

Chapter 7 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

Nora walked into the living room and saw Cherry in her pajamas holding a cell phone. She was sitting cross-legged and was playing happily with the game's audio turned on.

Hearing the sound of the door opening, the little girl turned and looked over. Seeing that Nora was about to get mad, she on a bright smile and blinked her big round eyes. "Mommy, you're finally back. I was so bored. I missed you so much!"

"..."

Nora sighed silently.

Wasn't the reason why Cherry played games everyday exactly that she was either busy or sleeping, and didn't have any time to spend with her?

She resisted her drowsiness and desire to immediately jump into bed, and said, "Clean up the place, Cherry. Let's have dinner outside tonight."

Mrs. Lewis asked, "What would you like to wear tonight, Cherry?"

Cherry thought about it seriously. "The little gray suit from Gucci!"

Nora frowned. "Are you wearing boys' clothing again?"

Cherry had a quirk — she liked going out with her dressed like a boy.

She continued to start at the phone. "Uh-huh. This round's ending soon. Mommy, what are we having?"

Nora reached over and grabbed her cell phone before she answered, "We're having pizza downstairs." Then she turned off the phone.

"Hey! We're raiding soon. You —"

An irritable Cherry was about to throw a tantrum, and she was even about to curse. However, when her eyes met Nora's, the little girl pursed her lips and squeezed out two words from in between her teeth: "Let's go."

In the next door.

Pete stared at the cell phone. 'Sweetcherry' had logged off the game, and the voice call had also been disconnected.

He felt a small sense of loss at the bottom of his heart. Chester Hunt, who was sitting on the sofa, breathed a sigh of relief at the sight. "Kiddo, you're done at last. My tyrant of an elder brother is coming back soon, so hurry and clean up the place!"

Pete, who looked sullen didn't speak.

Chester came over and looked at his cell phone. "Who are you playing with? You look so reluctant to log off. If you want to play again, why don't I play with you next time? I'm really good. I'm ranked among the top ten players on the local server. The top player on the server, Sweetcherry, is our team leader, and the two of us are online buddies. I'll get him to let you join and play together next time..."

At the sight of him looking over, Pete turned off the screen and stood up. "Uncle Chester, I wanna have pizza."

Chester suddenly felt a headache coming on. "C'mon, behave, kiddo. Justin's not gonna agree to that!"

As the only grandson of the Hunts, Pete was treated like a VIP. His daily schedule was scientifically planned, and he executed it in strict accordance with the timing.

Although he didn't attend classes, he was busier than even adults.

As Justin wasn't around today, and Chester felt really sorry for this poor little nephew of his, he risked his life and indulged him in playing games all afternoon.

But... eating out?!

This was definitely testing the limits of Justin's patience!

Chester tried painstakingly to dissuade him. "You f****d him to take you out for cake yesterday by refusing to take your medication, but this method isn't going to work today. C'mon kiddo, behave..."

It was as if Pete didn't hear him at all. He went straight back to the bedroom and opened the closet. He was about to take a random piece of clothing to change into when he suddenly spotted the limited edition little gray suit from Gucci.

He put on the suit impulsively and walked out.

Shocked, Chester stopped him. "Justin's already downstairs!"

Pete looked at him coolly. "Uh-huh. It's fine as long as he's not at the door."

"..."

Chester watched him leave, feeling as though chills were going down his spine. He felt like a violent storm was about to come.

One minute later.

Justin opened the door and strode in, his presence as strong as ever.

As he entered, a terrified looking Chester lowered his head and greeted him weakly. "Justin..."

Justin who was taking off his coat, paused. His inky eyes swept across the room, and his expression darkened. "Where's Pete?"

He sounded displeased

Chester became even more scared. "...He's at the pizza place downstairs."

As soon as he spoke, the tyrant suddenly turned around, scaring Chester so badly that he shouted. "I know it's my fault, Justin. Hold back a little...huh?"

Justin had already bypassed him and left. Chester, who thought that he had narrowly escaped, had only just heaved a sigh of relief when he heard the other man's deep voice. "I'll deal with you when I'm back."

"..."

The pizzas at Hotel finest were \$99 each.

There were all kinds of varieties, and one could order their fill of flavors there.

With a menu in her hand, Nora walked toward the empty tables.

Cherry followed her. Dressed in a little suit, her daughter looked awfully handsome, and there was a sly look in her spirited eyes. "Mommy, I'll go look at the cakes."

Nora let out an "Okay".

However, when she turned around, she saw her 'daughter' standing behind her and staring behind her all wide-eyed.

Pete was only trying his luck. He didn't expect that he would really meet her again.

A bit of joy that had never once been there before appeared in the eyes of the usually taciturn boy.

When Nora saw him, staring at herself silently with a menu in his hand, she asked in confusion, "Did you not find the cake display counter, baby?"

'Baby'

Pete blushed.

Although his grandparents also occasionally called him that at home, the woman's voice was casual and lazy, and it actually sounded exceptionally affectionate.

His eyes suddenly turned red, and he asked sadly, "Are you my mommy?"

Nora was puzzled. She felt like something was wrong with Cherry.

Was it because she had forcibly logged her off the game just now?

Although Cherry was a spoiled little princess, she had always been a lively and active child. Surely not, right?

Nora bent over and rubbed his head, With a low chuckle, she said, "Alright, it's all mommy's fault. What do you wanna have? I'll order it for you, okay?"

She held up the menu. "Do you wanna have pepperoni pizza?"

It really is mommy!

Pete's eyes widened. He wanted to ask, "Mommy, why did you abandon me?, as well as, "Where have you been all these years?"

Yet, when all the words reached the tip of his tongue, he swallowed them all down again.

He, who had grown up being taken of by Justin, had difficulty expressing his feelings. He could only not heavily, "Yeah!"

Nora was completely unawof how complicated the boy's emotions were at the moment. She took him by the hand and walked to a relatively quiet and inconspicuous table in the corner. Cherry, who was lingering at the cake display counter, looked at her Mousse cake, and then at the Black Forest cake, unable to decide. In the end, it was only after she decided that she would have both that she finally decided to go back to where her mother was.

However, as soon as she turned around, she noticed a very good-looking young man walking toward her aggressively. Then, he stretched out his long shapely arm, picked her up, and forcibly brought her out. "This is all junks food! Don't eat it!"

Cherry, who was dumbfounded, struggled fiercely. "Who are you? Why are you ordering me around? Let go of me! Help, someone's k*****g me?"

The commotion attracted the attention of the entire dining hall.

Justin had a stormy look on his face. As they were in public, his good upbringing made him suppress his anger in the end, and he snapped, "I'm your father!"

Chester, who had come after them, couldn't help holding his forehead when he saw the situation.

It was all over.

The kiddo and the tyrant were at it again.

Pete was stubborn and obstinate.

Justin was domineering. Everything was usually fine if Pete was obedient, but once he refused to behave, chaos would undoubtedly break out at home.

He was just thinking of calling their home and asking them to save his little nephew when he noticed that the tyrant had stopped in his tracks. Mild surprise came over his countenance.

The few heated droplets on his neck stunned Justin and froze him to the spot.

This can't be...

He loosened his hold slightly and was immediately faced with a bawling little face.

Cherry was crying hard, and her sobs wracked her tiny little body. She touched Justin's face with her hand. "Daddy...You're Daddy...?"

Justin was at a loss for words.

His son always has a sullen look on his face, but his facial expression was a lot more animated at the moment. Big teardrops rolled down from his dark eyes.

It made one feel extraordinarily helpless

"Don't cry anymore."

Justin said hoarsely. Then, he stretched out his hand awkwardly, trying to wipe her tears. However, a soft little hand grasped his fingers instead.

"Daddy!"

She finally had a father.

She was no longer a child that popped out of a rock.

Although Cherry was lively and outgoing, she nevertheless felt terribly envious every time she saw other children being lifted high into the air by their fathers.

Her soft voice caused Justin to swallow because the "Real men don't cry" line that he was about to say.

Pete was only five. He was still a child.

His usually hard and tough heart actually softened a bit.

With a sullen look, Justin chided, “Oh really now, crying and kicking up a fuss just because of some food?”

Despite that, he put Cherry down in an unprecedented move.

Cherry clasped his large hand tightly as though she was afraid that what was already in the bag...uh, afraid that her father would disappear. She looked up and said, “Let’s have dinner together, daddy.”

Justin pursed his lips and looked at his watch, “I only have an hour.”

Chester, who was already dumbfounded a long time ago, was rendered speechless.

In the past, Pete had always rather gone hungry and be punished than give in! Had he become enlightened?

Cherry was terribly excited. She had found such a handsome father! Whether he really was her father or not, it was in no way a loss!

The world of a looks-obsessed fanatic was just that simple!

“Eat this, Daddy, this is expensive!”

“Don’t just drink juice, Daddy. It’s too filling, and you won’t get to eat much.”

Justin stared solemnly at his son who was behaving like a totally different person. Meanwhile, Chester, who was seated next to him, whispered, “Justin, has Pete been possessed?”

“...”

After choosing what she wanted to eat, Cherry took Justin’s hand and walked towards the table in the corner. “Daddy, mommy’s over there.”

Justin’s vision followed her finger and saw the woman in the corner again.

She was leaning back lazily on the comfortable sofa, her eyes downcast as if everything happening around her had nothing to do with her, and indifferent as if she was isolated from the world.

She supported her cheek with one hand while holding a fork in the other as she ate absentmindedly. There was an inexplicable charm in her movements.

Her fingers were long and slender with well-defined joints. Such fingers were very nimble and flexible and were very suitable for playing the piano. They were very beautiful.

Opposite her, a child sat with their back to them. As the child was too short, they could only see the top of their hair. It was likely her daughter.

Justin retracted his gaze and looked at Cherry solemnly, "She isn't you mommy."

"She's my mommy."

With a cold look, Justin bent over. "Remember this, Pete. Don't trust any woman, especially... beautiful ones!"

Cherry's eyes widened.

Pity?

It would really become a pity only if he didn't accept mommy!

Her eyes suddenly became red.

"If you don't recognize her as my mommy, then you're not my father."

"..."

Justin looked displeased. His sullen gaze was as if it wanted to pierce right through people, and even the mole at the corner of his eyes felt scrutinizing.

Just how had that woman bewitched his son?

She actually made Pete say something like that!

And...

He suddenly realized something, and he asked, "Did you come down together with her?"

Cherry replied, "Of course."

It was just like what he had thought.

He knew it. Why would Pete suddenly want pizza?

Justin scoffed. That woman was still flirting with some other man downstairs this afternoon, yet now she was trying to seduce him by using his son again.

It seemed that the verbal warning he gave her last night was not enough.

He turned around forcefully, "Don't talk to her anymore."

Cherry was confused.

She looked at her mother aggrievedly, then looked up at her big and tall father. In the end, she gritted her teeth and left with Justin.

She wanted to help Mommy kidnap Daddy home.

"Daddy, isn't my mommy good-looking? She's even prettier than the celebrities. If you marry her, how impressive would it be when you take her out in the future?"

Justin was perplexed.

Just what kind of indecent things did the woman say to his son!?"

Nora, who was eating slowly, was close to falling asleep.

Her daughter was being exceptionally sensible this evening. The usually picky eater surprisingly didn't pick out the carrots and had eaten them all. It was just that she was taking quite a long time to eat.

She was slightly worried, "Are you eating too much?"

Pete rubbed his round belly. He knew that he would probably be grounded by the tyrant when he returned. He had dawdled for over an hour because he was reluctant to part with mommy. When he heard her, he pursed his lips and said, "I'll get another cake."

"... Go ahead."

The corners of Nora's lips spasmed a little. Then, she leaned back and closed her eyes.

At the same time, Cherry took the opportunity while the others were taking their belongings to sneak back and check on Nora. When she discovered how sleepy she looked, she felt a little sorry.

Having dinner with her was already taking a lot of time away from her sleep.

Yet she had accompanied daddy and abandoned mommy. She shouldn't have done that.

Cherry walked over and said. "Are you sleepy mommy? let's go back."

The little fellow is finally full.

Nora stretched and let out an "okay". Then she held her hand and left the restaurant.

A minute later, Pete came back only to find the table empty. The light in his eyes slowly dimmed, and his shoulders also slumped.

At this point, a deep voice came from behind, "Time's up."

Pete's tiny body trembled. When he turned around, he saw the tyrant standing impatiently behind him.

He knew that he would definitely be scolded when they got to their hotel room.

Unexpectedly, the next moment, Justin bent over and picked him up. He even asked, "Are you full?"

Pete was puzzled

Did the tyrant decide to turn over a new leaf today?

—

In the top-class presidential suite.

Ding!

Nora was about to go to bed when the doorbell rang. She asked impatiently, "Who is it?"

An unfamiliar male voice reached her. "My name is Hunt, Miss Smith."

Hunt?

Nora got up and called out, "Open the door, Cherry."

"Mommy, I'm in a fierce team battle now! ...Be careful of the ones at the back! Hey Chesty, how many times have you already died? Why are you more fragile than even glass?!"

Cherry, who was sitting on the sofa, dissed her teammates angrily without even looking up.

Resigned, Nora walked over to open the door.

It wasn't Justin standing outside but a man who looked to be about 20 years old. He wore a white casual outfit and was leaning against the wall as he played a game on his cell phone. His deep-set eyes that looked similar to Justin's were slightly upturned, and there was a bright and harmless feeling in his facial features. He looked just like a well-brought-up boy from a rich family.

At the sight of the door opening, Chester lowered his voice and said in the call with his gaming team, "Leader, I'm already dead anyway, so I'll count on you for this round."

After turning off the microphone, he raised his head and looked Nora up and down.

The woman was astonishingly fair. Her originally docile-looking and cat-like eyes were slightly lidded, and there was some fatigue and sleepiness on her expressionless face. Her voice was very low as she asked, "Is something the matter?"

No wonder she dared to seduce Justin. She did indeed have some impressive assets.

Chester said, "Miss Smith, I'd like to discuss something with you. Can you move to the suite downstairs and give up the presidential suite?"

Nora raised her eyebrows. "Why?"

Chester offered her a check. "Let me kindly remind you that this hotel belongs to the Hunts. According to the regulations, if the hotel cancels a booking

without a reason, they'll have to pay double the damages for breaching the contract. Here's a check for one million dollars."

"..."

Nora stared at the check wordlessly.

Did she look very poor? Why was every one of them trying to dismiss her with money?

Seeing that she wasn't giving in, Chester threatened, "If you don't agree to it, then I can only trouble the guards to throw you out. I'm sure Miss Smith wouldn't want to escalate things to such a degree, right?"

How dare he threaten her?

The look in Nora's eyes turned cold. Then, she heard Chester continue. "Miss Smith, you've been trying time and again to seduce my elder brother. I'm cutting you some slack because it isn't easy taking care of a child. Otherwise, I wouldn't just be changing your room reservation!"

Trying time and again to seduce his brother?

Nora yawned and asked lazily, "I'm curious—how did I seduce him?"

Chester replied angrily, "Didn't you spend a huge sum of money to stay next door exactly to enjoy the benefits of a favorable position? You've managed to deceive Pete, but I'm not that stupid. I've looked into you; your fiancé broke off his engagement with you, and you even gave birth before you got married. What makes a woman like you think you're worthy of pursuing my brother?"

Gee.

It turned out that one was in the wrong just by living next door.

Where did Justin get that sense of superiority from?

Nora asked coldly, "So, no one's worthy of staying in this room?"

Chester was shocked by the sudden increase in forcefulness in her aura. Nevertheless, he said sarcastically, "Of course not. My brother has found out that Dr. Anti is staying right in this hotel, and he'll find her very soon. He'll

definitely invite her to stay here! Only distinguished guests like that deserve to stay next to my brother!”

Nora was puzzled.

Had her information been found out?

She wasn't afraid of Justin, but getting entangled with such a man would be a very troublesome affair.

Nora cast her eyes downward and thought for a while. Then, she took the check from Chester and said lightly, “Thank you. Get someone to help us with the room transfer.”

Being too close was really troublesome, indeed.

Chester breathed a sigh of relief. “At least you still have some self-awareness.”

The presidential suite downstairs wasn't as good as these two top-class ones, but it was nevertheless more than enough for three. Most importantly, the room card assigned to guests that stayed downstairs didn't allow access to this floor.

This way, that woman wouldn't have any chance to come into contact with Pete anymore, let alone Justin!

Why did she thank him, though?

A puzzled Chester returned to the room. Then, he reported his meritorious deed to Justin. He said, “You don't have to thank me, Justin. With this, I've made up for my mistakes!”

Justin was sitting behind a large desk, with both hands tapping away quickly on the keyboard. Without even looking up, he chided him in a low voice. “How meddling.”

Chester was perplexed.

Why was he detecting a bit of dissatisfaction in those two words?

He sneaked behind Justin and saw that the computer's black screen was densely packed with various intertwined lines. Among them, a red dot was slowly moving.

It was Anti, the person whom Justin had been keeping tabs on for half an hour.

With a solemn look, he was about to continue tracking her movements when the red dot suddenly flashed a few times and disappeared.

“ ... ”

The temperature in the room dropped by a few degrees.

A silly Chester said, “You've lost her, Justin.”

Justin slowly raised his head, his dark eyes a discomfiting sight. He slowly said, “I can see that very well.”

Chester instantly shut up.

Lawrence glanced at Chester and sighed mentally. The situation in the Hunt family was so complicated, and everyone there was an elite whose thoughts people could hardly fathom. How did they produce such a simpleton?

He coughed and said, “Mr. Hunt, why would she suddenly go offline at this critical moment?”

Was there a traitor among them?

However, Justin was personally taking part and had suddenly ambushed her this time. Only the three of them knew about it.

If it wasn't because Anti had received last-minute news, then... it could only be a coincidence.

—

The hotel was very efficient.

Half an hour later, Nora was already in the study of the new suite.

After she successfully blocked an external attack, she called Solo. The other party spoke first. "Sorry. Mr. Hunt found some top-class hacker from somewhere and found information on you from me. At the moment, he's only found out that you're staying at Hotel Finest, though. Your exact location hasn't been exposed."

Nora gave an "Mm" and said, "Be careful next time."

"Okay."

After hanging up, Nora got up. When she passed by the second bedroom and saw that Cherry was already asleep, she walked back to the master bedroom.

After such a delay, she was already sleepy to the extreme.

Two minutes later, the second bedroom door suddenly opened.

Cherry's head poked out from within. After confirming that her mother was asleep, she gently closed the door, took out her cell phone, and logged in to the game.

Chesty said, "You're finally back, leader. What were you doing just now?"

Cherry curled her lip. "The idiot next door suddenly demanded that we change rooms."

"F*ck! Which idiot is that? How dare they bully our leader! May he choke to death on a glass of water!"

Chester didn't think much of the incident even after cursing.

After all, one would always meet all kinds of strange neighbors when staying in a hotel.

He asked, "Didn't you say yesterday that you're back in California after living abroad all this time? I've come all the way to California to look for you. Where are you staying now? The top-class suite next door just so happened to be vacant. It's on me!"

They didn't find Anti in the end, and it was empty anyway.

He took a sip of water from his glass.

Right away, he heard 'sweetcherry' scolding him. "Get into position, Chesty. Even the monsters in the river are better than you in getting into their positions!"

It was only after she scolded him that she replied, "I'm staying at Hotel Finest."

"Pfft!"

Chester choked hard and started to cough violently. After getting over it, he eagerly said, "I'm also in Hotel Finest. I'll come to you!"

"Okay."

Cherry and Chesty had known each other for over half a year. They got along very well and were already good friends.

They had already planned to meet when she got back to the States, so she agreed as soon as Chester said that.

Chester asked eagerly, "Which room are you in?"

Cherry was about to tell him the room number when she suddenly thought of something. Instead, she said, "Not tonight, my mom is asleep. Let's do it tomorrow instead."

Chesty suddenly laughed. "Everyone says that you sound like a little girl only because you're using a voice changer and that you're, in fact, a dirty middle-aged man. Can you tell me whether you're male or female?"

Cherry grinned. "It's a secret."

California was in the west of the States, and the humidity in the air was just right. It was mild in winter and dry in summer. With the curtains in the room closed, the room was completely dark, which made it very suitable for sleeping.

It was already in the middle of the day when Nora finally slowly opened her eyes. She checked the time—it was already past one o'clock in the afternoon. Cherry and Mrs. Lewis had already had lunch, so she simply called for takeout.

At the same time at the hotel entrance.

With a complicated look, Angela watched Anthony hurriedly enter the lobby. She clenched her fists.

During the past few days, Anthony's attitude toward her whenever she called had been very perfunctory, and all he asked about was Idealian Pharmaceuticals each time.

A woman's sixth sense told her that something must be wrong.

Thus, she had trailed Anthony early this morning. Little did she expect that she would be here.

Hotel Finest was one of the most expensive and upscale places in California.

Angela quietly followed Anthony in and saw him turning into the bar on the first floor.

He took out a wad of cash, handed it to several waiters, and instructed softly, "...You know what you're supposed to do, right? Act according to my signals tonight!"

"Yes, sir."

After they dispersed, Anthony took a deep breath nervously. Then, he lowered his head and started to draft a text message.

'Hello, Miss Anderson. Sorry if this is a little sudden, but I got your number from the bar on the first floor. I'd like to invite you to the bar downstairs at 8 pm.'

After sending the text message, he raised his head and looked at the setup in front of him with satisfaction.

He didn't know how he had offended the pretty woman last time, but she would definitely fall for him tonight. After all, no woman would be able to resist a romantic move like this.

Seeing that she didn't respond even after a long while after he sent the message, Anthony thought for a while and sent another text message to his

friends: “Eight o’clock tonight at Hotel Finest’s bar in the lobby. Be there or be square.”

He had reserved the whole place and was asking his friends to come over and cheer for him. However, he didn’t realize that he had accidentally also selected Angela’s name when he mass-sent the message.

After he left, the waiters whispered among themselves.

“What’s Mr. Gray intending to do?”

“He’s prepared such a huge surprise. He must be intending to propose to his fiancée, right?”

“His fiancée is so lucky...”

An excited Angela’s cheeks turned a little warm as she listened to their soft speculations. A warm current also surged up from the bottom of her heart.

How could she suspect that Anthony was being unfaithful? She really shouldn’t have!

Buzz...

She received a text message sound notification on her cell phone. She looked down—it was a message from Anthony: “Eight o’clock tonight at Hotel Finest’s bar in the lobby. Be there or be square.”

Angela couldn’t help laughing.

His tone was exactly the same as whenever he asked her out for a date in the past. If she hadn’t secretly seen all these, she would never have imagined that Anthony had prepared such a huge surprise for her.

Angela was in a good mood and walked out slowly.

When she looked up again, she just so happened to see Nora, who was dressed in her pajamas and slippers, coming out to pick up her takeout order.

Her eyes were downcast, and her smooth and silky hair draped behind her. She was fair-skinned, and her facial features were impeccably refined. Her

sleepy appearance made her seem a little as if she was taking a leisurely stroll.

Despite being dressed like that, the air around her still attracted people's attention, nevertheless.

Angela's hands balled up slightly. She couldn't curb her jealousy.

How could that woman possibly afford to stay in Hotel Finest?

She was definitely just pretending to be rich.

She quickly took a couple of steps toward her and reprimanded her. "You don't even have any clothes anymore, yet you still insist on staying in this hotel. Are you planning to seduce some rich guy here, Nora? How about taking a good look at yourself first? Do you really think you can trick people into paying for you just by using that face of yours?"

Nora, who was carrying her takeout in one hand and reading a text message on her cell phone in the other, looked confused.

She casually tapped twice on her cell phone and deleted the spam text messages sent by Anthony. Then, she said indifferently, "Uh-huh. At least I have a face to be proud of."

Her cat-like eyes swept across Angela's face casually. Those few words of hers were very insulting.

Angela was infuriated.

Was she saying that she was shameless? Or was she implying that she was ugly? Or perhaps... She meant both?

She narrowed her eyes. Then, she suddenly smiled. "Nora, do you want to know where that abandoned child of yours is? If you do, then I'll see you at the bar at 8 pm."

So what even if she was pretty?

Didn't Anthony dump her all the same anyway?!

She wanted Nora to see with her very own eyes how Anthony was going to propose to her!

Angela turned and left after leaving these words.

A slightly chilly look entered Nora's eyes as she looked at her from the back.

8 pm at the bar again.

Hah, she would see what her precious little sister and ex-fiancé have prepared for her!

She retracted her gaze and went upstairs with the takeout.

Although the presidential suite they were staying in wasn't the best of the best, it still had a kitchen. Cherry was still growing; they mustn't eat out all the time. The meals that they ate every day were all made by Mrs. Lewis.

At dinner, Mrs. Lewis prepared a healthy meal with both meat and vegetables.

Nora had been busy all afternoon. When she sat down to eat, she noticed that Cherry had a troubled look on her face.

She propped Cherry's chin up with her chubby hands and sighed deeply.
"Mommy, I'm bored."

Nora pinched her face lazily. In a slightly hoarse voice, she said, "Why aren't you playing your games, baby?"

"It's the weekend." Cherry said disdainfully, "All the school kids are on holiday."

"..."

The corners of Nora's lips spasmed a little. She felt that Cherry might possibly have forgotten that she was just a kindergartener.

She passed Cherry her food and asked, "What do you want to do? I'll spend some time with you."

“It’s fine. Mommy’s busy.” Cherry put on a very sensible expression while her round eyes darted about here and there. “Can you get Mrs. Lewis to take a walk around the hotel with me at eight tonight?”

Nora pretended not to notice her sneaky thoughts and chuckled softly. “Sure.”

Her daughter was very cheeky and always came up with all sorts of eccentric ideas. She had also always been a smart and sensible child and had never let others take advantage of her. She didn’t need to worry about letting Mrs. Lewis go out with her.

After they ate, the trio split up at the door.

Nora went to the first floor for her appointment. When she saw that her mother had entered the elevator, Cherry took out her cell phone and sent a voice message: “Chesty, I’m out! Where are you?”

Chester’s reply came very quickly: “Table 28 at the cafe on the first floor. I’ll be waiting for you here!”

Cherry grinned. “Okie Dokie! I’ll be there right away!”