

She Becomes Glamorous After The Engagement Annulment Chapter 13

Chapter 13: Cherry Looks For Her Daddy

“That child... Dad was the one that handled it. He never told me. I don't know anything...”

The sobbing Angela's speech was unclear. As the others were a distance away from her, they couldn't hear her clearly.

Nora frowned slightly, frightening Angela so badly that she spoke again. “I really don't know! I swear! If I'm lying, then let my face become pockmarked! Sob...”

Angela had always been vain since she was a child. The fact that she had sworn such a vicious oath showed that she really didn't know.

Nora couldn't hide her disappointment.

She couldn't be bothered to waste any more time, and she stood up and walked out slowly.

When she passed by Justin, Nora thought of how she had ultimately been violent just now and ended up embarrassing Justin.

She wanted to explain, so she looked at Justin.

The man was also looking at her, his eyes deep and unfathomable.

Nora thought for a while. After she thought of what to say, her lips parted. However, the moment she opened her mouth, she couldn't help but yawn.

Justin was rendered speechless.

Next to him, Lawrence was furious. Never mind that she had hit someone, but she's even yawning so arrogantly at Mr. Hunt now? Was she showing off?

As soon as the thought appeared in his mind, the expressionless woman spoke. “I definitely wasn't trying to provoke you, Mr. Hunt.”

The corners of Lawrence's lips spasmed a little. Only a fool would believe that!

He was just about to give her a sarcastic reply when he heard his boss' icy-cold reply: “... Uh-huh.”

Lawrence was confused.

After explaining, Nora walked past him slowly.

Justin stared at her from the back and narrowed his eyes.

The woman's actions just now had been decisive and straightforward and hadn't been sloppy in the least. They were wild and fervent.

But it seemed like she hadn't gotten what she wanted, and she looked a little sad. Her listless appearance unexpectedly made him want to help her.

As soon as the thought appeared, he heard Lawrence, who was standing behind him, complain, "It's a good thing that you forbade them from fighting. Otherwise, judging from Miss Smith's skill, that group of rich kids would have been beaten up by her."

"..."

Lawrence said to himself again, "But surely she didn't misunderstand and think that you were saving her, right? She's already currying favor with Pete to get close to you. If she misunderstands, it'll become even harder to shake her off!"

Justin gave him a frosty look. "You're too noisy."

Meanwhile, at the cafe.

Cherry wore a small T-shirt, overalls, cowboy hat, and sunglasses, and she looked as if she was dressed in an endearing hip-hop style.

She bounced into the cafe and picked up her cell phone to find that Chesty had sent her several text messages.

"Are you here yet? You're already ten minutes late!"

"Surely you didn't run away because you're really a super cute girl?"

Cherry was about to reply when she received a call from Chesty. She picked up and said, "I'm here, Chesty! Table 25... 26... 28!"

An awfully bored Chester was already seated there with three empty glasses in front of him. "Yep, yep, Table 28, that's right. You're here? Where are you?"

"Look down."

He looked down and saw a cowboy hat.

His gaze continued down past the hat to see his nephew, Pete's, incredibly familiar face.

Chester was perplexed.

He rubbed his eyes and opened them again—the person in front of him was still there.

He became even more confused, and he subconsciously said into the phone, “Leader?”

“I’m here, Chesty.”

Beside him was his young nephew’s childish voice.

Coming from his cell phone was the familiar young girl-sounding voice.

The two voices overlapped, causing Chester to collapse into the chair as if he had just seen a ghost.

He looked at Cherry incredulously and stammered, “L-l-leader?”

Cherry blinked her big, round eyes. “Uh-huh, that’s me.”

She didn’t expect Chesty to be her uncle, either. The two of them had even had pizza with her father!

Cherry hung up, climbed onto the chair opposite, and sat down. Then, she said to the waitress, “A glass of milk, please. I’m still growing up, so I can’t drink coffee. Thank you.”

Her adorable self melted the waitress’ heart into a puddle of goo. “Sure, kiddo. Just a moment.”

Then, she quickly ran off to get the milk.

Chester felt as if the sky was falling.

Was this really his nephew that had always been clumsy with words?

He really was just pretending when he went against Justin all this time!

Also! It was more than enough to have just one member who was derelict in his duties and playing games all day long among the Hunts. Pete was the one and only grandson! He was Justin’s only son!

If Justin were to know that he had been playing games with Pete... Chester swallowed hard. He felt as if he could already see himself in his grave.

Chester shuddered. Suddenly, he thought of something and jumped to his feet anxiously: “Sh*t! It’s already half-past eight! Justin will be back soon! Hurry and go back up to do your homework, Pete! Otherwise, Justin’s gonna kill us both!”

He threw \$30 onto the table, picked up Cherry, and ran out as if he was competing in a 100-meter dash race.

But as soon as he ran to the entrance, he immediately saw Justin exiting the bar with a group of bodyguards and waiting for the elevator.

Chester was shocked.

He put down Cherry and promptly said, "Go up the stairs to the second floor while I stop Justin. After that, hurry to the top floor! Don't let anyone find you!"

Without waiting for Cherry to reply, Chester rushed toward Justin as if he was all prepared for his death. "I need to have a talk with you, Justin."

Justin asked, "... What kind of talk?"

Chester braced himself against his icy gaze, bit the bullet, and said, "A... h-heart... heart-to-heart talk."

"I'm not free," Justin said coldly and entered the elevator.

Chester followed him in. In order to buy more time, he pressed the elevator buttons for every floor in a panic. "I-it'll only take a little of your time, Justin..."

Justin narrowed his eyes and said with mild displeasure, "You'd best really have some kind of trouble that you want to talk to me about."

"Justin, I think I..." Chester racked his brains, but he couldn't think of any troubles that he had. Finally, he forcibly said, "I don't like women?"

As soon as he said that, even he himself was dumbfounded.

What the f*ck?

What did he just say?

When he saw the contemplative look in Justin's eyes, he panicked. "No, that's not what I meant, Justin. I..."

A rambling Chester said a whole lot of things before he finally made it past the hurdle. When they reached the top floor and opened the door, upon seeing Pete sitting obediently at the desk and studying, he breathed a sigh of relief.

When he saw that Justin had entered the study, he sneaked over to Pete and winked. "For your sake, I've been totally misunderstood..."

A question mark slowly appeared in Pete's mind when he heard his inexplicable words: ?

Had Uncle Chester gone mad?

Downstairs.

A puzzled Cherry, who watched her father and uncle enter the elevator, ran after them with her short little legs. Unfortunately, she still missed the elevator.

Did her uncle tell her to go to the top floor just now?

Wasn't there only two presidential suites on the top floor?

As it turned out, Daddy was the dummy next door that Mommy had mentioned?!

She was going to the top floor to look for her father and ask him why he had driven Mommy and herself downstairs! Didn't Daddy like her anymore?

With that in mind, she entered the elevator, tiptoed, and pressed the button to the top floor.