

Charming Lady Hard To Chase After Being Dumped

Chapter 28

Pete wanted to tell the truth, but if Nora were to know the truth now, she would definitely take him and his sister away and leave their father here alone.

Although he was always going against the tyrant, Justin was nonetheless still a qualified father.

He still remembered how the tyrant would always bring him to work and all his meetings when he was a baby...

Seeing that Mommy was about to sign the agreement, in that split second, Pete suddenly picked up the glass of milk next to him and splashed it all on the papers! Nora had only written a word when the milk soaked through the papers.

The ink immediately ran, obviously invalidating the agreement.

Henry cursed angrily, "What are you doing, you little bastard?"

Pete held the glass with an innocent look and replied, "My hand slipped..."

Upon hearing his reply, Angela stepped forward angrily and raised her hand immediately.

"You little bastard, you did that on purpose! I'm going to kill you!"

Nora bent over, picked him up, and held him protectively in her arms.

With a sinister look, she snapped, "How dare you!"

Lisa braced herself and held Angela back.

"I'm sure she didn't do it on purpose, Angela..." Irene also stretched out her arm anxiously.

"What are you being serious with a five-year-old for, Henry? It's just a contract. Just print another copy!"

Henry was terribly furious.

He was just about to get his hands on the agreement, but a five-year-old had actually ruined everything! Wendy gnashed her teeth in fury.

However, she managed to stay more rational and she ordered, "Go back to the Smiths and reprint the agreement"

Nora narrowed her eyes.

She looked at her daughter in her arms and said, "I'm sending Cherry back to the hotel first."

Even if it was for the sake of finding her son, there was no way she would let her daughter come to any harm.

Henry sneered, "Heh, you sure are being rather protective of a little girl who isn't even worth a few dollars. We'll wait for you at the Smiths."

Nora walked out with Pete in her arms.

Wendy pushed Angela lightly and said, "Take the car and follow your sister to the hotel, Angela. Your dad and I will take a cab back home."

Angela stomped her foot and demanded, "Mom, why?"

Wendy lowered her voice and replied, "What if she doesn't come over after returning to the hotel? Go and keep tabs on her."

Only then did Angela finally realize what she meant and hurriedly chased after Nora.

On the way to the hotel, Pete sat in the car's back seat, his eyes cast downward in deep thought.

He had only temporarily interrupted Mommy from signing the agreement just now.

If he wanted to destroy the baddies' plans, he'd need to think of another solution.

He quietly picked up his cell phone and sent a text message to Cherry: "Cherry, are you there? It's urgent!"

Cherry replied very quickly: "I'm here! What's up?"

With his eyes downcast, Pete continued to send her messages: "Use Daddy's cell phone and send an anonymous email to Mommy. Do it fast! The email's content is... Nora's cat-like eyes were slightly downcast.

She looked unperturbed, but in truth, waves had long been churning in her heart, and she felt awfully restless.

Would her father really tell her where her son was after she signed the agreement? She was still thinking about it when her cell phone suddenly vibrated.

She picked it up casually, but after glancing at it, she suddenly froze.

An anonymous email lay quietly in her mailbox.

There were only a few words in the email: "I know your son's whereabouts. Don't sign the agreement." The look in Nora's eyes immediately turned cold. Who had sent her the email? She placed the phone horizontally in her lap.

Her two cool, pale, and slender fingers quickly tapped away on it as she tried to track the sender's location.

Suddenly, her eyes widened in shock and her hands abruptly drew back.

That was so close! It was fortunate that she had stopped in time.

A little more and her cell phone would have been forcefully shut down and rendered useless.

Who exactly had sent her the email? They were actually able to get Y, the internationally renowned hacker, to write firewall software for them! The authenticity of the email's content was worth considering, but more importantly, it had suddenly given her a wakeup call.

Nora's long slender fingers tapped against the car seat as she thought about everything that had happened during this week after she returned to the States.

Both the Grays and the Smiths seemed to hold great interest in the small company that her mother had left her. There were definitely secrets that she was unaware of hidden in the company.

The car quickly arrived at the hotel.

"What? You're not signing the agreement anymore?"

Angela yelled sharply, "Don't you want to look for your son anymore?!"

Nora raised an eyebrow and sneered, "I'm not stupid. What if Dad gives me false information after I sign the agreement? How am I supposed to tell whether it's true or not?"

Angela stomped her foot in anger.

"Nora, how can you go back on your word?!"

Nora took Pete's hand and, with her eyes downcast, said coldly, "You want me to give you the company? Sure. Tell him to find my son and bring him to me first."

After leaving behind those words, she took Pete's hand and walked straight into the hotel.

She had only just taken a couple of steps when she suddenly heard someone exclaim, "Wake up! Wake up!"

Her keen intuition as a doctor made her look over abruptly.

At once, she saw a middle-aged man collapsed at the side.

His face had turned pale and he was clearly not breathing anymore.

Nora said to Pete, "Go upstairs by yourself first, Cherry. I'll go over and take a look."

On the top floor of the hotel.

Cherry was combing her newly bought Barbie's hair.

Justin was seated on the sofa next to her and staring at his cell phone solemnly.

Q, the international hacker, had actually tried to bypass his cell phone's firewall just now.

He didn't know what Q's purpose in doing so was.

While he was musing over it, Cherry picked a pink tutu dress from the Barbie's row of princess dresses and asked, "How does this one look, Daddy?"

Justin, who couldn't bring himself to watch, replied... It's passable.

"What about this one? There are so many pearls on it and it's shiny!"

"Daddy, you're so patronizing! You didn't even look at it!"

Justin looked up to see his son with his hands on his hips .

He looked very adorable and very much like a little princess with his cheeks all puffed up angrily.

Although Justin liked his son lively, he was nevertheless still blinded by how he looked.

Thus, he simply stood up and went to the study.

"I'll go and finish some work: He needed some time alone. He tried hard to convince himself to accept it. In the end, he consoled himself by telling himself that as long as his son didn't wear a princess dress, everything was fine! At this point, Lawrence walked in and gave him his report.

He said respectfully, "Mr. Hunt, we've re-investigated Miss Smith: Justin sat upright and said coldly, "Tell me."

"Nora Smith has been fat since she was a child. Due to poor health, she didn't go to school much.

"Five years ago, she couldn't bear the loneliness and became impregnated by an unknown man before marriage. She gave birth to a daughter afterward. It's said that the Grays were very displeased about it, so the Smiths had to send them abroad to get out of the public eye..."

Lawrence frowned after he finished going through the basic information.

"There's something very strange, though. There's no information at all about Miss Smith during her five years abroad. It's as if someone had erased all the traces."

Anti had become famous three years ago.

It was very hard for someone to pick up medicine in just two years.

Moreover, her technique was so immaculate, so she must have gone through a great deal of practice.

Lawrence continued and said, "But one thing is for certain Nora Smith has never learned any medicine. Therefore, we can nearly rule out the possibility that she's Anti."

Justin was a little disappointed.

At this point, Lawrence suddenly heard a voice in his earphones. After listening, his expression changed slightly.

"Something has gone wrong in the hotel lobby"

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Justin asked solemnly, "What happened?"

Lawrence explained, "A guest fainted in the lobby. According to the lobby manager, he's not breathing anymore. They've already dialed 911. A doctor happened to be nearby, so they are currently giving him first aid."

Hotel Finest's guests were either rich or enjoyed a high social standing.

The hotel would also be held responsible if something were to happen, so Justin immediately instructed, "Go and take a look"

"Yes, sir." After Lawrence went out, Justin walked out of the study and found that his son was not in the living room.

He asked, "Where's Pete?"

The nanny replied, "He went next door" Justin was puzzled.

A foreboding feeling arose in him.

In the suite next door.

Chester pointed to the mountain of clothes piled up on the sofa and announced, "These are for you!"

Cherry exclaimed, "All of them?!"

"Yep, I went to a few children's wear stores and got them to give me one of each design in your size!"

Chester circled around her a few times and asked, "Can you scold me a little less in the game in the future?"

Cherry looked at her poor uncle and blinked.

"I'll try!"

Whenever she started playing, she would immediately transform uncontrollably into a little ogre.

This really wasn't her fault, though, because it was her uncle who was simply too lousy! Cherry sighed and rummaged casually through the clothes.

While doing so, she suddenly took out a pink princess tutu dress.

"They must have packed it in by mistake."

Chester reached over to set the dress aside, but he instead saw his nephew's eyes lighting up.

"This is beautiful!"

Chester was perplexed.

Cherry said, "I'm gonna try it on!"

In order to play the role of her brother, she had been forced to dress like a tomboy every day.

This had seriously impaired her looks! Cherry entered the bedroom, changed into the dress, and looked at herself left and right in the mirror.

It was at this moment that her cell phone suddenly rang.

She picked up.

"Hi, Pete!"

Pete said, "Let's switch back right away, Cherry. You used Daddy's phone to send an email just now, so I have to remove the traces, or he'll find out otherwise!"

"Okie-Dokie!"

Cherry slipped out of the bedroom.

She was about to leave when she saw Justin exit their suite and about to come over.

She panicked and said, "I'm at Uncle Chester's, but Daddy's coming over now!"

Pete, who was hiding in the stairwell, stuck his head out.

If Daddy brought Cherry away with him, they would probably have to wait for another chance to switch back.

However, if that happened, the likelihood of Daddy finding out about the email would increase. Pete decided to wager on his uncle's IQ.

Pete suddenly darted out of the stairwell and called out, "Daddy!"

Justin, who was about to knock, was taken aback for a moment.

He glanced over at the source of the voice and found that Pete was standing nearby in a princess dress.

The sight shocked Justin.

With a troubled expression, he took Pete back to their suite.

After the two of them went in, Cherry quietly opened the door, ran to the stairwell while holding her dress up, and went downstairs.

A stunned Chester was rooted to the ground.

His nephew had gone home in a princess dress?! After a while, he suddenly thought of something and rushed next door in a panic.

“Justin, I was the one that bought the dress, but listen to me...It’s not what you’re thinking!”

Bam! Justin slammed the door shut and gritted his teeth as he said, “Stay away from my son!”

Chester was lost for words. I’m innocent! He thought.

After shutting out the culprit that was to blame for all these, Justin turned back to look at his son and observed him seriously.

Pete was wearing a princess dress, and there was a pink headband on his naturally wavy short hair.

His exquisite facial features, as well as the smooth and practiced way he had combed Barbie’s hair today...

Doubts finally formed in Justin’s mind and he asked, “Are you really my son?”

Pete nodded seriously.

Justin suddenly asked, “What did I get you for your birthday when you were three?”

Pete was silent for a moment before he answered’...

French For Kids: First 100 Words and Introduction to Programming.”How much Christmas money did Grandma give you last year?”

“..Two million dollars. At the sight of Justin’s look of self-doubt, Pete couldn’t help but feel a little bad.

He tugged on his dress and said, “I’ll go and change.”

Justin watched his son enter the bedroom, but even after thinking about it for a while, he simply couldn't help but feel like something wasn't right.

He suddenly walked over and pushed the door open.

There was no one in the bedroom, but he could hear the sound of running water from the bathroom.

His son was probably peeing.

Ever since Pete turned five, he refused to let him bathe him anymore.

Justin strode over.

The head of the dignified number one family in the States, at his height of 6'2", stood secretly at the door and glanced into the bathroom...It really was his son.

He hadn't been replaced.

While he was relieved, he actually found himself a little disappointed.

How nice would it be if the one spending time with him before had been a daughter instead! After relieving himself, Pete turned to see Justin staring at him.

Their eyes met, and the two of them kept quiet for a long time.

At last, Pete frowned and said..."What a pervert.

He walked out disdainfully as he said, "Daddy, you should go see a psychiatrist"

At the lobby downstairs.Nora looked at the man who had collapsed.He was motionless, and it looked like he wasn't breathing anymore.

"I am a medical student.Step aside, I'll perform CPR on him!"

Angela had also rushed over.

She took out a piece of paper to cover the man's mouth and then, she started to perform CPR on him.

It was obvious at first glance that the man who had collapsed was either wealthy or enjoyed a high social status.

If she saved him, she would definitely be handsomely rewarded.

However, even after doing chest compressions for two minutes, the man still showed no response.

Nora pushed her aside.

“Let me take a look”

Angela, who was pushed aside, frowned and yelled angrily, “What for? Nora, you’re not a doctor. Don’t waste time that I can use to save him instead!”

Nora quickly pressed down on the man’s chest a few times. He was experiencing tension pneumothorax. This was an acute condition.

As there was fluid accumulation in the chest, performing CPR was useless.

By the time the ambulance comes, it would probably be too late.

He needed immediate chest drainage surgery! When she saw that Nora was ignoring her, Angela shouted even more angrily, “I get it now! Are you trying to curry a favor because he looks important? Come on, take her away! Don’t waste time that I can use to save him! I can’t continue with the CPR if she’s here!”

The middle-aged woman kneeling next to the man looked at Nora when she heard Angela’s words.

She said, “You’re not a doctor? Then get out of the way!”

Nora turned a deaf ear to their words.

She stood up and rushed over to the front desk.

After asking them for the first aid kit, she quickly returned.

She took out gloves and rubbing alcohol, pulled a paring knife from her waist, and sterilized the tools.

Then, she pulled the man’s shirt open, pressed down on the mid-clavicular line of his second intercostal space, and plunged the knife down without hesitation! Splurt! Blood spurted from the wound, scaring everyone around them into backing away.

However, the man on the ground still didn’t show any response.

“Murder! Murder!”

A bright-eyed Angela shouted, “Call the cops! Arrest her!”

She had tried every possible means she could to get rid of that damned fatty, but little did she expect that she would actually self-combust! Just as Angela was all smug and triumphant, her expression suddenly froze.

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The crowd around them went into a furor. The man's wife also shouted, "What are you doing?"

But the next moment, the man, who had been motionless, suddenly started breathing again! Everyone shut up.

Seeing that the ambulance hadn't arrived yet, Nora took out an infusion tube from the first aid kit and inserted one end into the patient's chest cavity.

The other end was inserted into a latex finger glove.

She cut an opening slightly smaller than half an inch wide on the hard end of the finger glove.

This was to act as a flap to allow air from inside the chest cavity to be easily discharged while preventing the outside air from entering.

The breathing of the man on the ground gradually became steady.

"He's alive! He's alive!"

The people around them started clapping while the man's wife also heaved a sigh of relief.

She fell onto her bottom on the ground as if she had just had a narrow escape from death as she repeated, "Thank you, thank you..."

There still wasn't much of an expression on Nora's face.

The patient was fine now.

It would be fine once the ambulance arrived and took him to the hospital.

She stood up to leave, but at this point, Angela yelled sharply, "Thank you? Simple CPR could've saved him, but she insisted on operating on him instead!"

Everyone was taken aback.

“What?”

Angela took out her student ID and said, “I’m a senior at the School of Medicine in my college, and I’m about to go for my internship soon. This gentleman here obviously just lost consciousness temporarily and went into shock. CPR would have been enough to resuscitate him. Nora, how could you perform surgery on him under those chaotic circumstances?”

She reproached, “All operations have to be performed under sterile conditions. Do you know how many germs and bacteria there are here?! What if his wound becomes infected?”

The man’s wife didn’t believe her one-sided opinion.

“But it didn’t work even when you performed CPR for so long. It was this young lady here that helped my husband to breathe again!”

Angela sneered, “CPR needs time for effects to show. How can he possibly get better in two minutes? If she hadn’t stopped me, your husband would have been totally fine now. He wouldn’t have had to lose so much blood!”

The man’s wife frowned.

She didn’t know much about medicine, so she became a little unsure.

However, she didn’t say anything.

Angela then spoke again.

She said, “What’s more is that she isn’t even a doctor. She was probably bold enough to mess around because she’s watched a few episodes of some medical TV drama?”

The wife looked at her husband who was still lying on the ground, his breathing steady.

Then, she looked at Nora uncertainly and asked, “Are you really not a doctor?”

Nora found the whole thing awfully stupid.

She said coldly, “Does it matter whether I’m a doctor? The point is that he’s still alive”

Angela replied aggressively, “Of course it matters. He didn’t need to be operated on. It’s all because you pretended to know more than you actually do and messed around!”

Nora yawned.

“Everything will be clear once the ambulance gets here.” Unless she exposed her identity as Anti, these people would never believe her, no matter what she said.

Angela scoffed and said, “You’d better not leave, then. Why don’t you stay here and prove your innocence? Ma’am, I’d advise you to call the police now. This is assault!”

While she was being noisy, the ambulance arrived fashionably late.

The paramedics hurriedly carried the stretcher down.

A doctor that had followed them here quickly rushed in front of the patient.

After performing a full-body examination, he asked grimly, “Who performed first aid on him?!”

Angela’s face lit up.

She pointed at Nora as she answered, “She’s the one that did it! She’s just an idiot who has never even gone to school. How dare she operate on someone else...”

The doctor’s expression instantly became hesitant when she said that.

He asked, “She’s never even gone to school before? How did you learn your medical skills, then?”

Before Nora could reply, Angela spoke again.

She scoffed, “She probably just blindly copied whatever they did on TV... Doctor, it’s illegal to treat someone’s illness without proper knowledge, right?”

As soon as she said that, she saw an astonished look form on the doctor’s face.

He exclaimed, “You can actually perform such a flawless chest drainage operation when you haven’t studied medicine professionally before? And, you’re so young, too! You must be a genius!”

Angela’s triumphant expression suddenly froze! What? A genius? Was someone like Nora even worthy of the title ‘genius’?! The corners of Nora’s lips spasmed a little.

Any doctor would know first aid common sense like this.

How did that make her a genius...

Next to them, the man’s wife immediately understood after hearing their conversation.

She said, "Doctor, about my husband's condition..." The doctor said, "We would have treated him in the same way even if he was sent to the hospital. It's just that the equipment would be more professional. There aren't any chest drainage bottles here, so she could only make do like she did.

"Also, it was fortunate that the operation was done in time. Otherwise, due to his inability to breathe, once suffocation had sustained for a long time, his internal organs would have suffered damage."

After the doctor finished the explanation, he got the others to carry the patient into the ambulance.

It was only after the man's wife got into the ambulance that she suddenly realized that she hadn't thanked her husband's savior yet.

However, when she turned, she could no longer find any traces of Nora among the crowd.

By the time Lawrence came down, the ambulance had already left.

After hearing about what had happened from the service staff, Lawrence asked, "Do you know who the patient is?"

The service staff replied, "It's Mr. Anderson from the second-highest floor."

Mr. Anderson? Lawrence suddenly realized something.

His eyes widened and he hurriedly picked up his cell phone and called Justin.

He said, "Mr. Hunt, this is terrible. The person who was feeling unwell just now is Mr. Simon Anderson."

The Andersons from New York and the Hunts had been on close terms for generations.

Now that Simon was hospitalized, it was common courtesy for Justin to visit him.

Justin immediately said, "I'm coming down"

He went to the study to check on Pete, who was reading.

He seemed to have reverted to his taciturn temperament in the past.

After notifying Pete that he was going out, Justin left.

Before stepping out of the suite, he wordlessly picked up the dress that his son had set aside and tossed it into the trash as he went out.

In the hospital.

When Justin arrived, Simon was still undergoing an operation.

His wife, Melissa Anderson, was seated on the bench outside the operating room, her well-maintained face full of worry.

Justin walked over and greeted her.

“Aunt Melissa. Melissa’s eyes reddened when she saw him.

She said, “He rushed over here because he heard that someone in California had news about his eldest sister. But when he heard that his sister may have already died 23 years ago and only left a daughter behind, he suddenly got sick and almost died.”

More than twenty years ago, the Andersons’ eldest daughter had run away from home.

She disappeared without a trace ever since.

Over the years, the Andersons had been searching for her everywhere.

Justin consoled her and said, “Uncle Simon will be fine. I’ve already talked to the doctors just now. They said that he received timely treatment, so he’s not in danger anymore”

At the mention of that, Melissa immediately said, “Justin, it was a young lady that saved Simon today. We’re deeply indebted to her. Can you find out who she is? When Simon’s condition stabilizes, I’d like to pay her a visit and thank her: Justin nodded.

After Simon was pushed out of the operating room and his condition stabilized, Justin returned to the hotel with Lawrence.

When they were getting out of the car, Lawrence said, “Mr. Hunt, let’s go to the control room and check the cameras to see who that kind soul is”

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Justin thought of the genius that the doctor had sung praises of when they were in the hospital just now, and he nodded with great interest.

“Okay.”

Unfortunately, as soon as the two of them entered the lobby, one of his assistants walked over.

In a hushed voice, he said, "Mr. Hunt, you have guests from your family home. They've gone up to the top floor."

Justin's expression changed drastically when he heard this.

He strode over to the elevator and, with a dark expression, asked, "When did they arrive?"

"They went up five minutes ago. The hotel belongs to the Hunts after all, so the front desk and lobby manager weren't able to stop them."

"A bunch of good-for-nothings!"

Justin cursed angrily and entered the elevator.

Lawrence let out a silent sigh.

He wouldn't be of any help with the situation upstairs anyway, so he went to the control room by himself.

In the presidential suite on the top floor.

Pete, whose eyes were red, clenched his fists and looked at the people in front of him.

More than a dozen bodyguards in black from both parties were glaring at one another as they faced off.

Chester, who had an awful look on his face, stood in between them and Pete.

He said, "What are you doing, Howard? Justin won't let you off when he comes back!"

Howard Hunt, the man in front of him and also his second cousin, had sinister eyes and a hooked nose.

He smiled sinisterly and said, "This has nothing to do with you, Chester. Get out of the way. I'm here on Grandpa's order to bring that disrespectful little bastard back to the family home!"

Chester wasn't agreeable to it.

"Whatever it is that you want to do, do it only when Justin gets back here! You can't take him away now!"

Howard's expression turned cold and he said, "Don't think too highly of yourself, Chester. What makes you think you have a say when you don't even give two hoots about the family? Get lost!"

Chester was so furious that his face was all flushed.

The only reason why he could play games all day long was that Justin had taken all the pressure off him.

Besides, his nephew was even his team leader.

How could he possibly ignore what was happening? He said furiously, "I won't let you!"

Howard cracked his knuckles at once.

It was obvious at first glance that he was very skilled at fighting.

"Don't blame me if I don't hold back, then!"

As soon as he said that, an icy-cold voice reached them: "Who are you planning on not holding back on?"

His voice, which was as low and deep as cello timbre, was emotionless.

It made Howard stiffen, and he immediately withdrew his fists and gave the man walking over an ingratiating smile.

"You're back, Justin" Justin's big and tall form stood in front of Chester and Pete and blocked them from Howard.

His bottomless gaze landed on Howard, and the mole at the corner of his eye exuded murderous intent as he demanded, "Who said you could come here?"

Fear flashed in Howard's eyes.

He touched his nose and replied with a smile, "I'm not that fearless to come here and mess with you either, Justin, but these are Grandpa's orders. He said that since you've returned with that disrespectful boy, then you should return to the family home. This way, you can also discuss how Pete should be punished."

A grim Justin took a step forward.

"Why does he have to be punished?"

Howard was so frightened that he took a step back.

"Why are you feigning ignorance, Justin? There's something mentally wrong with that boy. How nice was Grandpa to him? But just because he argued with her a little, he pushed her off the stairs and caused her to suffer a brain hemorrhage. Even now, she's still lying in the hospital with her life in danger. Someone has to answer for this!"

A large family held great power.

The reason why the Hunts could keep their position at the pinnacle in the States was that they had talents in every industry.

Justin's permanent residence was in New York, but the family home had always been in California.

During the holidays, the Hunts would return and gather.

Disciplinary action toward members of the family was also carried out in the family home.

Justin had always respected his granduncle who watched over the family home.

Howard was his granduncle's grandson.

He was the one who would have to take over the responsibility of watching over the family home in the future.

Justin narrowed his frosty eyes.

"I told you, it wasn't Pete." Howard shrugged.

"Do you have any proof? Because we have witnesses. Moreover, Pete was indeed upstairs when it happened. There were signs that the two were having a dispute."

Justin clenched his jaw.

"I'm already looking for Dr. Anti to have her take a look at Grandma." Howard curled his lip.

"It's not easy to find Anti." Justin let out a cold snort.

"I will drag her back here even if that's what I have to do!"

"Justin, because you're staying here with Pete, my side of the family has been inciting everyone and causing a lot of dissatisfaction among them" Howard cast a disdainful glance at Pete and went on.

"Besides, who knows where that boy even came from? Neither do we know who his mother is. On top of that, he's even mentally ill. Even we aren't convinced about having him become your heir, let alone everyone else from my side of the family!"

"Grandpa asked me to talk to you. You're still young and healthy, Justin. Won't it be nice to have another child? As for Pete, just give up on him."

“Shut up!”

Justin’s eyes flashed with murderous intent and he warned, “Pete is my son, and he’s the only son I’ll ever have!”

Howard was intimidated by his presence.

As the ones watching over the family home, his immediate family held very high status among the Hunts.

Even all the previous heads of the family had to treat them with courtesy.

However, his grandfather had mentioned before that Justin was different from the previous heads of the family .

He had other identities, so they mustn’t mess with him.

Howard also respected and even slightly feared Justin.

But the more that was so, the more he felt that Pete, as his son, wasn’t outstanding enough.

Howard fell silent for a moment.

Then, he took a step back and lowered his head as he said, “My side of the family is making a lot of noise. By next weekend at the latest, Grandpa will have to hold a family meeting. If you cannot prove his innocence by then, the Hunts will expel Peter Hunt from the family.”

After saying that, he turned and left.

A panicked Chester asked, “What do we do, Justin?”

Justin, who had a dark and grim look on his face, didn’t answer.

The most ideal solution was to find Anti and have her prove his son’s innocence.

But if they couldn’t find her...

He lowered his gaze dispassionately, his eyes cold.

Had it not been for his father who had insisted that he take care of the family, he wouldn’t have bothered himself with a trifling presence like the Hunts.

But now, they actually had the guts to expel his son from the family? In that case, it was time that someone else took over the place of the number one family in the States.

A sharp look flashed across Justin's eyes.

He turned behind and looked at Pete, his voice gentle and mellow as he said, "There's nothing to be afraid of, Pete"

Pete lowered his head and entered the study.

He wasn't afraid.

But Great-Grandma had really treated him very well.

That was also the reason why he hadn't said anything about the tutors she had sent, despite them being problematic.

He had kept quiet because he didn't want to tarnish Great-Grandma's name.

After all, her life was still in danger, so she had no way of speaking up for him.

He didn't want Great-Grandma to die, either.

Chester returned to the suite next door while looking at the back view of his dejected little nephew.

He let out a sigh and logged on to the game.

He had initially thought that his team leader was feeling down, but what he saw was that sweetcherry was currently active in the game...? He was taken aback for a moment.

Then, he connected to the other party's voice chat and said, "Here I was, thinking you were feeling down and out! I didn't expect that you're still in the mood to play games?"

Downstairs, Cherry, who was seated on the sofa, blinked when she heard him.

She asked, '...Why would I be sad?"

What had happened to Pete? Chester replied, "That's true. Don't worry, your father will definitely find Anti and prove your innocence!"

Cherry was confused.

Charming Lady Hard To Chase After Being Dumped

Chapter 32

Pete had called Uncle Chester a single-celled organism before, so Cherry happily probed him for information with peace of mind.

After she learned what had happened, Cherry was dumbfounded.

Why was Pete so unfortunate? First, he was bullied by his tutors, and now, he was even being maligned! Meanwhile, her life...

Even though Mommy was always sleeping, it seemed like she had never had to suffer anyone's unkindness since she was born.

Could someone tell her why she suddenly felt like transforming into a pitiful little girl bullied by everyone? Cough, she had digressed.

Still, it was no wonder that Mommy said big families were trouble and forbade her from telling anyone that she was Dr.Anti! Cherry hung up in a hurry and sent her brother a text message: "I'm gonna tell you a big secret, Pete!"

In the study, Pete, whose head was down, replied after seeing the message on the phone: "What is it?"

Cherry replied: "Uncle Chester said that Daddy has been looking for Anti.In that case, do you know who Anti is?"

Pete immediately understood something when he saw her message.

As expected, one second later, Cherry sent another message: "Anti is Mommy!"

Pete's eyes widened as he stared at the message.

He suddenly remembered how Mommy had told him to head upstairs first when they were on the way back this afternoon.

After that, she had gone to treat the patient who had collapsed...

He was about to send another message to Cherry when she sent him a voice message.

It sounded like she was hiding in the bathroom and whispering.

She said, "Mommy has been saying that Daddy is trouble and she doesn't want to treat Great-Grandma's illness because she's afraid that she'll be dragged into your familial disputes.What should we do?"

Downstairs, tiny Cherry sat on the toilet bowl and rested her chin on her palm, feeling awfully troubled.

What could she do to get Mommy to treat Great-Grandma's illness? At this moment, her cell phone vibrated.

Pete's reply was very assuring: "That's easy' In the study, Nora, who was dressed in a nightgown, leaned back lazily on the chair in an awfully comfortable manner, forming a very sloppy sight.

Her pale fingers tapped lightly on the keyboard as she destroyed the surveillance cameras' footage of the events when she was performing emergency first aid in the hotel lobby this afternoon.

She had to stay low-key.

She mustn't let anyone especially that man upstairs find out that she was medically trained.

He had probably already become suspicious when they were in the operating room the last time.

Nora stretched.

She was about to think about the anonymous email she had received this afternoon when a new email arrived in her inbox with a ding.

Nora narrowed her eyes.

Sure enough, it turned out to be another anonymous email.

"Do something for me and I'll send your son to your doorstep. Operate on the elderly Mrs. Hunt and cure her." Nora was puzzled.

She stared at the email for a very long time as if she wanted to reach through the Internet and catch the mastermind behind the scenes.

The email was sent anonymously, so she couldn't catch a glimpse of the sender at all.

She couldn't even talk to them even if she wanted to.

She could only choose whether she wanted to believe it or not.

If Justin Hunt was the one that sent the email...

Then this transaction would make sense! Besides, the reason why she hadn't wanted to do the operation initially was that she didn't want any trouble.

However, if she could really get her son back, then a little trouble wasn't an issue.

She would just have to sleep a little less, that was all.

After thinking through it, she stood up.

If she wanted to treat the elderly Mrs.Hunt's illness, then she would have to go through Justin for sure.

But how was she going to let him know that her medical skills were very impressive without revealing her identity as Anti? She suddenly looked at the computer.

Was it too late for her to try restoring the camera footage? In the study upstairs.

Lawrence, whose head was down, said falteringly, "The surveillance cameras are broken, and there are signs of intrusion.Mr.Hunt, do you...have a spare moment?"

He had gotten a few hackers to fix the cameras, but they hadn't been successful.

Thus, he wanted to ask Justin to personally attend to the matter.

A sullen Justin said, "Do you need me for something even as trivial as that?"

Lawrence lowered his head even further, feeling like he was terribly useless.

There were so many hackers in the Hunt Corporation, but even they couldn't handle it.

He gave a sheepish smile and said, "Um..."

"I'm busy." Justin gave him a cold reply.

Then, he stood up and left the study.

He went over to the bedroom beside the study and stood in front of the door.

He called out, "I'm coming in, Pete."

After being scolded by the people from the family home, Pete would undoubtedly be in a bad mood.

He had given his son some time to cool down, but he couldn't possibly leave him alone in his room all the time.

Therefore, he intended to have a good heart-to-heart talk with his son.

Before he opened the door and entered, he looked back at Lawrence and ordered, "No visitors, no matter who it is."

Lawrence went out dejectedly.

It was understandable that Justin would want to spend some time with Pete after those people from the family home showed up.

However, the Andersons also wanted information about the person that had saved Simon's life.

What was he supposed to do? While hesitating, he heard a dispute at the door.

When he went out, he saw Nora standing at the entrance of the stairwell arguing with the bodyguards.

"You can't enter without a prior appointment, Miss Smith"

Nora looked up, her cat-like eyes somewhat intimidating.

She said, "In that case, please pass a message for me. Tell them that—"

'Anti was looking for him: She had thought it through.

If it meant that she could really find her son, then exposing her own identity was the fastest way to arrange for the surgery, lest it led to unnecessary trouble.

But before she could say what she wanted to say, a seemingly half-amused Lawrence walked over and interrupted her.

He said, "Have you thought it through and decided to come over and play with the little mister for two hours, Miss Smith?"

Nora was puzzled.

Lawrence went on and added, "Unfortunately, Mr.Hunt is currently busy and instructed a moment ago that he wasn't having visitors: Unless Anti appeared out of thin air, there was probably no one that could solve Mr.Hunt's pressing issues.

Nora fell silent for a moment.

Then, she said, "I'll come back tomorrow, then.By the way, tell him that I can treat his grandmother's illness."

After saying that, she walked back to the stairwell and went down.

Lawrence looked at her from the back and sighed.

He said to the bodyguard beside him, "Girls nowadays are so proactive.

Look at her; in order to get close to Mr.Hunt, she can even bring herself to say something like that.

The bodyguard asked, "What if she really can treat her illness?"

"I've already looked her up.She's never been in any contact with medicine since she was a child.How is she going to treat her illness?"

Nora had originally thought that Justin would come down to look for her after receiving her message.

But even until the next day, she didn't hear from him at all.

From the looks of it, his grandmother likely wasn't in urgent condition.

As such, Nora went to the hospital in the afternoon to do a follow-up check on her aunt.

She went straight to the VIP floor.

In the hallway, Lawrence was apologizing to someone.

He said, "I'm really sorry, Mrs.Anderson.Someone destroyed the surveillance camera footage, so we didn't manage to find anyone.I'll find her for you as soon as I can..."

A frowning Melissa was about to speak when she suddenly spied a familiar figure coming out of the elevator.

She rubbed her eyes and looked over again.

That figure with a lazy yet firm gait; and that face so gorgeous that it almost seemed like she was showing off it was hard for anyone to forget her once they laid eyes on her.

Who else could it be other than the woman that had saved her husband's life? She hurriedly pushed Lawrence aside, took a few steps forward, and grabbed Nora's hand.

"Are you working in this hospital, Miss?"

Lawrence was flabbergasted.