place as she stood there.

Henry was furious.

He narrowed his eyes.

Suddenly, he shouted into the room, "Mom, your son-in-law is here to visit you!"

As soon as he said that, Mrs. Anderson, who could no longer sit still, walked out of her room.

Her daughter had given up the amazing and brilliant Ian Smith and ran away from home.

Later, she had married Henry.

Even though Mrs. Anderson had never asked anyone about it, she was ultimately still very curious about what he was like.

The old lady opened the door.

“Nora, let them come in and talk”

Only then did Nora step aside.

Melissa was talking to Miranda when they entered.

She said, “Why don’t you go back with Rachel first, Miranda? We have guests.”

However, Miranda replied cheerfully, “I know, Nora’s father, right? Come to think of it, he can also be considered our relative. I should also meet him, lest we end up unacquainted in the future.’

As a result, the living room suddenly became rather crowded.

Mrs. Anderson, Simon, and Melissa sat on the main sofa while Miranda and Rachel sat on one of the sofas at the side.

Both of them looked like they were watching an entertaining show.

Sitting on the sofa on the other side were Henry and Wendy.

Nora didn't take a seat.

Instead, she leaned lazily against the wall without much of an expression on her face.

At the sight of how distant and indifferent everyone was, Henry took the lead to stand.

He bowed at Mrs. Anderson and said, "This is the first time we've met all these years, Mom. This is all Yvette's fault. She never mentioned the Andersons, causing us all to be so distant from one another despite being family..."

Practically as soon as he said that, Melissa said neutrally, "You're too polite, Mr. Smith. Not only is Yvette no longer around, but you've also remarried. We're no longer family." Henry's eyes flickered.

Then, he heaved a sigh and said, "Speaking of remarrying...Sigh! This is all Yvette's idea! She lost a lot of blood during childbirth, causing her health to deteriorate badly. She was in poor health ever since. Before she died, what she was the most worried about was that there wouldn't be anyone to take care of Nora, so she forced me to remarry and find someone to take care of Nora. Had she not forced me to, I definitely wouldn't have remarried. Yvette and I were so in love back then..."

He lowered his head and wiped the non-existent tears at his eyes.

Then, he raised his head again and said, "Even if Yvette is gone, Mom is still my mother-in-law. That's something that'll never change."

Wendy also hurriedly said, "Yes, that's right. I've also met Yvette when she was still alive. We don't have many members in our family, but if you're alright with me, you can treat me as your daughter in the future, Mrs. Anderson! Breaking off ties after someone's death isn't a popular way of thinking in our family. See, didn't Nora also move into the Andersons? We're all very supportive of that!"

She looked at the elderly lady and said, "We also intend to be filial to you in the future!"

The elderly Mrs. Anderson, however, stared hard at Henry.

Her eyes reddened again as she asked, "Are you saying that Yvette already arranged for you to remarry before she died? And she's even met that woman?"

Mrs. Anderson felt her chest tighten the moment she thought of how her daughter had to find a wife for her own husband and a stepmother for her own daughter when she was clearly already on her deathbed.

Yvette had always been stubborn ever since she was a child.

When she was with Ian back then, she had once even said something about how all rich men liked having mistresses.

If Ian dared so much as to think like that, she would definitely break his goddamn legs.

At that time, she had persuaded Yvette to take it easy.

After all, profit was the most important in the wealthy circle.

How many of them were truly in love with each other? However, Yvette had raised her chin and said proudly, "Mom, never in this lifetime will I, Yvette Anderson, ever make do when it comes to love. Even if I die, I won't let Ian remarry. Be it in life or death, I will be vigorous and exciting."

The young woman at that time had been full of energy and high-spirited, yet also incredibly bossy.

How many men's hearts had Yvette Anderson, a single woman, stolen in the wealthy circle? What exactly must such a proud woman like her have experienced for her to be willing to choose a second wife for her husband during the last leg of her journey in life...? Wendy's eyes flickered.

She hastily smiled and said, "Yes, that's right. That's why I'm very grateful to her. Mrs. Anderson, we're family..." The tears in Mrs. Anderson's eyes were close to falling. She moved the walking stick in her hands.

Her eyelids drooped downward and she said, "We're not related by blood, so we aren't family."

The sense of alienation from her was very obvious.

Simon also got onto his feet.

He pointed at Henry and said angrily, "You already found your next wife when my sister wasn't even dead yet? Are you still human? We don't have a family like you here!"

Henry had originally thought that the Andersons would accept Wendy if he worded it like that, but unexpectedly, his plans had backfired.

Seeing how worked up they were, his eyes flickered and he smiled and said, "Mom, Simon. Whether you recognize me as family or not, I'm still Nora's father. This relationship between the two of us will never be severed."

Chapter 160

Those words of his were too shameless.

Simon and Melissa frowned.

Most wealthy families wouldn't embarrass themselves like that when handling matters.

People like him who hounded others so persistently were honestly a rare sight. Yet, Miranda, who was next to him, spoke up for him.

She said, "He's right, Mrs. Anderson. No matter what, he's still Yvette's husband and Nora's father, so that makes him family no matter how you look at it... Even though Yvette is no longer around, it's not right to cut off family ties with them."

Then, she smiled and said, "Isn't there a family like that right in our circle? Mr. Walker's first wife was from the Lanes. After she died, he married a Ms. Lopez. His second wife is very close to the Lanes, so the Lanes treat her like family. Mr. Walker's son from his first marriage has now inherited his company, and he treats his stepmother pretty well..."

Everyone knew who Miranda was referring to.

However, this was because the stepmother had really treated the child very well.

That was why she was on such good terms with the child's mother's family.

This was completely different from Henry's situation.

Had Henry treated Nora even just a little better, the Andersons wouldn't have treated him like this, either.

Melissa sneered, "These are our family affairs, Miranda. If there's nothing else you and Rachel need, then the two of you can leave!"

Miranda waved her off and replied, "We're not in a hurry. Feel free to continue"

Melissa was furious.

How she wished she could rescind the call she had made to Farrell just now.

She took a deep breath and looked at Henry.

“What are you trying to say, Mr. Smith? Why don’t you make things clear instead?”

Henry smiled and replied, “It’s actually very simple. If we’re family, then you should treat us like family and take care of us a little more. If you don’t see us as family, then it’s time that we properly split the profits between us.”

Simon was taken aback.

“What profits are you talking about?”

Henry replied, “The profits from the Carefree Pills, of course! The Carefree Pills were developed by Yvette. Isn’t that something that everyone knows?”

He got up and said shamelessly, “Yvette is my wife, as well as Nora’s mother. Since she’s no longer around, her spouse and her children should be first-in-line to inherit the things she left behind, and not Mom, Simon, or any of you, right?”

“If you treat us like family, then it’s not like we can’t provide the Carefree Pill’s formula for free. After all, it’ll just be family members helping each other out, right? But if you don’t, then Nora and I will split the formula equally between the two of us. Since you’re taking the formula and investing in it, then it should at least be split in the 7: 3 ratio, no matter how you look at it, right? Since the formula matters the most here, then it should be worth 70 % instead of 30%. In that case, you should give me at least 35%, right?”

He had already asked around before he came to the Andersons.

As it turned out, the Andersons had already fallen into decline long ago.

However, they had reinvigorated the company with Yvette’s Carefree Pill.

That was why Henry was demanding such an exorbitant cut of the profits.

Nora let out an icy laugh when she heard what he said.

The formula that her mother had left behind didn't allow them to mass-produce the Carefree Pill.

It was just like how she had only produced five pills even after she threw hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of medicinal herbs into it.

The one being mass-produced now was a formula that she had improved.

"You-!"

Simon became riled up.

He felt that Henry must be daydreaming.

Melissa also frowned—she could tell that things had become a little troublesome now.

Henry's claim was actually a reasonable one.

Although Yvette had died, without a will, her things were indeed the Smiths'.

At the sight of how the Andersons' expressions had changed, Henry said cheerfully, "The Andersons are a big family with a big business. Surely you won't bully people like us who come from another part of the country, right?"

Next to him, a smiling Miranda said, "Of course not. The Andersons are a scholarly family, and are well-known in New York as an extremely honest and sincere family.'

Henry smiled and said, "That's great. In that case, when will you show me the accounts, Simon? We can settle this quarter's dividends after that?"

Next to him, Wendy also piped up.

She said, “Yes, that’s right. See, if we’re in-laws, then we definitely won’t make things so stiff and formal, and speak bluntly. But since you don’t want to acknowledge the marriage, then we can only adopt a ‘business is business’ stance. Sigh!”

Then, she looked at Nora again and said, “You, too, Nora. Why didn’t you inform your family when you brandished the formula? It doesn’t just belong to you, after all. We haven’t even decided on a good price yet.”

The look in Nora’s eyes turned cold.

Seeing that he completely had the upper hand, Henry smiled with satisfaction.

He said, “Sigh, I’m actually also making us out to be strangers by wording it that way.

I’m not in a hurry for the money, Simon.

How about you do me a little favor? We can talk about these things again later.’ The Andersons didn’t have much cash flow at the moment .

It would take at least three months for them to produce the Carefree Pills, recover costs, and make profits! Simon was surprised to hear that from Henry.

He asked, “What kind of little favor is it?”

Henry smiled and replied, “I have another daughter who has been admitted to the New York University School of Medicine for her postgraduate studies this year, but her current mentor is relatively young and inexperienced. Can you help me pull some strings and get her a better mentor?”

The Andersons held a weighty position in the pharmaceutical industry.

Had it been another university, perhaps they wouldn't have been able to intervene, but Simon indeed was an alumnus of that school.

Most of the university's current leaders were his ex-classmates.

Simon's knitted brows relaxed.

"I can try. Which mentor does she want to switch to, though?"

If he and the mentor knew each other, then this matter would actually be a pretty simple one to resolve.

But as soon as he thought of that, Henry replied, "It's Professor Anti..."

Simon was stunned.

"Who did you say it is?"

Anti? That world-renowned big boss? That was impossible! He immediately waved and said, "Sorry, but there's nothing I can do about that! We don't even know who Anti is, let alone contact them!"

Henry beamed at them and said, "How can that be? You could do that for my niece, so why not for my second daughter?"

They had done that for his niece? Simon became even more confused.

"What are you talking about? When have I ever..." However, before he could finish, a frosty voice suddenly interrupted them.

"Tsk"

Nora hadn't said anything all this time because she wanted to see how big Henry's demands were going to be this time.

Little did she expect that apart from finding a mentor for Angela, he had actually set his sights on the Carefree Pills? She slowly straightened her back and yawned.

Then, she said, "It's a shame that you weren't born in medieval times , Henry Smith, Henry?"

Nora curled her lips and said, "Otherwise, your skin could be used as city walls to defend against external enemies"

Henry"!!!"

He became enraged at once.

"You no-good daughter and bastard, how dare you insult me! I haven't even held you accountable yet for taking out your mother's Carefree Pill formula so thoughtlessly without my consent, yet you actually have the audacity to come at me?"

However, as he knew that this daughter of his was pretty good at fighting, he only dared to rant and rave but didn't dare to go forward.

Nora pursed her lips.

She had gotten sleepy.

She'd better get rid of those two quickly, then!