

Forever My Darling By Mr. Luo chapter 3

Chapter 3 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 Grave 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