

With her mouth half-open, Nora looked at Justin in astonishment.

The man was very tall, and was a little over 6'2". Dressed in a black bespoke suit, his legs were long and straight.

The lavish hotel lights spilled onto his expressionless face, making his facial features appear three-dimensional and refined with a firm outline, and he gave off a sense of loftiness.

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The little boy he was holding was also wearing a suit. He was leaning on the man's shoulder and had buried his head into it to hide his appearance, so as to prevent the media from secretly taking photos of him and exposing information about him.

Unfortunately, she was in no mood to appreciate his good looks.

Had Justin Hunt... caught wind of her identity as Anti?

She was just thinking about it when she noticed Justin frowning. In an imposing manner, he said, "Stay away from my son. Also, you're not my type."

His voice was deep and melodious like a baritone hitting one's eardrums. It made people want to hear him speak a little more, yet they were dissuaded by that chilly aura of his that reached bone-deep.

Nora's eyes, which had been drooping because of drowsiness, widened big and round in this instant. A question mark slowly appeared in her mind: ?

While she was stunned, the man turned away and strode off.

The people around looked at her all at once, and they took a step back as if she was some kind of virus while they engaged in private discussion:

“In recent years, countless people have tried to approach Mr. Hunt by pleasing the Hunts’ sole grandson, but Mr. Hunt hates that the most!”

“It seemed like the last woman who had dared to have ideas about the Hunts’ sole grandson had married a 60-year-old man in the end. That woman is too bold!”

It was only when she overheard the comments that Nora finally understood what he meant.

...Is that man out of his mind?

Soon, Justin left the lobby. The bodyguards also withdrew, and the hotel lobby went back to normal.

Inside the extra-long black Bentley.

Pete had a sullen look on his face, and he made a silent protest.

Justin frowned.

His son's abnormal behavior tonight had caused him to check the surveillance camera footage in the corridor. There, he saw that the woman had kissed and hugged his son.

The problem was that for the very first time, Pete, who had always been averse to others and disliked physical contact, hadn't resisted.

Was it because that woman was so fair and beautiful that she was overly eye-catching?

He thought of her sheer beauty that even her simple dressing couldn't hide, and the kind of careless wildness in her actions when she was yawning.

And, in particular, the rejection and indifference in her cat-like eyes when she was facing him. She was unlike other women. She certainly had a few tricks up her sleeve!

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At the Smiths.

The birthday party was already over when Anthony arrived.

Angela's face was swollen, and a clear handprint could be seen. She applied a towel wrapped around ice as a cold compress to her cheek. In tears, she complained, "Why are you here so late, Anthony?"

Anthony looked uncomfortable for a moment.

On the way to the Smiths, he had taken a detour and asked a private investigator to help inquire about the beauty he saw at the airport today.

He coughed and put on an anxious and concerned look. "What happened? Did that fatty hit you? Is she refusing to annul the engagement? Where is she? I will pay her a visit myself!"

Pay her a visit himself... That means they'll meet.

For some reason, Angela thought of that aggressively beautiful face, and a sense of anxiety formed in her heart.

If Anthony were to meet Nora, he definitely wouldn't take a fancy to her... Right?

Angela tightened her hold on the towel. Then, she immediately said, "Anthony, you don't need to go in person. She just can't bear to let go of the company. Don't worry, I'll make her agree."



Anthony didn't insist. After all, his mind was no longer here. He nodded and said with emphasis, "Without the company, Grandpa will never agree to our engagement! I'll leave this matter to you. I don't want to see her pig-like face, either. By the way, did she become even fatter?"

Angela became wary. She didn't answer but said, "Don't meet her if you don't want to. I'll definitely come up with a solution about the wedding gift."

"Okay."

After leaving the Smiths, Anthony drove absentmindedly. However, his mind was completely on the woman whom he had met at the airport. He didn't know who she was, but the air around her, and her beauty were something that he had rarely come across in his whole life.

It'd be great if I can take her as my wife.

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As soon as the thought formed, he couldn't curb his strong desire to see her again.

Suddenly, he received a call from the private investigator. "Mr. Gray, I couldn't find the identity of that beauty, but I found the hotel where she's temporarily staying at."

Anthony's eyes lit up. "Send it to me!"

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When Nora reached the hotel, Cherry was already asleep.

She went straight to the study.

She sat on the sofa and made a call.

“Solo, give me all the information about Idealian Pharmaceuticals.”

1

The lively voice sounded a little powerless at the moment. “Say, Anti, don’t go too far. Do you think I’m your subordinate just because I owe you my life? Don’t I, the world’s number one hacker, deserve some respect? You’re asking me to do even something as trivial as this? How about you name your price, and we call it even?”

The corners of Nora's lips curled upward slightly. "Sure. How much is your life worth?"

2

"..." After a moment of silence, Solo said, "Fine, you win. Give me five minutes."

Five minutes later, Solo emailed her all the information about Idealian Pharmaceuticals.

Idealian Pharmaceuticals was the company that her mother had left behind when she died. She was still young at that time, so the company was handed over to a dedicated manager to handle in her stead. She had never taken over the reins all this time, either. However, for the Smiths to want it so much, and even wanted her to give it to Angela as a wedding gift, there must be something fishy going on.

She carefully looked through the information until she heard faint footsteps in the soundproof corridor.

Disturbed by the sound, Nora frowned. Mrs. Lewis explained, “There are people staying in the presidential suite next door. I heard it’s Mr. Hunt.”

Her cell phone beeped at this point—it was a message from Solo: “The number one family is impressive indeed. Mr. Hunt offered me a few million dollars just to know whether you’re a man or a woman. Anti, you’re done for!”

Justin Hunt again.

Nora cast her cat-like eyes downward slightly. Her long, slender fingers tapped a few times on the keyboard, and she replied: “Pass him a message for me.”

In the presidential suite next door.

The tall and slender Justin sat on the sofa and leaned back.

His assistant Lawrence Zimmer stood there respectfully. “Mr. Hunt, Solo has brought a message from Dr. Anti.”

Justin looked up coldly. “What is it?”

Lawrence coughed and touched his glasses. Then, he read out the message methodically. “Dr. Anti asks, ‘Mr. Hunt, are you looking for me in such a hurry because you require brain surgery?’”

With this, the temperature in the room dropped to a freezing point.

After a long while, Justin finally suppressed his anger and squeezed out two words: “The! Photo!”

Lawrence instantly understood what he meant, and he immediately brought out a photo of Dr. Anti that he had bought at a high price and handed it to him.

Justin took it.

He would see just who exactly the person making fun of him was!