

She Becomes Glamorous After The Engagement Annulment Chapter 191

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Chapter 191: The Child's Father!

Translator: Atlas Studios **Editor:** Atlas Studios

Jimmy's mother was terribly shocked. She quickly looked down and picked up Jimmy. "What's wrong? Jimmy, what's wrong?"

After throwing up twice, Jimmy finally stopped. Covered in perspiration, he frowned and asked, "Mommy, am I dying?"

Jimmy's mother finally panicked. "Of course not. Mommy's here, baby. Mommy will take you to the hospital right away!"

She held him in her arms and walked out.

When she passed by Nora, Nora told her again, "Have a lumbar puncture done immediately and check whether it's encephalitis or not when you reach the hospital."

This time, Jimmy's mother looked at her and said nothing. Instead, she strode off.

After she left, Nora checked the time—school wasn't over yet. Thus, she left Pete there and went home by herself.

Ms. Lynn, "..."

She'd thought that Cherry's mother would comfort Cherry a little before she left—after all, she had just quarreled with her classmate. But why was she so nonplussed about it?

No, that wasn't right. Cherry's mother was a very good mother. She must be very busy with work at the moment and must have rushed over from work right after she received the call. She must be rushing back to work to make money to raise Cherry now!

Yes, that must be the case!

With that in mind, Ms. Lynn went back into the classroom, upon which she immediately saw Cherry engrossed in a book.

Ms. Lynn couldn't help but walk over. She ruffled Cherry's hair and said, "Don't be scared, Cherry~"

Pete stiffened, but forced himself to tolerate the body contact.

He found that there seemed to be more and more people whom he could accept coming into physical contact with these days...

Soon, school ended.

One by one, the children said their goodbyes to Pete, who left the school together with Tanya. Mia watched them get in the big black car before she got in the Smiths' car unhappily.

At the sight, Joel couldn't help asking, "What's the matter, Mia?"

Mia asked timidly, "Daddy, will Cherry be eaten by the big tiger?"

Joel, "?"

Mia told him about what had happened earlier that day. Joel ruffled her hair and said, "It's fine. The big tiger won't dare to eat him."

Mia's big eyes widened and she stared at him puzzledly. She asked, "Why? The big tiger doesn't dare to eat me because I have Daddy, but he doesn't!"

Joel cast his eyes down and replied, "His father is Justin Hunt. Don't worry, the big tiger won't dare to eat him at all."

Mia was relieved to hear that. "That's great!"

Joel, however, turned to look outside—Tanya had brought the child into the car again. Did this mean that the child's mother didn't bother coming over to pick him up from school at all?

He stared at Tanya.

In his mind, however, was the DNA test report... The results were too complicated. He didn't dare to bring it up to Ian even now.

He would need to think carefully about how to word it properly.

—

Jimmy's mother soon reached the hospital. She rushed straight to the pediatric department with Jimmy.

Jimmy was already feeling much better by then. However, the pediatrician nevertheless carried out a series of tests on him before finally telling his mother

the reason for his vomiting. He said, "It's likely because he was crying too much from fright. Jimmy, do you still feel like throwing up?"

Jimmy shook his head.

The doctor smiled and said, "There's no need to make too big a fuss over something trivial sometimes."

Relieved, Jimmy's mother nodded.

The doctor then said, "It's better to err on the side of caution, though, so let's do a few more tests."

Jimmy's mother got the nanny to go and foot the medical bill. Then, she called Jimmy's father.

Jimmy's father was named Jordan Hoffman. He specialized in businesses such as underground dealings and so on in New York and was considered a leader of the industry. Apart from the Smiths and Hunts, one could say that he didn't show anyone else any courtesy.

He was a crass boor with a big and muscular figure and stood at about 6'1" tall with a weight of 205 lbs. He was currently working out. His muscles bulged powerfully in tandem with the movements of the gym equipment.

When his cell phone rang, he picked it up and answered very loudly, "What's the matter, dear?"

Jimmy's mother wiped her tears and said, "What's the matter? Someone bullied your son Jimmy in the kindergarten!"

"F*ck!" Jordan stood up, causing the gym equipment's parts to clash loudly against each other. "Who is so bold as to bully my son? But did you say Jimmy had to go to the hospital because of the bullying? Why is he such a wimp?"

"..."

Jimmy's mother choked for a moment before she yelled, "What would my son know when he's only five years old?! A kid in their class bullied him and told him that he had encephalitis, scaring him so badly that he cried for two hours until he threw up! What are you going to do about this?"

Jordan shouted angrily, "Whose child is it that's so naughty? How dare they insult my son! I'm going to rip that little bastard into pieces!"

Jimmy's mother got anxious and said, "Who are you planning to rip into pieces? How can it be the child's fault when they haven't even grown up yet? The one I'm angry with is his mother! The kindergarten had gotten her to come down, yet she still told me to get a lumbar puncture done for Jimmy. That's a lumbar puncture

we're talking about here, you know?! It's a really painful procedure. Who does she think she is? Does she think she can just scare other people like that?!"

Jordan nodded. "Yes, you're right! I'll have someone check who her parents are right away!"

Jimmy's mother nodded. "I will also put some pressure on the kindergarten. Why should we allow such parents to send their children to kindergarten? Let's have them voluntarily withdraw from the school! Otherwise, I'll drive them out!"

"Okay, we'll go with whatever you say, dear. How is Jimmy feeling, by the way?"

At the mention of Jimmy, the woman's tone softened and she replied, "He's feeling much better now. He only threw up because he was crying after he was badly frightened. I'm so mad! What's a parent spreading such rumors for? Is it that fun to scare children? If it weren't because Jimmy had suddenly started throwing up, given my bad temper, I would have totally given her a few tight slaps today!"

"I'll check who his father is right away, and give his father those slaps instead! What is the child's name?"

"Cherry Smith."

"Okay!"

Jimmy's mother was still very angry even after she hung up. She started to madly contact the principal and the teachers on her cell phone and sent them a text message.

Jimmy's mother: 'Since Cherry Smith's mother, Nora Smith, refuses to apologize for her child's actions, I'd suggest that the school expel her child! I won't change my mind unless they apologize seriously!'

When Ms. Lynn saw the text message, she quickly contacted Nora. "Ms. Smith, I understand that Cherry didn't say that to scare Jimmy. Why don't you have her apologize to Jimmy?"

Nora, who had been woken up repeatedly by phone calls, was already very impatient by this point. She replied aggressively, "Pete... oh, I mean Cherry, will take three days off from school for now, then."

Jimmy was in very serious condition. If his mother didn't follow her instructions and have him go through a checkup right away, three days would be more than enough for his illness to flare up.

Ms. Lynn, "?"

In the hospital.

It was only when Jimmy's mother received news from Ms. Lynn that Cherry would be temporarily stopped from attending classes that she finally calmed down.

When Jimmy finished the various checkups, his mother finally calmed down and looked at him.. She suddenly thought of the headache that Jimmy had mentioned previously and asked, "Does your head still hurt, Jimmy?"

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Chapter 192: Choosing Between Two Options

Translator: Atlas Studios **Editor:** Atlas Studios

Jimmy thought for a while. His head still hurt a little, but when he thought of the discomfort he had felt when they were checking his stomach just now to find out why he had thrown up, he blanked out for a moment. Then, he shook his head and replied, "It doesn't hurt anymore, Mommy."

Jimmy's mother heaved a sigh of relief at once.

The woman, who had been rather flustered deep down just now, finally put her heart at ease. She said, "It's fine as long as it doesn't hurt anymore. Your classmate's mother doesn't seem like a good person. I bet she doesn't even have a doctor's license, right? Yet she kept spouting nonsense. Serves them right that her child can't attend classes in school anymore!"

After saying that, she bent down, picked up Jimmy, and went home.

In a gym somewhere.

Jordan found all of Cherry's information in no time. He frowned as he stared at Nora's name in the field listing the name of the child's mother, and asked his subordinate, "Doesn't she have a father? I don't hit women."

The man answered, "No, she doesn't."

Jordan fell silent for a moment. Then, he let out a 'hmp' and said, "People who can send their kids to that kindergarten aren't from ordinary families, either. Find out which family they belong to. If they are just ordinary people... then inform my wife to drop it, lest they say we're using our power to bully them!"

"Okay."

After his subordinate left, someone walked in and said, "Mr. Hoffman, that Anderson kid is here again."

Jordan's expression immediately turned cold. "He actually has the guts to come again? Tsk! Let him in!"

At the door.

A limping Logan stood there with his eyes downcast. The dark basement was dim and messy. The young man with an untamed look on his countenance stuck out like a sore thumb in the noisy environment.

He waited until someone summoned him before he finally stepped forward and limped into the room.

After going in, Logan lowered his head at once and said, "Mr. Hoffman."

Jordan let out an icy snort and said, "Our sportsbook isn't a joke."

Logan kept his eyes down.

Their car races weren't actual competitions. The bets and gambling were all underground transactions. The car racing sportsbook operated solely with Jordan's name as a guarantee.

All the money that Logan had earned over the years came from them.

He had always been the top car racer in New York.

A great number of the wealthy placed their bets there whenever they wanted to bet on car racing.

Logan, however, shifted his weak and limp foot and said, "The next race is in three days, but I'm afraid my foot won't be recovering in time for it."

"What does that have to do with me?" Jordan got off the gym equipment and walked over. He picked up a bottle of iced water, unscrewed the cap, and gulped it all down in one breath.

Logan shifted his foot again. He said, "I'll definitely lose if I participate in the race. I'm sure the players would feel very strongly about this, so I'd like to ask Mr. Hoffman for help in postponing the race for a month so that I can go for an operation and recover."

Jordan sneered. "As they say, it takes a hundred days for bone fractures and muscle tears to heal. Are you sure you'll be fine in just a month?"

"Yes, I am." Logan gritted his teeth and said, "Even if I'm not, I can still participate in the race."

Jordan said, "You should have already known when you first came here that no one can change their bets in our sportsbook. For racers like you, your bodies are also a type of gamble, yet you have the audacity to allow yourself to get hurt? You lost the last race, right? I heard that you've even sold your sports car. Are the Andersons unable to fork out that money?"

Logan said stubbornly, "I'll answer for my own actions. The Andersons and I are separate entities."

Jordan stood and said, "Good! I admire young men like you! Alright, I, Jordan, will help you out this time and personally go to the players to explain things to them. I'm sure they will relent on account of that."

Logan breathed a sigh of relief. "Thank you!"

Logan had only managed to pay off the huge losses from the last race by selling his sports car. Should he lose again, the bookies who had seen potential in him, as well as the people who had placed bets worth millions of dollars on him, would probably kill him!

At this point, someone suddenly stepped forward and said, "I've found the information, Mr. Hoffman."

The man handed his cell phone with Nora's profile displayed to Jordan. His eyes widened when he saw the word 'Anderson'.

He let out a cold laugh and handed the phone back to his subordinate. Then, he suddenly lashed out at Logan and said, "I take back my words."

Logan, who was about to leave, was puzzled.

His eyes widened abruptly and he looked back at him.

Everyone in the underworld was afraid of Jordan. They found him boorish and unreasonable, but to be honest, after interacting with him for some time, Logan felt that he was actually a righteous and loyal man. It was just that he was a little protective of his own.

He was only unreasonable when people he considered his own were involved.

That was why he had come over to beg him for help.

He asked hesitantly, "Mr. Hoffman?"

Jordan asked, "How is Nora Smith related to you?"

Logan clenched his jaw and answered, "She's my cousin."

“Oh.” Jordan said very straightforwardly, “She has offended me. To be more precise, her daughter bullied my son. Therefore, I won’t be helping you anymore.”

Logan was bewildered.

He wanted to say something, but Jordan instead waved and ordered, “Get out.”

A few of Jordan’s men immediately walked toward Logan.

He would be doing him a favor by helping him out, but he wasn’t obligated to.

Logan didn’t fall out with him just because he suddenly decided not to help him. Instead, he nodded, turned around, and walked out of the room without needing anyone to take him out.

When he reached the door, he heard Jordan at the back slowly say, “Don’t hold it against me. They scared my son so badly that he threw up. I have to let out my frustrations somewhere after all. If I don’t vent them on you, that woman named Nora Smith would have to suffer my wrath instead. Of course, you can choose to either let my wife beat her up to vent her anger, or choose to accept this situation.”

Logan clenched his fists.

Jordan looked at the investigation report. He said, “Judging from my investigation results, you’re probably not that close to her. You’re in a pretty miserable situation right now—if you lose the upcoming race, not only will you lose everything you have, but the bookies that will make huge losses probably won’t let you off, either. Based on my calculations, unless you fork out 50 million dollars to pay them back, you won’t be able to quell their anger. The Andersons probably won’t be able to repay a debt like that!”

Logan immediately said, “I told you, Mr. Hoffman. The Andersons and I are separate entities!”

Jordan casually took a seat. His muscles shook a little, and his voice was rough as he said, “That may work on me, but do you think it’ll also work on others when you’re an Anderson?”

Logan broke into a frown.

Gambling in the underworld didn’t operate on the usual rules.

Jordan went on and asked, “Do you remember that boxing champion in the black market three years ago? He disappeared after he lost a match. Do you know where he is now?”

“He died after someone secretly beat him up. His body was thrown into the sewer and eaten by rats after he died. On top of that, those people even went to his home. It’s said that his wife and children are begging on the streets even now.”

Logan clenched his fists.

Jordan smiled and said, “Of course, this won’t happen if you can get your foot injury healed within three days, or if you can find a racer who is even more skilled than you to help you win the race.

“However, a racer like that doesn’t seem to exist in the States. As for the international scene, Yanci is the only one who can do that.”

While the two were chatting, Jimmy’s mother came over with Jimmy.

As soon as they entered the gym, the hot and stuffy atmosphere in the room immediately made Jimmy’s head hurt as if great tidal waves were churning in his head..

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Chapter 193: Yanci The Car Racer!

Translator: Atlas Studios **Editor:** Atlas Studios

Jimmy instantly became as pale as a sheet. He held his head and then his chest.

His mother noticed his unusual behavior very quickly. “What’s wrong, Jimmy?”

The little boy couldn’t pinpoint where exactly he didn’t feel well, so he could only reply, “I feel so sick, Mommy.”

Jimmy’s mother hurriedly hugged him. She couldn’t help but gripe, “It’s all Nora Smith’s fault! Of all things to say, why did she have to scare you like that?!”

She was so anxious that her eyes were all red. She griped at Jordan and said, “I really don’t know who this boy takes after for him to be so timid. Come on, Mommy will tuck you into bed.”

She scooped the pale Jimmy into her arms and took him to the bedroom upstairs.

Jordan became even more furious when he saw how unwell little Jimmy was.

He looked at Logan and said, “It still goes back to the same thing. Either I help you out—everyone will likely take a step back on my account and postpone the

race for a month—but you must bring me that woman named Nora Smith and let me teach her a good lesson! Or, you get the hell out of here!”

Logan clenched his fists.

He stared at Jordan. After a short while, he finally replied coldly, “I’ll take my leave, Mr. Hoffman.”

Logan limped out of the door. Jordan was still angry even after he left. The man beside him said, “Mr. Hoffman, that kid is a pretty righteous and honorable guy...”

Jordan snorted. “He can only count himself unlucky to have a cousin like that! Since I can’t make trouble for that woman, I can only make trouble for him, then!”

However, after he said that, he lowered his head again and said, “Forget it. That kid is pretty interesting. Relay a message to everyone—the race three days later will go on as per normal, but he and the Andersons are separate entities.”

This meant that he was going to protect the Andersons.

The man nodded. “Yes, sir.”

To be honest, Jordan actually wasn’t the most powerful man among the underworld forces. However, everyone trusted and believed in him because he was a righteous and loyal man who practiced boundaries in the way he did things.

Take just now, for example. Even though he had vented his anger on Logan because of a woman, he had protected Logan’s family, nonetheless.

Otherwise, if everyone charged over to the Andersons, the Andersons would be in trouble.

—

Logan left Jordan’s. After taking a few steps, someone called out to him from behind. He turned around to see that it was Jordan’s second-in-command. The man strode over and said, “Mr. Hoffman has just given the word that you and the Andersons are separate entities. I have no idea which part of you Mr. Hoffman took a fancy to.”

Logan breathed a sigh of relief and nodded at the man. He said, “Please thank Mr. Hoffman for me.”

Jordan’s second-in-command nodded. Then, he said, “You sure are unlucky, though. Why do you simply have to have a cousin like that? If you ask me, I’d say this would all be over if you just bring her here and have her apologize to Mr. Hoffman and his wife. Why bother doing something like that instead?”

Logan cast his eyes down and said nothing.

The man went on and said, "I've already looked into it. Your cousin isn't from an established family, so it shouldn't matter that much to her whether she embarrasses herself or not, isn't it?"

However, as soon as he said that, Logan said, "Thank you very much for your help."

In other words, he had rejected Jordan's second-in-command's suggestion.

The man's expression darkened. "You don't know what's good for you, kid. She'd best either apologize or hope that the little mister gets well soon. Otherwise, Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman definitely won't let her off if the little mister continues to be sick!"

Logan nodded at him and left.

Logan's foot hadn't recovered yet, so he couldn't drive. He hailed a cab and instructed the driver to go to the villa where he was currently staying.

However, when he reached the villa, he found that all his belongings had been thrown out. Someone was inside the villa and packing the place. The moment he got out of the car with a frown, someone said, "Oh hey, aren't you Logan—The Racing King? You've come just in time. Why haven't you moved out when you've already sold this villa to me?"

Logan pressed his lips together tightly.

The person who had bought his villa was none other than Winston, Jon Myers' son!

Jon had been making things difficult for the Andersons all these years, in hopes that the Myers Peace Pharmacy would replace the Harmonia Pharmacy to become the top player in the traditional medicine industry in New York.

Therefore, Winston had shown up immediately when he heard that Logan was selling his villa and car.

He had bought his villa at a low price.

The villa was located in the suburbs, so it was only worth three million dollars.

However, not only did Winston only offer 1.5 million dollars for it, but he had even coerced Logan into the transaction because he needed the money urgently! It was clearly stated in the contract that he was to be given a month's time to move out.

He didn't want to go back and live with the Andersons at the moment, lest they find out about his leg injury and worry about him.

But why was he kicking him out now?

Logan stepped forward with a frown and said, "Our contract clearly states that I'll move out within a month. I signed the sale agreement with you only yesterday, didn't I?"

Winston lifted his head high and replied, "Yes, 'within a month' is right. A day's time is also within a month, isn't it? Are you planning to stay here and not move out?"

Logan's sharp gaze turned cold. "Don't go too far, Winston!"

"Don't go too far?" Winston shrugged and said, "How exactly am I going too far? Isn't it right, of course, that you move out after you sell your house to me? Besides, I'm planning to stay here soon, so I can only take your things for you first!"

As soon as he said that, someone rushed out of the villa and called out, "There's a trophy here, Mr. Myers!"

Winston looked over to see that it was Logan's racing championship trophy.

Logan's eyes widened in shock when he saw the trophy.

He had won that trophy when he participated in his very first race.

His parents had always disapproved of car racing, so he'd only had a small celebration with his friends after he won the trophy. He had kept it carefully in his villa ever since.

The trophy held a special meaning to him.

He hastily stepped forward and said, "Give me that!"

Winston also hastily said, "Yeah, that trophy is the first championship trophy that our Logan—The Racing King here ever won. I remember that he had beat the others by copying one of Yanci's drifting techniques that time. That trophy holds great significance. You mustn't break it! Here, Logan—The Racing King, hold it properly."

Logan stretched out his hand. He was about to take the trophy when Winston suddenly turned and smashed the trophy mercilessly against the rock next to him!

Smash!

The trophy shattered at once!

Logan's eyes widened in horror. He turned to Winston abruptly, balled up his fist, and waved it at him. He shouted, "You must be sick of living, Winston!"

But before he could charge toward Winston, two other men stopped him.

Logan had always had a lot of physical strength, and he rarely suffered disadvantages in fights. In addition, he had always been ruthless ever since he was a child. However, one of his legs was injured, and he didn't have any strength in it. He soon fell into a disadvantage.

The men trapped Logan. He glared furiously at Winston. "You're so shameless to kick a man while he's down!"

Winston, however, laughed and said, "I've already bought your villa. As for your car, will you sell it for three million dollars or not? I've already spread the word—no one will offer you a higher price than that!"

Logan clenched his fists.

At this moment, his cell phone suddenly rang..

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Chapter 194: The Hunts

Translator: Atlas Studios **Editor:** Atlas Studios

Winston had made up his mind to buy Logan's sports car at a low price.

There were only twenty of that sports car model in the world. One could say that it was nigh impossible to get one's hands on it.

The car originally retailed at 20 million dollars, but because no one was selling it, people were willing to buy it even at 30 million dollars.

Winston, however, was only offering three million dollars for it, which was just 10% of the price it could fetch!

He wasn't just kicking a man while he was down; rather, his actions were utterly despicable and shameless.

It was exactly because he had given everyone in their circle a heads-up that Logan still hadn't managed to sell his car even now.

Logan was infuriated, but he really needed the money urgently.

He clenched his jaw and said, "Even if I give it to someone else for free, I will never sell it to you! You don't know a thing about sports cars!"

Winston was only buying the sports car to show off. How would he possibly understand anything about it?

To Logan, the roar of its engine was the most beautiful music movement in the world!

His words amused Winston, who then said, "Even three million dollars is too good a price for you. I'll give you another minute to think about it. If you still don't agree to it, then I will lower it to 1.5 million dollars! Three, two..."

Before he could finish, though, Logan's cell phone rang.

Logan sat on the ground with bruises all over him, including on his face. He spat out a mouthful of bloody spittle and answered the phone.

A voice came through the phone and said, "Logan, someone wants to buy your sports car!"

Logan was surprised. He asked, "How much are they offering?"

His words made Winston's ears perk up, and the corners of his lips curled into a smile.

Winston had gotten a few other people to offer to buy the car, but the prices they offered were even lower than his. In fact, some even offered only \$150,000.

He had done it entirely to humiliate Logan.

Hence, he thought that the person offering to buy the car was also one of his friends. However, the next moment, the person on the phone said, "The buyer says that even though the car retailed at 20 million dollars and the market price has now reached 30 million dollars, you're in urgent need of money, so he is willing to offer 25 million dollars."

25 million dollars!

This was undoubtedly a reasonable offer!

Logan heaved a huge sigh of relief and shouted, "Sold!"

"Okay, I'll transfer the car's ownership rights to them right away!"

Logan got up from the ground after he hung up, and patted off the dust on his clothes. Even though he had been beaten up, the young man looked as wild and

untamed as ever. He glanced at Winston, stretched out a finger, pointed at him, and said, "I will remember you."

His aura intimidated Winston for a moment, but right after, he came back to his senses and said, "Tsk. Do you think you're still Logan—The Racing King? Do you think you can still call the shots in the underworld? What can you do even if you remember me?"

Logan, however, didn't pay any more attention to him. Instead, he picked up a few items that he cared about from the belongings that were thrown out.

He only stayed at the villa occasionally, so he didn't have many personal belongings inside anyway. He took a few award certificates and got into the car.

He was going to transfer the car's ownership now.

Winston and the others continued to stand where they were after he left, so furious that they couldn't speak. At last, Winston said, "Let's go. Follow him and see who exactly is the one that dares to go against my wishes and buys his car!"

The few of them followed after Logan.

At the Department of Motor Vehicles.

Logan gazed at Little Yellow, stroking it only after he washed his hands.

He had received the car as a reward after he won the championship when he was seventeen. Since then, the title of 'Logan—The Racing King' had stuck to him.

He had regarded Little Yellow as his treasure ever since.

He, who loved the car like his life itself, had never had a girlfriend, yet he had taken care of the car with all his heart.

But he knew that Little Yellow wasn't his anymore from this moment onward.

He looked at the man who had bought the car—Sean—and said seriously, "I hope its new owner will treat it kindly."

Sean gave his glasses a push, nodded, and replied, "Don't worry."

Mr. Hunt had bought the car for the little mister!

It would take ten years before the little mister grew up, so they would definitely be treating it kindly—after all, it was going to stay in the innermost section of the garage.

The two men entered the Department of Motor Vehicles. The moment they came out after finishing the transfer procedures, they saw Winston walking over with a group of people with great momentum.

Winston stood in Sean's way and asked, "Buddy, where are you from? Didn't you receive our notice?"

Sean looked at the people in front of him. He pushed his glasses and replied, "I did. So?"

Winston, "?"

Winston was outraged "How dare you still mess up our plans after you received it! Do you know who the one backing us up is?"

Winston had never relied on the Myerses to back him up.

After all, like the Andersons, the Myerses might be well-known in the pharmaceutical industry, but they were nothing in New York itself.

The people backing him up were an underworld force that even Jordan Hoffman had to show courtesy to.

Upon hearing what he said, Logan couldn't just stand by idly anymore. He stepped forward and said, "Buddy, these people aren't to be messed with. If you want to back out, I can return the money to you."

He mustn't implicate other people.

Unexpectedly, as soon as he said that, Sean took off his glasses. He folded them carefully, put them in the glasses case, and then put the case in his pocket.

"Come with me," he said.

Winston and the others followed after him and left the Department of Motor Vehicles. The few of them entered a small alley at the side.

Logan frowned.

As soon as they entered the alley, Sean suddenly stood still, turned around, and beckoned at the few of them.

Winston and the others charged toward him at once.

Logan panicked.

That man looked so polite and down-to-earth. Neither did he look strong enough. Could he really handle them?

The thought had only just formed in his mind when he saw the man, who had still looked so polite and gentle the last moment, suddenly throw his fist out. As though Winston and the others were just little kids, he gave them all a punch each and fell them all neatly and slickly.

Sean's movements seemed structured and systematic—he had likely trained in martial arts before.

Winston and the others fell onto the ground, groaning and moaning in pain.

They were ultimately just your average punks. Winston yelled, "Do you know who we are? How dare you hit us just like that!"

Sean took out his glasses case from his pocket unhurriedly after he beat them up. He took out the microfiber cloth and cleaned his glasses before putting them back on.

After putting them back on, he took out a piece of wet tissue, wiped his fingers, and tossed it onto Winston's face before he replied, "I know who you are."

Winston, "!"

He became even angrier. "How dare you hit us when you know who we are! How impertinent! Who exactly are you? Tell us who you are if you have the guts! Our boss will hunt you down!"

Sean let out an 'oh' before he answered coldly, "The Hunts."

"..."

—

Logan was still somewhat dazed when he went home.

As it turned out, it was the Hunts who had helped him out. No wonder they had the guts to ignore that man and offer him 25 million dollars for his car.

It was just that Justin Hunt had never been interested in sports cars, so who had he bought it for?

He entered the Andersons' villa. He was about to go up the stairs when he suddenly saw Nora coming out of her room. She was yawning lazily and holding her cell phone.. A voice rang out from the phone and said, "Mommy, I managed to buy a Little Yellow!"

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Chapter 195: Jimmy Is In Danger!

Translator: Atlas Studios **Editor:** Atlas Studios

Logan, “??”

Little Yellow?

While he was wondering about it, Nora replied, “Oh.”

The voice on the phone then said, “But I like pink! So I’m going to paint it pink~”

“It’s up to you.”

Nora only noticed Logan after she uttered the few words. She was taken aback.

The boy stood where he was, casually, with his hands in his pockets. Although one couldn’t tell the condition of his body, there were injuries on his face.

He had a bruise at the corner of his mouth and a band-aid on his nose.

They added a little more of that wild and untamed feeling to the youth. It was just that he had a somewhat hostile look in his eyes at the moment.

Nora turned off the phone. She thought that the look in the boy’s eyes was because she was blocking his way upstairs, so she stepped aside and gave way to him.

Logan limped up the stairs after he saw her stepping to the side. When he was walking past her, Nora suddenly asked, “Hasn’t your foot healed yet?”

She seemed to recall that something was already wrong with Logan’s foot when he came home the other time?

The boy was a car racer, so both his hands and feet were equally important. Could he drive a sports car in that condition?

She was wondering about that when the young man looked over fiercely with anger in his eyes and snapped, “It’s none of your business!”

Nora, “?”

Logan really was rather mad.

Even though he had bailed her out at Mr. Hoffman's, he was ultimately still just a teenager, so it was inevitable that he would be resentful about it. He couldn't help but ask, "Do you know how much trouble you can bring to others with a single sentence of yours?"

Nora, "??"

She had only just woken up, so she was still rather sleepy and didn't know what Logan meant at all. However, the boy didn't seem like someone who would lash out at others for no reason, so she asked hesitantly, "What's the matter?"

Logan thought of the whole mess and ultimately said nothing about it. He replied, "It's nothing. Just manage your own affairs properly and it'll do."

He went upstairs after saying that.

Nora, "..."

Tsk.

What a brat. He must have come back to vent his frustrations after suffering injustice outside.

She went downstairs, poured herself a glass of water, and then went back upstairs with the glass. As soon as she went back up, she received a call from an unknown number. When she answered, Mrs. Hoffman's voice reached her through the voice. She said, "I'm not going to let matters rest this time, Ms. Smith!"

Nora, "?"

Mrs. Hoffman sounded as if she was crying as she said, "My son was so scared by what you said that he threw up again. He only fell asleep after taking a tranquilizer pill. Even though Logan has shouldered the blame for you, if anything should happen to my son, I will never let you off!"

She hung up right away after saying that.

Nora narrowed her eyes.

Logan had shouldered the blame for her... What kind of blame had he shouldered for her?

Now wasn't the time to be thinking of that, though.

He had thrown up again...

From the looks of it, the boy was in terrible condition!

The woman, who had never been one to be nosy, merely thought about it for a moment before she got onto the bed and lay down. However, she still felt rather uneasy.

Pete came out of the shower a while later. After he got onto the bed, he asked hesitantly, "Mommy, will Jimmy be okay?"

Nora was surprised. She asked, "Are you on very good terms with him?"

Pete nodded. "He likes Cherry very much. There was once I didn't manage to grab an apple during mealtime, but he had managed to grab two, so he gave me one."

Nora closed her eyes. "Mm. Go to sleep now."

Pete closed his eyes.

Ten minutes later, Nora suddenly opened her eyes. She ruffled her hair, sat up in annoyance, and said, "Pete, Jimmy isn't in good condition tonight. I'll go and take a look at him."

Pete nodded.

Nora picked up her cell phone, hacked into the Golden Sunshine Kindergarten's computer system, and found Jimmy's address. After that, she got up, changed into a set of black clothes, and left the house.

As she drove the jeep along the quiet streets, she felt that she must be out of her mind.

She didn't know why she was being so nosy this time, either.

To be honest, she had already done her duty as a doctor when she warned them time and again previously.

Besides, Jimmy's mother didn't look like she was someone easy to get along with. However, Jimmy was innocent; he was only five.

It was already midnight by the time she arrived at the Hoffmans' clubhouse.

She stopped the car and tried to enter. However, someone stopped her at the door and asked, "Who are you looking for?"

Nora revealed her identity and replied, "I'm Nora. I'm here to look for Jimmy's mother. Alternatively, his father would also do."

The man asked Nora to wait while he went in to report her arrival. Soon, he came back out and told her to go in.

Nora followed the few men into the gym.

The environment was very dark, and even the light in there was yellowish. The whole room was very dim.

Nightlife in the underworld had only just begun, so Jordan was full of energy. Muscles bulged on his upper body, which was naked. He looked at Nora's tiny physique and sneered, "Huh, did Logan abandon you in the end after all?"

Nora didn't understand what he was saying. She merely said, "Jimmy's father, I came here to tell you that Jimmy has encephalitis. If he continues to vomit and becomes unconscious, I'm afraid he will be in great danger!"

Jordan, "?"

He sneered and stood up. "Are you crazy? You've already come all the way here, yet you're still saying that? Are you more amazing than the doctors in the hospital?"

Nora shook her head. She replied slowly and earnestly, "No, that's not the case, because the doctors may not know that his head hurts. Moreover, Jimmy is very young, so he can't express his symptoms clearly. It was just my guess in the beginning, too; that's why I told his mother to send him for a lumbar puncture. However, I've basically confirmed the diagnosis now."

Jordan narrowed his eyes.

Mrs. Hoffman had already come downstairs after she heard the news. Upon hearing what Nora said, she was so furious that she came forward with her fists brandished to hit her.

"How dare you come here! Nora Smith, are you naive or just fearless?"

Nora took a step back and dodged her fists. She said, "Calm down, Jimmy's mom."

"Calm down, my a*s! Jimmy was crying and kicking up a fuss in the evening just now. If it weren't because the doctor had prescribed him tranquilizers that helped him to sleep, he would definitely be even more scared now! He's having convulsions now because your words scared him so much! You'd best behave and let me beat you up. If you dare so much as to duck again, I will make sure you and Cherry won't be able to attend school anymore!"

Nora frowned and said, "It's not your call whether Cherry can attend school or not, but your son is in great danger now!"

"You're trying to scare us again! Fine, you claim to be a doctor, right? Which hospital are you working as a doctor at? Can you show me your license?"

“... I didn’t bring it with me.”

She didn’t have the habit of bringing Anti’s doctor’s license around with her. After all, she only performed two operations a month.

Mrs. Hoffman sneered, “You didn’t bring it with you? I bet you don’t have one at all!”

She gave a wave after she said that. Men around them came forward and surrounded Nora. She said, “Since you have the guts to come all the way here, I’ll let you come in on your feet but sent out on your back!”

Nora, “?”

She balled up her fists and narrowed her eyes.

At this point, hurried footsteps came over and someone shouted, “Mrs.. Hoffman, something terrible has happened!”

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Chapter 196: So, Nora Smith Was Right!

Translator: Atlas Studios **Editor:** Atlas Studios

Mrs. Hoffman was startled to hear that. She frowned and asked, “What happened? Did he wake up in fear again?”

After saying that, she didn’t have the luxury of bothering with Nora anymore, so she turned around and walked out.

Jordan also followed closely behind the few of them. Jimmy was his only son, after all, so he cared very much about him.

Nora wanted to follow them up the stairs but was stopped. Someone said, “You can’t go up there, Ms. Smith!”

Nora’s brows were drawn together, and she was rather anxious.

This was a moment of life and death!

Nora didn’t have the luxury of caring that much anymore. She reached out, hooked her arm around the man’s, and pulled him over forcefully at once. She threw him over her shoulder and flipped him onto the ground.

The rest of the thugs rushed toward her one by one at the sight.

Nora stretched out her leg and kicked one of them away. The man, who had been sent flying sideways, blocked the rest of the people rushing toward her, which allowed her to run upstairs.

As soon as she went up, she heard Mrs. Hoffman screaming shrilly, "Jimmy! Jimmy, wake up! Wake up!"

The nanny next to them was also shouting anxiously, "Jimmy, Jimmy...! What's wrong with him, Mrs. Hoffman?"

Jordan yelled, "Get out of the way! Call 911! Hurry!"

Nora's eyes widened in horror. She rushed straight to the room and saw Jimmy lying on a clean bed in the brightly-lit room. He was foaming at the mouth and convulsing.

Mrs. Hoffman touched his forehead and exclaimed, "Why is he so warm?! Jordan, hurry up and call 911!"

Nora rushed over anxiously. Jordan, who was on the phone, noticed her. He frowned at once and was about to speak when Nora bypassed him and stood at Jimmy's bed.

Jordan was furious. "You—"

But before he could finish, Nora ordered coldly, "Get out of the way!"

Mrs. Hoffman was dumbfounded.

Nora grabbed her by the arm. Then, she looked at the nanny and instructed, "Get me some diluted alcohol to lower his temperature."

Then, she immediately pulled Jimmy's eyelids up skillfully and checked his eyes—the boy's pupils were already dilating. She didn't have the luxury of caring that much anymore. She immediately took out a pill from her pocket, tore off the tinfoil, and fed it to Jimmy!

Mrs. Hoffman finally came back to her senses at this point. She rushed over and shouted, "What did you feed Jimmy?!"

Nora looked at her coldly. "If you continue to stop me, your son will die!"

Her calm and steady voice, as well as her words, made Mrs. Hoffman dumbfounded.

Seeing that she finally wasn't coming forward anymore, Nora took the diluted alcohol from the nanny and physically cooled the boy's temperature.

The bodyguards at the door rushed up at this point and said, "Mr. Hoffman! Nora, she—"

Before he could finish, he was stunned by the sight of Nora repeatedly torturing Jimmy.

Jordan, whose eyes were red, glared at Nora menacingly. However, he suddenly said, "Let her do it. Nora, if anything happens to my son, I won't let you off!"

The bodyguards finally retreated.

The long-overdue ambulance finally came. By the time the paramedics came upstairs, Jimmy had already fallen into a deep sleep. His breathing had also become much more even, and he looked much better.

Worried about their son, Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman hurriedly followed them into the ambulance.

It was only after they got into the ambulance that they realized that Nora had already left at some point. Mrs. Hoffman frowned. "Why did she leave?"

The nanny replied, "It seems like she only left after she saw that the ambulance was here."

Mrs. Hoffman bit her lip.

Jordan said, "It's fine. She may have left, but her home is still there! If anything happens to Jimmy, I will look for the Andersons!"

Mrs. Hoffman nodded. She gritted her teeth and said, "There's the kindergarten, too. She can run, but she can't hide! Besides, even if she did save Jimmy's life, he was sick in the first place because of her!"

Jordan nodded.

The group of them finally arrived at the hospital. By the time the doctor came over, Jimmy was already awake and muttering about having a headache.

A nurse said, "Doctor, he had already undergone professional first aid measures by the time we went over. That person also told me that we must conduct a lumbar puncture on the patient."

A lumbar puncture...

Something clicked in the doctor's head at once and he said, "Don't bother with the brain CT and MRI for now. Perform a lumbar puncture on him right away instead!"

"Yes, sir!"

After the staff took Jimmy away, the doctor also left to attend to his duties.

It was only at daybreak that the doctor finally walked out of the ward while wiping his perspiration. Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman went up to him at once and asked, "Doctor, how is my son?"

The doctor took a deep breath and held their hands excitedly. He asked, "Who performed first aid on the child? What exactly did she feed him?"

Mrs. Hoffman flew into a rage at once. "What's wrong? Did something bad happen because of what he was fed? Ahhh!! I'm going to kill her!"

Jordan also panicked. He asked, "Doctor, what exactly is going on? Is there something wrong with that pill? My son was having convulsions because she scared him so badly!"

The doctor was dumbfounded at how agitated the two of them were. He said, "Convulsions from fright? What nonsense! The child has acute meningitis! If it weren't for the person who saved him in time, the child would probably be dead now!"

The doctor then went on and said, "I'm just very curious about the medicine she fed the child. To think it's so amazing! The fever had already subsided by the time the child was sent to the hospital. His condition had mostly also stabilized by then. They basically saved his life!"

"..."

—

At the Andersons'.

By the time Nora got home after the whole hullabaloo the night before, it was already one o'clock in the morning.

After washing up, she slept all the way until noon the following day, where she was woken up by people knocking on the door downstairs.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The banging on the door was deafening, as if some kind of underworld force was at their doorstep.

Nora got out of bed lazily. The moment she exited her bedroom, she saw Logan going down the stairs quickly. He went to the door and opened it. When he saw Jordan, who was wearing a thick gold chain around his neck, at the door, he was utterly stunned. "Mr. Hoffman? Why are you here?"

Jordan stared at Logan. After a long silence, he finally asked, "Where is Nora Smith?"

Logan narrowed his eyes. He blocked the way in at once and said, "Mr. Hoffman, she's just a woman. Come at me if there's anything you want."

Jordan thought of what his subordinates had reported to him the night before—she had beaten up five or six of them all by herself and rushed up the stairs after that. The corners of his lips suddenly spasmed a little and he replied, "She's not just any ordinary woman."

Logan's misunderstanding deepened even further. He said, "Which part of her isn't ordinary? Mr. Hoffman, just come at me if there's anything you want..."

However, the men behind Jordan pushed him away. The group of them entered the villa with great momentum, alarming the elderly Mrs. Anderson upstairs so badly that even she came out and asked, "What's going on? Huh? Logan..."

Logan's brows drew together tightly as he watched Jordan walking toward Nora, who was upstairs.

The woman even yawned. Obviously, she had just woken up and was completely unaware that danger was descending upon her!

He immediately went forward anxiously to stop them, but...

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Chapter 197: The Race!

Translator: Atlas Studios **Editor:** Atlas Studios

Jordan, the big and rough boor, bowed at Nora and said, "Ms. Smith!"

Logan, "??"

Utterly astounded by the sight, he felt like his eyes were about to fall out of their sockets.

Nora waved casually and asked, "Yeah. Is Jimmy alright now?"

Jordan was exceptionally respectful toward her. He replied, "He's fine now. His mother wanted to come over and apologize to you in person, but Jimmy is still hospitalized for now, so she can't come over for the time being. This is all her fault for not appreciating your kindness. Don't worry, Ms. Smith, I will definitely teach her a good lesson!"

Nora raised her brows when she heard what he said.

Sure enough, the next moment, Jordan explained, "To be honest, this incident resulted from our negligence as parents. We didn't expect that Jimmy couldn't explain his symptoms clearly due to his young age, so he didn't express them clearly to the doctor even when we brought him to the hospital, which ended up delaying his treatment in the beginning. Sigh! It's fortunate that you came to my place last night. Otherwise, we wouldn't have been able to save Jimmy this time! By the way, the hospital asked about the pill that you fed Jimmy last night. They want to buy a batch of it..."

Nora yawned and replied, "You can contact my uncle with regard to that."

Simon was in charge of all of Harmonia Pharmacy's matters.

Jordan immediately nodded and said, "Okay, no problem!"

Nora nodded. When she saw that Jordan was still staring at her, she asked hesitantly, "Is there anything else?"

Jordan immediately shook his head. "No, there's nothing else. You saved Jimmy's life, Ms. Smith. If there's anything you need in the future, I, Jordan, will do anything you ask!"

"... Oh, okay." Nora paused for a moment before she yawned again. Then, she said, "Okay, I'm going to sleep."

She turned to enter the bedroom but instead saw Pete standing there and looking at her expectantly. He let out a silent sigh and said, "Mommy."

Nora, "?"

It was only then that she remembered what had happened to Pete. Thus, she said to Jordan, "By the way, Mr. Hoffman, can you ask your wife to withdraw her complaint against Pete... I mean Cherry, and let her return to school?"

Jordan nodded at once. "No problem! The Hoffmans will cover Cherry's tuition fees in the future!"

"... You don't need to do that."

“Don’t stand on ceremony, Ms. Smith. Also, I will get Jimmy to protect Cherry in school in the future, so that no one will bully her!”

Pete, “...”

He quietly packed his schoolbag, slung it over his shoulders, and went downstairs. Then, he asked the Andersons’ chauffeur, “Mister, can you take me to the kindergarten?”

Nora, “...”

Nora went back into her bedroom to sleep after the little fellow left.

Logan and Jordan were the only ones left flabbergasted downstairs.

Jordan walked over casually to Logan and patted him on the shoulder. He sighed and said, “Boy, we need to give a notice of at least three days in advance if we want to postpone a race. We’ve already missed the deadline today. How about this? I’ll try and contact Yanci for you and see if he’s willing to come back and help you take part in the race. If he isn’t willing to do it, then you’ll have to prepare 50 million dollars. I’ll guarantee your safety after the race.”

In the past, the Andersons would definitely be able to fork out 50 million dollars.

But now...

Logan knew that Jordan had already tried his best, though, so he nodded.

Before they left, Logan asked, “What’s going on between you and Nora, Mr. Hoffman?”

Jordan gave him a simple recount of what had happened and then left.

After he left, Logan went upstairs. Before going into his bedroom, he glanced at the bedroom where Nora was.

He knew that Nora was a doctor, but he didn’t expect her to actually be so skilled that she could save Jordan’s son.

Logan looked at his ankle... He wondered if Nora could heal his injury?

But even if she could, there was no way she could do it anymore at the moment.

The race was in two days. They really didn’t have any more time to waste. He would just ask her again after the race instead.

With that in mind, Logan entered his room.

He mustn’t just sit around and do nothing.

Given his ankle's condition, he would definitely lose if he took part in the race.

He sat up and took out his computer. He found Yanci's email address and sent her an email: 'Yanci, may I know if you're interested in racing competitions held in the US?'

He lay down on the bed after he sent the email. Then, he suddenly received a call from Jordan. Jordan's voice was very loud as he said, "It suddenly occurred to me that I may have a way to contact Yanci. How about this? I'll contact him for you."

Logan replied, "I just sent him an email, but I don't know if he'll come."

Jordan said in a friendly manner, "Let me do it instead. I'm a little more familiar with him than you are. After all, we've talked before."

When he said that they had talked before, he was referring to their email correspondence in the past.

Logan was very grateful to him. He said, "Okay. Thank you, Mr. Hoffman."

"You're welcome."

—

At the Hunts'.

"Wow, Little Yellow is so eye-catching!"

Cherry circled Logan's sports car and inspected it excitedly. Sean watched the little mister from the side. He couldn't but keep feeling there was something off with him lately.

He asked respectfully, "Shall we put the car in the garage?"

"No!"

Cherry said childishly, "I wanna change its color!"

Sean nodded.

He didn't find yellow that attractive a color, either. It was too ostentatious and not low-key enough. Neither did it conform to Mr. Hunt's sense of aesthetics. Having it changed to black, white, or gray sounded like a pretty good idea.

He was about to suggest it when Cherry declared, "I want it changed to pink, yeah!"

Sean, "?"

He was taken aback for a moment. He stared at 'Pete' in disbelief and uttered, "What?"

"Pink, yeah!"

Cherry skipped back home after saying that. Sean followed behind her. When they entered the room together, Justin had just finished processing a few documents and was walking out.

When the two met, Sean suddenly said, "Mr. Hunt, Pete just told me to change the color of the sports car to pink. What do you..."

Justin smiled and replied, "Okay, do as he says."

"..."

Sean was stunned.

Mr. Hunt, are you serious? Are you sure you want to raise the little mister into a little princess?!

While he was dumbfounded, he saw Justin walking over to Cherry. He bent over, picked her up, and asked, "Shall Daddy play Barbies with you today?"

"Okay! Daddy's the best, yeah!"

Sean, "..."

Sean swallowed hard. Then, he looked at Justin and recounted to him what he'd encountered earlier that day. Justin, who was about to leave, paused for a moment.

Cherry said, "Did someone bully Uncle Logan? Daddy, let's help him! Even though Uncle Logan pretends to be cool all the time, he's actually very nice!"

When Justin heard what she said, he looked at Cherry dotingly and asked, "Do you want to watch car racing?"

Cherry nodded repeatedly.

Justin looked at Sean and said, "Get two tickets ready."

"Yes, sir."

Elsewhere, when Pete got home, Nora said, "There's an underground car race in two days.. Do you want to go and watch?"

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Chapter 198: Cherry's Father Is Justin Hunt!

Translator: Atlas Studios **Editor:** Atlas Studios

"... Okay, let's."

At the sight of Nora staring at him expectantly, Pete gave a resigned reply. To be honest, he wasn't very interested in such things.

It was rare to see Mommy interested in something other than sleeping, though, so he would just accompany her there.

The next day.

Pete went to school.

Jimmy was still hospitalized, so he didn't come to class. The children were still very concerned about Pete.

"Cherry, Jimmy is still unwell. His mother won't let your mother off. You have to be careful!"

"Cherry, will you have to drop out of school when Jimmy returns? I'm so worried about you~"

Their kindness warmed Pete's heart very much. He said, "Don't worry. Everything is fine..."

But right after he spoke, he met Mia's curious eyes, so he quietly added, "... yeah."

The other children didn't believe him, though.

"How can that be? I heard that the big tiger in Jimmy's house is really fierce and menacing. It can eat a child with each bite!"

"I've also heard about it! They say Jimmy's mother is a tigress, and that his father has three legs, four arms, and five pairs of eyes! He's even fiercer than a tiger!"

Some of the children even started to cry. "Cherry, I can't bear to part with you. Sob..."

Pete, "..."

Was it really alright for children to be so ignorant?

The corners of his lips spasmed a little. He was about to speak when Mia said, "Don't worry, everyone. Cherry will be fine, yeah!"

"Why?"

"Because Cherry's father is Justin Hunt! Jimmy's father is afraid of Cherry's father!"

Mia replied innocently.

"Really?"

The other adorable children congratulated him one by one.

"Have you found your Daddy, Cherry? That's great!"

"Wow, Cherry, so you have a father. I always thought that you didn't have one. Did your mommy give birth to you with a rock?"

"Huh? Wasn't Cherry given to her mom as a gift with purchase? When I asked Mom who Cherry's dad was, she told me that her mom got her free of charge when she bought something!"

Pete was rendered speechless by how everyone was digressing from the topic.

However, there were also some who didn't believe it. They asked, "Cherry, is your father really Justin Hunt?"

Pete wanted to deny it, but when he met Mia's innocent eyes, he could only silently reply, "I guess you can say that."

As Justin's son, Pete had always taken his safety very seriously ever since he was a baby.

He didn't have any bodyguards with him here, so he mustn't expose his identity so casually!

The bell finally rang, and the children scattered.

Mia sat next to Pete and asked softly, "Don't you like your father, Cherry?"

Pete nodded. "Yeah, the tyrant is too fierce."

Mia rested her chin on her hands and said, "Your father won't be so fierce anymore if you become a girl~"

Pete was taken aback. "Why?" he asked.

Mia looked at him and replied, "Because that's what my father says. He says that girls should be pampered and brought up lovingly! You must have gone to your father as a boy, right?"

Pete, "?"

So, was the tyrant so strict and harsh on him because he was a boy?

After class.

A few children from the higher grade came to the classroom.

The person leading them was very big and well-built, which made him look very domineering. A few people followed behind him.

The height difference between children who were even just a year older was very obvious. Moreover, Pete had always been in rather poor health all these years because he had stopped breathing once when he was an infant, so he was about the same height as Cherry. Therefore, those children were a whole half a head taller than Pete.

They gathered in front of Pete. The one leading them pushed Pete and said, "I heard that you bullied Jimmy? I'm so happy to hear that!"

Pete frowned. "I didn't."

"What didn't you do? Do you know who I am?" The burly kid said, "My father is Paul Quinlan. He's enemies with Jimmy's father! It makes me happy that you bullied him! I hereby announce that you can be my little sidekick from now on."

Pete, "?"

He looked at the person in front of him lazily, bypassed him from the side, and said, "I'm not interested."

The child immediately grabbed his sleeve and said, "You're Cherry Smith, right? Don't you dare think that I won't beat you up just because you're a girl. Do you know how great an honor it is to be my sidekick? I heard that you don't have a father, right? Do you know who my father is?"

Pete, "??"

The child patted his chest and said, "My name is Terence Quinlan, and my father, Paul Quinlan, is even more impressive than Jordan Hoffman! He's very

amazing! If you choose to follow me, you won't have to be afraid of Jimmy's father anymore! You can ask the people behind me—who doesn't know that I'm the most awesome around these parts?"

Pete, "..."

Mia took a step forward and said, "Terence, you're not allowed to bully Cherry!"

Terence looked at her and curled his lip disdainfully. He said, "Go away, you invalid! It's only on account of your father that I'm not holding it against you. Otherwise, I'd have beaten you up long ago!"

As he spoke, he pushed Mia and said, "You invalid! My father said that out of everyone in the entire kindergarten, your father is the only one he'll show some courtesy to, so he told me not to bully you. But everyone else has to listen to me! Heh, I heard your father has driven away your mother, though? You're now a motherless child! Your father will marry another woman after this. When they have a few sons, you'll become an illegitimate daughter, and your father won't care about you anymore!"

Mia stumbled quite a few steps backward before she finally steadied herself.

Upon hearing that her mother had been driven away and that she would become an illegitimate daughter, Mia's eyes reddened and she said, "That's not true. Don't you spout nonsense."

Pete frowned and stepped in front of Mia. He said, "Apologize to her!"

Terence sneered, "Who do you think you are? You don't even have a father. What makes you think I should listen to you and apologize to her?"

Pete was about to speak when Brandon rushed over and said, "Terence, his father is Justin Hunt! He's someone that even your father cannot afford to offend!"

A look of disbelief appeared on Terence's chubby face. Then, he guffawed and said, "Are you daydreaming? Justin Hunt...? Don't you even think a little before you brag? Or do you think you can scare me with just a few words? I'm not a three or four-year-old kid anymore!"

Mia pouted and said, "His father really is Justin Hunt!"

Terence sneered, "That's impossible! My father said that Justin Hunt only has a son, and he keeps him super protected. He has bodyguards with him everywhere he goes, and no one can see what he looks like! Cherry is a girl, so how can she possibly be Justin Hunt's child?"

Mia got anxious and argued, "Cherry is a boy today!"

Terence burst into loud, raucous laughter at once. He said, "By the way, didn't they say that Cherry can become a boy? I can't believe you guys will actually believe something like that! You're so naive! So, Cherry Smith, your father is Justin Hunt, right? Do you dare to call him right now?"

"Why not?"

Without a second thought, Brandon stood beside Pete and said, "Cherry, call your father now!"

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Chapter 199: Justin Hunt's Daughter

Translator: Atlas Studios **Editor:** Atlas Studios

"Yes, that's right!" Mia anxiously took out her cell phone and looked at Pete. She said, "Cherry, what's your father's phone number? I'll call him for you!"

Pete, "?"

He didn't want to do it. After all, his parents hadn't acknowledged each other yet. It probably wasn't a good idea to just call Justin like that.

For a moment, he kept quiet.

Terence immediately laughed and said, "Hah, did you see that? He doesn't dare to call him! Cherry, you're just bragging! It's impossible for your father to be Justin Hunt!"

"It's true!" Mia's eyes were red. Her father had told her that. There was no way there would be any mistake about it.

Besides, she was the one who said that Justin was Cherry's father. It had nothing to do with Cherry at all. Even if there really was a mistake, it wasn't because Cherry was bragging but because she was mistaken instead.

Yet, she didn't know how to explain herself and ended up panicking.

Terence looked at her. "What are you being so anxious for? It's as if you're his wife. How would you know who his father is?"

"I just do!" Mia had always been a pushover. This was the first time she was being so aggressive. She insisted, "Cherry wasn't bragging! Neither did she lie!"

Terence scoffed and said, "You little liar. You lie even about your own affairs. Your mother was rejected by your father, yet you insist that it isn't true... Little illegitimate daughter, if you're that impressive, then why don't you get Cherry to give us the phone number?!"

Mia was about to cry. Just as she was about to say something, Pete stepped forward and said coolly, "212XXXXXXX."

"..."

The place fell quiet for a moment.

Terence looked at Pete. "Cherry, what do you mean by that?"

Pete didn't look at him but at Mia instead. "That's my Daddy's phone number. You weren't lying."

Mia finally came back to her senses. She hurriedly dialed the number on her cell phone.

"Toot... toot... toot..."

Mia and Brandon both held their breaths together with the dial tone.

Even Terence was keeping quiet. For a while, the atmosphere around them became very quiet.

However, after the phone rang three times, the recipient didn't answer but rejected the call instead.

"Beep... beep... beep..."

"..."

Mia was dumbfounded.

Brandon was also stunned.

Terence, however, burst into laughter and said, "You saw that, right? You were just giving us some random number! The recipient didn't even pick up! Cherry, you're a wild child without a father! You don't have a father at all!"

Mia, who was panicking, dialed the number again.

However, after it rang a few times, a message instead played: "The number you have dialed does not exist..."

Mia's phone number had been blocked!

Mia, "..."

Brandon was also dumbfounded. He asked, "Cherry, what's the matter with your father?"

Pete replied very calmly, "My father doesn't answer calls from strangers."

Brandon believed him immediately. "I see, so that's how it is!"

Mia also nodded. "Oh, that's true. My father doesn't answer calls from strangers, either!"

People of Justin's and Joel's class all owned private phone numbers. It was standard protocol for them to reject calls from strangers on their private phone numbers.

Additionally, in the case of people like them, apart from their family and other people of the same class as them, others rarely were able to get a hold of their private phone numbers.

While they were talking, Terence sneered, "Of course, my father doesn't answer calls from strangers, either. But why don't you use your own cell phone to call him? Cherry, it's because you know everyone has that habit that you deliberately said that, right? The number you gave us isn't Justin Hunt's at all!"

"212XXXXXXX," said Pete again suddenly. Then, he asked, "Have you remembered it?"

Terence curled his lip disdainfully. "What?"

Pete said coolly, "Your father should have my father's private phone number. You can go home and confirm it with your dad after you remember it. You'll see after that."

Terence, "?"

He was taken aback for a moment, but right after that, he sneered, "I get it now—you're stalling for time! But even if you gloss it over today, you'll still be a wild child without a father tomorrow! Hmph, I'll go home and cross-check the phone numbers right now!"

Terence turned around and led the group of children away after he spoke.

To be honest, he was actually a little scared that Justin Hunt would really turn out to be Cherry's father. If that happened, things would become troublesome.

His father had warned him several times not to mess with the two children from the Smiths in school. Additionally, he wasn't to mess with children from the Hunts, either. It was just that the Hunts didn't send their children to the school, so he wasn't that worried about it.

After Terence left, Mia and Brandon looked at Pete. Mia asked timidly, "Cherry, did I cause trouble for you..."

If she hadn't revealed Cherry's father's information in school, Terence and the others wouldn't have known about it at all.

It was indeed troublesome.

Pete, who was a little troubled, glanced at Mia—only to see that the tiny little girl's pointed, oval-shaped face and big eyes were filled with a look of tentativeness.

This made Pete calmly reply, "It's not a big deal."

After he said that, Tanya called out to him from a distance, "Cherry, come for your dance class! Stop dilly-dallying. You're about to be late!"

Pete, "..."

He massaged his temples and walked toward the dance studio with a headache.

When exactly was Cherry switching back with him?

As he walked over, he suddenly looked back—sure enough, he saw a look of envy all over Mia's face.

Tanya was also looking at Mia when Pete walked up to her.

The little fellow looked at her timidly, unable to conceal the longing in her eyes. It made an indescribable sense of acerbity well up at the depths of her heart.

Come to think of it, this was rather strange.

She was obviously Hillary's daughter, yet she found him very lovable.

Was she really that much of a cheap woman?

After all, she was technically Hillary's half-sister. Mia should actually be calling her Aunt Tanya.

At the thought, Tanya forced herself to look away.

She took Pete to the dance studio resolutely, leaving behind Mia with a longing look on her face, and disappointment and sadness in her eyes.

Next to her, Brandon said carelessly, "Cherry is really almighty. Not only is she great at solving Mathematical Olympiad problems, but she can even dance. Mia, do you want to learn to dance?"

Mia lowered her head and stared at her toes as she replied, "Yes, I do."

Brandon said casually, "Then let's ask Ms. Turner to teach you! She is the best dance teacher ever! Just tell your father; he will definitely agree to it!"

Mia heaved a sigh, turned around unhappily, and returned to the classroom.

—

After school.

Terence dashed out of the school and got into the car. As expected, his father, Paul Quinlan, had come to pick him up.

The six-year-old child was as stout and muscular as a bull. Paul, on the other hand, looked more refined. It was just that his eyes looked particularly sinister.

Terence whined, "Daddy, there's a brat in the kindergarten who's actually pretending to be Justin Hunt's daughter!"

Paul was taken aback. "What?"

Terence suddenly thought of something and recited a series of numbers.. Then, he said, "Quick, Daddy, can you check if this is Justin Hunt's phone number?"

She Becomes Glamorous After The Engagement Annulment Chapter 200

[/ She Becomes Glamorous After The Engagement](#)

Chapter 200: The Phone Number

Translator: Atlas Studios **Editor:** Atlas Studios

Paul frowned as he listened to what he said.

He picked up his cell phone, went to Justin's private number, and took a look. Then, he said, "No, it isn't. It's quite the coincidence, though. To think he's only off by two numbers."

Terence curled his lip at once. "I knew she was a fake!"

Paul scoffed and said, "Someone is actually pretending to be Justin Hunt's daughter? Now, that's hilarious. After all, he has never had a daughter!"

The fact that Justin had a son was already kept a secret.

However, that was only in outsiders' cases. Families like the Quinlans had to pay close attention to the changes among the wealthy.

Paul had also tried various ways and means to ask around over the years, but in the end, he only managed to find out that Justin had a five-year-old son. Apart from that, he didn't find out anything else at all.

Terence became even angrier when he heard that. He clenched his fists and said, "Hmph, how dare she lie to me! I'm going to punch her teeth out on Monday!"

It was Friday, so it was the weekend the next day. They didn't have any classes on the weekends, so he could only take his revenge on Monday instead!

Terence then looked at Paul again and asked, "Daddy, can I go and watch the car race tomorrow?"

A smiling Paul replied, "Sure, no problem. We're also part of the racetracks that Jordan Hoffman established, aren't we?"

He fell silent for a moment at this point, and the look in his eyes became a little more sinister and ruthless.

The Hoffmans and the Quinlans were of equal standing in the underworld.

However, everyone knew that Paul was fiercer and more ruthless than Jordan, so they were more afraid of him. This was because even though he looked polite and refined, deep down, he was actually much more vicious and violent than Jordan.

That guy had a scary face, but he had a lot of reservations and boundaries in the way he did things.

The two families had been competing with each other all this time.

Therefore, he had agreed to it when Winston wanted to make things difficult for Logan. After all, Jordan had made a lot of money through Logan—The Racing King!

Winston had used his name to threaten people in New York, such that they wouldn't dare to buy Logan's sports car.

However, someone had actually refused to show him courtesy in the end.

When he asked who they were, he learned that it was the Hunts.

Paul let out an icy laugh. What a small world, huh.

However, he wasn't going to mess with the Hunts if he could help it. After all, should they back up Jordan, he would become even more difficult to deal with!

With that in mind, Paul said coldly, "Stay away from the Hunts' children if you encounter them in the future, no matter what kind of occasion it is. Don't mess with them."

Terence had always relied on his father backing him up to carry out his misdeeds, so he knew especially well who he could mess with and who he couldn't. Thus, he hastily nodded.

—

Elsewhere.

Pete went home with Tanya as usual.

After the two got into the car and Tanya drove away in the jeep, Joel finally reluctantly retracted his gaze.

Brandon and Mia came out together and got into Joel's car.

As soon as he got in the car, Brandon asked, "Uncle Joel, is Cherry's father Justin Hunt?"

Joel nodded. "Yeah."

He then looked at his daughter. Mia was hanging her head—obviously, she was not in high spirits.

Joel looked at her gently and dotingly and ruffled her hair. He asked, "What's wrong, Mia?"

Mia glanced at him and hung her head again. "It's nothing, Daddy."

When Joel wanted to ask further, Brandon piped up and said, "I know what's going on, Uncle Joel! Mia wants to dance, but Ms. Turner won't take her in!"

Mia hurriedly raised her head and waved her hands while she said, "N-no, that's not true. I... I don't actually like dancing that much."

Mia didn't want her father to force Ms. Turner to teach her. If that happened, Ms. Turner would suffer too much injustice.

Besides, her mother didn't like her dancing, either.

Joel's eyes flickered. He ruffled Mia's hair again and said comfortingly, "Okay, I see."

Brandon had a restless look in his eyes and was unable to sit still the whole way home. It was as if he was holding in a little secret. Joel saw it all but did not interfere.

When they got home, Joel saw Brandon making an excuse and dragging Mia off to play.

Joel gave the nanny a look. She immediately nodded and followed after the two.

Less than half an hour later, the nanny came back and reported, "Brandon is trying to get Mia to go and watch a car race tomorrow afternoon."

Joel, "..."

The nanny lowered her head and asked, "Do you want to stop them?"

Joel thought of the timid look in his daughter's eyes. Then, he thought of how gutsy Brandon was to take a knife to cut off his little willy so that he could become a little girl. He held his forehead.

He wanted to encourage his daughter to become more cheerful, but he couldn't help but be worried about Brandon's presence. Thus, he said, "Let them go, but get a few people to protect them secretly."

"Yes, sir."

—

The next day at the Andersons'.

Nora slept all the way until the time to watch the race. After she got up, she lazily put on a black baseball cap, a black shirt, and trousers. Without bothering to dress up, she took Pete out with her.

As soon as she exited the bedroom, she saw Logan walking out of his room.

He had an especially awful look on his face, and it seemed like his foot injury hadn't healed yet, causing him to limp as he walked. The sight made Nora frown. She asked, "Are you still going to take part in the race today?"

Logan let out an annoyed grunt.

Yanci hadn't replied to his email at all. Jordan had also called and said that he hadn't managed to contact him. Thus, he could only brace himself and go for it today.

Losing meant that he would have to pay back 50 million dollars.

The profits from the Carefree Pills probably wouldn't amount to that much even if the Andersons were to receive them now.

Logan had never wanted to cause the Andersons any trouble. He gritted his teeth and walked out.

Nora followed behind him.

When they went out, Logan's friend came over to pick him up.

He got into the car and left.

As for Nora, she drove off in the jeep after Pete sat in the backseat obediently and fastened his seatbelt.

The race was held in an abandoned factory in the suburbs. A professional racetrack had been built inside. The abandoned area was relatively big, so it was impossible for one to tell from the outside at all that there was a racetrack inside.

Jordan had actually already bought the whole plot of land there.

The security there was very good, and everyone going in had to go through strict inspections and show their admission tickets!

The car stopped. When Logan got out of the car and was about to enter, his friend tugged on his sleeve and asked, "Logan, isn't that your cousin and niece?"

Logan, "?"

He turned around to see Nora parking her car behind theirs. The woman got out of the car without paying any attention to the person in the backseat.

His little niece unfastened the seatbelt herself and pushed the car door open. Then, the little fellow hopped off the thick chassis, jumped, and closed the car door strenuously herself...

Logan frowned. His friend asked, "Did you get them tickets?"

Logan, "..."

His friend went on and said, "It'll be very difficult for them to get in without tickets. Mr. Hoffman has strengthened the security for today's race."

Logan became even more irritable.

They should have told him in advance if they wanted to watch the race. Instead, they had followed him like that! How troublesome!

Just as he was about to walk over, he instead saw...