

Hotel Finest's management was very strict, and one needed room cards in the elevator, too.

Cherry's room was not on the top floor, so she couldn't light up the button for the top floor even after she swiped the room card through the card reader.

She pouted unhappily. After thinking about it, she decided to return for now to the 38th floor where her room was and go up the stairs after that.

But as soon as she got out of the elevator, she ran into Nora.

Cherry instantly suppressed her desires.

She could still look for Daddy tomorrow, but Mommy was obviously a little depressed and needed her very much now!

Nora had called several private investigators, but there were still no leads. After all, if even Angela didn't know where her son was, then her father might be the only one who knew the truth.

But to negotiate terms with her father... He was no simple-minded fool like Angela.

Just as she was lost in her thoughts, a small figure jumped over and hugged her leg. “Mommy, I love you so much!”



Her thoughts interrupted, Nora rubbed her head and asked softly, “Where did you go to have fun with Mrs. Lewis?”

Cherry looked at her fingers. She didn’t dare to look at Nora’s eyes when she lied. “We just strolled around in the hotel. It isn’t any fun here at all. Mommy, I’ll sleep with you.”


Nora let out an “Okay” and opened the door.

Then, she turned around to see Cherry leaning against the wall and striking a handsome pose. “Mommy, if you miss my brother, then you can just look at me. He probably looks just like me. We’re twins after all!”

Nora chuckled. “Boy-girl twins are fraternal. Just like ordinary siblings, it’s very difficult for them to look exactly the same.”

Cherry hung her head in disappointment. “Is that so? I thought he would look just like me.”

Nora laughed and brought her into the room.



After taking a bath, the two were lying on the bed when Nora's cell phone rang—it was from the Smiths. She cast her eyes down and contemplated for a moment. Then, she turned off the cell phone and went to bed with Cherry.


When she woke up the next day, Cherry had already quietly gotten out of bed and was playing with Mrs. Lewis outside.

She took a look at her cell phone. Aside from dozens of missed calls from the Smiths, there was also one from her paternal aunt.

Her paternal aunt had been the kindest to her during all these years. Because of that, her relationship with Lisa was also pretty good. Thus, she returned the call.

Someone picked up very quickly, but it was her father's voice that rang out instead. "Here I was, thinking that you've already left the family, Nora!"

Nora lowered her eyes lazily and got out of bed to get something to eat. "What's up?"



“What kind of attitude is that? I have something to ask you—did you shamelessly sabotage Anthony’s proposal to your sister yesterday? And even hit her when the sabotage failed? Also, you have been saying that you wanted to annul the engagement. Now that you’ve gotten your way, why are you trying to seduce Anthony again? He’s your sister’s fiancé!”

“...”

It had always been like that ever since they were children. The moment she and Angela had a disagreement, Henry would blame her for it without even trying to find out the truth.

Nora was already used to it. She slowly said, “He doesn’t seem to be her fiancé yet, right?”

“He was going to be very soon, but you’ve messed everything up now! Come back right away and apologize to your sister! Otherwise, don’t blame me if I disown you!”

“Do what you want.”

Nora was about to hang up after giving a frosty reply when she heard Henry yelling angrily, “You ungrateful woman! Not only are you disobeying me, but do you also not care whether your aunt is alive or dead?!”

Nora paused. “What’s wrong with her?”

“What’s wrong with her? She has a brain tumor! If you have even the slightest bit of a conscience, then come to the hospital in town. Otherwise, you won’t even be able to see your aunt for the last time!”

“...I’ll be right over.”

After hanging up, Nora quickly washed up, changed, and went out.


When the elevator arrived, she entered to see that there were already two professionally dressed female elites inside.

Nora closed the doors after she entered. Her eyes were closed on the way down. She overheard the discussion between the two behind her:

“Isn’t it inappropriate for us to treat the little mister like this? This is corporal punishment.”

“What nonsense are you spouting? We were sent by the old madam. Besides, didn’t you see that the little mister didn’t even cry after he was hit? He doesn’t talk very much, either. I heard that he’s autistic.”





“What? No wonder he looks dull and slow-witted. I’m telling you this secretly, but I felt a little good when I saw him being reprimanded. So what even if you’re rich and prestigious? In the end, he still has to listen to us obediently! But what if Mr. Hunt finds out?”

“It’ll be because he didn’t finish his homework, then. Mr. Hunt is very strict with the little mister. Fathers would be at their wits’ end once their children cry or kick up a fuss, but Pete only knows how to stubbornly endure it... Even if I don’t give him lunch, I betcha he won’t even say a word about it at night.”

Ding!

When the elevator arrived on the first floor, the two tutors walked out and went to eat in the hotel restaurant.

Nora, who exited along with them, frowned. She felt exceptionally uncomfortable.

Those two had come from the upper floor, so they could only have come from the presidential suite on the top floor. Therefore, the ‘little mister’ whom they spoke of must be Justin Hunt’s son?

Nora cast her eyes down and decided to mind her own business.

The cab she booked had already arrived. She was about to get in the car when she heard a commotion behind her. Sure enough, it was Justin who had come out with his bodyguards.

Nora looked away and got into the car.

Before the car started, the sight of the child that had buried his head into Justin's shoulder while being carried by him suddenly flashed into her mind.

Although she didn't get a clear view of his face, he looked about the same size as Cherry, so he was likely about the same age as her.


Ire welled up in Nora. She suddenly opened the car door, got out, and walked straight towards Justin.

She was stopped by the bodyguards before she even got close.

Lawrence had already noticed her wandering around the entrance just now. He said mockingly, "Miss Smith, I know you're intending to express your gratitude to Mr. Hunt for his help yesterday, after which you'll then ask for his contact information. We've already seen these methods a million times. Can you put in a little more effort and use a more novel pickup line?"

Nora was puzzled.





In the distance, Justin, dressed in a black suit, kept his eyes straight and entered the Bentley sullenly. He didn't see her at all.

At the sight of the car starting, Nora's eyes narrowed angrily. This was a rare moment where she decided to meddle for once, yet she was being misunderstood in such a way?

She turned around to leave. After taking a couple of steps, unable to suppress her anger, she turned back and went up to Lawrence. She repeatedly tried to hold back her anger, but still failed in the end. She said, "Mr. Zimmer, you should have Mr. Hunt visit the neurology specialists when he's free. Narcissism is an illness. Get it treated."

Lawrence was confused.



It was only after she snapped at him that Nora finally got into the cab as if nothing had happened, and went straight to the hospital in town.

There weren't many people in the hospital.

Nora went upstairs and entered the VIP ward.

She hadn't even seen her aunt yet when Henry walked toward her furiously and threw the contract in her face. "Nora, you have to sign the ownership transfer agreement today, and also apologize to your sister! Otherwise, don't dream of saving your aunt!"