

## Chapter 3 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

Angela's eyes gleamed viciously.

Everyone was congratulating her and cursing that damned ugly fatty, but that little b\*\*\*h Lisa actually said that Nora's facial features were not ugly?

Hah!! What a joke!

Angela was about to pass the photo to Lisa when all of a sudden.. a cool, fair and slender arm reached over and took it away.

With her eyes downcast, Nora suddenly and casually balled up the photo and grabbed Angela's hair. When she opened her mouth to cry out in pain, she immediately stuffed the photo into her mouth!

Her actions were as slick and smooth as butter.

It was only when she tasted the bitter and unpleasant taste in her mouth that Angela finally reacted. She was about to spit it out when she heard a low a indifferrent voice. "A bet is a bet, Angela".

Angela's movement suddenly froze dramatically, and she looked at her as if she had just seen a ghost.

The girl wore a simple white shirt and jeans, which made her legs look long and her waist slender.

Her hair was tied casually behind her, and a few trifling strands covered her neck. Her skin was as smooth as silk and was fair and clean. Her entire self was incomparably beautiful!

That familiar voice though...

At the sight of the situation, the others gathered around. A boy frowned and said..."Who the heck are you, pretty girl, Angela is Mr. Gray's fiancée! Aren't you afraid of offending the Grays?"

Nora ignored him and helped Lisa up from the floor. Seeing that the condition of her eyes wasn't too serious even though they had turned red, she still whispered, "Go and rinse your eyes with clean water".

Lisa bit her lips and said with some uncertainty, "Are you, Nora?"

"Yeah"

"...."

Everyone was stunned. They looked at her incredulously.

Someone even subconsciously spoke, "That ugly fatty is actually this stunning after she lost weight?"

Everyone looked at Angela again. She was actually pretty good looking and could be said to be rather beautiful. She had always been proud of her looks. However, in this instant, as she stood next to Nora, she instead seemed a little dull.

The look in their eyes made Angela feel as if she had been given a few slaps across the cheek, and her face was burning hot.

She had deliberately told the fatty to come back and annul the engagement during her birthday party just to let everyone see that she, Angela, was much more beautiful than Nora. But now, she had become the joke instead!

"What happened"

Nora's father strode over with his current wife. When he saw Nora, he was shocked and taken aback.

Surprised, he called out, "Nora?"

His elder daughter was actually so beautiful after she slimmed down?

The light in Angela's eyes flickered at the sight. Suddenly, she broke into tears and took out the photo from her mouth.

"Nora, I know you're unhappy that Anthony is breaking off his engagement with you. You can continue to hit me..."

Her sobs snapped their father back to reality, and he reached out to hit Nora without any warning. "Nora! Anthony is breaking off his engagement with you because of your immoral behavior and premarital pregnancy! you were the one who didn't know better. What does your sister have to do with it?"

Nora felt the depths of her heart turning cold.

Five years ago, her biased father's heartlessness had thoroughly broken her heart.

She was about to avoid the slap when her stepmother, Wendy Simpson, unexpectedly came forward and stopped her father. "There are so many people watching, Henry. Don't forget the more important matter."

The more important matter...

Henry Smith suppressed his anger and said, "Come upstairs with me!"

In the study.

Henry, Wendy and Angela sat together.

Nora sat opposite them. She leaned against the sofa, her eyelids drooping, making her look like a defiant madman who despised everything. However, anyone who is familiar with her would know that she was just sleepy.

Henry went straight to the point. "Nora, the Grays have agreed to annul the engagement, and your sister is also going to marry into the Grays. It's also your sister's birthday today. Why don't you give her the company that your mother left behind as a wedding and birthday gift?"

Angela said eagerly, "your premarital pregnancy has embarrassed the Smiths and also caused the Grays to be a subject of ridicule for so many years. Take it as you're compensating us by giving me the company."

Henry threw the contract that he had prepared in advance over and ordered, "This is an ownership transfer agreement. Sign it."

Nora's eyes were cold.

The Smiths had obviously been the ones who didn't want to annul the engagement because they wanted to climb up the social ladder. The Grays had also refused to annul it for some reason. Yet everything was now her fault?

Besides, everything that the Smiths had was left behind by her mother...not only where they hogging the house, but they didn't intend to even spare the company now?

Their insatiable greed was disgusting.

She looked up slightly, and said coolly, “No.”

As if a cat with its tail trampled on, Angela shouted sharply, “Nora, what do you mean by that?”

Nora glanced outside — it was getting late. She wanted to go back and sleep with Cherry, so she went straight to the point and said, “Calling off the engagement, okay. Wedding gift, nope.”

Then she stood up and walked out

“Stand right there, Nora”

Henry yelled angrily. Unfortunately, Nora turned a deaf ear to him and reminded silent.

When she reached the front porch, An ga came chasing afyer her and blocked her path.

“Tell me, Nora, do you have no intention to annul the engagement at all because you can’t bear to give up Anthony?”

Nora found her annoying. “Get out of the way.”

“So, that’s really what you’re thinking! you’re so shameless!”

Angela reached out her hand and sent it flying toward her face arrogantly and unreasonably!

However, the next moment, Nora grabbed her wrist.

Unable to break free, a flustered and exasperated Angela cursed angrily, Don’t you dare think that Anthony will have a change of heart and come back to you just because you’ve become pretty! He’ll never marry a sullied woman like you who is saddled with little bastard children, no matter what! Oh, and by the way, why didn’t you bring that little bastard child whose father’s identity is unknown?”

Smack!!

With all her strength, Nora returned to her a ruthless slap of her own.

Her pupils were very dark, and she looked like a demon crawling out of hell. “Cherry is not a bastard child. If I ever hear you spouting nonsense again, I’m not holding back!”

After leaving behind a warning, she turned and left.

Angela’s cheek stung fiercely. She widened her eyes in shock and was so scared that she even seemed to have forgotten to cry.

—

Neon lights flickered at night in California.

Nora sat in the cab with her eyes closed and rested. Light flickered on her face, shining and digging erratically, giving off a feeling of loneliness.

Unknown father...Little bastard child...

These two words made her sigh in melancholy.

It was still a mystery how she had become pregnant five years ago. She had no clue as to who Cherry’s father was.

“We’re here.” The cab driver’s voice interrupted Nora’s thoughts. She had only just alighted and entered the hotel when a row of bodyguards suddenly rushed out in front of her and stopped her at the side. “Please step aside!”

Many people who were stopped speculated in low voices:

“What is Mr. Hunt going out for when it’s already so late?”

“I heard that the Hunt’s sole grandson wanted mousse cake...”

When Nora stretched out her hand to yawn, she immediately saw a tall and noble figure striding out of the elevator with a boy of about five or six years old in his arms.

The man kept his gaze straight as he walked forward. However, when he passed by Nora, he suddenly stopped. He looked at her with a deep gaze, and said in a deep voice, “Miss Smith..”

Nora paused mid-yawn.

With her mouth half open, Nora looked at Justin in astonishment.

The man was very tall, and was a little over 6'2". Dressed in a black bespoke suit, his legs were long and straight. The lavish hotel lights spilled onto his expressionless face, making his facial features appear three dimensional and refined with a firm outline, and he gave off a sense of loftiness.

However, the mole at the corner of his eye forcibly merged allure and coldness, adding a sense of abstinence to him.

The little boy he was holding was also wearing a suit. He was leaning on the man's shoulder and had buried his head into it to hide his facial appearance, so as to prevent the media from secretly taking photos of him and exposing information about him.

Unfortunately, she was in no mood to appreciate his hood looks.

Had Justin Hunt .... caught wind of her identity as Anti?

She was just thinking about it when she noticed Justin frowning. In an imposing manner, he said, "Stay away from my son. Also, you're not my type."

His voice was deep and melodious, like a baritone hitting one's eardrums. It made people want to hear him speak a little more, yet they were dissuaded by that chilly aura of his that reached bone-deep.

Nora's eyes, which had been drooping because of drowsiness, widened big and round in this instant. A question mark slowly appeared in her mind: ?

While she was stunned, the man turned away and strode off.

The people around looked at her all at once, and they took a step back as if she was some kind of virus while they engaged in private discussion:

"In recent years, countless people have tried to approach Mr. Hunt by pleasing the Hunt's sole grandson, but Mr. Hunt hates that the most!"

"It seemed like the last woman who had dared to have ideas about the Hunt's sole grandson had married a 60 year old man in the end. That woman is too bold!"

It was only when she overheard the comments that Nora finally understood what he meant.

...Is that man out of his mind?

Soon, Justin left the lobby. The bodyguards also withdrew, and the hotel went back to normal.

Inside the extra long black Bentley.

Pete had a sullen look on his face, and he made a silent protest.

Justin frowned.

His son's abnormal behavior tonight had caused him to check the surveillance camera footage in the corridor. There, he saw that the woman had kissed and hugged his son.

The problem was that, for the first time, Pete who had always been averse to others and disliked physical contact, hadn't resisted.

Was it because that woman was so fair and beautiful that she was overly eye catching?

He thought of her sheer beauty that even her simple dressing couldn't hide, and the kind of careless wildness in her actions when she was yawning.

And, in particular, the rejection and indifference in her cat-like eyes when she was facing him. She was unlike other women. She certainly had a few tricks up her sleeve!

—

At the Smiths

The birthday party was already over when Anthony arrived. Angela's face was swollen, and a clear hand print could be seen. She applied a towel wrapped around ice as a cold compress to her cheek. In tears, she complained, "Why are you here so late, Anthony?"

Anthony looked uncomfortable for a moment.

On the way to the Smiths, he had taken a detour and asked a private investigator to help inquire about the beauty he saw at the airport today.

He coughed and put on an anxious and concerned look, “What happened, did that fatty hit you? Is she refusing to annul the engagement? Where is she? I will pay her a visit myself!”

Pay her a visit himself ... that means they will meet.

For some reason, Angela thought of that aggressively beautiful face, and a sense of anxiety formed in her heart.

If Anthony were to meet Nora, he definitely wouldn't take a fancy to her ... Right?

Angela tightened her hold on the towel. Then, she immediately said, “Anthony, you don't need to go in person. She just can't bear to let go of the company. Don't worry, I'll make her agree.”

Anthony didn't insist. After all, his mind was no longer here. He nodded and said with Emphasis, “Without the company, grandpa will never agree to I ur engagement! I'll leave this matter to you. I don't want to see her fat, ugly and pig like face either. By the way, did she become even fatter?”

Angela became wary. She didn't answer but said, “Don't meet her if you don't want to. I'll definitely cone up with a solution about the wedding gift.”

“Okay.”

After leaving the Smiths, Anthony drove absentmindedly. However, his mind was completely on the woman whom he had met at the airport. He didn't know who she was, but the air around her, and her beauty were something that he had rarely come across in his whole life.

It'd be great if I can take her as my wife.

As soon as the thought formed, he couldn't curb his strong desire to see her again.

Suddenly, he received a call from the private investigator he hired, “My. Gray, I couldn't find the identity of that beauty, but I found the hotel where she's temporarily staying at.”

Anthony's eyes lit up and he said, “Send it to me.”

—



When Nora reached the hotel, Cherry was already asleep. She went straight to the study.

She sat on the sofa and made a call. "Solo, give me all the information about Idealian Pharmaceuticals."

The livy voice sounded a little powerless at the moment. "Say Anti, don't go too far. Do you think I'm your subordinate just because owe you my life?. Don't I, the world's number one hacker, deserve some respect? You're asking me to do even something as trivial as this? How about you name your price, and we call it even?"

The corners of Nora's lips curled upward slightly, "Sure, how much is your life worth?"

"..."

After a moment of silence, Solo said, "Fine, you win. Give me five minutes".

Five minutes later, Solo emailed her all the information about Idealian Pharmaceuticals.

Idealian Pharmaceuticals was the company that her mother had left behind when she died. She was still young at that time, so the company was handed over to a deducated manager to handle in her stead. She had never taken over the reins all this time, either. However, for the Smiths to wany it so much, and even wanted her to give it to Angela as a weeding gift, there must be something fishy going on.

She carefully looked through the information until she heard faint footsteps in the soundproof corridor.

Disturbed by the sound, Nora frowned. Mrs. Lewis explained. "There are people staying in the presidential suite next door, I heard it's Mr. Hunt."

Her cell phone beeped at this point — it was a message from Solo: "The number one family is impressive indeed. Mr Hunt just offered me a few million dollars just to know whether yourea man or a woman. Anti, you're done for!"

Justin Hunt again

Nora cast her cat like eyes downward slightly. Her long, slender fingers tapped a few times on the keyboard, and she replied: "Pass him a message for me."

In the presidential suite next door.

The tall and slender Justin sat on the sofa and leaned back.

His assistant Lawrence Zimmer stood there respectfully. "Mr. Hunter, Solo has brought a message from Dr. Anti."

Justin looked up coldly. "What is it."

Justin coughed and touched his glasses. Then, he read out the message methodically. "Dr. Anti asks, 'Mr. Hunt, are you looking for me in such a hurry because you require brain surgery?'"

"..."

With this, the temperature in the room dropped to a freezing point.

After a long while, Justin finally suppressed his anger and squeezed out two word: "The Photo!"

Lawrence instantly understood what he meant, and he immediately brought out a photo of Dr. Anti that he had bought at a high price and handed it to him.

Justin took it.

He would see just who exactly the person making fun of him was!

The photo, which was taken half a year ago, was just a snapshot taken during one of Anti's surgeries.

The subject wore a surgical cap, and their body was wrapped tightly all around. All one could tell was that it was a slightly chubby woman. She was looking down, her cat-like eyes slightly downcast with a focused and serious look in them.

Those eyes look a little familiar...

Justin quickly dismissed the thoughts in his mind. The physique of the woman next door didn't match. It wasn't her

During this time, Mrs. Lewis was chasing Nora to bed. “Nora, because of your poor health, you usually need more sleep than others. You’re not allowed to stay up anymore...”

Nora stretched and said in a slightly hoarse voice, “Okay.”

Although she had recovered, her constitution was weak, and she had little energy. She needed a full twelve hours of sleep everyday.

When she was living abroad, her aunt had nicknamed her the Queen of Sleep — because if nothing happened, she could just sleep for three days and three nights straight...

The next day, she was woken up by the phone. She picked up the call with her eyes closed, Angela’s voice reached her. “Have you given the matter about the company any thought?”

“...Not really.”

In a charitable tone, Angela said, “How about this — we’ll both take a step back. I will give you half a million, and you transfer the company to me. Surely you’re satisfied now?”

Nora turned over and found a comfortable position, but still did not open her eyes. Idealian Pharmaceutical’s annual net income approximated \$5,000,000. All the money had been handed to her nominal guardian, Henry Smith, during all these years.

Although the money wasn’t much, her mother’s company wasn’t to be given away so thoughtlessly!

Angela continued sarcastically. “Does your aunt’s savings even amount to \$100,000 after she worked so hard for so many years? That’s \$500,000 we’re talking about. You’ve probably never seen that much money in your life right?”

“...”

The presidential suit cost \$100,000 per night. Moreover, worried that Cherry would be uncomfortable in her lodgings before they found a house, her aunt had straight up booked a one month long stay.

Indeed, she had never seen such a pittance.

Seeing that she still wasn't speaking, Angela changed her strategy. "Nora, you may not know this, but that company isn't making any money at all, and it is close to bankruptcy. If you transfer the company to me, there may still be a chance to turn the losses into profits!"

Nora thought, ha ha ha.

Angela went on. "It's a pharmaceutical company. Trash like you that didn't even go to school undoubtedly know nothing about it. I'm a high-achieving medical student, and I've always taken first place in professional knowledge all these years. And, I'm even intending to apply as a postgraduate student at professor Anti's

"Anti is the most amazing surgeon in the world, and they can perform even the most difficult operations. They are a legend in the industry! However, they're very mysterious. The Boston university had put in a lot of thought to invite them over as a professor..."

"Why am I telling an i\*\*\*t like you all this? It's not like you understand what I'm saying! Nora, I'd advise you to quit while you're ahead. Don't puff yourself up at your own expense! The company will only go bankrupt faster."

Nora knitted her brows, a little annoyed. "... you talk too much, you're too noisy."

An agitated Angela demanded, "What do you mean by that?"

She threatened her fiercely. "Are you feigning ignorance because you don't want to annul the engagement?! I'm the only one that Anthony loves, and what he values about me is also my talent in medicine! Even if I don't get the company as wedding gift, he'll still marry me all the same! seems like you want to do this the hard way, huh?!"

"..."

Nora hung up decisively and tossed the cell phone aside. Then, she hugged the pillow and fell into a deep sleep once more.

As for Angela's threat...No matter what kind of demons and monsters they were, all of them could just come over and send themselves to death's door!

After a full twelve hours of sleep, Nora finally got out of bed reluctantly. She decided to go to some private investigators to look for clues to her son's whereabouts. Nora changed and went out.

At the door, after a very perfunctory hug with Cherry, she slowly instructed, "Don't play games all day. Take care not to spoil your eyesight."

"Four kills, four kills! oh, you're so stupid!" Cherry's hands tapped away quickly on the phone she was holding. When she heard her mom, she nodded without even looking up. "Okay. Don't worry, mommy, I'll take care of Mrs. Lewis."

"..."

She clearly wasn't listening at all.

Nora looked up slightly and added, "There's a very difficult person next door. Don't go out if you don't have to."

Cherry's eyes immediately widened in interest. "Is he a monster, mommy?"

With Justin's arrogant appearance in mind, Nora, who had always been reticent in nature, said slowly, "Well, this monster is as beautiful as a woman and has a mole at the corner of his eye, but it seems that his brain isn't working very well."

"Oh." Cherry waved. "I definitely won't go out then, I don't play with dummies."

Nora laughed. Then, she closed the door and got ready to go to the elevator. However, when she looked behind her, she immediately froze.

At some point in time, Justin was actually standing behind her.

The man's tall figure made the spacious hallway seem a bit cramped. His dark eyes were staring at her, and even the mole at the corner of his eye seemed to be exuding a bone-deep chill.

He was probably going out. An assistant and a bodyguard followed behind him. There were only the three of them, but his presence was no weaker than yesterday's.

Nora raised her eyebrows. To be honest, her aunt had given her a thousand reminders and warnings before she returned to states.

Here, she could protect herself, no matter who she provoked. However, the only person she must not mess with was Justin Hunt!!

She had given a sarcastic reply as Anti last night, but that was because they were separated by the internet. But now...

Nora cast her cat like eyes downward slightly, and she explained in a careless and sloppy tone, "Mr. Hunt, I was just joking with the child. I definitely wasn't alluding to you or anything like that."

"..."

The corners of Lawrence's lips spasmed a little. Can that woman's tone get anymore perfunctory? Is there any monster out there that had a mole at the corner of it's eye? That monster's last name is probably Hunt, right?"

There was no visible emotion on Justin's face, making people unable to tell what he was thinking. He merely cast a long look at Nora before taking the lead and walking away.

Nora deliberately dawdled where she was, and waited for them to enter the elevator before she walked out and ley out a sigh of relief.

That man had only given her a simple glance just now, but she haf sensed fierce murderous intent.

Hr was indeed trkubley. It was best that she stayed fat away from him.

In the elevator.

Justin narrowed hid eyes slightly.

The lighting had been bad the previous night. He was nearer to her today and discovered that the woman was astonishingly fair. Her cat like eyes were casually downcast, and her curly eyelashes were long and black. She appeared sweet and docile, but how was it that he found that wild energy around her when she dissed people without using expletives a little familiar?

—

At the same time.

After Pete was sure that the demon lord was gone, he immediately dialed the neighboring room's phone extension number.

Someone picked up, and a young voice sounded, "Hello?"

Pete paused. "I'm staying next door, can I visit you?"

The little girl was surprised. "So, you're the little dummy from next door?"

"..."

As the youngest genius in the field of finance, this was the first time someone had called him a dummy

However, the little girl quickly spoke again, "Can you play games with me?"

The light in Pete's dark eyes flickered a few times and he replied, "Yes I can."

The lobby of Hotel Finest was lavishly decorated, and the neat and clean marble floor reflected light.

Anthony sat on the sofa and stared in the direction of the elevator.

The Hunt's hotel management was strict, and the front desk refused to sell their customers' information. Thus, he could only come over early in the morning to wait, in hopes that he could catch the woman.

His hard work paid off, and he finally found her.

He jumped onto his feet when the graced figure carelessly came out. With a bouquet of roses in his hands, he blocked her path in what he thought was a very charming manner. "Hello beautiful, what a coincidence. I didn't expect for us to meet again!"

Nora was rendered speechless.

They had already annulled their engagement, so why was this guy still showing up in front of her again and again?

Anthony, who didn't notice her annoyance at all, said with a smile: "Since it seemed like we're destined to be, surely you should tell me your name now?"

Nora narrowed her eyes.

She originally couldn't be bothered to pay him any attention, but when she thought of how he had also been in the delivery room back when she was giving birth...Perhaps she could try sounding him out.

Her lips slowly parted. "Isabel Anderson."

Anderson was her mother's last name.

Anthony's eyes lit up. "Are you free miss Anderson? Coincidence is a wonderful thing. How about going to the cafe next door and having a chat?"

Nora nodded without much care.

Anthony walked in front eagerly. "This way, Miss Anderson... By the way, where's your younger sister?"

Nora raised her brows. "My younger sister?"

"Yes, that little girl who came out of the airport with you yesterday. You look only about 20 years old; surely you can't possibly have a daughter who's already that age, right?"

Anthony jested, thinking he was being humorous.

"..." Nora couldn't be bothered to explain. Instead, she replied, "Let's go upstairs."

"It's just as well that she isn't here. That way, she won't bother us...The cakes from the cafe over there are pretty good. You can bring some back for your sister later..."

The way to chase a woman was to please everyone around her.

Anthony was very experienced in this.

Nearby, Justin, who had just inspected the hotel stared coldly at the two of them from the back.

Behind him, Lawrence, his assistant, curled his lips. "That woman's too much, Mr. Hunt! Never mind that she had deliberately approached Pete to please you, but she's actually two-timing? And she even referred to her daughter as her younger sister when she was lying to someone else! I didn't even see her put in that much effort when she was lying to you!"



The bodyguard behind him had question marks all over his face. Was this really something to be compared? Justin's expression darkened. A shape look flashed across his deep-set eyes, and even the temperature in the entire lobby seemed to drop a few degrees.

He said frostily, "Look her up."

"Yes sir."

After walking into the cafe, Nora found a table by the window. In a matter of a few words, she had made Anthony turn the topic to the matter of his engagement.

Anthony was eager to explain himself, yet his tone was mocking and awful.

"I'm really not a scumbag, Miss Anderson. You don't know how ugly that fatty. There's so much flesh on her face that even her eyes were nearly squeezed shut. When she walks, it's as if the whole place is shaking.

"She even insisted on using the excuse that her obesity due to hormonal injections. Hah, she speaks as if she'll be a beauty if she slime down.

"She's also mentally l'll. She dropped out of elementary school in third grade, and stayed at home ever since, cooping herself up everyday in her room. She doesn't even kick up a fuss when anyone hits or scolds her, much less retaliate.

"It's unfair to make me marry an uneducated, illiterate and mentally impaired fatty like that, isn't it?!"

Nora was close to nodding off as she listened to him with her cheek in her hand.

She had known since she was a child that crying and kicking up a fuss were useless in a home as biased as theirs.

The reason why she hadn't fought back despite being hit was that she had always kept her mother's last words firmly in her mind — she must be plain and mediocre, and that she was not allowed to show her wit and ingenuity before she became of age. She had said that this was the only way her life could be saved.

“I really hate the Smiths’ behavior. If it weren’t for that company, I wouldn’t be humoring Angela now either...”

Anthony, who realised that he had said too much, hurriedly asked, “Oh, what am I saying such things for? Where are you from, Miss Anderson?”

Nora casually made up an answer. “New York.”

The Andersons from New York?

Anthony swallowed hard. That was a big name family comparable to the Hunts!

Anthony fawned on her even more. “I didn’t expect you to come from such a wealthy family. No wonder you have such a compelling presence and air of elegance around you.”

Nora didn’t care about his assumptions and continued to sound him out.

Her disposition seemed casual, but her grip around her coffee cup had tightened slightly. “I heard that your fiancée gave birth to a child five years ago, but it was abandoned. I’m curious — where did that child go?”

Anthony hurriedly explained. “That’s just a rumor, Miss Anderson! that fatty took the child abroad!”

What the Smiths publicly announced was that Nora had only given birth to a baby girl.

After all, they would incur the people’s wrath if anyone knew that they had done something like abandoning a newborn infant.

Nora scoffed. “I’m just curious. Since you don’t want to say it, then forget it!”

She put the coffee cup down heavily on the table and pretended that she was leaving, vividly acting the part of a rich, spoiled princess.

Sure enough, Anthony panicked. He reached out to grab her, “That not What I meant. Don’t get mad—“

Nora subtly evaded him and raised an eyebrow. “So, are you going to answer me or not?”

Her behavior didn't raise Anthony's suspicions. After all, such secrets about wealthy families were what many people liked to talk about idly. Just like the gossip about celebrities, a lot of people would find it interesting. He spoke reluctantly. "Uncle Henry — Henry Smith — was the one that handled it back then. I really don't know anything."

Seeing that Anthony didn't seem to be lying, Nora lost interest right away.

What a waste of her time that she could've spent sleeping.

She got up and walked out straightaway.

Anthony was stunned for a moment before he went after her. "I'm telling the truth, Miss Anderson... Are you busy with something? In that case, why don't you give me your number? We can contact—"

"I don't think so".

Nora left behind only four words and went straight out, got into a taxi and left.

A confused Anthony was left behind frozen in place. His expression couldn't help but darken.

Were the temperaments of all the girls from top-class wealthy families this volatile? She was too hard to chase!

—

Nora got a few private investigators in California to try and look for clues. It wasn't until the evening that she finally dragged her tired self back to the hotel.

Beep.

As soon as she opened the door, she heard the conversation between Cherry and another child coming from within:

"The princess is here! Everyone, step aside! The little dummy is to escort her!"

"...Okay"

"Heh heh, do you want to try my cannon? Little dummy, tank the damage from the defensive tower. Go!"

“I’m out of HP.”

“Hey, why are you running? Tank the damage for me, and I’ll be able to get the five kills!”

“I’ll die.”

“Are you a man or not? you’re so cowardly even in a game. What are you so scared of?”

“ ... ”

Cherry was usually very cute and well-behaved, but once she started playing games, she would become very irritable and foul-mouthed. Her behavior today was already considered rather self-restrained.

Whose kid was this playing mobile games with her, though?

Nora walked into the living room and saw Cherry in her pajamas holding a cell phone. She was sitting cross-legged and was playing happily with the game’s audio turned on.

Hearing the sound of the door opening, the little girl turned and looked over. Seeing that Nora was about to get mad, she on a bright smile and blinked her big round eyes. “Mommy, you’re finally back. I was so bored. I missed you so much!”

“ ... ”

Nora sighed silently.

Wasn’t the reason why Cherry played games everyday exactly that she was either busy or sleeping, and didn’t have any time to spend with her?

She resisted her drowsiness and desire to immediately jump into bed, and said, “Clean up the place, Cherry. Let’s have dinner outside tonight.”

Mrs. Lewis asked, “What would you like to wear tonight, Cherry?”

Cherry thought about it seriously. “The little gray suit from Gucci!”

Nora frowned. “Are you wearing boys’ clothing again?”

Cherry had a quirk — she liked going out with her dressed like a boy.

She continued to stare at the phone. “Uh-huh. This round’s ending soon. Mommy, what are we having?”

Nora reached over and grabbed her cell phone before she answered, “We’re having pizza downstairs.” Then she turned off the phone.

“Hey! We’re raiding soon. You —“

An irritable Cherry was about to throw a tantrum, and she was even about to curse. However, when her eyes met Nora’s, the little girl pursed her lips and squeezed out two words from in between her teeth: “Let’s go.”

In the next door.

Pete stared at the cell phone. ‘Sweetcherry’ had logged off the game, and the voice call had also been disconnected.

He felt a small sense of loss at the bottom of his heart. Chester Hunt, who was sitting on the sofa, breathed a sigh of relief at the sight. “Kid, you’re done at last. My tyrant of an elder brother is coming back soon, so hurry and clean up the place!”

Pete, who looked sullen didn’t speak.

Chester came over and looked at his cell phone. “Who are you playing with? You look so reluctant to log off. If you want to play again, why don’t I play with you next time? I’m really good. I’m ranked among the top ten players on the local server. The top player on the server, Sweetcherry, is our team leader, and the two of us are online buddies. I’ll get him to let you join and play together next time...”

At the sight of him looking over, Pete turned off the screen and stood up. “Uncle Chester, I wanna have pizza.”

Chester suddenly felt a headache coming on. “C’mon, behave, kid. Justin’s not gonna agree to that!”

As the only grandson of the Hunts, Pete was treated like a VIP. His daily schedule was scientifically planned, and he executed it in strict accordance with the timing.

Although he didn't attend classes, he was busier than even adults.

As Justin wasn't around today, and Chester felt really sorry for this poor little nephew of his, he risked his life and indulged him in playing games all afternoon.

But... eating out?!

This was definitely testing the limits of Justin's patience!

Chester tried painstakingly to dissuade him. "You f\*\*\*\*d him to take you out for cake yesterday by refusing to take your medication, but this method isn't going to work today. C'mon kiddo, behave..."

It was as if Pete didn't hear him at all. He went straight back to the bedroom and opened the closet. He was about to take a random piece of clothing to change into when he suddenly spotted the limited edition little gray suit from Gucci.

He put on the suit impulsively and walked out.

Shocked, Chester stopped him. "Justin's already downstairs!"

Pete looked at him coolly. "Uh-huh. It's fine as long as he's not at the door."

"..."

Chester watched him leave, feeling as though chills were going down his spine. He felt like a violent storm was about to come.

One minute later.

Justin opened the door and strode in, his presence as strong as ever.

As he entered, a terrified looking Chester lowered his head and greeted him weakly. "Justin..."

Justin who was taking off his coat, paused. His inky eyes swept across the room, and his expression darkened. "Where's Pete?"

He sounded displeased

Chester became even more scared. "...He's at the pizza place downstairs."

As soon as he spoke, the tyrant suddenly turned around, scaring Chester so badly that he shouted. "I know it's my fault, Justin. Hold back a little...huh?"

Justin had already bypassed him and left. Chester, who thought that he had narrowly escaped, had only just heaved a sigh of relief when he heard the other man's deep voice. "I'll deal with you when I'm back."

"..."

---

The pizzas at Hotel finest were \$99 each.

There were all kinds of varieties, and one could order their fill of flavors there.

With a menu in her hand, Nora walked toward the empty tables.

Cherry followed her. Dressed in a little suit, her daughter looked awfully handsome, and there was a sly look in her spirited eyes. "Mommy, I'll go look at the cakes."

Nora let out an "Okay".

However, when she turned around, she saw her 'daughter' standing behind her and staring behind her all wide-eyed.

Pete was only trying his luck. He didn't expect that he would really meet her again.

A bit of joy that had never once been there before appeared in the eyes of the usually taciturn boy.

When Nora saw him, staring at herself silently with a menu in his hand, she asked in confusion, "Did you not find the cake display counter, baby?"

'Baby'

Pete blushed.

Although his grandparents also occasionally called him that at home, the woman's voice was casual and lazy, and it actually sounded exceptionally affectionate.

His eyes suddenly turned red, and he asked sadly, "Are you my mommy?"

Nora was puzzled. She felt like something was wrong with Cherry.

Was it because she had forcibly logged her off the game just now?

Although Cherry was a spoiled little princess, she had always been a lively and active child. Surely not, right?

Nora bent over and rubbed his head, With a low chuckle, she said, "Alright, it's all mommy's fault. What do you wanna have? I'll order it for you, okay?"

She held up the menu. "Do you wanna have pepperoni pizza?"

It really is mommy!

Pete's eyes widened. He wanted to ask, "Mommy, why did you abandon me?, as well as, "Where have you been all these years?"

Yet, when all the words reached the tip of his tongue, he swallowed them all down again.

He, who had grown up being taken of by Justin, had difficulty expressing his feelings. He could only not heavily, "Yeah!"

Nora was completely unawof how complicated the boy's emotions were at the moment. She took him by the hand and walked to a relatively quiet and inconspicuous table in the corner. Cherry, who was lingering at the cake display counter, looked at her Mousse cake, and then at the Black Forest cake, unable to decide. In the end, it was only after she decided that she would have both that she finally decided to go back to where her mother was.

However, as soon as she turned around, she noticed a very good-looking young man walking toward her aggressively. Then, he stretched out his long shapely arm, picked her up, and forcibly brought her out. "This is all junks food! Don't eat it!"

Cherry, who was dumbfounded, struggled fiercely. "Who are you? Why are you ordering me around? Let go of me! Help, someone's k\*\*\*\*\*g me?"

The commotion attracted the attention of the entire dinning hall.



Justin had a stormy look on his face. As they were in public, his good upbringing made him suppress his anger in the end, and he snapped, "I'm your father!"

Chester, who had come after them, couldn't help holding his forehead when he saw the situation.

It was all over.

The kiddo and the tyrant were at it again.

Pete was stubborn and obstinate.

Justin was domineering. Everything was usually fine if Pete was obedient, but once he refused to behave, chaos would undoubtedly break out at home.

He was just thinking of calling their home and asking them to save his little nephew when he noticed that the tyrant had stopped in his tracks. Mild surprise came over his countenance.

The few heated droplets on his neck stunned Justin and froze him to the spot.

This can't be...

He loosened his hold slightly and was immediately faced with a bawling little face.

Cherry was crying hard, and her sobs wracked her tiny little body. She touched Justin's face with her hand. "Daddy...You're Daddy...?"

Justin was at a loss for words.

His son always has a sullen look on his face, but his facial expression was a lot more animated at the moment. Big teardrops rolled down from his dark eyes.

It made one feel extraordinarily helpless

"Don't cry anymore."

Justin said hoarsely. Then, he stretched out his hand awkwardly, trying to wipe her tears. However, a soft little hand grasped his fingers instead.

"Daddy!"

She finally had a father.

She was no longer a child that popped out of a rock.

Although Cherry was lively and outgoing, she nevertheless felt terribly envious every time she saw other children being lifted high into the air by their fathers.

Her soft voice caused Justin to swallow because the “Real men don’t cry” line that he was about to say.

Pete was only five. He was still a child.

His usually hard and tough heart actually softened a bit.

With a sullen look, Justin chided, “Oh really now, crying and kicking up a fuss just because of some food?”

Despite that, he put Cherry down in an unprecedented move.

Cherry clasped his large hand tightly as though she was afraid that what was already in the bag...uh, afraid that her father would disappear. She looked up and said, “Let’s have dinner together, daddy.”

Justin pursed his lips and looked at his watch, “I only have an hour.”

Chester, who was already dumbfounded a long time ago, was rendered speechless.

In the past, Pete had always rather gone hungry and be punished than give in! Had he become enlightened?

Cherry was terribly excited. She had found such a handsome father! Whether he really was her father or not, it was in no way a loss!

The world of a looks-obsessed fanatic was just that simple!

“Eat this, Daddy, this is expensive!”

“Don’t just drink juice, Daddy. It’s too filling, and you won’t get to eat much.”

Justin stared solemnly at his son who was behaving like a totally different person. Meanwhile, Chester, who was seated next to him, whispered, “Justin, has Pete been possessed?”

“ ... ”

After choosing what she wanted to eat, Cherry took Justin's hand and walked towards the table in the corner. “Daddy, mommy's over there.”

Justin's vision followed her finger and saw the woman in the corner again.

She was leaning back lazily on the comfortable sofa, her eyes downcast as if everything happening around her had nothing to do with her, and indifferent as if she was isolated from the world.

She supported her cheek with one hand while holding a fork in the other as she ate absentmindedly. There was an inexplicable charm in her movements.

Her fingers were long and slender with well-defined joints. Such fingers were very nimble and flexible and were very suitable for playing the piano. They were very beautiful.

Opposite her, a child sat with their back to them. As the child was too short, they could only see the top of their hair. It was likely her daughter.

Justin retracted his gaze and looked at Cherry solemnly, “She isn't you mommy.”

“She's my mommy.”

With a cold look, Justin bent over. “Remember this, Pete. Don't trust any woman, especially... beautiful ones!”

Cherry's eyes widened.

Pity?

It would really become a pity only if he didn't accept mommy!

Her eyes suddenly became red.

“If you don't recognize her as my mommy, then you're not my father.”

“ ... ”

Justin looked displeased. His sullen gaze was as if it wanted to pierce right through people, and even the mole at the corner of his eyes felt scrutinizing.

Just how had that woman bewitched his son?

She actually made Pete say something like that!

And...

He suddenly realized something, and he asked, "Did you come down together with her?"

Cherry replied, "Of course."

It was just like what he had thought.

He knew it. Why would Pete suddenly want pizza?

Justin scoffed. That woman was still flirting with some other man downstairs this afternoon, yet now she was trying to seduce him by using his son again.

It seemed that the verbal warning he gave her last night was not enough.

He turned around forcefully, "Don't talk to her anymore."

Cherry was confused.

She looked at her mother aggrievedly, then looked up at her big and tall father. In the end, she gritted her teeth and left with Justin.

She wanted to help Mommy kidnap Daddy home.

"Daddy, isn't my mommy good-looking? She's even prettier than the celebrities. If you marry her, how impressive would it be when you take her out in the future?"

Justin was perplexed.

Just what kind of indecent things did the woman say to his son!?"

—

Nora, who was eating slowly, was close to falling asleep.

Her daughter was being exceptionally sensible this evening. The usually picky eater surprisingly didn't pick out the carrots and had eaten them all. It was just that she was taking quite a long time to eat.

She was slightly worried, "Are you eating too much?"

Pete rubbed his round belly. He knew that he would probably be grounded by the tyrant when he returned. He had dawdled for over an hour because he was reluctant to part with mommy. When he heard her, he pursed his lips and said, "I'll get another cake."

"... Go ahead."

The corners of Nora's lips spasmed a little. Then, she leaned back and closed her eyes.

At the same time, Cherry took the opportunity while the others were taking their belongings to sneak back and check on Nora. When she discovered how sleepy she looked, she felt a little sorry.

Having dinner with her was already taking a lot of time away from her sleep.

Yet she had accompanied daddy and abandoned mommy. She shouldn't have done that.

Cherry walked over and said. "Are you sleepy mommy? let's go back."

The little fellow is finally full.

Nora stretched and let out an "okay". Then she held her hand and left the restaurant.

A minute later, Pete came back only to find the table empty. The light in his eyes slowly dimmed, and his shoulders also slumped.

At this point, a deep voice came from behind, "Time's up."

Pete's tiny body trembled. When he turned around, he saw the tyrant standing impatiently behind him.

He knew that he would definitely be scolded when they got to their hotel room.

Unexpectedly, the next moment, Justin bent over and picked him up. He even asked, "Are you full?"

Pete was puzzled

Did the tyrant decide to turn over a new leaf today?

—

In the top-class presidential suite.

Ding!

Nora was about to go to bed when the doorbell rang. She asked impatiently, "Who is it?"

An unfamiliar male voice reached her. "My name is Hunt, Miss Smith."

Hunt?

Nora got up and called out, "Open the door, Cherry."

"Mommy, I'm in a fierce team battle now! ...Be careful of the ones at the back! Hey Chesty, how many times have you already died? Why are you more fragile than even glass?!"

Cherry, who was sitting on the sofa, dissed her teammates angrily without even looking up.

Resigned, Nora walked over to open the door.

It wasn't Justin standing outside but a man who looked to be about 20 years old. He wore a white casual outfit and was leaning against the wall as he played a game on his cell phone. His deep-set eyes that looked similar to Justin's were slightly upturned, and there was a bright and harmless feeling in his facial features. He looked just like a well-brought-up boy from a rich family.

At the sight of the door opening, Chester lowered his voice and said in the call with his gaming team, "Leader, I'm already dead anyway, so I'll count on you for this round."

After turning off the microphone, he raised his head and looked Nora up and down.

The woman was astonishingly fair. Her originally docile-looking and cat-like eyes were slightly lidded, and there was some fatigue and sleepiness on her expressionless face. Her voice was very low as she asked, "Is something the matter?"

No wonder she dared to seduce Justin. She did indeed have some impressive assets.

Chester said, "Miss Smith, I'd like to discuss something with you. Can you move to the suite downstairs and give up the presidential suite?"

Nora raised her eyebrows. "Why?"

Chester offered her a check. "Let me kindly remind you that this hotel belongs to the Hunts. According to the regulations, if the hotel cancels a booking without a reason, they'll have to pay double the damages for breaching the contract. Here's a check for one million dollars."

"..."

Nora stared at the check wordlessly.

Did she look very poor? Why was every one of them trying to dismiss her with money?

Seeing that she wasn't giving in, Chester threatened, "If you don't agree to it, then I can only trouble the guards to throw you out. I'm sure Miss Smith wouldn't want to escalate things to such a degree, right?"

How dare he threaten her?

The look in Nora's eyes turned cold. Then, she heard Chester continue. "Miss Smith, you've been trying time and again to seduce my elder brother. I'm cutting you some slack because it isn't easy taking care of a child. Otherwise, I wouldn't just be changing your room reservation!"

Trying time and again to seduce his brother?

Nora yawned and asked lazily, "I'm curious—how did I seduce him?"

Chester replied angrily, "Didn't you spend a huge sum of money to stay next door exactly to enjoy the benefits of a favorable position? You've managed to deceive Pete, but I'm not that stupid. I've looked into you; your fiancé broke off his engagement with you, and you even gave birth before you got married. What makes a woman like you think you're worthy of pursuing my brother?"

Gee.

It turned out that one was in the wrong just by living next door.

Where did Justin get that sense of superiority from?

Nora asked coldly, "So, no one's worthy of staying in this room?"

Chester was shocked by the sudden increase in forcefulness in her aura. Nevertheless, he said sarcastically, "Of course not. My brother has found out that Dr. Anti is staying right in this hotel, and he'll find her very soon. He'll definitely invite her to stay here! Only distinguished guests like that deserve to stay next to my brother!"

Nora was puzzled.

Had her information been found out?

She wasn't afraid of Justin, but getting entangled with such a man would be a very troublesome affair.

Nora cast her eyes downward and thought for a while. Then, she took the check from Chester and said lightly, "Thank you. Get someone to help us with the room transfer."

Being too close was really troublesome, indeed.

Chester breathed a sigh of relief. "At least you still have some self-awareness."

The presidential suite downstairs wasn't as good as these two top-class ones, but it was nevertheless more than enough for three. Most importantly, the room card assigned to guests that stayed downstairs didn't allow access to this floor.



This way, that woman wouldn't have any chance to come into contact with Pete anymore, let alone Justin!

Why did she thank him, though?

A puzzled Chester returned to the room. Then, he reported his meritorious deed to Justin. He said, "You don't have to thank me, Justin. With this, I've made up for my mistakes!"

Justin was sitting behind a large desk, with both hands tapping away quickly on the keyboard. Without even looking up, he chided him in a low voice. "How meddling."

Chester was perplexed.

Why was he detecting a bit of dissatisfaction in those two words?

He sneaked behind Justin and saw that the computer's black screen was densely packed with various intertwined lines. Among them, a red dot was slowly moving.

It was Anti, the person whom Justin had been keeping tabs on for half an hour.

With a solemn look, he was about to continue tracking her movements when the red dot suddenly flashed a few times and disappeared.

"..."

The temperature in the room dropped by a few degrees.

A silly Chester said, "You've lost her, Justin."

Justin slowly raised his head, his dark eyes a discomfiting sight. He slowly said, "I can see that very well."

Chester instantly shut up.

Lawrence glanced at Chester and sighed mentally. The situation in the Hunt family was so complicated, and everyone there was an elite whose thoughts people could hardly fathom. How did they produce such a simpleton?

He coughed and said, “Mr. Hunt, why would she suddenly go offline at this critical moment?”

Was there a traitor among them?

However, Justin was personally taking part and had suddenly ambushed her this time. Only the three of them knew about it.

If it wasn't because Anti had received last-minute news, then... it could only be a coincidence.

—

The hotel was very efficient.

Half an hour later, Nora was already in the study of the new suite.

After she successfully blocked an external attack, she called Solo. The other party spoke first. “Sorry. Mr. Hunt found some top-class hacker from somewhere and found information on you from me. At the moment, he's only found out that you're staying at Hotel Finest, though. Your exact location hasn't been exposed.”

Nora gave an “Mm” and said, “Be careful next time.”

“Okay.”

After hanging up, Nora got up. When she passed by the second bedroom and saw that Cherry was already asleep, she walked back to the master bedroom.

After such a delay, she was already sleepy to the extreme.

Two minutes later, the second bedroom door suddenly opened.

Cherry's head poked out from within. After confirming that her mother was asleep, she gently closed the door, took out her cell phone, and logged in to the game.

Chesty said, “You're finally back, leader. What were you doing just now?”

Cherry curled her lip. “The idiot next door suddenly demanded that we change rooms.”

“F\*ck! Which idiot is that? How dare they bully our leader! May he choke to death on a glass of water!”

Chester didn't think much of the incident even after cursing.

After all, one would always meet all kinds of strange neighbors when staying in a hotel.

He asked, “Didn't you say yesterday that you're back in California after living abroad all this time? I've come all the way to California to look for you. Where are you staying now? The top-class suite next door just so happened to be vacant. It's on me!”

They didn't find Anti in the end, and it was empty anyway.

He took a sip of water from his glass.

Right away, he heard 'sweetcherry' scolding him. “Get into position, Chesty. Even the monsters in the river are better than you in getting into their positions!”

It was only after she scolded him that she replied, “I'm staying at Hotel Finest.”

“Pft!”

Chester choked hard and started to cough violently. After getting over it, he eagerly said, “I'm also in Hotel Finest. I'll come to you!”

“Okay.”

Cherry and Chesty had known each other for over half a year. They got along very well and were already good friends.

They had already planned to meet when she got back to the States, so she agreed as soon as Chester said that.

Chester asked eagerly, “Which room are you in?”

Cherry was about to tell him the room number when she suddenly thought of something. Instead, she said, “Not tonight, my mom is asleep. Let's do it tomorrow instead.”

Chesty suddenly laughed. “Everyone says that you sound like a little girl only because you’re using a voice changer and that you’re, in fact, a dirty middle-aged man. Can you tell me whether you’re male or female?”

Cherry grinned. “It’s a secret.”

California was in the west of the States, and the humidity in the air was just right. It was mild in winter and dry in summer. With the curtains in the room closed, the room was completely dark, which made it very suitable for sleeping.

It was already in the middle of the day when Nora finally slowly opened her eyes. She checked the time—it was already past one o’clock in the afternoon. Cherry and Mrs. Lewis had already had lunch, so she simply called for takeout.

At the same time at the hotel entrance.

With a complicated look, Angela watched Anthony hurriedly enter the lobby. She clenched her fists.

During the past few days, Anthony’s attitude toward her whenever she called had been very perfunctory, and all he asked about was Idealian Pharmaceuticals each time.

A woman’s sixth sense told her that something must be wrong.

Thus, she had trailed Anthony early this morning. Little did she expect that she would be here.

Hotel Finest was one of the most expensive and upscale places in California.

Angela quietly followed Anthony in and saw him turning into the bar on the first floor.

He took out a wad of cash, handed it to several waiters, and instructed softly, “...You know what you’re supposed to do, right? Act according to my signals tonight!”

“Yes, sir.”

After they dispersed, Anthony took a deep breath nervously. Then, he lowered his head and started to draft a text message.

'Hello, Miss Anderson. Sorry if this is a little sudden, but I got your number from the bar on the first floor. I'd like to invite you to the bar downstairs at 8 pm.'

After sending the text message, he raised his head and looked at the setup in front of him with satisfaction.

He didn't know how he had offended the pretty woman last time, but she would definitely fall for him tonight. After all, no woman would be able to resist a romantic move like this.

Seeing that she didn't respond even after a long while after he sent the message, Anthony thought for a while and sent another text message to his friends: "Eight o'clock tonight at Hotel Finest's bar in the lobby. Be there or be square."

He had reserved the whole place and was asking his friends to come over and cheer for him. However, he didn't realize that he had accidentally also selected Angela's name when he mass-sent the message.

After he left, the waiters whispered among themselves.

"What's Mr. Gray intending to do?"

"He's prepared such a huge surprise. He must be intending to propose to his fiancée, right?"

"His fiancée is so lucky..."

An excited Angela's cheeks turned a little warm as she listened to their soft speculations. A warm current also surged up from the bottom of her heart.

How could she suspect that Anthony was being unfaithful? She really shouldn't have!

Buzz...

She received a text message sound notification on her cell phone. She looked down—it was a message from Anthony: “Eight o’clock tonight at Hotel Finest’s bar in the lobby. Be there or be square.”

Angela couldn’t help laughing.

His tone was exactly the same as whenever he asked her out for a date in the past. If she hadn’t secretly seen all these, she would never have imagined that Anthony had prepared such a huge surprise for her.

Angela was in a good mood and walked out slowly.

When she looked up again, she just so happened to see Nora, who was dressed in her pajamas and slippers, coming out to pick up her takeout order.

Her eyes were downcast, and her smooth and silky hair draped behind her. She was fair-skinned, and her facial features were impeccably refined. Her sleepy appearance made her seem a little as if she was taking a leisurely stroll.

Despite being dressed like that, the air around her still attracted people’s attention, nevertheless.

Angela’s hands balled up slightly. She couldn’t curb her jealousy.

How could that woman possibly afford to stay in Hotel Finest?

She was definitely just pretending to be rich.

She quickly took a couple of steps toward her and reprimanded her. “You don’t even have any clothes anymore, yet you still insist on staying in this hotel. Are you planning to seduce some rich guy here, Nora? How about taking a good look at yourself first? Do you really think you can trick people into paying for you just by using that face of yours?”

Nora, who was carrying her takeout in one hand and reading a text message on her cell phone in the other, looked confused.

She casually tapped twice on her cell phone and deleted the spam text messages sent by Anthony. Then, she said indifferently, “Uh-huh. At least I have a face to be proud of.”

Her cat-like eyes swept across Angela's face casually. Those few words of hers were very insulting.

Angela was infuriated.

Was she saying that she was shameless? Or was she implying that she was ugly? Or perhaps... She meant both?

She narrowed her eyes. Then, she suddenly smiled. "Nora, do you want to know where that abandoned child of yours is? If you do, then I'll see you at the bar at 8 pm."

So what even if she was pretty?

Didn't Anthony dump her all the same anyway?!

She wanted Nora to see with her very own eyes how Anthony was going to propose to her!

Angela turned and left after leaving these words.

A slightly chilly look entered Nora's eyes as she looked at her from the back.

8 pm at the bar again.

Hah, she would see what her precious little sister and ex-fiancé have prepared for her!

She retracted her gaze and went upstairs with the takeout.

Although the presidential suite they were staying in wasn't the best of the best, it still had a kitchen. Cherry was still growing; they mustn't eat out all the time. The meals that they ate every day were all made by Mrs. Lewis.

At dinner, Mrs. Lewis prepared a healthy meal with both meat and vegetables.

Nora had been busy all afternoon. When she sat down to eat, she noticed that Cherry had a troubled look on her face.

She propped Cherry's chin up with her chubby hands and sighed deeply. "Mommy, I'm bored."

Nora pinched her face lazily. In a slightly hoarse voice, she said, "Why aren't you playing your games, baby?"

"It's the weekend." Cherry said disdainfully, "All the school kids are on holiday."

"..."

The corners of Nora's lips spasmed a little. She felt that Cherry might possibly have forgotten that she was just a kindergartener.

She passed Cherry her food and asked, "What do you want to do? I'll spend some time with you."

"It's fine. Mommy's busy." Cherry put on a very sensible expression while her round eyes darted about here and there. "Can you get Mrs. Lewis to take a walk around the hotel with me at eight tonight?"

Nora pretended not to notice her sneaky thoughts and chuckled softly. "Sure."

Her daughter was very cheeky and always came up with all sorts of eccentric ideas. She had also always been a smart and sensible child and had never let others take advantage of her. She didn't need to worry about letting Mrs. Lewis go out with her.

After they ate, the trio split up at the door.

Nora went to the first floor for her appointment. When she saw that her mother had entered the elevator, Cherry took out her cell phone and sent a voice message: "Chesty, I'm out! Where are you?"

Chester's reply came very quickly: "Table 28 at the cafe on the first floor. I'll be waiting for you here!"

Cherry grinned. "Okie Dokie! I'll be there right away!"