

# She Becomes Glamorous After The Engagement Annulment Chapter 31

## Chapter 31: Anti!

Justin thought of the genius that the doctor had sung praises of when they were in the hospital just now, and he nodded with great interest. "Okay."

Unfortunately, as soon as the two of them entered the lobby, one of his assistants walked over. In a hushed voice, he said, "Mr. Hunt, you have guests from your family home. They've gone up to the top floor."

Justin's expression changed drastically when he heard this. He strode over to the elevator and, with a dark expression, asked, "When did they arrive?"

"They went up five minutes ago. The hotel belongs to the Hunts after all, so the front desk and lobby manager weren't able to stop them."

"A bunch of good-for-nothings!"

Justin cursed angrily and entered the elevator.

Lawrence let out a silent sigh. He wouldn't be of any help with the situation upstairs anyway, so he went to the control room by himself.

In the presidential suite on the top floor.

Pete, whose eyes were red, clenched his fists and looked at the people in front of him.

More than a dozen bodyguards in black from both parties were glaring at one another as they faced off.

Chester, who had an awful look on his face, stood in between them and Pete. He said, "What are you doing, Howard? Justin won't let you off when he comes back!"

Howard Hunt, the man in front of him and also his second cousin, had sinister eyes and a hooked nose. He smiled sinisterly and said, "This has nothing to do with you, Chester. Get out of the way. I'm here on Grandpa's order to bring that disrespectful little bastard back to the family home!"

Chester wasn't agreeable to it. "Whatever it is that you want to do, do it only when Justin gets back here! You can't take him away now!"

Howard's expression turned cold and he said, "Don't think too highly of yourself, Chester. What makes you think you have a say when you don't even give two hoots about the family? Get lost!"

Chester was so furious that his face was all flushed.

The only reason why he could play games all day long was that Justin had taken all the pressure off him. Besides, his nephew was even his team leader. How could he possibly ignore what was happening?

He said furiously, "I won't let you!"

Howard cracked his knuckles at once. It was obvious at first glance that he was very skilled at fighting. "Don't blame me if I don't hold back, then!"

As soon as he said that, an icy-cold voice reached them: "Who are you planning on not holding back on?"

His voice, which was as low and deep as cello timbre, was emotionless. It made Howard stiffen, and he immediately withdrew his fists and gave the man walking over an ingratiating smile. "You're back, Justin."

Justin's big and tall form stood in front of Chester and Pete and blocked them from Howard. His bottomless gaze landed on Howard, and the mole at the corner of his eye exuded murderous intent as he demanded, "Who said you could come here?"

Fear flashed in Howard's eyes. He touched his nose and replied with a smile, "I'm not that fearless to come here and mess with you either, Justin, but these are Grandpa's orders. He said that since you've returned with that disrespectful boy, then you should return to the family home. This way, you can also discuss how Pete should be punished."

A grim Justin took a step forward. "Why does he have to be punished?"

Howard was so frightened that he took a step back. "Why are you feigning ignorance, Justin? There's something mentally wrong with that boy. How nice was Grandpa to him? But just because he argued with her a little, he pushed her off the stairs and caused her to suffer a brain hemorrhage. Even now, she's still lying in the hospital with her life in danger. Someone has to answer for this!"

A large family held great power.

The reason why the Hunts could keep their position at the pinnacle in the States was that they had talents in every industry.

Justin's permanent residence was in New York, but the family home had always been in California.

During the holidays, the Hunts would return and gather. Disciplinary action toward members of the family was also carried out in the family home.

Justin had always respected his granduncle who watched over the family home. Howard was his granduncle's grandson. He was the one who would have to take over the responsibility of watching over the family home in the future.

Justin narrowed his frosty eyes. "I told you, it wasn't Pete."

Howard shrugged. "Do you have any proof? Because we have witnesses. Moreover, Pete was indeed upstairs when it happened. There were signs that the two were having a dispute."

Justin clenched his jaw. "I'm already looking for Dr. Anti to have her take a look at Grandma."

Howard curled his lip. "It's not easy to find Anti."

Justin let out a cold snort. "I will drag her back here even if that's what I have to do!"

"Justin, because you're staying here with Pete, my side of the family has been inciting everyone and causing a lot of dissatisfaction among them."

Howard cast a disdainful glance at Pete and went on. "Besides, who knows where that boy even came from? Neither do we know who his mother is. On top of that, he's even mentally ill. Even we aren't convinced about having him become your heir, let alone everyone else from my side of the family!"

"Grandpa asked me to talk to you. You're still young and healthy, Justin. Won't it be nice to have another child? As for Pete, just give up on him."

"Shut up!"

Justin's eyes flashed with murderous intent and he warned, "Pete is my son, and he's the only son I'll ever have!"

Howard was intimidated by his presence.

As the ones watching over the family home, his immediate family held very high status among the Hunts. Even all the previous heads of the family had to treat them with courtesy.

However, his grandfather had mentioned before that Justin was different from the previous heads of the family. He had other identities, so they mustn't mess with him.

Howard also respected—and even slightly feared—Justin. But the more that was so, the more he felt that Pete, as his son, wasn't outstanding enough.

Howard fell silent for a moment. Then, he took a step back and lowered his head as he said, "My side of the family is making a lot of noise. By next weekend at the latest, Grandpa will have to hold a family meeting. If you cannot prove his innocence by then, the Hunts will expel Peter Hunt from the family."

After saying that, he turned and left.

A panicked Chester asked, "What do we do, Justin?"

Justin, who had a dark and grim look on his face, didn't answer.

The most ideal solution was to find Anti and have her prove his son's innocence.

But if they couldn't find her...

He lowered his gaze dispassionately, his eyes cold.

Had it not been for his father who had insisted that he take care of the family, he wouldn't have bothered himself with a trifling presence like the Hunts.

But now, they actually had the guts to expel his son from the family?

In that case, it was time that someone else took over the place of the number one family in the States.

A sharp look flashed across Justin's eyes. He turned behind and looked at Pete, his voice gentle and mellow as he said, "There's nothing to be afraid of, Pete."

Pete lowered his head and entered the study.

He wasn't afraid.

But Great-Grandma had really treated him very well. That was also the reason why he hadn't said anything about the tutors she had sent, despite them being problematic. He had kept quiet because he didn't want to tarnish Great-Grandma's name. After all, her life was still in danger, so she had no way of speaking up for him.

He didn't want Great-Grandma to die, either.

Chester returned to the suite next door while looking at the back view of his dejected little nephew. He let out a sigh and logged on to the game. He had initially thought that his team leader was feeling down, but what he saw was that sweetcherry was currently active in the game...?

He was taken aback for a moment. Then, he connected to the other party's voice chat and said, "Here I was, thinking you were feeling down and out! I didn't expect that you're still in the mood to play games?"

Downstairs, Cherry, who was seated on the sofa, blinked when she heard him. She asked, "... Why would I be sad?"

What had happened to Pete?

Chester replied, "That's true. Don't worry, your father will definitely find Anti and prove your innocence!"

Cherry was confused.

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### Chapter 32: Exposing Her Own Identity

Pete had called Uncle Chester a single-celled organism before, so Cherry happily probed him for information with peace of mind.

After she learned what had happened, Cherry was dumbfounded.

Why was Pete so unfortunate?

First, he was bullied by his tutors, and now, he was even being maligned!

Meanwhile, her life... Even though Mommy was always sleeping, it seemed like she had never had to suffer anyone's unkindness since she was born. Could someone tell her why she suddenly felt like transforming into a pitiful little girl bullied by everyone?

Cough, she had digressed.

Still, it was no wonder that Mommy said big families were trouble and forbade her from telling anyone that she was Dr. Anti!

Cherry hung up in a hurry and sent her brother a text message: "I'm gonna tell you a big secret, Pete!"

In the study, Pete, whose head was down, replied after seeing the message on the phone: "What is it?"

Cherry replied: "Uncle Chester said that Daddy has been looking for Anti. In that case, do you know who Anti is?"

Pete immediately understood something when he saw her message. As expected, one second later, Cherry sent another message: "Anti is Mommy!"

Pete's eyes widened as he stared at the message.

He suddenly remembered how Mommy had told him to head upstairs first when they were on the way back this afternoon. After that, she had gone to treat the patient who had collapsed...

He was about to send another message to Cherry when she sent him a voice message. It sounded like she was hiding in the bathroom and whispering. She said, "Mommy has been saying that Daddy is trouble and she doesn't want to treat Great-Grandma's illness because she's afraid that she'll be dragged into your familial disputes. What should we do?"

Downstairs, tiny Cherry sat on the toilet bowl and rested her chin on her palm, feeling awfully troubled. What could she do to get Mommy to treat Great-Grandma's illness?

At this moment, her cell phone vibrated. Pete's reply was very assuring: "That's easy."

In the study, Nora, who was dressed in a nightgown, leaned back lazily on the chair in an awfully comfortable manner, forming a very sloppy sight.

Her pale fingers tapped lightly on the keyboard as she destroyed the surveillance cameras' footage of the events when she was performing emergency first aid in the hotel lobby this afternoon.

She had to stay low-key.

She mustn't let anyone—especially that man upstairs—find out that she was medically trained.

He had probably already become suspicious when they were in the operating room the last time.

Nora stretched. She was about to think about the anonymous email she had received this afternoon when a new email arrived in her inbox with a ding.

Nora narrowed her eyes. Sure enough, it turned out to be another anonymous email.

"Do something for me and I'll send your son to your doorstep. Operate on the elderly Mrs. Hunt and cure her."

Nora was puzzled.

She stared at the email for a very long time as if she wanted to reach through the Internet and catch the mastermind behind the scenes.

The email was sent anonymously, so she couldn't catch a glimpse of the sender at all. She couldn't even talk to them even if she wanted to. She could only choose whether she wanted to believe it or not.

If Justin Hunt was the one that sent the email... Then this transaction would make sense!

Besides, the reason why she hadn't wanted to do the operation initially was that she didn't want any trouble. However, if she could really get her son back, then a little trouble wasn't an issue. She would just have to sleep a little less, that was all.

After thinking through it, she stood up.

If she wanted to treat the elderly Mrs. Hunt's illness, then she would have to go through Justin for sure. But how was she going to let him know that her medical skills were very impressive without revealing her identity as Anti?

She suddenly looked at the computer.

Was it too late for her to try restoring the camera footage?

In the study upstairs.

Lawrence, whose head was down, said falteringly, "The surveillance cameras are broken, and there are signs of intrusion. Mr. Hunt, do you... have a spare moment?"

He had gotten a few hackers to fix the cameras, but they hadn't been successful. Thus, he wanted to ask Justin to personally attend to the matter.

A sullen Justin said, "Do you need me for something even as trivial as that?"

Lawrence lowered his head even further, feeling like he was terribly useless. There were so many hackers in the Hunt Corporation, but even they couldn't handle it. He gave a sheepish smile and said, "Um..."

"I'm busy."

Justin gave him a cold reply. Then, he stood up and left the study. He went over to the bedroom beside the study and stood in front of the door. He called out, "I'm coming in, Pete."

After being scolded by the people from the family home, Pete would undoubtedly be in a bad mood.

He had given his son some time to cool down, but he couldn't possibly leave him alone in his room all the time. Therefore, he intended to have a good heart-to-heart talk with his son.

Before he opened the door and entered, he looked back at Lawrence and ordered, "No visitors, no matter who it is."

Lawrence went out dejectedly.

It was understandable that Justin would want to spend some time with Pete after those people from the family home showed up. However, the Andersons also wanted information about the person that had saved Simon's life. What was he supposed to do?

While hesitating, he heard a dispute at the door.

When he went out, he saw Nora standing at the entrance of the stairwell arguing with the bodyguards. "You can't enter without a prior appointment, Miss Smith."

Nora looked up, her cat-like eyes somewhat intimidating. She said, "In that case, please pass a message for me. Tell them that—"

'Anti was looking for him.'

She had thought it through. If it meant that she could really find her son, then exposing her own identity was the fastest way to arrange for the surgery, lest it led to unnecessary trouble.

But before she could say what she wanted to say, a seemingly half-amused Lawrence walked over and interrupted her. He said, "Have you thought it through and decided to come over and play with the little mister for two hours, Miss Smith?"

Nora was puzzled.

Lawrence went on and added, "Unfortunately, Mr. Hunt is currently busy and instructed a moment ago that he wasn't having visitors."

Unless Anti appeared out of thin air, there was probably no one that could solve Mr. Hunt's pressing issues.

Nora fell silent for a moment. Then, she said, "I'll come back tomorrow, then. By the way, tell him that I can treat his grandmother's illness."

After saying that, she walked back to the stairwell and went down.

Lawrence looked at her from the back and sighed. He said to the bodyguard beside him, "Girls nowadays are so proactive. Look at her; in order to get close to Mr. Hunt, she can even bring herself to say something like that."

The bodyguard asked, "What if she really can treat her illness?"

"I've already looked her up. She's never been in any contact with medicine since she was a child. How is she going to treat her illness?"

—

Nora had originally thought that Justin would come down to look for her after receiving her message.

But even until the next day, she didn't hear from him at all.

From the looks of it, his grandmother likely wasn't in urgent condition.

As such, Nora went to the hospital in the afternoon to do a follow-up check on her aunt. She went straight to the VIP floor.

In the hallway, Lawrence was apologizing to someone. He said, "I'm really sorry, Mrs. Anderson. Someone destroyed the surveillance camera footage, so we didn't manage to find anyone. I'll find her for you as soon as I can..."

A frowning Melissa was about to speak when she suddenly spied a familiar figure coming out of the elevator.

She rubbed her eyes and looked over again. That figure with a lazy yet firm gait; and that face so gorgeous that it almost seemed like she was showing off—it was hard for anyone to forget her once they laid eyes on her. Who else could it be other than the woman that had saved her husband's life?

She hurriedly pushed Lawrence aside, took a few steps forward, and grabbed Nora's hand.

"Are you working in this hospital, Miss?"

Lawrence was flabbergasted.

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Chapter 33: He Knows Now!

Nora didn't expect to meet the man's family here. At the sight of the gratitude on the woman's kindly countenance, she replied unhurriedly, "I'm here to visit relatives."

Lawrence stepped forward hesitantly and asked uncertainly, "Mrs. Anderson...?"

A smiling Melissa did the introductions. "It's alright now, Mr. Zimmer! This is the kind young lady that saved my husband's life during the emergency yesterday!"

Lawrence looked at Nora in surprise and asked, "You're medically trained?"

Nora raised an eyebrow. It seemed like Lawrence hadn't taken what she said the day before seriously?

During their conversation, Justin, who heard their voices from inside the ward, came out. Upon seeing Nora, he paused for a moment. Then, he asked, "Are you the one who saved Uncle Simon?"

The look in his eyes as he watched Nora suddenly became deep and unfathomable, which made one feel as though someone had seen right through them.

Nora didn't know what he was thinking, but since she had bumped into him, she might as well just ask him about the matter. She asked, "Have you given my proposal from yesterday any thought, Mr. Hunt?"

Justin frowned. What proposal?

Nora could tell that he didn't understand what she was saying. She deliberately looked at Lawrence and said a little sarcastically, "Did you not convey my message to Mr. Hunt, Mr. Zimmer?"

As soon as she said that, Justin's displeased gaze fell on Lawrence!

Lawrence wiped the beads of perspiration off his brow and swallowed hard. He looked at Justin and explained, "Yesterday, Ms. Smith said that she can treat the elderly Mrs. Hunt's illness."

But after he said that, he couldn't help but add, "Even if you really are medically trained, Miss Smith, you likely picked it up during the five years you spent abroad, so your medical experience is rather short. I've asked about Mr. Anderson's condition; his operation is considered one that's within a reasonable scope of difficulty. But do you know what Mrs. Hunt's condition is?"

Nora raised an eyebrow and replied coldly, "How would you know whether I can do it or not if we don't give it a go?"

At once, Lawrence said, "Dr. Anti is currently the only person who's capable of performing her surgery. An inexperienced doctor like you who's new to medical trainin—"

"Shut up."

Justin's rebuke made Lawrence flinch. After that, Justin stepped forward and stared at Nora and asked, "When will you be free, Miss Smith? It's not advisable to transfer the patient, so we'll have to head to New York."

So, she'd even have to go over to New York...

As expected, it really was very troublesome.

Then again, he had agreed even though she hadn't revealed her identity yet? That man certainly was a little narcissistic, but he was also pretty considerate, wasn't he?

For the very first time, Nora didn't find him as much of an eyesore. She thought for a moment and replied, "Let's do it two days later."

She needed to observe her aunt's condition for another two days.

Justin nodded. In a deep and mellow voice, he said, "I'll take care of the itinerary. Do you have any requests?"

It was a five-hour flight from California to New York.

Nora thought for a moment and lazily made her request: "I have to sleep during the flight, so just make sure it's quiet."

After she spoke, she turned around to leave. However, Justin suddenly stopped her. "Miss Smith. Why did you change your mind and agree to help?"

Nora paused.

Like what she had thought, he really had guessed her identity.

Thinking about it carefully again, even if she didn't reveal her identity, it probably would have been really hard to keep it a secret from him anyway.

She cast her eyes down and suddenly said, "I have a condition."

"What is it?"

"If I cure Mrs. Hunt, please help me look for someone."

"Who are you looking for?"

"I'll tell you after I cure Mrs. Hunt."

The anonymous email was something that she had no choice but to believe. However, she mustn't place her full trust in it, either.

It would be most ideal if her son showed up in front of her after she cured Mrs. Hunt, but if he didn't...

Well, Justin was capable of finding even her. In which case, it shouldn't be hard for him to use his connections to find her son, right?

After Nora entered Irene's ward, Justin withdrew his scrutinizing gaze from the woman and looked at Lawrence.

The realization had slowly dawned upon Lawrence when he was listening to the conversation between the two. His head was currently down as he said, "I was wrong, Mr. Hunt."

Justin asked coldly, "Where did you go wrong?"

Lawrence looked at him and answered, "I was too stupid and didn't realize Miss Smith's true identity..."

Justin scoffed. "It doesn't matter if you're stupid, but how dare you intercept her message to me?"

Lawrence was flabbergasted.

He still remembered when he had first joined the company. Because he didn't dare to make decisions on behalf of the company president, when a woman had asked him to convey her message to Justin, he had done so accordingly. At that time, Justin had called him an answering machine and asked him why he didn't filter the messages before dumping everything on him as if he was emptying the trash.

Therefore, during the last few years, Lawrence had acted on his own and blocked a lot of unwanted propositions from women for Justin.

But why were things different when it came to Miss Smith? Sob...

Justin stared at him and said frostily, "You must have too much spare time on your hands. There happens to be a business dealing that requires attention in Burundi. Go and handle it."

Lawrence was shocked.

What kind of place was Burundi? It was the poorest country in the world! However, he knew he was in the wrong, so he didn't even dare to beg for mercy!

Justin turned around. When he saw Melissa staring after Nora in a daze, he asked, "Aunt Melissa? What's the matter?"

Melissa came back to her senses. She replied, "What? Oh, it's nothing. I just found Miss Smith a bit familiar to the eye... I'm probably over-thinking it, though."

She shook her head and followed him back into the ward.

The man lying on the hospital bed had bandages around his chest, but he was already out of danger. At the sight of them coming in, Simon smiled gracefully and said, "Justin, I know you're really busy, so you don't have to come and visit anymore. I'm fine now."

Justin said politely, "Feel free to come to me if there's anything you need, Uncle Simon."

Simon heaved a sigh. "I came here to look for my eldest sister. It's been more than twenty years, but I finally found a lead on her whereabouts."

A sorrowful look came over his face as he went on. "I found out that she married a man named Smith. In their second year of marriage, she died of an illness after giving birth to a daughter."

He choked back a sob as he spoke of his sister.

Back then, his sister had protected him in every way possible. It was also because of her that the Andersons hadn't fallen into decline back then. How could she leave them so early more than twenty years ago?

Melissa walked over and held his hand. "Take care of your health, Simon. Your sister might be gone, but at least she still has a daughter."

At once, Simon looked up and nodded with his eyes red. "Yes, that's right! The Smiths are just a middle-class family, but back then, Sis was such an outstanding woman... Let's bring her daughter back home and nurture her well, lest the Smiths hold her back!"

Unable to wait any further, he tried to get up. "Let's go to the Smiths now."

Melissa held his arm and pressed him back down. She said, "You're just so impatient. Why are you immediately acting out? Her daughter is right there; it's not like she's going to run off somewhere... Forget it, I'll pay them a visit for you. Will that do?"

Simon coughed a couple of times. Then, he took out his wallet, plucked out a photo, and handed it to Melissa. "Here's a picture of Sis. When you go over, have a look at her daughter for me and see if she resembles her or not..."

Melissa took the photo from him and looked at it. Suddenly, she was stunned.

She was just thinking why Miss Smith had looked so familiar to her just now. As it turned out, she bore a 90% resemblance to the woman in the photo!

Her last name was also Smith. Could it be that...

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## Chapter 34: Poor Relatives?

When the thought formed, Melissa, whose eyes were shining brightly, looked at Justin. "I may have to trouble you with something, Justin. Can you help me look up some information about Miss Smith whom we met just now?"

An unaware Simon asked, "What's going on?"

A smile formed on Melissa's face. "If I'm not wrong, your niece is probably the one that saved your life!"

"..."

When Justin heard this, he said to Lawrence who was standing behind him, "Bring a copy of Miss Smith's information to Uncle Simon and Aunt Melissa."

After Lawrence brought the investigation report over, both parties cross-referenced the data. An overjoyed Melissa exclaimed, "It really is her!"

Simon's eyes were all red. "Nora... What a nice name. Call her over and let me have a look at her..."

If it wasn't because he had just had an operation and couldn't get out of bed, he would have raced over right away.

Unfortunately, when Lawrence went to the VIP ward next door to look for Nora, she had already left after giving Irene a checkup and ensuring that she was fine.

However, he managed to get Henry's number.

Justin's help wasn't needed anymore after that, so he returned to the hotel to spend some time with his son.

On the top floor of Hotel Finest.

Pete was in the study and talking to Cherry on the phone.

Cherry was as sweet as honey when she spoke. "You're so smart, Pete! If Mommy does that, she'll be able to clear your name!"

Praised by his sister, Pete, who had never openly shown his emotions, blushed. "You're great, too."

Cherry grinned. In a sweet and cute voice, she then said, "You went off while wearing Little Pink yesterday, Pete. Remember to return it to me next time, okay?"

Pete, who was holding some books, paused. "Little Pink?"

"Uh-huh! You know, the pink princess dress!"

His sister even gave her clothes names. What an adorable little princess she was.

As soon as the thought formed, he heard Cherry saying adorably, "Wait a second, Pete. I gotta tell my teammate something, okie?"

Pete nodded. "Okay."

Then, he heard Cherry go on a sudden rampage: "Do you really know how to play as a support? Have you used your ultimate skill correctly even once? And, the open world fights! Do you have a feud with the wild monsters or something? Why are you staring only at that patch of grass there?! Do you even know what support is... Also, ##%¥%&\*@..."

Pete was dumbfounded. "... " That really came out of nowhere.

After dissing her teammate for a whole two minutes, Cherry finally turned off the game voice chat and said, "Don't forget Little Pink, okie? It's my favorite dress!"

"..."

After hanging up, Pete immediately placed his books down, got up, and went to the bedroom to search for the dress.

He remembered taking it off the day before and tossing it on the sofa. Why was it gone?

While he was looking for it, the door opened and Justin strode in. The tall figure stopped in front of him. "What are you looking for, Pete?"

Pete replied casually, "The princess dress."

Justin stiffened in the midst of taking off his jacket. With mixed emotions, he replied, "Oh. Don't bother anymore. I might have tossed it."

Tossed it?

Pete thought of his sister's verbal might and panicked. "Why did you throw it away without asking me?!"

Justin frowned. A resolute look flashed across his deep-set eyes and he said solemnly, "You're a boy. Don't ever wear dresses again!"

This was his absolute limit!

Pete's face tensed up and he said angrily, "You're such a despot and a dictator! No wonder Mommy hates you!"

Justin handed his jacket to the nanny, walked over to his son, and squatted gracefully.

He always looked at Pete at his eye level whenever he talked to him. This way, the child would feel like they were being respected. Seeing how his son was glaring at him with his big round eyes, he suddenly asked, "Did Miss Smith say she hates me?"

Pete replied, "...Yes!"

Justin let out a low chuckle. Even the mole at the corner of his eye exuded a bit of charisma as he said, "Women sure are creatures that say one thing but mean another."

If she really disliked him, why would she approach his son again and again?

Pete was perplexed.

He took a silent step back. "Have you seen a psychiatrist, Daddy?"

"..."

Justin got up and said, "I have a dinner appointment with a family friend tonight. Let's go together."

Pete didn't answer, but Chester, who was sprawled on the sofa and playing games as if no one had noticed his presence, said, "Okay!"

Meanwhile, Nora just received a call from her father. Her eyes widened. "My uncle? Really?"

Henry sneered, "They even know your mother's name is and what she looks like. How can it be fake? They've arranged to come over at 3 pm today. Come back and receive them."

Nora frowned after hanging up.

To be honest, her mother was quite a distant concept to her. Ever since she could remember, the only impression she had of her mother was her last words to her. It was a voice recording. The person had a gentle voice, and had told her to stay low-profile...

However, her family had never had any contact with her mother's family. Even her aunt abroad was just her mother's god-sister.

The sudden mention of her uncle today made her very curious—what kind of person was that mysterious mother of hers, exactly?

She took a cab back to the Smiths.

As soon as she entered, she heard Wendy ask, "Did Nora's mother ever mention her family, Henry?"

Henry replied disdainfully, "I asked her about them before. She said that her family lives in the mountains and is very poor. She escaped from there, so she never made any contact with them after that."

When Wendy heard that, she hesitated for a moment before asking, "What? Will Nora's uncle pester us after he comes, then?"

Henry was also troubled over the same thing. "Just now, they specially mentioned that her uncle was sick and hospitalized, so her aunt will be coming by herself. She won't ask to borrow money for medical expenses as soon as she enters, will she?"

Wendy curled her lip. "Do we lend it to her if she does?"

Henry immediately sneered, "That's Nora's uncle. What does he have to do with the Smiths? If there's anyone who should be lending them money, it's her!"

Outside the door, Nora, who was listening to their conversation, cast her eyes down. Her clenched fists suddenly loosened and she let out a scoff of laughter. Only then did she finally step forward and enter the house.

Angela was leaning on Henry's shoulder and acting like a baby. The family of three looked happy and blissful.

At the sight of Nora, Angela curled her lip and said smugly, "Tsk, no wonder you've never mentioned anything about your mother's family. So, it's because they're such an embarrassment! But Nora, you shouldn't forget your roots. They are your mother's family; surely you should still acknowledge those penniless relatives of yours?"

With her eyes down and as if she didn't hear her at all, Nora walked over to the one-seater sofa and casually took a seat. She ignored them completely.

Despite that, Angela spoke with a sense of superiority and said, "My uncle just bought me a handbag some time back. I wonder if your uncle will buy anything for you, Nora? Oh dear, I forgot. He's currently sick and hospitalized, so he probably can't even afford his own medical expenses. Mom, Dad, let's show them some pity later and give them a few hundred dollars."

After saying that, she frowned again and called out, "Mrs. Lane, get the disinfectant and air purifiers ready. I heard that people from the countryside smell!"

At this moment, Mrs. Lane called out, "They're here!"

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Chapter 35: The Andersons from New York?!

Nora stood up and got ready to head out to receive the guest.

However, after she took a couple of steps, she saw that Henry and the others were still seated with their noses in the air and putting on an arrogant display. It was obvious that they didn't care about the guest.

She ignored them and went straight out. At once, she saw an elegant and presentable middle-aged woman standing at the door.

The woman was well-maintained and wore a classy long-sleeved dress. It seemed as if a beauty had walked straight out of a painting, and there was a kind of serene and composed charm around her that was found only in a scholarly family.

Mrs. Lane, who was holding disinfectant spray, originally thought that she would see a meek and dirty country bumpkin entering. Little did she think that the guest would actually look like that instead. For a moment, she didn't even dare to spray the disinfectant she was holding anymore.

Melissa Anderson smiled gently and said, "We meet again, Nora!"

Nora didn't expect to meet her here. Rather surprised, she said, "You..."

Melissa came forward a couple of steps quickly and grabbed her hand. "This is fate, child! It was your own uncle who you saved!"

Inside the house, Angela, who was dying to mock them, couldn't wait anymore. When she saw the two of them speaking at the door, she walked straight toward the door while saying, "Have you disinfected the place, Mrs. Lane? We mustn't just let any random person into the h—"

Her words came to an abrupt end when she saw Melissa!

After a three-second pause, her voice instantly became much louder and she exclaimed sharply, "You're Nora's aunt?!"

Upon hearing her reaction, Wendy and Henry also stood up and walked toward the door.

Wendy whispered, "Angela is still too young and inexperienced. It's because she's never seen a country bumpkin before that she's overreacting so badly. Sigh."

With a look of smugness all over her face, she straightened her back quietly.

When she married Henry back then, everyone had said that she wasn't as pretty as his deceased wife, so she had been holding a huge grudge all these years. But now, she could finally hold her head up high when it came to the family background!

She would show Nora's poor relative what she was made of!

The next moment, she immediately spotted Melissa.

Wendy came from an average family. When she married Henry, she was considered as having married someone of a higher social status. During all these years of socializing with rich men's wives, she had worked hard to learn and copy their style and mannerisms.

She had originally thought that she was doing pretty well, but little did she think that the air around Melissa and her presence when she was merely standing there would already give her a crushing defeat!

For a while, none of them spoke.

Melissa had grown up in a wealthy family. Her emotions had overwhelmed her when she first saw Nora, but now that she had calmed down, she immediately sensed something amiss.

The corners of her lips curled up into a smile. She ignored Wendy and looked at Henry instead as she asked, "You must be my brother-in-law?"

Henry had already recovered from his surprise by then. The arrogance on his face had completely disappeared. Instead, he gave her an ingratiating smile and asked, "You're...?"

Melissa cast her eyes down and said, "Oh, I forgot to introduce myself. I'm an artist."

After glossing over the topic, she said, "It doesn't look like I came at a good time, Nora. Let's find somewhere else to talk instead."

Nora nodded. "Sure."

She took the lead. Her voice sounded a little deep as she said, "Slow down."

Angela only dared to speak again after the two of them got in the car and left. She asked, "Dad, Mom. Who is she?"

During the emergency at Hotel Finest the other time, Melissa hadn't looked her usual self because she was crying very badly due to worry, so Angela didn't recognize her just now.

Wendy gritted her teeth. Then, she immediately took Henry's arm and said, "Oh you know, artists. No wonder she looks so classy. But I've heard that there aren't many artists who are making money nowadays. Instead, there are a lot of people that try to scam others by calling themselves artists."

Angela curled her lip. "So that's what it is. I thought she was from a wealthy family because of how she had behaved! That makes sense, though. If Nora's mother's family were rich, her mother wouldn't have been so down and out!"

Henry, however, was staring at the doorway and looking very distracted.

All the outsiders thought that Nora's mother was destitute and had only managed to survive because she married him. But actually, she had a company under her name back then...

While he was lost in thought, Wendy spoke up and said, "Nora's mother's last name is Anderson, right? That's an unusual last name in our circle. There isn't any distinguished family with that last name apart from the Andersons in New York."

Her words made Henry come back to his senses.

She was right. Apart from the Andersons in New York, all the other businessmen with the last name Anderson weren't important people.

He snorted and said, "They are probably just putting on an act. I'm just afraid that Nora is stupid enough to let them trick her!"

Wendy smiled and said, "Alright, that's enough. Don't we have a dinner appointment with the Grays tonight? Let's get ready, lest we be late."

Henry nodded. "Yes, that's more important."

Angela grumbled, "Someone has already reserved Hotel Finest's VVIP room. Otherwise, how nice would it be to have dinner there? Sigh!"

Outside the house.

Nora saw an understated black Cayenne parked there.

The car was a high-end model and its estimated value in the domestic market was around \$700,000.

For her aunt to be able to afford such a car... Was she really just an artist?

However, she didn't ask about it and just followed Melissa into the car. Melissa instructed the chauffeur, "To Hotel Finest."

After the car started, Melissa observed the girl next to her. Her cat-like eyes were downcast and she had long eyelashes. Although she was beautiful, she was unusually pale.

She sighed and said, "You must have suffered a lot all these years, Nora."

Nora thought to herself, ... Actually, it wasn't that bad. After all, it makes no difference where you sleep.

When Melissa saw her keeping quiet, she knew immediately that she didn't want to talk about the Smiths.

The report that Justin had sent them was more detailed than what they could see on the surface. She felt sorry for her niece, so she changed the subject and said,

"By the way, your uncle is still in the hospital. The reason why we were able to find you was because someone helped us greatly, so your uncle wants us to treat them to dinner tonight as thanks. Is that alright with you?"

Nora didn't mind, so she nodded. "Okay."

Melissa breathed a sigh of relief.

When they arrived at Hotel Finest, Melissa said, "Don't you have a daughter, Nora? Can I meet her?"

Nora could sense that Melissa was a kind person, so she agreed. She called Mrs. Lewis and told her to bring Cherry to the restaurant on the third floor.

The two headed to the restaurant first, intending to have a good chat with each other after entering the private room.

Half an hour later, the Smiths arrived just in time to see a distracted Anthony coming over to pick them up. After meeting up with them, he said, "I heard the

Andersons from New York are in the VVIP room. Let's see if we can talk to them later."

The Andersons from New York?

An indescribable feeling suddenly arose in Henry as if he had just let something slip by him.

At the same time, at the elevator hall on the third floor.

The presidential suite on the top floor had an exclusive elevator while the rest of the floors used public elevators.

Ding!

Ding!

The doors to both elevators opened at the same time.

Justin, together with Pete and Chester, came out of the presidential suite's exclusive elevator.

The other elevator's doors slowly opened to reveal Cherry standing inside.