

Charming Lady Hard To Chase After Being Dumped, c2

"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!"

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?"

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