

Forever My Darling By Mr. Luo chapter 15

Chapter 15

Nora frowned. Before she could answer, a gentle but anxious voice reached them. "Are you trying to drive me to my grave. Henry?"

On the hospital bed, a gentle middle-aged woman wearing a hospital gown struggled to get out of the bed. Her hair was all shaved, and she looked frighteningly skinny due to her illness. Her cheeks were sunken, but it nevertheless couldn't hide her gentle personality.

She was Irene Smith, her aunt.

Nora took a couple of quick steps forward and sat on the edge of the bed. She held her hand and greeted, "Aunt Irene."

Irene looked at Nora up and down for a moment. Then, her eyes turned red. "You look so much like your mom after you've slimmed down, Nora."

Her voice trembled as she spoke. "You've had such a hard time outside all these years."

During the five years when she lived abroad, Henry had never given her a single cent. It was instead her aunt who always sent her some money as living expenses.

Although it wasn't much, it was her way of showing her kindness. Nora's heart was warmed.

At this point, her stepmother, Wendy, said, "Nora, your aunt has been pretty nice to you ever since you were a child, right? She's sick now, and you're the only one that can cure her! You won't watch her die, will you?"

Nora frowned. A brain tumor... She casually tugged off the medical report and CT scan next to her and started to read them seriously.

A naggy Wendy said, "Your aunt's operation is too difficult, Nora. A moment of carelessness and she'll suffer brain damage, so no one in the hospital wants to do it. Dr. Larson, the head of the Department of Neurology in this hospital, is Angela's professor at the School of Medicine in her college. If she begs him to do it, maybe he'd be willing to take the risk and give it a go."

Wendy sighed at this point before continuing. "But now, Anthony's saying that without the company, he'll never get engaged to your sister. Your sister is terribly upset and in a bad mood. You can't possibly ask someone for help in such a gloomy manner, right? So, as long as you give your sister the company, we'll let Angela beg Dr. Larson for

help. Whether your aunt's operation goes through or not completely depends on you now."

When Wendy finished speaking, Henry shouted angrily, "You must also apologize to Angela for sabotaging her marriage proposal, seducing Anthony out of spite, and for hitting her!"

Wendy, who was pretending to be the good guy, said, "We're a family. What are you saying all these for? Sigh, Nora, your aunt's illness can't be delayed any further. Why don't you sign the agreement immediately?"

While the two were putting on a joint act, Nora finished reading her aunt's CT scan.

It was indeed a little tricky. The tumor had enveloped the blood vessels, so the slightest carelessness would lead to mistakes and cause her aunt to die in surgery.

Not many doctors would dare to take on a surgery like this even in New York, let alone Dr. Larson in California. Well, aside from her, that was.

Irene yelled angrily after hearing what they said. "Henry, that company is the only thing that Nora's mother left for her. How can the two of you be so shameless?!"

Wendy smiled. "That isn't quite right, Irene. What do you mean by she left it for Nora? Henry and Nora's mother were husband and wife at that time. That's their joint property."

"You're so shameless...!" Irene looked at Nora again. "Don't listen to their nonsense, Nora. My illness is incurable. Even if you sign the agreement and have them perform surgery on me, there's a 90% chance that it'll fail anyway. Hurry and go!"

"Okay. I'll visit you again when I have time." Nora put down the medical record and turned and walked out.

Her aunt was in serious condition, and it indeed didn't brook any further delay. What was important now was to contact the hospital and borrow their equipment and facilities first.

Henry and Wendy didn't expect that she would just up and leave like that. Moreover, she even disappeared from the ward in the blink of an eye.

Henry cursed, "She's a total ingrate. Your kindness toward her was all in vain!"

Wendy also spoke sarcastically. "You were so kind to her, Irene. But in the end, she didn't even want to stay a moment longer here with you!"

Irene bit her lip with her eyes red. "Finding me a doctor had nothing to do with Nora from the start..."

In the top-floor presidential suite of Hotel Finest.

"Why didn't you finish your homework from noon, Pete? This section is completely blank! How are we supposed to proceed with the afternoon syllabus if you do that? Finish your homework."

With a chilly look, Pete looked at the assignment that obviously hadn't been given to him at noon and was already beyond his syllabus.

He didn't speak but instead stared at the tutor just like that.

The tutor curled her lip. "What are you looking at me for? I heard that your father completed all these lessons effortlessly when he was your age. Don't you even know how to do this question? If that's the case, then it must be your mom who lowered your IQ genes!"

It was only when he heard the word 'mom' that Pete finally reacted. His jaw was taut as he picked up the pen. Then, he started to write silently on the workbook.

He already knew how to solve these problems a long time ago. His mom wasn't stupid!

But as soon as he finished answering it, the tutor said, "It's wrong. Why didn't you include the problem-solving process? I've already told you so many times! Stretch out your hand!"

Is including the problem-solving process even necessary for such a simple question? Pete didn't move. The tutor immediately grabbed his hand, took the ruler, and struck his palm hard a few times. Smack! Smack! Smack! The pain made Pete's eyes widen, yet he pressed his lips together tightly and refused to speak.

"This is punishment for not attending the class seriously. Now, your punishment is to attend class while standing!"

Pete stood for two hours until even his calves were sore. Only then did the tutors end the afternoon lesson. The two tutors were still whispering between themselves when they left:

"He really can't speak?" "Alright, don't talk too much. The old madam has instructed us to take good care of the little mister!"

"Okay. We'll come again to report to Mr. Hunt in the evening. We must make him sound a little more stubborn and misbehaving. Children who don't do their homework aren't good children!"

After the two of them left, Pete looked at the homework assigned by the tutors on the table. He knew that his answers were definitely “wrong” again.

Even if he had completed them, they would still say that he didn’t complete his homework.

But even so, he didn’t want to speak. If he spoke... He pressed his lips together tightly when he thought of the consequences.

All he wanted now was to talk to Mommy and the little girl next door who was great at playing games... The light in his eyes dimmed again when he thought of that. Unfortunately, the lady next door had been driven away and she had moved one floor down. One floor down.....

Pete suddenly stood up. He put on his clothes and quietly left the room. It was impossible for him to take the elevator because the bodyguards were all standing guard there.

He went along the wall toward the corner and slipped into the stairwell. Then, he opened the door and darted

At the same time.

Downstairs, Cherry took advantage of the opportunity while Mrs. Lewis was preparing dinner to also slip out quietly.

She didn’t manage to go there yesterday, so she would go upstairs to look for her father today!

The tiny form of Cherry, who was wearing a cool children’s outfit, entered the stairwell. Her short little legs climbed up the stairs with great effort.

As she walked, she suddenly heard footsteps coming from above. As soon as Cherry looked up, she saw Pete walking down.

Their eyes met, and for a time, the air was incredibly still and quiet.