

The door of the ward was then shut.
However, one could still vaguely hear the
conversation inside:

Lisa said, “Dad, Nora is—”

“Don’t speak her name! How kindly did
your mother treat her? She treated her
like she was her own, but how is she any
different from Henry now? She’s holding
on so stubbornly to the company and just
standing by as your mother dies!”

Irene said, “Don’t say that about Nora.
She’s not doing anything because she
knows it’s useless even if she lets go of
the company. Don’t vent your anger on
someone else...”

“I know, but I feel so awful when I
see her so indifferent!” Will suddenly
couldn’t hold it in anymore, and he
started to sob bitterly.



Nora, who was standing outside, could feel their helplessness and anger even through the glass windows.



“Don’t you feel bad?”

Henry stood behind her. “For the sake of a company, are you really going to disregard your aunt’s life?”

Their disputes here were too loud, and it had attracted a circle of onlookers.

Nora looked down and sent a text message to Lisa on her cell phone, telling her to get ready and that someone would be coming to operate on her aunt in a few days.



After sending the text message, she ignored Henry and the others' angry castigation and turned to leave calmly.

Nearby.

Justin stood there with Lawrence. A relative had happened to be hospitalized today, so he had specially come to visit. However, he didn't expect to encounter such a situation.

Lawrence said, “The Smiths are certainly shameless, but isn’t she a little too callous? No wonder she looks so unfeeling.”



Justin frowned and said, “Check if there’s anything that can be done about her aunt’s illness.”

This wasn’t anything hard to find out. By the time they were in the car and on the way back to the hotel, he had already found out everything.

“Her condition is indeed hard to operate on. There are only two experts in the States who can do it, but the success rate is only 50%. Coincidentally, both experts are currently employed in our hospitals.”

Seeing that the icy Justin wasn't speaking, Lawrence couldn't help but say, "If Miss Smith knows what she's doing, then she'll use this as an opportunity to approach you."



When the car arrived at Hotel Finest, as luck would have it, Justin spotted Nora getting off the cab. Additionally, when she noticed their car, she even stayed where she was and did not enter the hotel.

Was she waiting for them?

Nora had indeed spotted them.

She didn't understand what was going on. She obviously had nothing to do with that four or five-year-old child, but she simply couldn't help but feel uncomfortable the moment she thought of him being abused by his tutors.



They misunderstood and thought that I was pursuing him this morning. If I go over now, I'll really be seen as a stalker.

Nora lowered her cat-like eyes slightly. From the corner of her eye, she caught a glimpse of Justin walking past her, surrounded by bodyguards.

Nora suddenly spoke. She said, "I have something to say, Mr. Hunt."

As expected.

Justin stopped and looked at her with a deep gaze. His exquisite features exuded an aggressive air of heroism, and the mole at the corner of his eye gave off a feeling of slight interest. “What can I do for you, Miss Smith?”

He had already given her a chance, so she would probably start begging him pitifully, right?

In a slightly deep voice, Nora asked, “Are your son’s tutors professional, Mr. Hunt?”



She had only heard what the tutors said in the elevator, and hadn't seen anything with her own eyes, so she had no way of judging whether or not their words were true. Thus, she merely gave him a subtle reminder.



Justin frowned, however.

Why was she keeping quiet about the doctors and talking about the tutors instead? Was it because she was too embarrassed to ask him about it, so she decided to talk about something else first?

Justin was a straightforward man, so he went straight to the point. He asked, "Do you need me to introduce two doctors to you, Miss Smith? Do you want to speak with Dr. Lane or Dr. Wright?"

Nora was confused.

Although Dr. Lane and Dr. Wright were the most famous neurosurgeons in the States, the success rate was only 50% if they operated on her aunt. Why would she go to them?



Besides, she was talking about the tutors. Why was he bringing up doctors?

Nora replied impatiently, “No, I don’t. Please show more concern toward your son instead if you’re free!”

If the tutors really were abusing him, then the responsibility would lie only on Justin. He must have been neglecting the child.



For some inexplicable reason, she was a little angry, as if it was her son that was being abused instead.

She left immediately after saying that.

Justin stared at her from the back with a slightly stunned expression, but he quickly came back to his senses. Anger welled up in him, and his countenance turned a little colder.

Lawrence couldn't help but say, "I had thought Miss Smith was so indifferent to her aunt only because she was at her wits' end. I didn't expect that she really was leaving her to die. She's too heartless!"



Without surgery, her aunt was doomed.

However, if she went through with the operation, then she would at least still have a 50% chance of survival.

The choice was obvious. But that woman was actually so crazy and heartless, and had rejected his kindness?

Forget it, he would just take it that he had unnecessarily meddled into someone else's business and misjudged her!

Justin entered the elevator with a sullen look.

In the top-floor presidential suite.



Cherry stealthily returned to the room. She was just about to enter the study when she turned and saw a stern-faced woman walking toward her with a ruler in her hand. She said viciously,

“How can you bring yourself to loiter about elsewhere when you haven’t finished your homework, Pete? Judging from how stupid and dull you look, you must have taken after your mother! Oh, wait, that isn’t quite right because you’re a little bastard without a mother. Hold out your hand; I’m going to teach you a good lesson today!”

Cherry was confused.



How dare she insult her mother? And, she was even hitting her brother?

The soft little girl immediately transformed into the hot-tempered little girl from her gaming time. With her hands on her hips, she was about to hurl insults back at the tutor when the door suddenly opened.

She turned to see her handsome father, who had the potential to be bossy, cool, affectionate, or reassuring, striding in.

Cherry immediately forgot what happened just now. Her tiny form leaped forward as if she had wings, but it was at this moment that the tutor caught her by the arm.

Justin took off his jacket after entering. As per usual, the first thing he did was to ask how his son was doing. “How was Pete today?”

The tutor sighed. “He’s not doing his homework again. Because he didn’t reinforce what he learned, he doesn’t understand when we delve into more complicated topics. He’s awfully stubborn and refuses to listen to us. As a result, his progress is now lagging behind his cousin’s by two semesters’ worth of lessons!”

A troubled Justin frowned when he heard her report. Although his son’s IQ was excellent, he was introverted and autistic and had trouble expressing himself. He really didn’t know how he should communicate with him!



He walked up to Cherry, squatted down to face her, and asked patiently, “Why didn’t you do your homework?”



Wow, looking at him up close, Daddy looks even more handsome now!

Cherry couldn’t answer him for a moment there.

Seeing her silent, the tutor secretly scoffed. He was indeed a dimwit that didn’t cry, kick up a fuss, or know how to complain about others.

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Relieved, she started to spin more lies. "We're really at our wits' end, Mr. Hunt. We can't discipline or scold him, so your only option is to employ certain special methods of educating now."

Cherry, who was currently captivated by her father's good looks, thought to herself, What? They couldn't discipline or scold me?