

Angela watched Anthony pass her by to finally stop in front of Nora.


He bent down and offered her the roses in a gentlemanly manner. “Miss Anderson, may I have the honor of becoming friends with you?”

“ ... ”

Angela’s eyes widened in astonishment as she stared at the scene in disbelief.

The light in the bar was a bit dim, which made her feel as if she was dreaming. Why had Anthony gone up to the damned fatty?

Nora didn’t expect such a dramatic twist, either. She had only met Anthony twice, yet he had dumped his prospective fiancée to woo her?





But when she saw how surprised and furious Angela looked—to the extent that it made her look rather savage—her anger from just now calmed a little. The corners of her lips curled upward with great interest into a mischievous smile.

Her smile, which was as bright and dazzling as a blooming sunflower, made Anthony's eyes light up.

He was about to say something, but Angela couldn't control herself anymore. She screamed, "Anthony!"

It was only when he heard her voice that Anthony finally noticed Angela standing beside him. He frowned and asked, "Why are you here?"

Angela was still fantasizing that perhaps Anthony had mistaken someone else for her because of the darkness, but his question had shattered her last vestiges of hope.



She glared at Nora angrily. “You bitch! You’re so shameless!”

After she shouted, she raised her hand to Nora.

Anthony immediately stopped her. With a sullen look, he snapped, “What are you doing, Angela? Don’t make a scene here like a shrew.”

Angela’s eyes flushed angrily. “Are you actually defending her? Do you know—”

“Enough!” Anthony interrupted her. “Take a look at yourself now, Angela. Can’t you take a leaf out of Miss Anderson’s book and pick up some of her lady-like air and charisma?”

Angela was stunned. “W-who did you say she was? Don’t you know who she is?”




Anthony was taken aback by her question. “She’s Isabel Anderson...”

He turned to the side to see Nora seated leisurely on the sofa. With her lips curled into a smile, she said lazily, “Isabel is my middle name. I also have another name—Nora. Smith.”

“...”

The whole bar suddenly fell quiet for a moment. The situation had confused everyone.

Anthony stared at her in disbelief. “Y-you...”





He was so shocked that he couldn't say anything even after stuttering for a long time.

Angela managed to react, however. "She's tricked you, Anthony! She's tricked us both! She did it on purpose just to take revenge on us and make us a joke!"

That damned fatty had ruined her proposal. She hated Nora's guts now.

Angela shouted to everyone around her, "What are all of you still in a daze for? Beat her up! Beat that woman to death!"

Everyone in the bar was friends of Anthony and Angela. Upon hearing her shout, everyone surrounded Nora.



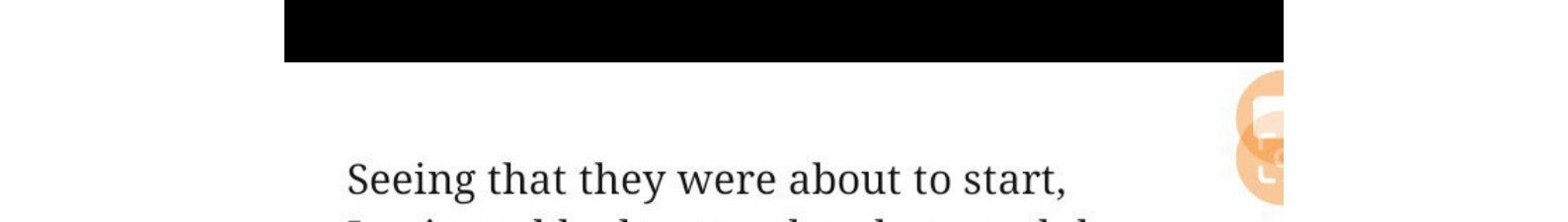
At the sight of so many people throwing their lives away, Nora stretched and loosened her muscles to warm up.

Meanwhile, at the entrance to the lobby.

Justin entered the lobby. He was about to go to the elevator when he suddenly heard the noise in the bar.

Through the glass walls, he immediately spotted the woman on the sofa. There was a little more frostiness on her usually distant expression.

There was malice on the faces of everyone around her. From the looks of things, it seemed like she was about to be assaulted by the group of them?




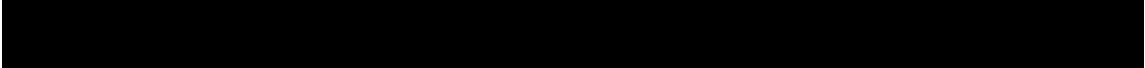
Seeing that they were about to start,
Justin suddenly turned and entered the
bar.

“Stop!”

His deep, cold, and fierce shout made
Nora, who was about to jump into action,
pause. Then, a group of well-trained
bodyguards swarmed in. In no time, they
had surrounded the bar.

The elegant man at the entrance wore
a luxurious bespoke hand-tailored suit.
The mole at the corner of his eye exuded
a sense of chilliness. His cold eyes swept
across the place and he slowly said,
“Group fights are prohibited in Hotel
Finest!”

“ ... ”



Nora, who had only just gotten into the mood to fight, lost interest in an instant.

Gee.

That man sure had a lot of rules. It was affecting her performance.

Intimidated by the aura around him, everyone else also stopped moving. Anthony, the one calling the shots, braced himself and asked, “Who are you?”

Lawrence, who was following closely behind Justin, answered, “This is Mr. Hunt.”




Mr. Hunt from Hotel Finest... Justin Hunt? That man at the top of the golden pyramid?!

Anthony had heard that he was here in California on a business trip. His family had given him a thousand and one warnings and told him not to mess with him.

Everyone's expressions changed drastically.

Lawrence didn't understand why his boss was suddenly being nosy, but since he had set the rules, they had to implement them.



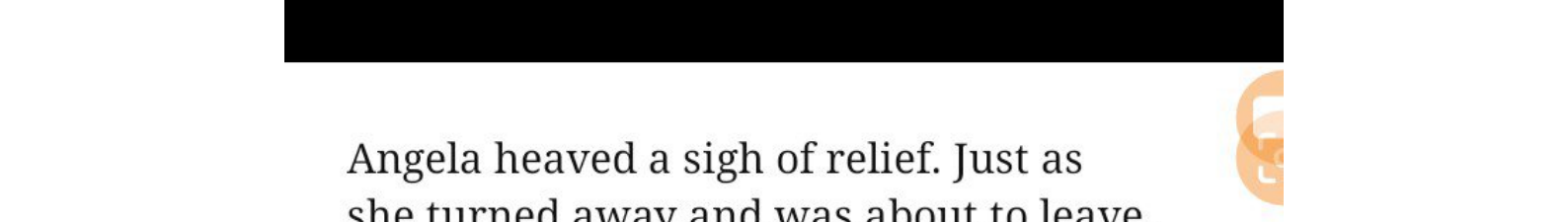
He cleared his throat, raised his chin, and ordered, “How dare you fight at Hotel Finest? Are you sick of living? Get out!”

Everyone hurried out as if they were fleeing.

When Nora saw that Angela was also preparing to leave with the crowd, a sharp look flashed across Nora’s eyes. She grabbed Angela’s arm. “Angela, there’s something you haven’t said yet.”

Angela was already in a panic and at a loss at this point. She glanced at Justin fearfully, wishing only to leave quickly. She lowered her voice and retorted, “What are you going crazy for? Let go!”

“Okay.” Nora obediently let go of her arm.




Angela heaved a sigh of relief. Just as she turned away and was about to leave, a huge force suddenly struck her from behind and kicked her into the air.

Bam!

Angela hit the table in front and fell to the ground. She felt as if all her internal organs were aching.

After kicking her, Nora walked over and grabbed her by the hair. In a fervent tone, she said, “Do you remember what you wanted to tell me now?”

Angela’s eyes widened. With her eyes red, she shouted, “She’s being violent, Mr. Hunt!”





Justin frowned. That woman's kick just now was unexpectedly forceful. She seemed to have some pretty good moves, which made him seem as if he had been too much of a busybody.

Before he even spoke, Lawrence reprimanded her. "Group fights are prohibited in Hotel Finest, Miss Smith. Do you have no regard for Mr. Hunt's rules?"

Nora looked up slightly. Her looks made her look well-behaved and sensible. She replied softly, "I'm alone. I'm not in a group."

"..."

Her words shut Lawrence up.




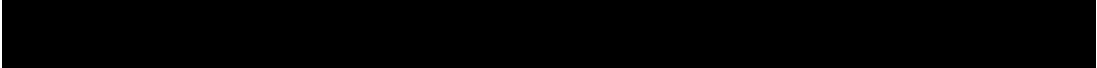
When one thought about it, there indeed wasn't anything wrong with what she said.

Stunned, Angela screamed, "Help!"

Seeing that someone was about to come over, Nora glanced over coldly and asked, "Are you trying to gather a group of people?"

"..."

Seeing that no one dared to come over anymore, she looked down at Angela whom she was pressing down on.



Originally, on account of how they were sisters, after all, she had only wanted to know the whereabouts of her son and hadn't intended to make things so ugly. But injecting hormones into her when she was only five? Such a grudge had removed all of her restraint.

Smack!

She slapped Angela ruthlessly across her cheek. When she saw her cheek visibly swelling, she slowly said, "If you continue to keep silent, I'll beat you up so bad you won't even recognize yourself anymore."

A trembling Angela couldn't hold it in anymore. She burst into tears and said, "I'll talk, I'll talk! That child—"