

The lobby of Hotel Finest was lavishly decorated, and the neat and clean marble floor reflected light.

Anthony sat on the sofa and stared in the direction of the elevator.

The Hunts' hotel management was strict, and the front desk refused to sell their customers' information. Thus, he could only come over early in the morning to wait, in hopes that he could catch the woman.

His hard work paid off, and he finally found her.

He jumped onto his feet when the graceful figure carelessly came out. With a bouquet of roses in his hands, he blocked her path in what he thought was a very charming manner. "Hello, beautiful. What a coincidence, I didn't expect for us to meet again!"

Nora was rendered speechless.

They had already annulled their engagement, so why was this guy still showing up in front of her again and again?

Anthony, who didn't notice her annoyance at all, said with a smile: "Since it seems like we're destined to be, surely you should tell me your name now?"

Nora narrowed her eyes.

She originally couldn't be bothered to pay him any attention, but when she thought of how he had also been in the delivery room back when she was giving birth... Perhaps she could try sounding him out.

Her lips slowly parted. “Isabel Anderson.”

Anderson was her mother’s last name.

Anthony’s eyes lit up. “Are you free, Miss Anderson? Coincidence is a wonderful thing. How about going to the cafe next door and having a chat?”

Nora nodded without much care.

Anthony walked in front eagerly. “This way, Miss Anderson... By the way, where’s your younger sister?”

Nora raised her brows. “My younger sister?”

“Yes, that little girl who came out of the airport with you yesterday. You look only about 20 years old; surely you can’t possibly have a daughter who’s already that age, right?” Anthony jested, thinking he was being humorous.

“...” Nora couldn’t be bothered to explain. Instead, she replied, “Let’s go upstairs.”

“It’s just as well that she isn’t here. That way, she won’t bother us... The cakes from the cafe over there are pretty good. You can bring some back for your sister later...”

The way to chase a woman was to please everyone around her.

Anthony was very experienced in this.

Nearby, Justin, who had just inspected the hotel, stared coldly at the two of them from the back.

Behind him, Lawrence, his assistant, curled his lip. “That woman’s too much, Mr. Hunt! Never mind that she had deliberately approached Pete to please you, but she’s actually two-timing?”

“And, she even referred to her daughter as her younger sister when she was lying to someone else! I didn’t even see her putting in that much effort when she was lying to you!”

The bodyguard behind him had question marks all over his face. Was this really something to be compared?

Justin's expression darkened. A sharp look flashed across his deep-set eyes, and even the temperature in the entire lobby seemed to drop a few degrees.

He said frostily, "Look her up."

"Yes, sir."

After walking into the cafe, Nora found a table by the window. In a matter of a few words, she had made Anthony turn the topic to the matter of his engagement.

Anthony was eager to explain himself, yet his tone was mocking and awful.

“I’m really not a scumbag, Miss Anderson. You don’t know how ugly that fatty is. There’s so much flesh on her face that even her eyes were nearly squeezed shut. When she walks, it’s as if the whole place is shaking.

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“She even insisted on using the excuse that her obesity is due to hormonal injections. Hah, she speaks as if she’ll be a beauty if she slims down.

“She’s also mentally ill. She dropped out of elementary school in third grade, and stayed at home ever since, cooping herself up every day in her room. She doesn’t even kick up a fuss when anyone hits or scolds her, much less retaliate.

“It’s unfair to make me marry an uneducated, illiterate, and mentally impaired fatty like that, isn’t it?!”

Nora was close to nodding off as she listened to him with her cheek in her hand.

She had known since she was a child that crying and kicking up a fuss were useless in a home as biased as theirs.

The reason why she hadn't fought back despite being hit was that she had always kept her mother's last words firmly in her mind—she must be plain and mediocre, and that she was not allowed to show her wit and ingenuity before she became of age. She had said that this was the only way her life could be saved.

“I really hate the Smiths' behavior. If it weren't for that company, I wouldn't be humoring Angela now, either...”



Anthony, who realized that he had said too much, hurriedly asked, “Oh, what am I saying such things for? Where are you from, Miss Anderson?”

Nora casually made up an answer. “New York.”

The Andersons from New York?

Anthony swallowed hard. That was a big-name family comparable to the Hunts!

Anthony fawned on her even more. “I didn’t expect you to come from such a wealthy family. No wonder you have such a compelling presence and air of elegance around you.”

Nora didn't care about his assumptions and continued to sound him out.

Her disposition seemed casual, but her grip around her coffee cup had tightened slightly. "I heard that your fiancée gave birth to a child five years ago, but it was abandoned. I'm really curious—where did that child go?"

Anthony hurriedly explained. "That's just a rumor, Miss Anderson! That fatty took the child abroad!"

What the Smiths publicly announced was that Nora had only given birth to a baby girl.

After all, they would incur the people's wrath if anyone knew that they had done something like abandoning a newborn infant.

Nora scoffed. "I'm just curious. Since you don't want to say it, then forget it!"

She put the coffee cup down heavily on the table and pretended that she was leaving, vividly acting the part of a rich, spoiled princess.

Sure enough, Anthony panicked. He reached out to grab her. "That's not what I meant. Don't get mad—"

Nora subtly evaded him and raised an eyebrow. "So, are you going to answer me or not?"

Her behavior didn't raise Anthony's suspicions. After all, such secrets about wealthy families were what many people liked to talk about idly. Just like gossip about celebrities, a lot of people would find it interesting.

He spoke reluctantly. "Uncle Henry—Henry Smith—was the one that handled it back then. I really don't know anything."

Seeing that Anthony didn't seem to be lying, Nora lost interest right away.

What a waste of her time that she could've spent sleeping.

Were the temperaments of all the girls from top-class wealthy families this volatile?

She was too hard to chase!

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Nora got a few private investigators in California to try and look for clues. It wasn't until the evening that she finally dragged her tired self back to the hotel.

Beep.

As soon as she opened the door, she heard the conversation between Cherry and another child coming from within:

“The princess is here! Everyone, step aside! The little dummy is to escort her!”

“... Okay.”

“Heh heh, do you want to try my cannon? Little dummy, tank the damage from the defensive tower. Go!”

“I’m out of HP.”

“Hey, why are you running? Tank the damage for me, and I’ll be able to get the five kills!”

“I’ll die.”

“Are you a man or not? You’re so cowardly even in a game. What are you so scared of?”

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“ ... ”

Cherry was usually very cute and well-behaved, but once she started playing games, she would become very irritable and foul-mouthed. Her behavior today was already considered rather self-restrained.

Whose kid was this playing mobile games with her, though?