

## Forever My Darling By Mr. Luo chapter 42

### Chapter 42 – Mommy, Save Great-Grandma!

The place was in chaos. The sound of doctors and nurses administering emergency medical treatment could be heard coming from the room.

“Mom!” “Grandma!” “Great-Grandma!” Justin’s uncle’s family burst into tears. All of them were crying and they acted as if they were terribly sad.

“Shut up!” Justin barked fiercely, causing their sobs to stop abruptly. Justin’s second uncle, Raymond Hunt, immediately said reproachfully, “Never mind if you’re not crying because you’re cold-blooded, Justin. Why are you forbiddi-”

Justin shot him a glare and snapped, “Grandma isn’t dead!”

Raymond was so frightened by him that the words he was about to utter became stuck in his throat. His family also gradually stopped crying.

Justin pressed his lips together and stared hard at the ward.

Pete’s tiny body started to tremble. Even someone like him who was usually clever and quick-witted for his age was at a loss now. As if sensing his panic, Justin placed his large warm hand on his shoulder.

Pete gradually calmed down. When he turned to the side, he immediately saw Justin looking down at him from above. Justin’s voice was rich and mellow as he said, “Don’t be scared, Pete.”

Pete’s eyes reddened again and he nodded.

Nora had already walked over to the ward by then. She glanced at Pete. When she was on the plane, because she needed to sleep, she had stayed inside her room with Cherry the whole time and hadn’t interacted with Justin and his son.

Now that she was observing him so closely, she realized that his physique really was very similar to Cherry’s. When she wanted to observe him a little more, the sounds in the ward caught her attention.

When Justin noticed that she didn’t enter the ward immediately upon arriving but instead looked at him, his heart sank. Did Anti also think that Grandma was doomed?

His voice was very low. For the first time, there was helplessness and pleading in his voice. He said, “Miss Smith, pleas—”

However, before he could finish, Nora had already retracted her gaze and entered the ward.

Hospital Finest was indeed worthy of its reputation as a renowned hospital in the country. Ranging from their equipment to the doctors, it boasted the best medical conditions in the States. Even the nurses were highly professional.

Everyone moved in an orderly manner as they tried to save the patient. "Prepare to apply electric shock!" "200 volts!" Bam!

Beep, beep, beep! ...Beep... beep... When her heart finally started beating again, the doctors and nurses breathed sighs of relief. Nora, however, frowned. She had observed the patient's various data previously...

"Mr. Hunt, the old Mrs. Hunt's body is already at its limit. The cardiac arrest just now has caused multiple organ failures. If she doesn't wake up in time, I'm afraid it'll be life-threatening.

The chief doctor, who was part of the emergency rescue efforts just now, took off her mask, revealing a bright and attractive face underneath. Her voice was calm and steady as she related the patient's condition.

A frowning Justin asked, "Dr. York, Grandma has always been healthy. Why did this suddenly happen?"

At his question, Tina York frowned and let out a sigh. She replied, "Mrs. Hunt is already 80 years old after all. Her body is no longer as healthy as before."

Justin looked at Nora and asked, "Do we proceed with surgery immediately?" "No, you mustn't!"

Tina shook her head before Nora could reply. Her voice was mild and gentle as she spoke, making her seem like a reliable person. She said, "Mrs. Hunt is too weak at the moment. We've only just snatched her back from the jaws of death. If she undergoes surgery now, the operation will bring further harm to her."

Nora didn't speak. Instead, she was carefully observing the patient. Mrs. Hunt's eyes were closed. She was thin and her face was filled with dense wrinkles. There was barely any

sign of life in her as she laid on the bed.

Her body was indeed in an extremely weakened state.

However, if she didn't undergo surgery, resulting in the blood clot in her brain impeding blood circulation for a prolonged period of time, it was possible that the chances of her waking up in the future would become very low.

While she was thinking, another quarrel broke out outside the door.

Raymond and his family had also heard what Tina said. Infuriated, Raymond exclaimed, "Does that mean my mother is doomed?! Oh, why is your life so hard, Mom? We've already told you that the boy that Justin brought back is an ingrate, yet you refuse to believe us and insisted on keeping him by your side! But in the end, he so cruelly pushed you down the stairs instead! He might as well have killed you!"

Raymond was 55 years old this year. He looked thin but energetic, and had a shrewd look in his eyes that came from many years of life experience.

His son, Roger Hunt, had the Hunts' exclusive deep-set eyes. However, the look in his eyes wasn't as deep and unfathomable as Justin's. On the contrary, he was always smiling and gave off a feeling as if he was up to no good.

He sighed and choked on his sobs as he said, "Don't say that, Dad. Pete isn't a normal child after all. He's mentally ill. He didn't mean to suffer a relapse. He didn't want to hurt his grandma, either..."

There was a boy in their side of the family who was in the same generation as Pete. Because he was fat, he was nicknamed Fatty. His cheeks were so fleshy that even his eyes had disappeared. Fatty rushed up to Pete, stretched out his chubby hand, and sent it flying toward Pete's face fiercely while he shouted, "You little freak and murderer!"

Justin was about to ask Nora for her opinion after hearing what Tina said. However, at such a critical moment, his uncle and his family were actually ignoring his grandmother's condition and were starting to attack Pete again.

When he saw Fatty raise his hand and send it toward Pete's face,

Justin's eyes darkened and he couldn't restrain the anger that he had been suppressing anymore. He lifted his foot and knocked Fatty onto the ground as fast as he could!

The kick caused Fatty to slide a meter away on the ground. As he was fat, his blubber acted as a buffer. Moreover, Justin had also deliberately kept his strength under control, so he didn't suffer any internal injury.

However, the pain nevertheless made him burst into tears. He crawled and scrambled over to Raymond and hid behind him. "Save me, Grandpa! Uncle Justin's trying to kill me!"

Raymond shouted angrily, “Justin, what are you doing?!”

Anger roiled in Justin’s deep-set eyes. The beauty mark at his eye was cold and ruthless as he said, “If you can’t keep your grandson in check, then I’ll do it for you.”

Raymond yelled, “Why don’t you keep your son in check first instead?! He caused his own grandmother’s death! That’s absolutely unforgivable!”

Justin, who had an imposing aura all around him, took a step forward and said, “Pete didn’t kill anyone. I trust him.”

Roger stood in between him and Fatty and his father. He let out a sigh that was as gentle as ever and said, “Justin, there’s no use even if you trust him. It’s obvious from the footage from the surveillance cameras in the living room that Pete had pushed Grandpa. We’ve already given the footage to Grandpa, and they’ve decided that they’ll hold a family meeting this weekend and expel Pete from the Hunts!”

Apart from the servants at home that testified that Pete had quarreled with his great-grandmother, the most fundamental evidence supporting the accusation that Pete had pushed her was the surveillance camera footage,

The video footage was taken from the back. In the video, the elderly Mrs. Hunt was falling while Pete’s arm was outstretched... No matter how one looked at it, it simply looked as if Pete had pushed her down.

They had both witnesses’ testimonies as well as material evidence.

Therefore, they had only one option left now, and that was to save Mrs. Hunt and have her regain consciousness. She was the only person who could prove Pete’s innocence!

Although his son had never spoken up for himself, Justin trusted him from the beginning to the end!

Pete stared hard at the ward. He couldn’t hear the others reprimanding him at all. The only thing he cared about was Great-Grandma.

Seeing the elderly lady lying motionless, his eyes reddened. He suddenly rushed into the ward, hugged Nora’s leg, and pleaded, “Mommy, save Great-Grandma!”

## **Forever My Darling By Mr. Luo chapter 43**

### **Chapter 43 – Where’s Your Son?**

Nora was shocked.

She, who was checking Mrs. Hunt's various health indicators, froze. She slowly lowered her head and immediately saw the little boy who always brought her a sense of familiarity. He was currently looking up at her.

He had a mask and a cap on, so his looks couldn't be clearly seen. However, those familiar eyes of his were full of familial love and pleading.

Nora's mind suddenly went blank. Some kind of thought was about to flash across her mind, but it was at this moment that another machine sounded an alarm.

Saving the patient was what mattered the most at the moment. She refocused on the situation in front of her and looked over-Mrs. Hunt's blood pressure had risen a little.

Tina also hurried in at this point, and it was then that she finally noticed Nora. She put on a mask and frowned as she asked, "Who are you? This is the ICU ward. Please go out immediately!"

"Miss Smith is here on my request." Justin shortly also entered the ward. He ordered, "Let her take part in the rescue efforts."

Tina paused for a moment and a sharp look flashed across her eyes. However, she suddenly thought of something and she nodded and said, "Alright, sure."

The ward entered another busy period. Justin took Pete with him and left the ward. Nora wisely stood at the side. Tina suddenly looked at her and asked sarcastically and disdainfully, "Sodium nitroprusside, Dr. Smith?" Sodium nitroprusside was the most basic drug to lower blood pressure. Nora nodded. Tina quickly injected the drug into Mrs. Hunt and stabilized her condition again.

After reading the medical records, looking at the latest CT scans, and getting a good idea of the patient's condition, Nora finally walked out of the ward with Tina.

Tina was walking in front. As soon as she left the ward, she saw Justin striding toward her. She took off her mask and, with a solemn look, was about to speak when Justin walked straight past her to Nora instead. He looked nervous as he asked, "Is surgery possible?"

Tina quickly spoke ahead of Nora. She said, "Mr. Hunt, Mrs. Hunt's current condition is very complicated. She has high blood pressure, multiple organ failure, and it's taking a huge toll on her heart. If she undergoes surgery now, even if Anti were around, there'll only be a 30% success rate if we can't protect her heart.

"There's a 70% chance that the patient will die mid-operation. Additionally, the operation is also very traumatic to the patient. Even if she's lucky enough to survive, her heart would be damaged, and she may only end up having half a year left. Dr. Smith, am I right?"

Her analysis was very reasonable. Nora nodded.

When Tina saw that she at least still had some self-awareness, she didn't pay any more attention to her. She glanced at Raymond and the others who were nearby and suddenly lowered her voice and said, "However, I do have a safe suggestion here, Mr. Hunt."

Justin finally looked her way.

Tina raised her chin slightly and said unhurriedly, "As you know, I'm a student of Mr. Myers, a master of alternative traditional medicine techniques. I'm also familiar with some of these techniques. To be honest, I can use acupuncture to allow Mrs. Hunt to temporarily regain consciousness."

"Temporarily?" Justin was puzzled.

Tina had both hands in the pockets of her white lab coat and her straight hair was all tucked behind her head. At nearly 30 years old, her age made her look reliable yet also feminine. Her voice was even and mild, which made people put trust in her.

"Yes, I can use acupuncture needles to forcibly break through the blood clot in her brain so that she'll wake up temporarily. This is the commonly known phenomenon where one experiences a short-lived period of good health prior to their demise. However, she'll only be able to last one day after she wakes up. After that, she'll..."

Justin's eyes suddenly widened and he pressed his lips tightly together.

When Tina saw that he understood what she was saying, she slowly said, "Mrs. Hunt's condition is such that if she undergoes surgery now, even if it goes well, she'll only be able to last half a year after using the best medication, If the operation fails and she fails to regain consciousness, going by her current condition, she'll only be able to live for another two months.

"But if you take up my suggestion, Mrs. Hunt can wake up immediately and clear Pete's name. You don't want

him to be slandered for life, do you?"

Nora, who had been standing next to her all this time, was bewildered. Doctors should be benevolent. However, her suggestion was tantamount to murder! She cast her cat-like eyes down slightly to hide her disdain.

As the head of the number one family in the States, Justin was a ruthless and domineering man. Tina's suggestion was indeed in his son's best interests.

The thought had only just formed in her mind when she heard Justin's cold warning. "Dr. York, your duty is to the patient."

Suppressed by his aura, Tina immediately lowered her head and said, "My apologies, Mr. Hunt. I watched Pete grow up, so I ended up too concerned and got my priorities wrong."

Justin didn't pay any more attention to her. He asked Nora, "Ms. Smith, is surgery possible or not?"

These words were something that Nora had heard countless times from her patients or their families. However, the man's voice was as low and rich as cello timbre, which made her mood improve for some inexplicable reason.

The corners of Nora's lips quirked upward slightly and she slowly uttered, "Yes, it is."

Then, she even added an extra line as reassurance for the narcissistic man in front of her: "The success rate is 99%."

The remaining 1% was attributed to force majeure. After all, what if an earthquake were to suddenly occur?

"Dr. Smith, you must be bluffing?" Tina said, "Mr. Hunt, as Mrs. Hunt's doctor, I must tell you that the success rate would only be 30% even if Anti were here. You mustn't let her fool you!"

However, Justin didn't seem to have any doubt about her words. He immediately ordered, "Prepare the operating room."

Seeing that he wasn't listening to her at all, Tina tried to calm herself down. Then, she secretly sneered, "That doctor honestly thinks too highly of herself! She's just courting her own death!"

Let's see how Mr. Hunt deals with her when the elderly Mrs. Hunt dies mid-operation! By the time the operating room was ready, Lily and her other assistants had already arrived. There was no way she would use outsiders for such a difficult operation, of course. Nora entered the ward after she put on the surgical gown in the sterile room.

Lily complained softly, "The patient is very advanced in her years, Anti. The biggest problem isn't the head but the heart. Surgery indeed isn't recommended in her case. Why did you take it up?"

"I'll take care of the heart."

Nora took out a few needles and pierced the old lady's heart with them quickly and accurately, thereby sealing and protecting her heart meridian.

Her cat-like eyes gleamed.

The top surgeon was just a title that others had given her. No one knew that she was actually more skilled at alternative medicine instead.

Five hours later. An exhausted Nora removed her surgical gown and walked out of the operating room.

As she was drugged the night before, it had resulted in her being a little short on energy today. She leaned against the sofa in the sterile area and closed her eyes. In her daze, the familiar voice rang in her mind again: "Mommy, save Great-Grandma!"

Those eyes and that voice-they seemed so familiar to her!

Nora woke up with a start. She hesitantly went out and immediately spotted Justin who had been waiting outside the whole time.

The man was leaning against the wall. When he saw her walking toward him in a rare show of emotion, the corners of his lips curled up a little. Even the beauty mark at his eye seemed to be smiling.

And yet she denied having feelings for him. That scorching look in her eyes at this moment was so passionate. While his imagination was running wild, the woman rushed up to him and asked, "Where's your son?" Justin was bewildered.

## **Forever My Darling By Mr. Luo chapter 44**

### **Chapter 44 – Investigate His Son!**

Justin had a puzzled look in his deep-set eyes. Why was she instead asking about his son after coming up to him?

Without any change in his expression, he replied casually, "He's gone back first. Is something the matter?"

The operation had lasted for six hours and it was already 1 am in the morning. Pete had originally planned to stick it out, but he was still young after all and couldn't endure it.

Thus, Justin had sent someone to take him home first. He's left?

Nora immediately lost interest. She retracted her gaze and reverted to her lazy stance. "No, it's nothing. Why are you still here?"

Justin slowly stood up straight and looked at her intently. The beauty mark at his eye looked a little more bewitching under the light and his voice was low and alluring as he replied, "I'm waiting for you."



It was late at night. Moonlight shone through the windows onto the quiet hallway. The man was now a little close to her after he straightened his back, making the atmosphere seem somewhat amorous.

In this instant, Nora even formed the misconception that the man was flirting with her.

She shook her head slightly to get rid of the distracting thoughts in her mind. Then, she chuckled softly and said, "It's understandable that the patient's family is worried about her. Don't worry, Mrs. Hunt will be fine."

She took out her cell phone and checked her text messages. "The Andersons have sent someone to pick me up. I'm going off first."

The woman turned around neatly after saying that. When she walked, it was as if she was too lazy to even lift her legs. The way she walked was definitely not an elegant one; in fact, it even felt a little lazy. However, she wasn't slow and her back view actually felt intriguing.

Justin, who was a step late, followed after her. He didn't doubt the skills of the person he had found. He trusted that she had done a good job.

Besides, it was exactly because he intended to personally send her home to the Andersons that he had waited here.

But unexpectedly, right after he turned the corner, he saw the woman holding her cell phone and making a call. Her voice was a little low as she said, "Look up Justin for me."

Justin was puzzled.

He stopped in his tracks. There was genuinely some puzzlement and perplexity in his usually cold and tough countenance at this moment.

After so many years of immersion in the world of commerce, he could almost see through everyone's thoughts by now. Yet that woman was the only person who seemed covered in a magical veil. Her form was vague and charming, and he couldn't see through her at all.

For example, wasn't she a little too fickle? She had been cool and indifferent toward him both the night before and just now, yet she was getting someone to investigate him a moment later?

He didn't go after her again and neither did Nora notice the man behind her. After another turn, she continued and said a second line: "I want all the information about his son."

On the other end of the phone call, Solo's mind was full of question marks. "Why are you looking up his son? Oh, I see, you want to be his stepmother, right? Heh, I told you Justin is a first-class beauty, didn't I? Sure enough, you can't control yourself anymore after seeing him, right? Say, is he especially handsome?"

The light in Nora's eyes flickered. Was he handsome?

The way he looked on the sofa the night before, when he was obviously drugged yet still highly restraining himself, was indeed rather alluring.

She replied dispassionately, "He's passable."

Solo whistled and said, "Tsk, in all these years that I've known you, there are only a rare few that you even deem passable. I think the two of you have a chance! Are you planning to—"

Nora interrupted him and said, "I hope to see the information in my mailbox when I wake up." Solo replied, "... Alright."

After hanging up, she got into the car that the Andersons had sent to pick her up. Not in the mood to admire New York's night scenery, she closed her eyes and fell asleep in a daze.

"Miss Smith? Miss Smith?" When a dazed Nora opened her eyes, she found that she had already arrived at the Andersons. The car had

stopped at the porch and the small three-story villa was brightly lit. It was obvious that the occupants were still awake.

Nora yawned and glanced at the time as she got out of the car and found that it was already two o'clock in the morning

The Andersons' villa was decorated in a simple European style. As soon as she entered, she was greeted with a simple and refreshing aura.

Four people sat on the sofa. An old lady who was nearly 80 years old was seated in the middle. The years had left their marks of vicissitude on her visage and her eyes looked ahead of her blankly. She asked, "Is she here? Why do I hear the car?"

Melissa, who was sitting on the left, smiled gently and said, "She's here!"

The elderly Mrs. Anderson immediately stood up excitedly. She stretched out her arm in front of her and grabbed about as she called out, "Nora? You're Nora, right? Do you look like your mother?"

A young lady sat on her right. She looked to be in her early twenties and resembled Melissa a little, and there was some gracefulness in her large eyes. She held the elderly Mrs. Anderson's arm and said, "Grandma, Nora is a spitting image of her mother. She looks just like her."

Melissa laughed and said, "You make it sound like you've met your aunt before."

Back then, when the Andersons' eldest daughter had run away from home, Melissa hadn't wedded Simon yet. Even after the wedding, she saw more photos of Nora's mother than her actual person.

Sheril Anderson stuck out her tongue and replied, "Although I've never met her before, we're connected by blood. I felt a sense of kinship with Nora the moment I saw her!"

"Meh, what a fawner." The young man sitting across from the three of them was likely a college student. His handsome face was full of wildness and unruliness.

Sheril ignored him and took a brisk step forward instead. Then, she gently pulled Nora over to Mrs. Anderson and placed her hand on the old lady's.

Nora was actually taken aback a little.

She grew up with the Smiths. When she was a child, she had always been ridiculed for being obese. Moreover, because of her poor health, she didn't go out much and had stayed in her bedroom all the time.

Initially, she still went downstairs for her three daily meals, but later on, Wendy got someone to bring her food upstairs, so she didn't even have to leave her bedroom to eat anymore.

When she was a child, she was a lonely person. She used to envy how happy a family the three of them looked. Whenever she saw Angela latching onto Henry and wheedling, she would also hope for love from her family.

But the way Henry looked at her with disgust every time made Nora gradually lose that desire. Thus, she placed her focus in other places instead, such as computer hacking, medicine, martial arts, and so on. Therefore, she was rarely this intimate with people.

However, the disgust that she had imagined didn't come. The elderly lady's hands were a little soft because of her loose skin, but the dry heat of her palms seemed to penetrate the distant disguise she had put on.

"Nora..." The old lady was so worked up that her hands were shaking. "You've had such a hard time all these years!"

Seeing that Nora didn't know what to do, Melissa said, "Mom, Nora is back now. It's already two in the morning. Why don't we go to bed first? We can talk tomorrow instead."

"Okay, okay..." Mrs. Anderson wiped her tears and said, "Nora, you must be tired, too. Go to bed for now."

Melissa got Sheril to take the old lady back to her bedroom while Nora followed her upstairs, Melissa said, "We've kept your mother's room intact all these years. Now that you're back, you can take her room. Cherry is already asleep."

"Okay."

"By the way, Nora, I didn't tell anyone that Mr. Hunt asked you to go to the hospital to perform an operation on his grandmother. I was afraid that they would be worried."

Nora didn't want to reveal her identity, either. She only wanted to stay here quietly for a few days. Once Mrs. Hunt woke up, she would return to California to look for her son.

She nodded. As she was simply too tired, she didn't even take a good look at the room and went straight to bed.

The next day, as soon as she woke up, she saw Melissa in a panic outside her door. She said, "Nora, something's gone wrong in the hospital!"

## **Forever My Darling By Mr. Luo chapter 45**

### **Chapter 45 – She Mustn't Let It Pass Her By!**

When Nora opened her eyes, Cherry was no longer by her side. She was likely playing downstairs,

She took a look around the room after she got up. It was twice as large as her bedroom in the Smith residence in California and was decorated in white and gray tones. One could vaguely see that her mother had been a strong woman.

After washing up, she walked to the study that came with the room and found that it was very clean. From the details, one could see how thoughtful the Andersons were.

Nora picked up a book-it was about biological sciences and the pharmaceutical industry. It was no wonder her mother had founded Idealian Pharmaceuticals.

Someone suddenly knocked lightly on her bedroom door. Nora opened the door and immediately heard an anxious Melissa say, "Nora, something's gone wrong in the hospital!"

Nora raised an eyebrow. "What happened?"

"Mr. Hunt called just now and said that Mrs. Hunt still hasn't woken up. He asked you to give him a call once you wake up."

Nora was rendered speechless. Here she was, thinking that something terrible had really happened.

She called Justin. When the call connected, the man's low and deep voice was as if a musical instrument striking her eardrums. He said, "Miss Smith, my grandmother still hasn't woken up."

"Sorry," Nora coughed and said, "I forgot to tell you yesterday that the patient is too weak, so she'll only regain consciousness this weekend."

It was indeed her mistake not to inform the patient's family about the details. Justin fell silent for a moment.

Nora thought of the dispute that had taken place in the hallway when she was busy checking the old lady's condition the day before, and she asked, "Will it cause you any trouble?"

"Those are just trivial matters." Justin paused. Then, he suddenly asked, "Don't you have to come over and take a look today, Miss Smith?"

Nora asked straightforwardly, "Is your son in the hospital?" "...No, he isn't."

Nora immediately replied, "Oh. It's pointless even if I go over. It's fine as long as the patient's vitals are all normal. I trust that the doctors in Hospital Finest would be more professional than me when it comes to nursing care."

Hospital Finest was directly affiliated with the number one family. The family was strong and powerful, and the wages and work benefits they offered were extremely attractive. 40% of the renowned experts in the country were working in Hospital Finest.

In the hospital, Justin looked through the glass window on the door at the old lady in the ICU ward. His lips were pursed tightly and there was a bit of doubt in his eyes.

Why had she asked about his son first? It was as if she would have come over, had Pete been here. Justin had a dark and sullen look on his countenance after he hung up. When Howard noticed his expression, he asked hesitantly, "Is Grandaut alright, Justin?" Justin snorted and replied, "She's fine."

Howard nodded. Although he hated Pete and felt that he wasn't worthy of being Justin's son, in his heart, Howard still hoped that his grandaut would wake up earlier.

Suddenly, he noticed that Justin was frowning as if he was thinking about the biggest problem in the world. After a short internal struggle, Justin finally looked at him and asked, "What might be the reason behind a woman showing great interest in Pete?"

Howard answered, "It must definitely be because she wants to marry you and be his stepmother!" A hesitant Justin asked, "But what if she's very cold and distant toward me?"

Howard scratched his head. Then, the brawny but simple-minded man grinned and said, "Uh... Surely she isn't thinking of becoming your daughter-in-law? Even though Pete isn't strong enough, he's inherited your good features. He won't starve to death if he becomes someone's pretty boy in the future."

Seeing the cold look almost capable of freezing someone in Justin's eyes, Howard rubbed his nose and asked carefully, "Justin, if you're free today, can you take me to the Quinn School of Martial Arts?"

Justin turned and walked out.

Howard followed after him and asked, "Where are you going, Justin?" "To pick up Pete and go to the Quinn School of Martial Arts." At the Andersons.

After Nora hung up, she opened her email inbox and saw an investigation report and message that Solo had sent:

"Anti, Justin is surprisingly easy to investigate. Hacking into his computer was a walk in the park. I've attached a document with all his information from his childhood to the present. His everyday whereabouts are listed clearly. There's something very strange, though. Apart from his son's name—Peter Hunt—everything else about him is securely hidden. I couldn't find anything at all."

Nora was rendered speechless.

She opened the file and looked up the month when she had gotten inexplicably pregnant five years ago, only to find that Justin hadn't been to California at that time.

She closed her mailbox somewhat disappointedly. Was what happened yesterday really just an illusion? No, she had to find a way to meet Justin's son.

She knew it sounded rather crazy, but after five years of fruitless searching, she didn't want to pass up any possibilities.

"Mommy! Didn't you say that you're taking me to Grandpa Quinn's today?" Cherry, who was wearing a princess dress, ran into the room.

Nora saw the text messages that Quinn had sent early in the morning. She knew that the old man was probably all out of patience by now, yet he still didn't call her for the fear that he would end up disturbing her.

That was exactly the kind of person Quinn was. On the surface, he seemed like a cheeky old man who scolded her for being lazy and sleeping every day, yet he was also afraid of disturbing her rest.

The corners of Nora's lips curled upward slightly and she made a video call to Quinn.

Quinn picked up almost right away. He reprimanded her loudly, "Are you a pig? How can you sleep until this time of the day? It's already afternoon! If I had known that's how you were going to be, I would have sent someone to pick up Cherry long ago!"

Nora ignored him. Instead, she pointed the phone camera at Cherry.

When they were abroad, they had often made video calls to each other. Cherry waved and said adorably, "Grandpa Quinn, Mommy and I will visit you right away!"

"Good, good." Quinn stroked his gray beard and said, "Let's hang up and stop wasting time then. Hurry over now!"

Nora took Cherry with her and went downstairs. After greeting Melissa and chatting a little with the elderly Mrs. Anderson, she learned that Simon would be discharged in another two days. After that, she took the Andersons' car and went to the Quinn School of Martial Arts.

Half an hour later, at the Quinn School of Martial Arts entrance.

Justin stood there with his hands behind his back as he looked at the ancient gates. The words "Quinn's Martial Arts Hall" were written on the signboard above.

Howard, who was standing behind him, glanced at Pete with disdain. Pete had a straight face on and resembled Justin quite a bit when he mimicked him.

But no matter how hard he tried to mimic him, he was still nothing but a little good-for-nothing. Howard had heard that not only was he mentally ill, but his grades had even dropped again and again in the exams held by the Hunts.

In their generation, Justin had always been far ahead in the lead! Would Mr. Quinn even take an interest in someone like him? He curled his lip. When he heard footsteps coming toward them, he hurriedly stood up straight.

Quinn came out with his hands behind his back. He didn't look very happy to see Justin. He asked, "What are you doing here? Is Irvin dead yet?"

Justin bowed respectfully and replied, “Mr. Quinn, I’m not here by my teacher’s request this time. Rather, I’d like you to take my son as your disciple.”

Quinn curled his lip and scoffed, “I’m not interested in your son at all—” He had only just said that when he became instantly stunned upon spotting Pete. He exclaimed, “Cherry?!”