

Dumped 91

Chapter 91

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.

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.

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Whitney never answered phone calls during lessons.

However, she had set this particular unique ringtone for her husband.

Whitney was a professional dancer, and the Lowes treated her very well after she married Bob.

This was also what gave her the confidence to be so arrogant.

When she realized that it was her husband who was calling, she told the children to stay where they were and play for a while.

Then, she walked to the side, took out her cell phone from her bag, and answered the call.

Cherry had grown up being pampered and had never suffered any hardships before.

She did indeed find actions like barre rises, splits, and stretching exercises very difficult.

Her leg was propped on a small stool while her chubby little arm tried hard to stretch forward to touch her toes...

Children were rather flexible, after all.

Moreover, her physique was indeed very suitable for dancing, so she succeeded in one go.

She stood up straight excitedly.

When she saw that the other children were all playing, she also decided to take a break.

However, it was at this moment that she suddenly heard a loud and sharp shout.

“Cheryl Smith!”

Cherry jumped in shock.

She looked over to see Whitney glaring at her.

The white part of her eyes was bigger than other people’s, so she looked a little scary when she was glaring at someone like that.

Whitney had reprimanded Cherry because she noticed that she was slacking off.

Before she continued, she pressed the button to pick up the call.

Right away, she heard her husband’s anxious voice coming from the other end.

“You mustn’t do anything to that little girl!”

Before Whitney could ask why, he went on and said, “I know who she is now! Her father is Justin Hunt!”

Whitney“??”

Her eyes widened in astonishment.

Bob continued and said, “No wonder they could get Tanya Turner to make a trip specially for her! Also, he rejected our partnership proposal today because of his child!”

Whitney,!!”

“Alright, I’m hanging up. I have to check if there’s anyone else who wants to be part of the project. Sigh!”

Bob hung up without giving Whitney any chance to speak at all.

In the distance.

Cherry was frozen in place after Whitney’s yell.

Sinead took the opportunity to walk up to her.

She made a face at her and said, “Hmph, how dare you slack off! Mommy will definitely punish you!”

The other children also chimed in anxiously and said, “Cheryl, hurry and continue practicing. Mrs. Lowe is very, very fierce!”

“Ah! Mrs. Lowe’s coming over!”

Someone yelled, causing everyone to immediately disperse.

A triumphant Sinead stood beside Cherry and made another face at her.

“Hmph! Mommy’s here to lecture you now! You’re gonna cry very soon!” “Cherry,?”

The little fellow frowned.

Just as she was wondering how she could get out of the situation if Whitney were to start scolding her, she noticed Whitney standing in front of her aggressively.

She said, "C-Cherry..."

Using a nickname felt like it would make their relationship feel a little closer.

Next to them, Sinead made faces at her and taunted, "The calmer Mommy is, the more miserable you'll be later!"

As soon as she said that, however, the expression on Whitney's face turned awful.

The corners of her lips twitched forcefully and she forced a smile that looked even fiercer than if she were crying.

Then, she asked stiffly, "Do you want to be in the center?"

Sinead'??"

Cherry"??"

Both kids were dumbfounded.

Before Cherry could answer, Sinead suddenly burst into tears with a loud wail.

"Mommy, you're a bad person! The center position is mine!"

Cherry, Well, that was rather sudden.

And Mrs.Lowe, too.

Could she refrain from smiling? It was really pretty scary.

Cherry tilted her head and thought for a while.

Then, she replied happily, "Yes!"

Whitney forced another smile.

"Okay. You're in the center position from today onward. Don't practice splits anymore. You can return to the team now." Then, she started to lecture Sinead.

"Stop crying. You'll be standing next to her, so it's no different from being in the center!"

"Wail..." Sinead, who refused to listen to her, started crying even louder.

Cherry ignored the two of them.

She ran to the center of the children and stood in the position that originally belonged to Sinead. Hmph.

Originally, she wouldn't have had any interest in the center position if Sinead didn't create any trouble.

After all, she was a newcomer! However, Sinead had bullied her.

In that case, she would make life difficult for Sinead! Mommy had taught her that one could take anything they want except the short end of the stick! After some time, Whitney finally got Sinead to stop crying and they resumed practice.

Cherry had an undisciplined lifestyle.

As her IQ was very high, she had little patience.

However, now that she was in the center position, she didn't dare to slack off or take a sloppy attitude anymore.

After half an hour, she had already memorized most of the dance moves.

Her talent alarmed even Whitney.

No wonder Tanya said that she wanted to take her as her student! After the dance lesson, everyone returned to the classroom.

"I want to sit with Cheryl Smith!"

"Me, too!"

"Go away! I'm the one who's gonna sit with Cheryl!"

Several children carried their little stools over to sit with Cherry.

For a while there, she became the class' favorite person.

Ms.Lynn sighed at the sight of them quarreling, her head hurting.

Cherry was just too popular! She squatted down and said, "Alright, stop arguing, everyone.Cherry, who do you want to sit with?"

Cherry carried her stool, ran into the crowd, and sat down next to a handsome little boy.

She said, "I wanna sit next to Seth Walker!"

"Why?"

Ms.Lynn asked.

Cherry replied loudly, "Because he's the most good-looking one here! Good-looking people play only with good-looking people!"

Sinead burst into tears with a loud wail again.

"No wonder Seth has been ignoring me! So, it's because I'm not good-looking enough!"

Everyone was speechless.

After class, everyone ran over to Cherry to play with her again.

Not only did she have a good temper and often came up with a lot of fun ideas, but the teachers also liked her very much.

Most importantly, even the dance teacher whom everyone feared didn't dare to bully her.

She was simply too amazing! Cherry was playing with building blocks when a little boy suddenly walked over.

He asked, "Hey, are you Cheryl Smith?"

Cherry looked up to see a handsome little boy with fox-like eyes standing in front of her.

The boy said, "I'm the boss of this kindergarten! Become my underling, and I'll take care of you in the future!"

Cherry pouted and replied, "I'm the boss here!"

“Hmph! The little boy said, “How dare you try to snatch my position as the boss! On account of how good-looking you are, I shan’t beat you up! Hurry up and call me Boss!” Cherry blinked.

Next to her, Seth said, “He’s Brandon Smith .

The Smiths are the most powerful among everyone here, so you’d best not offend him”

Cherry?”

She placed her hands on her hips and said, “What’s so great about using your family background to compete with others? If you’re that great, then let’s compete in other things! The winner will be the boss!”

Brandon immediately puffed up his little chest and said, “Only boys can be bosses! How can a little girl be the boss? If you can become a little boy, then I’ll acknowledge you as my boss!”

Cherry’s eyes lit up.

“Okay! You gotta keep your word!”

“Hahahaha!” Brandon laughed.

“So, you’re actually a little dummy! My Mommy said that there’s no way anyone can change their gender, yeah! If you can’t become a little boy, then you’ll have to listen to my commands in the future and become my sidekick!”

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Seth tugged on her sleeve again.

“Cherry, a girl won’t be able to become a boy. You’ll definitely lose, so don’t agree to it!”

In a soft and tender voice, Cherry replied, “I have a way around it, yeah!”

Brandon touched his hair and snorted again.

Only then did he walk away with his hands in his pockets.

After he left, Sinead rushed over to Cherry.

She lifted her chin and said, “Cheryl, you’re in trouble! Your life will definitely be very hard now that Brandon has set his sights on you! He loves making his sidekicks bark like a dog the most! You’re gonna be Cherry the Doggy tomorrow!”

In the midst of her gloating, puzzlement flashed across Cherry’s big round eyes and she asked, “But how does one bark like a dog?”

Sinead immediately bent over, held her hands up like little paws, and said, “Woof! Woof!”

Then, she stood up straight and said, “Like that!”

Cherry asked again, “Like how?”

Sinead frowned and said, “Why are you so stupid?!”

Then, she did the same pose again and imitated a dog again.

“Woof! Woof! Woof!”

Cherry grinned and exclaimed, “I see! So, you’re Sinead the Doggy!”

Sinead, When she realized that Cherry was mocking her, she burst into tears with a loud wail again.

Classes for the day ended very quickly.

In the afternoon, parents came one by one to pick up their children.

When Cherry left home in the morning, she already knew that Tanya would be the one picking her up after school because Mommy would definitely slack off.

Sure enough, when she went out, she spotted Tanya standing there.

She skipped over, got into the car with Tanya, and went home together with her.

At the Andersons.

The kindergarten took care of all three meals a day for the children, so Cherry, who’d already had her dinner in school, usually didn’t eat any more after she went home.

Thus, while the rest of the Andersons were having dinner, she secretly hid upstairs and gave Pete a video call.

As soon as the video call connected and she saw her brother, Cherry immediately smiled sweetly and said, “I missed you, Pete!”

Pete was currently doing his homework seriously and the background of the video was his study.

He picked up his earphones, put them on, and said, "I miss you and Mommy too."

Cherry asked, "In that case, can we switch for a while?"

Pete, '??'"

He was a little hesitant.

"Haven't you already started to attend school? It seems like the kindergarten uniform is a skirt?"

"But.."

Cherry lowered her head and twiddled her thumbs.

A grimace appeared on her adorable little face and she said, "Someone's bullying me in school. He wants me to be his sidekick"

Pete panicked the moment he heard that.

He said, "I'll switch with you!"

His younger sister was only allowed to follow after him and be protected by him.

Who was the little brat that was so daring as to bully his younger sister? Cherry's eyes lit up immediately and she threw her brother under the bus without any hesitation.

She said, "We have dance lessons every day for the performance during the celebrations, so you'll also have to practice"

Pete,”

He didn't want to wear a skirt or dance, but for his sister's sake...

He could only grin and bear with it.

Cherry hopped off the chair and moved her phone a little further away.

“Let's practice the dance moves, Pete!”

“..Okay?”

At the Hunts'.

Justin had an important and mysterious meeting later, so he finished all his work early.

After dinner, on the way to his study, he passed by the door to his son's small study.

He was currently on the phone with his son's psychiatrist...

Yes, it's been quite a long while since his last relapse.

He's been pretty normal during the last few days.

His behavior and so on aren't as weird as before anymore' The psychiatrist replied, “In that case, Pete's condition has likely stabilized.If there's no relapse after a few more days of observation, then perhaps he's recovered”

Justin heaved a sigh of relief.

After hanging up, he sneaked into his son's study to check up on him and see whether he had encountered any difficulties in his studies.

While personally supervising Pete's studies recently, he found that his genius son had returned.

As expected, his utter ignorance in history and mathematics when they were in California were due to psychological reasons' He gently opened the door to the small study.

He had originally thought that he would see the usual sight of his son sitting at his desk and reading seriously, but unexpectedly...

Cherry's adorable voice rang out in Pete's earphones: "Twist your hips, Pete!"

Pete stuck his hips out and twisted them.

"Pete, do this action when the flowers bloom! After that, you must smile!"

Pete's fingers curled into a dainty pose and he held his chin with his hands before he gave a sweet smile.

After that, he asked, "Is this okay?"

"Pete, you should say, 'Is Cherry doing okay?' instead! That's how I talk, yeah!"

With much difficulty, Pete said' ...Okie-Dokie! Cutely, yeah! Adorably, yeah..."

After saying that, he turned and immediately spotted Justin who was at the door.

The man's and the boy's eyes met, and for a while, it was dead silent in the study.

Five seconds later...

Bam! Justin shut the door.

It must be because he didn't open it the right way just now! He turned around, picked up his cell phone, and called the psychiatrist.

"It seems like Pete...is having a relapse again At the Andersons. When Cherry saw that Pete wasn't moving, she asked anxiously, "What's wrong, Pete?"

Pete stood up straight and went back to his usual expressionless self.

He replied, "The tyrant came just now"

Cherry said, "Really? I've not seen handsome Daddy for so long! I miss him so much!"

Pete changed the subject.

He asked, "Is there anyone whom you're particularly good friends with in the kindergarten?"

"Yes, yes!"

Cherry became excited at the question.

"I'm great friends with Seth Walker! He's really good-looking, and he can even do Mathematical Olympiad questions!"

Pet/'??"

He glanced at the Mathematical Olympiad worksheets on his desk.

A contemplative look flashed through his big eyes that looked identical to Cherry's.

He said, "I've mastered the dance. Let's hang up for now?"

"Okie-Dokie!"

After hanging up, it was now time for Cherry's live-stream.

She started a live-stream.

Sure enough, she saw that her number one fan, Sponsor Grandpa, was already there.

Cherry immediately greeted him and said, "Hi, Sponsor Grandpa!"

Ian's response was: 'Grandpa has sent you 999 airplanes' Cherry giggled.

Suddenly, a message popped up on the live-stream interface: 'The Mid-Year Live-Streaming Contest is accepting applications now! Come and sign up! The live-streaming platform she used held two live-streamer contests every year.'

One was held in the middle of the year while the other was held at the end of the year.

In the contest, two live-streamers would be pit against each other, with the winner progressing to the next round.

The top ten finalists would win promotional resources and even become part of the Top Trends on Facebook.

Without even taking a good look at the pop-up message, Cherry immediately tapped 'Join'.

Every live-streamer was required to fill in their personal information during the registration process.

As a result, the applications were accepted by default.

Cherry didn't think much about it and immediately switched on the game interface.

Thus, she didn't notice that a customer service staff member had sent her a private message: "Hi sweetcherry, this is customer service staff Kay at your service. I noticed that you've signed up for the live-streamer contest. I'll need a photo of you for registration purposes. Can you send one to me, please?"

After a few minutes, when the customer service staff saw that she wasn't replying, they sent another message: "Please note that if we don't receive any reply, by default, we'll have to use the photo of you during your live-stream."

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Cherry didn't know at all that the platform had sent her messages.

Neither did she understand things like customer service and so on.

She was engrossed in the game, so she didn't reply to the messages at all.

As a result, when the customer service staff didn't get any response from her, they used a photo of Cherry from that one and only time she had revealed her face and her mask had dropped off for the contest.

Then, they sent her another message: 'The photo has been uploaded. We are currently in the registration phase. The contest will start tomorrow. Opponents will be randomly assigned when it starts. We look forward to your great performance in this contest!'

But of course, Cherry wasn't aware of any of this.

"Do you really know how to play? You're not using a computer keyboard, you know. There are only four or five buttons on the cell phone, yet you're still pressing the wrong ones all the time! Even your pet cat pressing randomly on the phone can play better than you!"

After dinner, Nora went upstairs.

The moment she opened the door, she immediately heard the irritated Cherry scolding someone.

The corners of her lips spasmed a little as she poured her a glass of water.

Cherry was using the study, so Nora went to the sofa and turned on her computer.

With her eyes downcast, Nora's long slender fingers flew across the keyboard as she typed a few letters on a webpage.

A dark webpage loaded.

She then typed another few letters and it changed to another webpage.

After another few times of the same thing, she reached the final destination.

It was the web version of a chat room belonging to the imperial League.

The Imperial League consisted of more than a dozen people, and each of them had their own dedicated account.

At six o'clock New York time on this day every month, they would hold an hour-long meeting to discuss world economic trends.

Just a casual word from them could change the structure of the economy and cause huge fluctuations in the corporate world.

The chat room had a black background.

None of them knew who any of the others were.

The only thing they knew was that the prerequisites for joining the Imperial League were very harsh.

There had been barely any newcomers during the recent few years.

Most of them had inherited their accounts.

Only the heirs to the account holders' clans could inherit the accounts, and thereby inherit the Imperial League's connections and information.

Nora, whose chin was resting on her hands, was wondering what they would talk about today when she saw someone sending a message.

Eagle: "How is America's real estate industry going to be in the future?"

As soon as Eagle raised the question, several people in the chat room started to talk.

Tiger: "Real estate has now formed a bubble, especially in America. Housing prices have skyrocketed in the past few years. Can America's economy cope if this continues?"

Lion: "I'm still optimistic about the real estate industry!"

Bear: "I'm not optimistic about it, though. The real estate industry has been going downhill since the beginning of the year"

Wolf: "But it's showing signs of picking up recently.' Everyone used animal code names in the Imperial League.

During the discussion, Eagle asked: "In that case, what are we going to do to promote the real estate industry?"

Everyone shut up immediately.

Nora clicked her tongue.

Barring any accidents, the leader of the Imperial League would be speaking next.

Sure enough, a message was sent: King: "Housing prices will develop steadily for the next ten years. Refrain from making them soar or plummet.'

Should they plummet, it would cause an economic subprime mortgage crisis and trigger global turmoil.

In the Imperial League, King was the only one who could issue orders.

He was the king of the Imperial League! No one knew who he was, let alone what country he was from...

Nora had tried to investigate his background before, but she couldn't find any information about him at all.

As for the rest, she suspected that Eagle and Wolf were from top-class wealthy families in the States.

This was because the two of them had talked about America the most during past meetings.

Her aunt abroad had mentioned before that Justin was the hardest person to deal with in the States, so she had once suspected that Justin was Eagle.

Out of everyone there, Eagle and Wolf had talked about America the most in recent years.

Wolf was a little milder in nature while Eagle came across as a little aggressive and showed faint signs of becoming the No.2 of the Imperial League.

Nora seldom spoke in the chat room.

Over the years, she only used the information she got from here to make a bit of money.

It was fine as long as she had enough to spend. She didn't have any grand ambitions.

Being filthy rich and whatnot wasn't a lifestyle suitable for her.

Besides, it also affected her sleep.

She yawned and watched the people in the chat room talk about other industries next.

Finally, King wrote: "We'll end today's meeting here' Everyone said goodbye.

Nora also finally sent her first message of the night

Cat: 'Goodbye. After sending the one-worded message, she closed the meeting webpage. At the Hunts'.

Justin leaned on the desk and narrowed his eyes.

Rejecting the Lowes' investment proposal with the claim that he was in a bad mood was just an excuse.

In the near future, housing prices would develop steadily and would no longer soar like how they had in previous years.

The real estate industry would also gradually become less profitable.

Why would he still invest in real estate at such a time? He was about to leave the chat room when he suddenly saw the code name 'Cat', who rarely participated in the chat...

In the past, he didn't take much notice of those who didn't participate much in the chat.

Perhaps it was because he'd had a lot of contact with that woman recently, but when he saw the name, he suddenly thought of her.

She was always lazy and careless, yet also noble and elegant.

Even when she was gobbling down her food during meals, she never looked boorish.

That woman was just like a cat.

Justin shook his head.

He was really overthinking things.

How could she possibly be in the Imperial League? Imperial League members were either rich or noble.

They were people among the world's wealthiest tycoons.

With that in mind, he left the chat room.

He then accompanied Pete for a while while he studied.

When he found that his son's personality seemed to have switched back again, Justin finally went to sleep with peace of mind.

In the middle of the night, the door suddenly opened.

Justin looked over to see a graceful figure draped in moonlight walking in elegantly.

It was actually Nora! Justin was taken aback.

"Why are you here?"

Nora smiled at him and laid down on the bed.

She put both her legs up and looked at him coyly with her cat-like eyes.

She said, "Mr.Hunt, I've liked you for a very long time .Let's...give it a go?"

Then, she slowly placed her hand on his leg...

He, someone who had always been a man of abstinence, actually found himself somewhat unable to control himself at the moment...

Justin's eyes suddenly flew open.

When he realized that he was dreaming, he sat up in chagrin.

After thinking to himself for a while, he went to the bathroom...

The next day.

Cherry got Tanya to take her to the Quinn School of Martial Arts first before sending her to class, with the excuse of ' Mommy asked me to pass them something'.

There was no way Tanya could wake the sleeping Nora to ask her if it was true, so she took her there.

Pete was practicing martial arts at the Quinn School of Martial Arts today.

A while after Cherry ran in, Pete changed into the skirt and walked out awkwardly.

Tanya, who didn't notice the child's odd behavior, took Pete to the kindergarten just like that.

As soon as he entered the classroom, Sinead rushed straight up to him and shouted, "Chery!! Brandon's not going to let you off! You'll definitely bark like a dog today! I 'll watch you become a joke and see you cry today, Cherry the Doggy!"

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Cherry the Doggy? Pete's expression immediately turned cold.

His big round eyes, which looked exactly the same as Cherry's, were dark and somber.

He wasn't someone who talked a lot, so he ignored Sinead and entered the classroom.

When Ms.Lynn saw him, she subconsciously walked over and gave him a hug.

She even pinched his delicate and round cheeks and said, "Wow! Little Cherry looks even cuter today!"

Pete stiffened.However, when he sensed Ms.

Lynn's kindness, Pete resisted the urge to push her away.

To be honest, he was indeed mildly autistic and disliked having physical contact with people, so he was an anomaly among the Hunts.

He couldn't even accept the occasional hug from his Great-Grandma...

However, it seemed like his level of tolerance had become much stronger after he found his mother and younger sister.

Just as he was about to reach his limit, Ms.Lynn finally let go of him.

Pete breathed a sigh of relief, carried his stool over to the side, and sat down.

After a short while, another child came.

After bringing his own stool over and sitting next to him, he took out some Mathematical Olympiad worksheets.

Then, he said, "Good morning, Cherry." Pete glanced at him calmly and pursed his lips.

He must be the 'very good-looking' Seth Walker that Cherry mentioned, right? He looked so small and skinny like a pretty boy.

Why did Cherry even find him good-looking? Pete lowered his gaze and looked at the Mathematical Olympiad worksheets.

"I heard that you're very good at Mathematical Olympiad problems?"

Seth's narrow eyes blinked.

"So-so, I guess?"

"Oh" Pete opened his schoolbag, rummaged about in it, and took out a set of Mathematical Olympiad worksheets.

He handed them to him and asked, "Can you solve these?"

Seth,?"

He was taken aback.

When he took the worksheets from Pete and took a look at them, his expression became even more dazed.

He shook his head and replied, "No, I can't."

"How stupid. At this point, Pete suddenly remembered that he had to imitate Cherry's way of talking, so he forcefully changed the rest of what he wanted to say and said, "I could already solve these problems a year ago...yeah!"

Seth”??”

He wanted to say something, but Pete had already turned away.

He said, “You can only sit next to me again when you can solve this set of problems...yeah!”

Cherry had definitely been duped by him.

He wasn’t great at Mathematical Olympiad problems at all! Seth”! Cherry had just picked him the day before.

Was she already despising him now? Before today, he had merely found Cherry cute and likable.

However, at this moment, Seth felt that she practically couldn’t get any more outstanding.

Therefore, he would definitely sit next to her and ask her for advice! Pete was completely unaware of what he was thinking.

The timetable set by the kindergarten was very packed.

At about ten in the morning, the teacher allowed the children to rest.

Pete stood up, intending to go to the bathroom and relieve himself.

He was wearing a skirt.

Instead of bouncing about like how Cherry walked, every step he took was very steady.

After he exited the classroom, he subconsciously turned into the men's toilet at the side.

Brandon, who had used the opportunity during rest time to come over and look for him, was puzzled.

He followed after Pete and entered the men's toilet together with him.

He was about to say something when he saw Pete standing there and peeing...

Brandon was stunned.

After Pete was done relieving himself, he turned and immediately saw Brandon staring at him, which startled him.

He suddenly realized that he should have gone to the women's toilet instead! With this, wasn't the cat completely out of the bag now? While he was trying to think of a way to explain and gloss over the topic, Brandon stretched out a trembling finger and pointed at him.

He said, "Ah! Ahhh! Y-you really became a boy?!"

Pete, '?"

Brandon rushed forward and grabbed his hand.

"You're so amazing! You actually really became a boy! Can you also turn back into a girl?"

Pete replied, "...Yes, I can"

Brandon's eyes shone.

The little boy's imagination was already running wild.

He said, "So, Mommy was wrong! People can change their gender! Cheryl Smith, I declare that you're my boss from now on!"

Pete," ..."

He felt that the boy might not be very mentally sound, so he circled around him and entered the classroom.

Sinead had been staring at him ever since the last period ended.

When she saw Brandon also going out of the classroom after Pete left, she immediately knew that he must have gone to intercept him.

With that, Cheryl would definitely cry.

She was happily imagining the scene when a voice suddenly reached her.

"Boss, do you want water? I'll pour a glass for you!"

"No, I don't...yeah."

Pete opened the door and entered the classroom after replying to him.

Sinead immediately saw Brandon following after him obsequiously.

"...Waaaa!!"

Sinead burst into tears at will.

There were no secrets among children.

In just a morning's time, the way everyone looked at Pete had changed.

Every one of them had a look of amazement on their face as if saying, 'Wow! Cheryl Smith is so amazing! She can conjure a little willy out of nothing!'

Pete turned a blind eye to their gazes and continued attending classes.

At the end of the first lesson in the afternoon, a small and skinny girl came up to him.

The little girl was a little shorter and smaller than most kids and had delicate and lovely facial features.

It was just that she had a timid look in her eyes and her voice was also very soft.

She said, "C- Cherry...'

Pete looked at her.

The little girl immediately lowered her head as if she didn't dare to make eye contact with him.

"M-my name is Mia Smith..."

She didn't dare say anything more after that.

Pete had always treated everyone coldly, but the girl looked so frail and delicate.

It was as if she would burst into tears from fear if he spoke even just a little louder. He couldn't help but frown.

He said as mildly as possible, "Is something the matter?"

Mia Smith was Brandon's cousin.

She looked as if she would keel over the moment the wind blew.

In a very small and soft voice, she asked, "Can you turn me into a boy, too?"

Pete,?"

With a sullen expression, he explained with a straight face, "No, I can only switch my own gender...yeah"

"Oh, I see."

Mia hung her head as if she was sorely disappointed.

Even her eyes had turned red.

The way Sinead cried turned off people and disgusted them, but the way Mia looked at the moment, only filled one with sympathy.

Pete asked curiously, "Why do you want to become a boy?"

Mia bit her lip and answered, "Because my mom often says, 'If only you were a boy'. I want to make her happy"

After saying that, Mia left in disappointment.

Soon, school ended.

It was Tanya who came to pick him up again.

Pete got into the car and made up an excuse that he had forgotten his books at the Quinn School of Martial Arts that morning, so he asked Tanya to take him there before going home.

In the distance.

“Mommy? Mommy?”

Mia called out softly.

Only then did her mother, Hillary Jones, come back to her senses.

However, her gaze was still fixed on the car driving into the distance.

If her eyes weren't deceiving her, that woman just now was Tanya...

Why was she back? Hillary clenched her fists.

Tanya, who was driving, wasn't aware of this.

After arriving at the Quinn School of Martial Arts, Pete hopped off the car and ran inside.

At the same time, another car was also parked at the side.

Justin had deliberately come a little earlier today.

He strode into the Quinn School of Martial Arts.

Chapter 96

As soon as he entered, Justin saw a familiar figure running nimbly into the inner courtyard.

It was just that the person seemed to be wearing a skirt?

Justin's expression suddenly darkened and he took two quick steps forward. He grabbed Pete and said grimly, "Pete, you..."

He looked at his son with a complicated look, wishing he could rip off the clothes on him!

It was all over.

His son's condition had worsened again.

Pete "??"

A sullen Justin picked up Pete and went out.

Tanya, who was waiting in the car, was taken aback when she suddenly saw him coming out with 'Cherry' in his arms. When she recovered from her astonishment, she hurriedly got out of the car and shouted, "What are you doing?"

Justin stopped and looked at her, puzzled.

Tanya was about to rush over and grab the child back.

How dare anyone abduct children like that in broad daylight? It was unforgivable! But just as she was about to take a step forward, Pete shouted, "Daddy, what's the matter with that lady?"

Tanya,"???"

'Daddy'???"

Before returning to the States, she had already heard from Nora that she had found her son.

However, he was living with his father, so it wasn't easy for her to take him back.

Could he be Cherry's father? In the midst of her spacing out, she subconsciously glanced at the Quinn School of Martial Arts' entrance again.

That was when she saw Cherry, who was wearing boys' clothing, hiding behind the door frame and jumping up and down while waving at her.

After being stunned for a moment, Tanya finally said...Sorry, I mistook the two of you for someone else

Justin glanced at her and said nothing.

With a frown, he led Pete into the car and left immediately.

After they left, Cherry ran out and said, "God-mom, you frightened the living daylights out of me! You almost exposed us"

Tanya, On the way home, Cherry begged and wheedled, "Don't tell Mommy, God-mom.She'll get mad!"

Just as Tanya was about to say something, Cherry sighed and said, "You're so beautiful, gentle, and understanding, so you'll definitely agree to Cherry's request, right? You won't be able to bear watching Cherry suffer smacks on her bottom, right? I knew it! You're the best godmother ever!"

Could Tanya refuse when she had already put it like that? The pair returned to the Andersons after they reached an agreement.

As soon as they entered, they spotted Nora sitting on the swing in the yard, leaning against it while resting with her eyes closed.

Cherry, Likely because she heard the car, Nora slowly opened her eyes.

Her eyelids were still droopy and her world-weary face looked exquisite and beautiful.

However, she looked at Cherry with a seemingly half-amused smile and said, "Cherry, your kindergarten teacher just called."

Cherry'??"

A slightly foreboding feeling formed in her and she thought to herself, 'Surely not? There's no way Pete would misbehave, right?' She quickly lowered her head.

"Mommy, I'm...Before she could utter the word 'sorry', she heard Nora say, 'Your teachers sang your praises.'"

Cherry''??"

She immediately beamed and said, "Mommy, I've always been very outstanding! You don't have to be so proud of me--"

Upon hearing that, Nora's cat-like eyes narrowed and she said, "Uh-huh. To think I actually didn't know that you've secretly learned how to solve Mathematical Olympiad problems at some point while I was raising you the last five years. Your teachers said that they've sent an application for the Mathematical Olympiad competition on your behalf, so they want you to take part in it when the date arrives. Looks like you'll have to practice your Mathematical Olympiad problem-solving skills for an upcoming period of time."

Cherry's expression turned pitiful the moment she heard that she had to study.

She thought to herself, 'Sob! Pete, how could you!' Mommy was so mean, too! She definitely knew what was going on, yet she simply didn't expose her, so that she could force her to learn how to solve Mathematical Olympiad problems.

Cherry was so pitiful! She hung her head and walked into the room with her shoulders drooping.

Before entering the living room, she also heard Nora say, "Oh, the teachers are also telling you not to spout nonsense in school anymore. Your classmate Brandon Smith heard from you that boys will become girls once they cut off their little willies, and then return to being boys once they grow out again, so when he went home..."

He almost mutilated himself.

Cherry, Was he an idiot? How could he believe something like that ???

"Are you an idiot? How can you believe something like that a"

In the Smiths' living room, Warren Smith, who was the second eldest in the family, was pulling Brandon by his ear and scolding him loudly.

He said, "It's a good thing you were too much of a chicken, so you burst into tears from fright and didn't dare do anything even though you were already holding the knife! Otherwise, it would have been terrible!"

Despite being scolded, Brandon didn't cry.

He turned his face to the side, grabbed his father's hand with his own little hands, and said, "But that's what Cheryl Smith said. She was still a little girl yesterday, but she stood while she was peeing today! I saw it with my own eyes!"

Warren spanked him angrily again.

"Are you still lying even at this point? You're infuriating me!"

"I'm not lying! Everyone in the school knows about it, including Mia! You can ask her about it if you don't believe me!"

As soon as he said that, Warren stopped what he was doing.

On the sofa, the seated Joel Smith narrowed his fox-like eyes.

When he heard what he said, he subconsciously looked at his daughter, who was in his arms, and asked, "Is he speaking the truth, Mia?"

Little Mia nodded and replied softly, "Yeah!"

Joel sounded a little concerned as he asked, "Did you also see her peeing while standing with your own eyes?"

Mia shook her head.

"Nope"

Only then did Joel breathe a sigh of relief.

Then, he heard his daughter continue and say, "But she went to the boys' toilet- What a pity. Cheryl Smith says that she's the only one who can switch her gender as and when she wants to. Other people can't do it."

Joel, however, narrowed his eyes when he heard her.

He quietly chatted with his daughter a little more before he got up and went to Hillary's room.

Hillary was packing the room.

When she heard the door opening, her eyes lit up and she said, "Joel, you're her "

Joel was amicable to everyone, but she was the only one to whom he was cold and frosty.

He sneered, "Hillary, have you been spouting nonsense to Mia again?"

Otherwise, why would she find it a pity that she couldn't turn into a boy? Hillary's eyes flickered a few times.

Then, she lowered her head and replied, "Joel, we've already been engaged for so many years, but you simply refuse to take me as your wife all this time. Is it because Mia isn't a bo "

However, before she could finish, Joel suddenly gripped her throat.

The man had a terribly violent look in his eyes as if he wanted to kill her, frightening Hillary so badly that she couldn't say even a word.

An icy Joel said, "Remember this, Hillary. Mia is my daughter. You're not allowed to bully her!"

He turned and left the room after saying that.

Hillary gasped for air.

She bit her lip hard but smiled after that.

As long as he loved his daughter, it was all good.

As for Tanya...

She cast her eyes down and let out a cold laugh.

At the Andersons.

Cherry, who had finally dodged Mommy's interrogation after much difficulty, entered the study with the mission of learning how to solve Mathematical Olympiad problems on her shoulders.

She stared at the Mathematical Olympiad problems in front of her.

After five minutes of headache, she said, "It's time for the live-stream. I'll come back to the problems after live-streaming for a bit."

She picked up her cell phone and opened the live-streaming app.

As soon as she did, she saw a large face-off interface splashed across her live-stream channel.

It was hard for anyone to ignore even if they wanted to.

Cherry was dumbfounded.

What the heck was this???

Chapter 97

‘Sweetcherry VS KindnessPrevails’

A few big words were splashed across her live-stream channel’s comments section. One wouldn’t be able to see their profile photo on their own live-stream channel; they would only be able to see it at the leaderboard on the main face-off page.

Cherry was still just a newbie at the moment.

Although she had a big boss like Sponsor Grandpa supporting her, she nevertheless only gained 200,000 fans during this period of time.

She wasn’t on the same level as big-name live-streamers with millions of fans.

The photos displayed at the top of the event section on the homepage were all of the big-name live-streamers.

Cherry’s photo was all the way at the back, so her first face-off wasn’t displayed at a promotional section.

However, once one entered the top ten, one would be featured on the homepage.

Not only would it attract a great number of fans’ attention, but it would also trend on social media for sure! At the live-streaming platform’s company.

The supervisor was chatting with the person-in-charge of the face-off competition.

He asked, "How can we liven up this year's competition? Are there any interesting topics?"

The person-in-charge replied, "The big-name live-streamers in the gaming channels are still the same few people, but I have high hopes for sweetcherry""

The supervisor was taken aback.

He asked, "sweetcherry? How many fans do they have?"

"200,000"

The supervisor waved dismissively.

"What can you do with 200,000 fans? We have tons of such nobody live-streamers on the platform."

The person-in-charge laughed and said, "But she's a five-year-old child!"

The supervisor was surprised.

Intrigued, he asked, "Really?"

The person-in-charge nodded.

"Yes, really. Here, I'll show you. I saw the video of her revealing her face during her live-stream. It's definitely worth hyping about!"

The supervisor said, "Then what are you waiting for? Put it on social media and hype it up!"

However, the person-in-charge shook his head mysteriously and said, "We can't do that yet"

"Why?"

"There isn't enough attention on her yet!"

He said, "Let's wait till she's in the top ten first!"

The supervisor immediately laughed and said, "Can an unknown live-streamer with 200,000 fans even make it to the top ten? It'd already be pretty impressive if she can make it to the top twenty!"

When the person-in-charge heard what he said, he smiled mysteriously again and said, "Do you know how much her top fan has tipped her? 1.5 million dollars! That money's already enough for her to buy a position among the top ten! Once she enters the top ten and faces the big-name live-streamers, the hype will naturally come. When that happens, if we show the charming contrast between her personality and people's expectations of her, that little live-streamer will definitely go viral!"

The person-in-charge took out his cell phone and showed Cherry's photo to the supervisor.

He said, "Take a look at this. Do you know who she is? I really suspect she's a kid from some wealthy family who's just having some fun on the platform. Her top fan pampers her too much!"

The supervisor picked up the cell phone and looked at the photo carefully for a long time.

However, he shook his head and replied, "I've seen a few of the well-known kids among New York's wealthy, but I've never seen her before."

The supervisor took out his cell phone and watched sweetcherry's live-stream for a while, listening to her verbally slam people online with her young, tender voice.

Just five minutes into the live-stream, Cherry had already delivered quite a few golden lines.

For example, a player in the game had complained about her not joining a team in the early stages.

Even after she explained, the other party still continued to insult her, so she immediately snapped, “Is your entire family so skilled at doing nothing?”

The supervisor didn’t understand what she meant, but he found the answer in the comments.

‘Hahaha! The live-streamer is saying his entire family is full of good-for-nothings! She has such a sharp tongue!’ She is too cute!’

Someone also asked: ‘Where did you learn all these insults from?’

Sweetcherry actually replied earnestly, “Some of them I saw on the Internet, and some of them I made up by myself, yeah!”

The supervisor laughed several times during the ten minutes he spent watching the live-stream.

To think listening to sweetcherry slamming people online would actually feel so good!

He looked straight at the person-in-charge and said, “This kid is a natural Internet celebrity! She appeals to randoms especially well. She doesn’t make people feel that she’s crass even when she’s insulting others”

On the contrary, it actually feels good to listen to her! She’s definitely someone who can be mega-popular! Whether or not we can reach our required KPI this year will depend on how popular she becomes!

Her photo is too unclear! Find a way to make it more high- definition.

We must make sweetcherry our walking billboard this year! It'll definitely make her popular all over the country!"Cherry, who was completely unaware that some people had set their sights on her, immediately saw that she had won the face-off after she ended her live-stream.

After all, the other party was also a nobody live-streamer with only 100,000-odd fans.

On top of that, they didn't have Sponsor Grandpa or Sponsor Daddy, so how could they possibly beat her? After ending the live-stream and putting her cell phone down, Cherry saw the Mathematical Olympiad worksheets on the desk again.

Her face immediately scrunched up.

Sob, it was time for homework again! Help, Pete! Downstairs.

Nora was about to go upstairs after dinner.

She had only just stood up when she heard Melissa ask, "Simon, how much cash do you have with you?"

Simon answered, "About \$300,000.What's the matter?"

All the working capital in the company had gone into the Carefree Pills at the moment.

It was still early, so they hadn't recovered the production costs yet.

Melissa's brows knitted together.

Simon asked, "How much do you need?"

Melissa sighed.

“At least \$3,000,000,1 guess.” Simon gasped.

“Why do you need so much money all of a sudden? Did something happen, Melissa?”

Melissa hesitated for a moment before she replied, “No, it’s nothing.’

She got up and went upstairs.

Nora, who was in the stairwell, stopped in her tracks after overhearing their conversation.

Melissa went upstairs and entered her bedroom.

She was staring at her jewelry in a daze when she suddenly heard footsteps at the door.

She looked back to see Nora there.

Melissa immediately concealed the sense of resignation in her and asked with a smile, “Nora, what’s the matter?”

Nora lowered her gaze, took out a bank card from her pocket, and handed it to her.

“Take this”

Melissa immediately waved and said, “Did you overheard me talking to your uncle? You don’t have to, Nora.How can I use your pocket money?”

Besides, Nora was just an ordinary surgeon.

How much money could she make? Simon had already told her in private that one-third of the Andersons’ assets was Yvette’s, so it made sense to give them to Nora now.

This way, she would own some assets of her own, which would be helpful to her when she got married in the future. Nora had become famous among mid-tier wealthy families ever since the dance party the other day.

People had been approaching them to ask about Nora lately.

While she was lost in thought, Nora placed the bank card on the table and said, "I still have some money. You can take this for now."

Melissa's eyes reddened as she looked at her from the back. The young woman might look cold, but her heart was warmer than anyone else's.

She didn't know how many years Nora might have spent saving up that money, nor did she know whether there were tens of thousands of dollars in the card or not...

Although that bit of money was just a drop in the bucket for her, if she refused, she would be standing too much on ceremony with her own family.

Ah, well.

She just wanted the money to do some investments anyway.

She would just see how much money Nora had first and treat it as investment funds.

Once the dividends came in, she would also be able to earn Nora a bit of pocket money.

After thinking it through, Melissa took the bank card and rushed downstairs excitedly.

Chapter 99

As soon as she went down, Melissa immediately saw Miranda coming over impatiently.

She had a bit of a haughty look on her face.

Even though she still held the matter about Tanya against Melissa, she nevertheless asked stiffly, "Have you gotten the money ready?"

Melissa held the bank card given by Nora and smiled gently, "I only have slightly over \$300,000 here. Let's use that first"

At once, Miranda pursed her lips disdainfully and said, "Only slightly over \$300,000? How much over \$300,000 is that?"

The additional money was from Nora's bank card.

However, Melissa hadn't gone to the ATM to confirm the balance, so she answered casually, "About \$20,000, I suppose."

Surgeons still earned quite a bit after all.

However, Nora was still young, so there was no way she would have made that much.

There was probably only about \$20,000 in the card at best.

Miranda looked down on her even more after her reply.

She said, "So little? Are you kidding me? If it wasn't because your elder brother was afraid that you're having a hard time and insisted that we let you earn some money along with us, I couldn't even be bothered to come here. Yet you're patronizing us with just \$300,000? Are you looking down at us?"

Melissa clenched her fists.

"Miranda, you're aware of the situation my family is in. We're depending on the Carefree Pill to revive the business, so all our working capital has gone into the production costs. All we have is this \$300,000 here."

Miranda scoffed and said, "If I were you, I would mortgage the house and take out a \$3,000,000 loan!"

The villa was built in an excellent location in the city center.

Housing prices in New York had skyrocketed in recent years, so it was now worth 15 million dollars.

It was indeed very easy to take out a \$3,000,000 loan if they mortgaged the house.

However, Melissa shook her head and said, "I'm only investing along with him to make a bit of pocket money. There's no need to mortgage the house..."

As soon as she said that, Miranda reprimanded, "If you invest \$3,000,000, you can earn at least half of that amount! \$300,000? It's too embarrassing to even bring up a pittance like that! What's the use even if you earn \$150,000? You can't even buy a slightly better handbag with that! If you want to make money, then mortgage your house. If you don't, then forget it!"

The slender Melissa stood tall and straight.

Upon hearing Miranda's words, she slowly said, "If that's the case, then never mind."

If it weren't because her elder brother had personally called and said that he wanted to let her earn a bit of pocket money together with him and that the children would need money for a lot of things now that they were all grown up...

In particular, Sheril was a girl, yet she didn't even bear to spend on a pretty handbag...

If it weren't because of these, she would never subject herself to her sister-in-law's detestable attitude.

But why should she allow Miranda to come here and bully them? Miranda actually just wanted to embarrass her and see her lower her head to beg for help.

She didn't think that Melissa would really refuse to invest.

She immediately scoffed and said, "Well done! You're a tough one, aren't you? Haven't you always thought little of money ever since you were a child? The Woods may be able to support a delicate woman like you, but can the Andersons do it? I heard you can't even bear to use premium paper for your paintings now! If it wasn't because your brother can't bear to see you live in such poverty, do you think we're that free to let you make money with us?"

It was that haughty and arrogant look again.

And that attitude and tone as if she was being charitable...

Melissa raised her head suddenly and looked straight at her.

"You-"

But before she could finish, a cool voice reached them.

"My aunt doesn't need your pity."

Both women were taken aback.

They looked up to see Nora walking down the steps.

She looked at Melissa and said slowly and lazily, "Aunt Melissa, you can come to me if you want to make some pocket money. You don't have to ask others for help."

Melissa was a little surprised. As for Miranda, she frowned and said, "You talk pretty big for your age! Do you know what we're investing in?"

Nora raised an eyebrow. Well, she didn't.

While thinking about it, she heard Miranda ask, "Have you heard of the Lowes?"

The Lowes... The family that Whitney Lowe married into? Nora didn't even need to respond, because Miranda had already gone on by herself and said, "It's obvious from the way you look like you wouldn't know them. The Hunts started up as a real estate company, but apart from them, the Lowes are also a family who started up as a real estate company! The Lowes have bought a large plot of land in New York, but because they can't afford it all by themselves for the time being yet they are also reluctant to take out a huge loan from the bank they are asking a few other families that they know, such as us, whether we are interested in joining them! "Real estate has been a hugely profitable industry in recent years. The profits are clear for all to see! The Woods have been wanting to expand into the real estate industry for many years, but the field has unfortunately been monopolized by the Hunts and the Lowes all this time. But we finally have an opportunity to make a fortune now!"

Miranda looked at the two of them after she finished.

The real estate industry was an extremely profitable one! Those two must be full of regrets now, right? But unexpectedly...

Melissa was already aware of this a long time ago, so she didn't seem surprised.

However, the young Nora was actually also expressionless? Miranda frowned.

She reckoned that she probably wasn't informed about the real estate industry.

When Melissa saw that Nora had stayed quiet, she said, "Miranda, I'm grateful that my elder brother is concerned for my well-being, but if you continue to be so aggressive, this will become a feud instead! I only have a little over \$300,000 here. If you want to help us and let us invest, then go ahead. If you don't, then just take it as I'm not fated to be involved in the investment!"

After speaking, she held out both Nora's and her bank cards to Miranda.

Miranda didn't dare to go too far.

After all, she would also be in trouble if Melissa were to complain to her elder brother.

She snorted and reached out her arm as she said, "Fine, \$300,000 it is, then.."

However, a fair and slender hand suddenly snatched both cards from Melissa's hand.

Miranda?"?"

Melissa was also taken aback.

Nora stared at the bank cards in her hand and gave Melissa a smile.

She said, "Aunt Melissa, if you trust me, then let me make some pocket money for you with this \$300,000!"

The real estate industry was done for.

Should they really throw the money in, they probably wouldn't even be able to recoup their capital in the next few years.

Miranda was so furious that she laughed instead.

"Fine, since that's what you say, then forget it! I'll just take it that our goodwill has been taken for ill intent!"

She left in a huff.

In any case, she would be able to answer to her husband when she got home.

It wasn't like she didn't try to help, but his younger sister had been fooled by the niece whom they had just brought home.

She had taken the money and gone off to do god knows what with it! By the time Melissa wanted to ask Nora about it after Miranda left, Nora had already gone upstairs with two bank cards.

Melissa:...

Never mind.

\$300,000 wasn't a lot anyway.

If Nora lost the money, then she would just treat it as if they had given her some money to practice investing with! At noon the next day.

Nora immediately heard the dispute downstairs the moment she woke up.

"How can you be so muddleheaded? \$300,000 may not be much, but how can you just give it to her? How is she going to make you any money?"

The one speaking was a man who looked somewhat like Melissa, except that he had a stern look on his face.

Melissa sighed and said, "Farrell, Nora seems to be trading stocks."

"Stocks?"

Farrell Wood, Melissa's elder brother, reprimanded, "Are you crazy?! Has she bought them yet?"

Farrell picked up his cell phone.

"What did she buy? I'll check how the market is today!"

Melissa was about to say that she didn't know when the corners of Nora's lips curled upward and she replied unhurriedly, "The stock code is 00083.

Farrell frowned and input the stock code into his cell phone as he said, "Take the money out of the stocks immediately! Stocks have been plummeting recently.

Both of you are really out of your mind...

However, his words came to an abrupt end at this point!

Chapter 100

Cell phones had an app that could check a stock's fluctuations, and it showed clearly that the stock Nora mentioned had risen by 2% the day before! In other words, the \$300,000 they invested had seen a return of \$6,000 in just a day! Given how it had risen despite the plummeting stock market, this was undoubtedly very impressive.

Farrell was a mature and steady middle-aged man who bore a 50% resemblance to Melissa.

Unlike Miranda's mean and acrimonious appearance, he had an air unique to scholarly merchants around him.

His brows were tightly drawn together, but he nevertheless looked up and said, "Your profit yesterday can only be attributed to luck. The stock market is very unstable now, so it's not surprising that the stock rose for a day. This particular stock has been falling lately. You'd best still take the opportunity to sell it today!"

Then, he looked at Melissa sternly and lectured, "The Woods' family teachings forbid us from gambling and taking drugs. Melissa, I know you're short of money. That's why I told Miranda to look for you and let you make some money with us. Why must you let things come to this point?"

Melissa looked at him, her expression somewhat dazed.

It seemed like she hadn't seen her elder brother for a very long time.

The siblings had been on very good terms in the past.

She could still remember how her elder brother had specially screened Simon's character for her when she fell in love with him back then.

When did they become this distant from each other? It seemed like it was ever since he married Miranda? Farrell and Miranda's marriage could be considered a political marriage between the Woods and the Sonnets.

Farrell had a literati's pride, and he trusted Miranda enough to leave her in charge of all the family affairs after they were married.

Miranda was a petty woman.

She would get jealous and say a lot of mean things whenever Farrell was even a little nice to Melissa.

She didn't want to cause disharmony in her brother's family, so she rarely returned to the Woods' residence in recent years after their parents passed away.

At the sight of Melissa keeping quiet, Farrell sighed, took out a bank card, and handed it to her.

He said, "I know Miranda has a foul mouth, but do you really think I'll leave you to your own devices when you're broke, Melissa? There's \$800,000 in here. Use it to tide over for now..."

Don't worry, this is my own money.

Your sister-in-law doesn't know about it.

His heartwarming words made Melissa tear up a little.

She was still wearing a well-tailored dress that outlined her slender figure and slim waist today, making her look elegant and classy.

Apart from Simon's lack of drive to do better, the other reason why the Andersons were in such a predicament today was that she was content to keep the status quo.

Melissa knew that there was a bit of a literati's loftiness in her all these years.

She didn't like socializing and didn't take money and things like that too seriously.

Thus, when Farrell called her yesterday, she had immediately agreed.

The real estate industry was in full swing.

Moreover, the Lowes were also a reliable wealthy family in New York.

Everyone knew them and their background well , so nothing would go wrong in investing in them.

That was why she had agreed to it.

But now...Melissa pushed the bank card back to Farrell.

She said, "Farrell, I made a wrong judgment. We actually have enough to spend. Besides, once we tide over this month, the Andersons will have money when we recoup the Carefree Pills' production costs.

It's really okay: At the sight of her insistence, Farrell didn't push any further.

Nevertheless, he still warned, "Stocks are risky. There's no harm playing a little using that \$300,000, but don't put any more into it, okay?"

Melissa didn't approve of stock trading, either.

She had given Nora the \$300,000 the day before only because she appreciated Nora's intentions to help.

Thus, she nodded at Farrell's reminder.

Nora had heard the entire conversation between the siblings, and it left a good impression of her aunt's brother on her.

Seeing that he was about to leave, Nora suddenly said, "Uncle Farrell, please wait a moment: Farrell stopped and looked at her with a slight frown. There wasn't any disdain in his eyes but just a look of scrutiny."

The confidence and charm that only scholarly families possessed made him look like an upright man.

It was a shame that they instead produced a daughter like Rachel Wood, who didn't inherit the scholarly aura.

Nora suppressed the regretful feeling in her and said, "Real estate isn't going to do well in the future. Are the Woods really going to invest with the Lowes?"

Farrell was taken aback when he heard her.

He didn't refute her right away, but after some careful thinking, he nevertheless said, "The Lowes are a huge real estate company, and are one of the enterprises with the shrewdest business acumen around. Apart from the Hunts, no one else can compare to them when it comes to the real estate industry. Otherwise, we wouldn't have immediately gone for it the moment they offered the investment opportunity to other families."

Then, he paused and spoke to Melissa again.

He said, "Miranda might have been a little anxious when she talked to you yesterday, but there's actually a reason for that.

Real estate is lucrative, so everyone wants a piece of it.

It wasn't easy for the Lowes to finally share some of the opportunities.

I only managed to grab a share worth 30 million dollars after much difficulty: He heaved a sigh at the thought.

His younger sister had had a hard life these few years, so he wanted to let her make some money along with him.

If they really couldn't afford it, then he would just pay for their investment capital in advance for now.

He was just thinking of that when Nora said calmly, "Uncle Farrell, the Lowes have been in the real estate industry for so many years, and they have a great relationship with the bank. If they don't have enough funds, then why aren't they taking out a loan? Also, why didn't the Lowes partner with the Hunts? Both of them are in the real estate industry, so it would only be more convenient for them if they were to cooperate. Perhaps you can go and ask around Mr. Hunt must have rejected his offer."

Farrell became even more confused.

He asked, "Where did you hear that from?"

The moment he said that, realization dawned upon Melissa and she asked, "Nora, was it Justin who told you that real estate won't do well in the future?"

Nora, '??'"

Before she could answer, however, Melissa had already convinced herself.

She turned and tried to persuade Farrell, "Farrell, Nora and Justin are somewhat friends. If it's Justin who told her that, then you must be careful"

Farrell frowned and sank into contemplation upon hearing what she said.

A moment later, he said, "Okay"

He left in a hurry after saying that.

Nora didn't trouble herself over whether he believed her or not.

Neither was she concerned about whether he would go ahead with the investment or not.

Whether or not the Woods suffered a loss had nothing to do with her.

She had told him what she should, so she had already done enough.

She went straight upstairs.

Farrell got into the car after he left the Andersons.

With a solemn look on his face, he suddenly instructed the chauffeur, "To Hunt Corporation"

They arrived at the destination very quickly.

He got out of the car and entered the building.

The Woods and the Lowes enjoyed similar status among the wealthy in New York.

Farrell could be considered an influential figure, so when he suddenly paid a visit, the front desk at the lobby didn't dare to dally.

They immediately reported his arrival to the top floor.

Justin was currently supervising Pete's studies.

He initially didn't want to meet Farrell when he heard that he was here.

However, when he suddenly thought of how Farrell was Melissa's elder brother and thus, was somewhat related to that woman, he finally allowed him upstairs.

Soon, Farrell entered his office.

After the two exchanged a few pleasantries, Justin went straight to the point and asked, "What brings Mr.Wood here today?"

The man was twenty years his junior, yet even Farrell couldn't quite handle his aura.

He smiled politely and replied, "It's like this.I heard that Mr.Hunt said the real estate industry isn't going to do very well in the future?"

Justin immediately raised his eyebrows and asked, "Who did you hear that from, Mr.Wood?"