

She Becomes Glamorous After The Engagement Annulment

Synopsis

The fat and ugly Nora Smith is the laughingstock of the town when her fiancé breaks off their engagement.

He says, "The sight of your gigantic face and thunder thighs disgusts me! Don't ever pester me again!"

"What an idiot." Nora scoffs and turns around, her lips curling up into a smile.

Later, when Nora successfully slims down, she returns as an astounding beauty.

Her ex-fiancé comes to her bearing flowers and begs, "I was wrong, Nora. I'm willing to do anything as long as you come back to me." Nora rests her chin in her hands and smiles as she replies, "Real men don't dwell on the past." Angered, he says, "You're just a dimwit saddled with baggage that I dumped, Nora. No one will want you except me!"

But following that...

A young and popular singer tweets: "Nora Smith is my goddess!"

An internationally renowned surgeon asks, "Are you free tonight, Nora?"

Even the rich and influential hotshot whom everyone is scared of comes forward and says, "I can take care of my wife and children myself, thank you very much."

Chapter 1

Chapter 1: Returning With A Counterattack

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

“Miss Smith, you’re pregnant.”

The doctor’s words were like a thunderclap, making the sleepy Nora Smith’s eyes widen suddenly. “... What?”

How could this be?!

Although she was nineteen years old, she had never been intimate with anyone of the opposite sex!

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However, the doctor handed her the medical report. “You’re already in your fourth month of pregnancy. You’re not in good health, so you won’t be able to surgically induce labor. You can only choose to give birth to the child.”

Nora returned home in a daze. After Nora’s father gave her a stern scolding, he searched the surveillance cameras, only to find that four months ago, she was indeed staying at home obediently due to poor health, and hadn’t gone out at all!

However, outsiders didn't believe it. Everyone secretly mocked her:

"Her belly is already so big, yet she's still giving excuses and saying that she didn't stray with some man. The Grays are so pitiful. Why do they have to be engaged to such a person?!"

"She's fat and ugly from the start, and neither is her family background very good. It was a few lifetimes' worth of blessings that she could climb the social ladder by having a connection with the Grays. Now that she's gotten herself pregnant before the wedding, surely the Grays will break off the engagement, right?"

Amid all the speculations, Anthony Gray paid the Smiths a visit.

At that time, Nora's belly was already bulging. At eight months of pregnancy, her belly was big enough to cover her toes.

In the study, Nora's father asked cautiously, "Anthony, are you thinking of breaking off the engagement?"

Anthony gave an unexpected answer: "...No, my grandfather refuses to!"

The Grays were a top-class rich and powerful family while they, the Smiths, were just middle-class. Even if they took the opportunity to break off the engagement, no one would be able to criticize the Grays for it. By refusing to break off the engagement, what were they after?

The more Anthony thought about it, the angrier he became. He cursed irritably, "The sight of her pig-like face already disgusted me from the start, and now she's even pregnant

with some guy's child. Why should I be the hero to take over the responsibility?"

Nora's father immediately said, "Don't worry, Anthony. I'll send the baby away immediately after she gives birth!"

Nora, who had kept quiet this whole time, suddenly raised her head. "No."

In the past few months, she had gone from hesitating to being at a loss, and then to a state of reluctantly accepting reality. She could feel her child's heartbeat more and more clearly as each day passed, and she had already long since developed feelings for it.

The child was innocent. They mustn't abandon it.

She wanted an annulment!

But it was at this exact moment that she suddenly felt waves of pain and convulsions in her abdomen. This... She was about to go into labor!!

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Five years later.

"Mommy, wake up. The plane is taxiing."

The crisp voice made Nora open her eyes, upon which she immediately saw a delicate, adorable, and young face.

Cherry Smith's big grape-like eyes blinked, and she rested her chin on her hands. "Mommy, did we come back to the States this time to look for Daddy?"

Nora stretched and sat up lazily in her comfortable business-class seat. She said lightly, “You don’t have a father.”

Cherry sighed like an adult. “I’m not a three-year-old anymore. I’m not going to believe your nonsense. I don’t have a father? Surely I couldn’t have just popped out of a rock, right?”

“...”

Nora didn’t reply, as she tied up her shoulder-length hair. Her fair skin and sharp, pert nose, coupled with her rosy lips and graceful figure, made her a beautiful sight on the plane.

Cherry continued to mumble dissatisfiedly, “If it isn’t to look for Daddy, then is it to find my elder brother?”

Elder brother...

A cold glint flashed past Nora’s downcast almond-shaped eyes.

That year, she had actually given birth to a pair of twins—a boy and a girl. However, Nora’s father had disregarded her wishes and forcibly abandoned the two children.

She had climbed down from the delivery bed and fought with all her strength. In spite of that, she had only managed to save Cherry.

After that, she even went into critical condition. Had her aunt not rushed back in time and took her overseas to recuperate, she would probably have ceased to exist in the world.

It took five years before she finally recovered. Her obesity, which was caused by the mistaken use of hormones during her childhood, was also finally cured.

On the surface, her return to the States this time was because the Grays had finally agreed to call off the engagement, so she had come to handle the affairs.

However, the most important thing was actually to continue looking for her child.

Half an hour later, the plane came to a complete stop.

Nora let Cherry sit on the suitcase. Then, she walked while pushing the suitcase forward.

As soon as she turned on the phone, she received a call. On the other side of the line was a frivolous but lively voice. "Anti, you have to be careful!"

Nora asked casually, "Why?"

"Justin Hunt, the head of the number one family in the States, is currently collecting your personal information from all around the world. He's probably not going to give up this time until he finds you!" The voice sounded a little like its owner was gloating.

Nora said, "...Oh."

"Anti, you were overseas previously and weren't in his territory, so you were able to avoid it perfectly. But now that you've returned, you won't be able to escape anymore! As the most prestigious surgeon around, can't you just treat his grandmother's illness?"

“I heard that Justin Hunt is very generous, and is even a man so handsome that it’s hard to come by one like him. Maybe the two of you can even develop a romance that’ll move one to songs and tears!”

Nora yawned lazily.

The number one family was a big family with a big business. Interpersonal relationships within it were complicated. Treating the illness of someone from there might even end up involving the struggle for power and inheritance. Why would she involve herself with the open and secret fights of such top-class rich and powerful?

She was back in the States to look for her son. She mustn’t cause any complications.

As she approached the exit, Nora suddenly spotted a familiar figure in the arrival hall in front. She replied perfunctorily, “I’m not blessed enough to enjoy such beauty.”

After hanging up, she tossed the phone into her pocket and cast her eyes downward coldly.

She didn’t expect to see an old acquaintance so soon.

A man stood at a prominent spot at the exit of the airport. He was wearing a suit and looked quite bright and cheerful. He looked a little more mature than how he had been five years ago—he turned out to be her fiancé, Anthony Gray.

With a pick-up placard in his hand, he stood there impatiently and grumbled, “When exactly is that damned fatty coming out?”

Behind him, his butler said, “Mr. Gray, please be patient. The old sir has specially instructed you to refrain from making things too ugly even if you are calling off the engagement.”

Anthony frowned. He looked a little irritated. “Patience? Isn’t it more like disgust? She was so fat previously; and, she must be even fatter after she gave birth. She probably wants to save the engagement even more strongly now, right? Why am I so unlucky to become entangled with someone like that?!”

His words reached Nora’s ears, but she didn’t bat even an eyelid.

In the past five years, she had repeatedly brought up her desire to break off the engagement. However, neither the Smiths nor the Grays had agreed. Who exactly was entangling with whom?

She couldn’t be bothered to pay attention to that man and intended to leave immediately with Cherry.

After grumbling, Anthony turned—and his eyes lit up!

The beautiful woman, who was the first to walk out of the airport, was gorgeous and unbelievably stunning. It was as if the entire airport had lit up a few notches brighter the moment she appeared.

Seeing the woman getting closer and closer, Anthony straightened his back and neatened his luxury suit. Then, he smiled and asked confidently, “Hi beautiful, can I ask your name?”

He was the exact picture of a male peacock with its train spread open.

Nora paused and looked at him coolly.

“Nora. Smith.”

Chapter 2

Chapter 2: An Identical Child

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

“Nora. Smith.”

Cherry, whose head was originally lowered as she played a mobile game, pointed to the placard in Anthony’s hand and read out the name written on it in her young, tender voice. Then, she asked excitedly, “Did I read it correctly?”

Cherry had grown up abroad all this time and was currently in the literacy development stage.

Nora rubbed her head and said in a cool and melodious voice, “Yes, you did.”

Anthony was dazzled by the casual smile at the corners of her lips.

When did such a big beauty come to California? She was even more beautiful than those B-list celebrities!

Nora was indifferent to the burning fervor in his eyes. Cherry, on the other hand, blinked and asked innocently, “Mister, are you here to pick...”

Before she could say ‘...us up?’, Anthony hurriedly tossed the placard behind him and interrupted her. “Of course not, little girl. I have nothing to do with that damned fatty.”

A touch of disdain appeared in Cherry’s big eyes. “Mister, you’re so pitiful to be blind at such a young age, sigh.”

Which part of her mom was fat?!

Her words stunned Anthony for a moment. Taking advantage of the opportunity, Nora stepped forward and left the area coldly.

Anthony wanted to go after her, but his assistant stopped him. “Mr. Gray, don’t forget the old sir’s instructions.”

Anthony looked at Nora from the back and made a dissing remark. “How wonderful would it be if that ugly freak was even half as beautiful as those sisters? I would have put up with her antics from back then and decided not to call off the engagement!”

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At Hotel Finest, a hotel under the Hunt Corporation.

In the presidential suite, Nora looked at her cell phone after Cherry went to bed and fell asleep. There were already seven or eight missed calls from the Smiths.

When she returned the calls, she heard her father’s angry cursing. “Nora, what are you doing?! Why aren’t you picking up? Weren’t you making a huge fuss about breaking off the engagement? Get your a*s back here right away, and stop wasting your younger sister and Anthony’s time when they’ve got something good going for them!”

It was impossible for Nora's father to let go of the Grays after climbing the social ladder and establishing a connection to such a prestigious family. This was also why he had insisted not to break off the engagement.

Now, the Grays had finally relented and agreed to let her half-sister marry into the family instead. There was no loss in this for Nora's father. It was only then that the two families finally reached an agreement.

Nora said lightly, "I'll come back now."

She entrusted Cherry to Mrs. Lewis, the nanny that had returned to the States with her, and went out.

When she was waiting for the elevator, she suddenly heard some soft footsteps. She turned to see a child dressed in gray silk pajamas, her short hair tousled as she stood in the elevator hall with sleepy eyes.

Her daughter had short hair, and her exquisite, adorable facial features made it hard to distinguish whether she was a boy or a girl.

When they were living abroad, Cherry would give Nora a hug every time she went out.

Therefore, she didn't think much about it. She habitually squatted down, and hugged and kissed the child on the forehead. Although her voice was low, it was gentle.

"I'll bring you some mousse cake tonight, baby. Go back to your room now."

Her daughter's usually quick-witted eyes became dazed for a moment—she was probably so sleepy that she had turned

silly. Then, under her gaze, she nodded, turned around, and walked back.

This floor was the top luxury presidential suite, and there were only two suites in total.

Apart from the one they were occupying, it was said that the Hunts had left the other for themselves, so it was not open to outsiders. There likely wasn't anyone staying there at the moment.

Ding! The elevator arrived.

Nora went in right away. Thus, she didn't see the door to the other presidential suite opening.

A tall, capable, and steady figure walked out. The man's back was to the elevator entrance. His voice was low and deep, and he had an aura around him that was hard to ignore. He ordered the child, "Go back to your room, Pete."

Five-year-old Pete Hunt stared in the direction of the elevator.

The soft hug and the kiss on the forehead from that lady just now had made even him, the sole grandson of the Hunts, blush uncontrollably.

Pete's face tensed up tightly. He had been brought up strictly ever since he was a baby. Even the nutritional value of his meals had to be calculated.

However, a strong desire suddenly emerged in the boy who had always exercised self-control: "I want to eat mousse cake."

"..."

Justin Hunt glanced at him and carried him into the room with one hand.

Exuding an icy aura that kept people away from him, he walked over to the computer and continued the video conference.

The person opposite him gave him their report. “Mr. Hunt, we’ve confirmed that Anti has indeed returned to the States. On top of that, we’ve just bought a photograph of her at a high price. I’ll send it to you right away.”

Justin’s thin lips parted slightly, and he coldly spat out two words: “Find her!”

—

It was brightly lit at the Smiths’ villa.

Outside the door, Nora listened to the digital lock’s “Input error” voice prompt, her lips curling up into a mocking smile.

The password had been changed, yet she, the Smiths’ daughter, didn’t even know.

She lowered her eyes emotionlessly, raised her cell phone, and tapped it casually a few times. Then, she placed it on the digital lock. A few seconds later, the door opened with a click.

The lively atmosphere in the living room rushed toward her, and the crowds going about made her realize that it was her younger sister, Angela Smith’s, birthday today.

Seeing that no one had noticed her, Nora found a sofa in the corner and sat down, intending to nap for a while.

However, a low cry came from the deck where no one was looking.

A few youngsters had surrounded a girl and were assaulting her.

Angela, who was wearing a blue dress, held a red wine glass and sneered as she looked at the girl that had been pushed onto the ground.

It was her cousin, Lisa Black. She had always been on good terms with that damned fatty, Nora.

Smack!

Someone gave Lisa a tight slap. "Did you just say that the fatty's facial features actually look pretty good? There must be something wrong with your eyes. I'll treat them for you..."

"Hiss..."

She took a glass of water infused with hot peppers and splashed it at Lisa's eyes. "That ugly freak looks like a pig. She can't even compare to one of Angela's toes! How were you even able to say that she looks pretty good, Lisa?"

Lisa wanted to scream from the burning pain, but someone had covered her mouth, so she could only produce muffled cries as she choked with pain.

Angela suddenly squatted down. She took out a photo of Nora at her fattest and played with it in her hands. "Hey, all of you are being too rough."

When the others heard her, they giggled and let go of Lisa, who covered her red and swollen eyes with her hand.

“Please, let me go...”

Angela smiled. “Let’s act in a more refined manner, and make a bet.”

Lisa’s weak voice came out of her throat. “What kind of bet?”

Angela pointed at the photo. “If you can prove that she really is good-looking after she loses weight, I’ll eat this photo. If you can’t do it, then you’ll eat it. How does that sound? Isn’t it very fair?”

The rest immediately laughed.

“But what are you to do if that fatty can’t shed the pounds?”

“For the sake of a bet, is she really going to get liposuction done just to prove that her ugliness isn’t because she’s fat? Hahaha...”

“Lisa, you have absolutely no way of proving that she’ll look good after she slims down, so...”

“Eat the photo! Eat the photo!”

Everyone clapped and made a ruckus.

Angela held the photo up in her face. “Are you going to eat it yourself, or do you want us to help you with it?”

Chapter 3

Chapter 3: The Children's Father

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

Angela's eyes gleamed viciously.

Everyone was congratulating her and cursing that damned fatty, but that little bitch Lisa actually said that Nora's facial features weren't ugly?

Hah.

Angela was about to pass the photo to Lisa when suddenly... A cool, fair, and slender arm reached over and took it away.

With her eyes downcast, Nora casually balled up the photo and grabbed Angela's hair. When she opened her mouth to cry out in pain, she 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 and indifferent voice. "A bet's a bet, Angela."

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

The girl wore a simple white shirt with 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. "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. Seeing that the condition of her eyes wasn't too serious even though they had turned red, she whispered, "Go and rinse your eyes with clean water."

Lisa bit her lip and shouted with some uncertainty, "Are you, Nora?"

"Yeah."

"..."

Everyone was stunned. They looked at her incredulously.

Someone subconsciously spoke. "That fatty's 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 so 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 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 spat, "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 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 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 the 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 were they hogging the house, but they didn't intend to spare even 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 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.

When she reached the front porch, Angela came chasing after 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!

The next moment, however, 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’s saddled with little bastard children, no matter what! Oh, and by the way, why didn’t you bring back 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 seemed to have even 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 dimming erratically, giving

off a feeling of loneliness.

Unknown father... Little bastard child...

These two phrases 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 cabby'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 Hunts' 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 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.

Chapter 4

Chapter 4: The Investigation Results Are Out!

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

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 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 good 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 Hunts' sole grandson, but Mr. Hunt hates that the most!"

"It seemed like the last woman who had dared to have ideas about the Hunts' 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 lobby 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 very 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 handprint 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’ll 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 our engagement! I’ll leave this matter to you. I don’t want to see her 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 come 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. "Mr. 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. "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 lively voice sounded a little powerless at the moment. "Say, Anti, don't go too far. Do you think I'm your subordinate just because I 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 dedicated manager to handle in her stead. She had never taken over the reins all this time, either. However, for the Smiths to want it so much, and even wanted her to give it to Angela as a wedding 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 offered me a few million dollars just to know whether you’re a 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. Hunt, Solo has brought a message from Dr. Anti."

Justin looked up coldly. "What is it?"

Lawrence 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 words: "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!

Chapter 5

Chapter 5: The Monster's Last Name Is Hunt

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

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 every day.

When she was living abroad, her aunt had even 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 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 Pharmaceuticals' 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's 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 suite 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 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 idiot 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. "...It's 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 a 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 threats... 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 hand 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 with 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 the States.

Here, she could protect her, no matter who she provoked. However, the only person she mustn't 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 corner of Lawrence's lips spasmed a little. Can that woman's tone get any more perfunctory? Is there any monster out there that has a mole at the corner of its 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 ahead.

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

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

He was indeed trouble. It was best that she stayed far away from him.

In the elevator.

Justin narrowed his 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."

Chapter 6

Chapter 6: Two-Timing?

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

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 Hunts' 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 graceful 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 seems 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 lip. "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 putting 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 sharp 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 is. 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 is due to hormonal injections. Hah, she speaks as if she'll be a beauty if she slims down.

“She's also mentally ill. She dropped out of elementary school in third grade, and stayed at home ever since, cooping herself up every day 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 realized 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 really 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’s 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 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 contac—”

“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?

Chapter 7

Chapter 7: Are You My Mommy?

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

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 put 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 every day 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 little 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 game.

“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 room 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. “Kiddo, 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 it 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, kiddo. 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 forced 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 littl... Huh?"

Justin had already bypassed him and left.

Chester, who thought that he had managed to narrowly escape, 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 at 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 want 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 care of by Justin, had difficulty expressing his feelings. He could only nod heavily. "Yeah!"

Nora was completely unaware of 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 the 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 junk 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 kidnapping me!"

The commotion attracted the attention of the entire dining 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!"

Chapter 8

Chapter 8: My Mommy's Over There!

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

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 family home and asking them to save his little nephew when he noticed that the tyrant had suddenly 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 had 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 grabbed his fingers instead. "Daddy!"

She finally had a father.

She was no longer a child that had 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 back 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 your mommy."

"She is my mommy."

With a cold look, Justin bent over. "Remember this, Pete. Don't trust any women, 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 eye 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 sighed. "Are you sleepy, Mommy? Let's go back."

The little fellow's 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 see the empty table. 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 home.

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."

Chapter 9

Chapter 9: How Did I Seduce Him?

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

“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 meddlesome."

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.”

Chapter 10

Chapter 10: See You At Eight In The Evening!

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

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!"