

No Remarriage: You Don't Deserve Me (Lenora and Zachary) Stay Away

Stay Away 221

Chapter 221 A Breach Of Decorum

Chapter 221 A Breach Of Decorum 40%

+10 Bonus

At that moment, Lenora swiftly withdrew her hand and spoke. "I'm a bit thirsty; could you get me a cup of coffee? The cappuccino."

With one hand holding Harrietta and the other carrying a coffee, there's no chance we'll brush hands again, right?

Connor's hand stiffened for a moment before he silently retracted it. He rummaged through the bag and pulled out a cup of cappuccino, complete with a straw, which he handed to Lenora. "Here," "Thank you!"

"You're welcome."

Upon arriving at the movie theater, Lenora began scanning the large screen for currently showing animated films and their schedules. She also searched online for some reviews before allowing Harrietta to select one.

The movie was scheduled to begin at two o'clock, which meant they had about twenty minutes left to wait.

Lenora glanced around, noticing a row of seats to the right of the hall. She led Harrietta over to take a seat.

Twenty minutes later, when Lenora entered the cinema, she noticed that most of the attendees had brought their children along.

The opening scene was already playing on the big screen.

The three of them took their seats, with Lenora in the middle, flanked by Harrietta on one side and Connor on the other.

Although it was an animated film, the plot was far from childish. Lenora found herself gradually engrossed in the storyline.

Connor wasn't as focused, occasionally turning his head to glance at Lenora.

The third time, he inadvertently met Harrietta's round, wide eyes.

With a look of innocence on her face, she asked in a soft voice, "Connor, why do you keep looking at my

aunt?"

Connor thought Harrietta was an innocent child, so he felt a bit awkward as he rubbed his nose sheepishly. "No, I was just... casually looking around."

He averted his gaze, turning his attention to the big screen.

Upon his fourth glance, Connor unintentionally locked eyes with Harrietta again. He immediately turned his head away, no longer daring to look toward Lenora's direction. Around four o'clock, the movie concluded, and the audience gradually exited the movie theater.

With a steady expression, Connor asked, "Where should we go next? There's a new mall that just opened up in Norwal City. Want to check it out?"

Harrietta sneered inwardly. Did that jerk really think he could keep following them around?

She yawned widely, wrapping her arms around Lenora's leg. "Aunt Lenora, I'm tired. I want to sleep."

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Gently stroking Harrietta's head, Lenora asked, "Shall we head back then?"

"Mmm." Harrietta nodded heavily.

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Lenora lifted her head, giving Connor an apologetic smile. "We'll take our leave then. Let's have a meal together next time."

Connor had no choice but to agree. "All right. Did you park your car near the restaurant? I'll walk you over," he offered.

Lenora initially wanted to refuse. However, just as she was about to voice her rejection, she held back and gently nodded instead.

The trio slowly made their way back to the parking lot in front of the restaurant.

Harrietta broke free from Lenora's grip, pumping her short legs as she ran toward the car.

A black car pulled up from the side.

Seeing that, Lenora hurriedly grabbed Harrietta and stepped back a few paces. Suddenly, she found nothing beneath her foot, causing her to lose her balance and topple backward.

Connor reacted swiftly, catching her before she could fall. The sweet scent from her body wafted into his nostrils, momentarily disorienting him. "Are you all right?"

"I'm fine." Lenora steadied herself before subtly extricating herself from his embrace. Her rosy lips curled into a slight smile, and her naturally upturned eyes were accentuated by the curve of her glasses, adding a touch of allure. "Thank you." Connor stared at her in a daze. It wasn't until Lenora called out to him that he snapped back to reality. His face flushed a delicate shade of pink. Bashful and awkward, he stammered, "No... no problem."

"Then we'll be taking our leave."

"Okay."

Connor watched Lenora intently. It was only when Lenora was about to get into the car that he realized something and quickly caught up with her in a few steps. "Oh, Ms. Wilkin, the coffee."

Lenora halted and took the bag from his hand. "Almost forgot."

After getting in the car, Lenora buckled her seatbelt and started the vehicle.

Through the car window, she waved toward Connor outside, then pressed down on the accelerator.

The car merged into the traffic.

Lenora surveyed the traffic ahead, then turned to Harrietta in the back seat. "Hattie, if you're too tired, you can take a nap in the car."

Harrietta replied, "Aunt Lenora, I'm not sleepy yet."

Rendered speechless, Lenora glanced at Harrietta through the rear-view mirror. Harrietta's eyes were wide open, showing no signs of fatigue as she giggled and flashed a mischievous smile at Lenora. With a resigned chuckle, Lenora understood that the girl had been pretending earlier. "So, where should

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we go now? Or should we just head home?"

"I want to go see the kitty."

"All right, then I'll take you home."

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Upon returning to the loft, Harrietta immediately began searching for Cotton as soon as she entered.

Lenora washed some fruits and prepared some snacks, arranging them all neatly on the table.

Upon seeing the two untouched cups of coffee sitting on the table, Lenora immediately thought of Harrietta's antics. Her voice was somber as she called out, "Harrietta, come here." Harrietta was busy playing with the cat when she heard the order. She glanced over at Lenora and, upon seeing the woman's dark expression, she knew she was in for a reckoning. She felt a pang of guilt, yet she managed to maintain an innocent facade. Her eyes sparkled with feigned ignorance as she asked, "Aunt Lenora, what's the matter?" "Come over here."

"I... I'm playing with Cotton."

"Come here first; you can play with Cotton later."

The expression on Harrietta's face wavered slightly, a hint of unease flickering across her features. She lowered her gaze, then walked over. "Aunt Lenora, what's the

matter?" Lenora opened her chat history with Connor and placed her phone on the table in front of her. "Explain this," she demanded.

Harrietta poked her fingers together, whispering, "You were the one who asked me to choose."

Lenora reached out and gently pinched the girl's slightly rounded tummy. "Harrietta Fuller! Don't you know your own limits when it comes to eating? Can you honestly say you didn't intentionally order all that food? Huh?" Harrietta leaned back, almost lying on the couch. She pursed her lips in denial, shaking her head as she said, "No, I just wanted to eat..."

Lenora playfully tickled her. "Still won't admit it? You just want Connor to shell out more money!"

Harrietta was laughing uncontrollably. "Aunt Lenora, Aunt Lenora, stop! Don't tickle me, hahaha, please, no more tickling! I admit it, okay? I admit it, isn't that enough?"

Hearing that, Lenora stopped tickling the girl. "Hmph, thought you could fool me?"

Despite her best efforts, Harrietta couldn't help but chuckle. "It's his own fault for competing with me for you, Aunt Lenora!"

As Harrietta watched, Lenora transferred the money for lunch to Connor. She also sent a message: I'm sorry. Hattie is inexperienced and didn't realize lunch would cost so much. I've transferred the money to you.

Upon seeing Lenora's action, Harrietta was taken aback. With a puzzled look on her face, she asked, "Aunt Lenora, why did you transfer the money to him?"

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She then added in a mutter, "Wasn't he the one who said he'd treat us?"

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Lenora explained earnestly, "Hattie, let me tell you something. Even though Connor said he would treat us, you should also consider his financial situation while ordering food. He's just started his internship and can't afford too many expensive things. You might not have his best interests at heart, but as his friend, I must. I can't stand by and watch

you take advantage of him. It's understandable that you favor your uncle and dislike Connor. As long as you don't go too far, I won't reprimand you. I'll take on this responsibility. However, I don't want you to deliberately target him. No matter what, he is still a friend of mine. You're still

young

and there are many things you don't understand, so I won't blame you. But I will teach you, and once I do, you need to remember it and not make the same mistake again."

Harrietta pouted. "All right then, I won't be like that anymore..."

"Good girl."

Connor responded swiftly: Ms. Wilkin, I promised to treat you this time. I can't take this money.

Last time, he had accepted the money solely for the chance to spend more time with Lenora. However, if he were to use the same tactic again, it would undoubtedly be lacking in decorum.

Lenora directly responded: Accept it this time, and next time, you can return the favor. Sounds good?

Deal! Without a second thought, Connor immediately replied, sending an animated emoji that couldn't hide his inner joy.

If it meant seeing Lenora again, then so be it if he had to sacrifice his decorum.

Connor: Ms. Wilkin, when's the next time?

Lenora: You can choose the time.

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Chapter 222 Aunt Lenora Really Is Running Away

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Upon seeing the two engaged in conversation, Harrietta huffed lightly, rising from her seat to head to the bathroom.

She quietly dialed Zachary's number and whispered, "Uncle Zachary, I'm at Aunt Lenora's house right now."

"Shall I come to pick you up now?" Zachary's voice came through the phone.

"Yeah... Uncle Zachary, I... I feel..."

"What is it?"

"I feel like you're running out of chances."

Zachary was silent for a moment before he asked, "What happened when you all were having your meal today?"

"Aunt Lenora was so engrossed in her conversation with him that she completely ignored me. After dinner, he invited her to a movie, and she didn't turn him down," Harrietta answered truthfully.

Zachary was quiet for a few moments. "Is there anything else?"

Could it be that Lenora actually had feelings for Connor?

He had a feeling that something was off, though.

"Also, I wanted to trick him into forking out more money, so I ordered a few more dishes. Aunt Lenora, however, told me not to target him. She said... she said he might become my uncle in the future, and if I continue this way, she'll distance herself from me. Then, they just agreed to have a meal together next time. Oh, and Connor even hugged Aunt Lenora!"

Although technically, it was because Aunt Lenora stumbled and nearly fell.

There was a long silence on the other end of the phone.

Harrietta was just about to say something more when a voice suddenly came from outside. "Hattie, are you not done yet?"

Hastily, Harrietta called out, "Aunt Lenora, I'm in the middle of pooping! It stinks!"

"Ah, okay. Let me know when you're done. I'll help you clean up."

Harrietta's face flushed red. "Aunt Lenora, I can do it myself!"

Hmph, how could Aunt Lenora underestimate me so?

Listening to the sound of footsteps fading away outside, Harrietta whispered to her wristwatch, "Uncle- Zachary, Aunt Lenora is really going to run away. You need to think of something quickly. I need to hang up now." She poked at her watch screen with her chubby little finger, ending the call.

Upon hearing the toilet flushing, Lenora glanced up to see Harrietta emerging from the bathroom. With a smile, she praised, "Good job for cleaning up after yourself, Hattie!"

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Harrietta simply stared at her speechlessly.

A few minutes later, Lenora's phone rang. It was a call from Zachary.

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Lenora answered the call, her voice indifferent as she got straight to the point. "What do you want?"

"Where are you guys right now? I'll come pick up Hattie."

"At my place."

"All right, I'm on my way."

Zachary didn't want to betray Hattie; he had to at least put on a show by making a phone call.

Twenty minutes later, the doorbell rang.

Lenora suspected it was Zachary who had arrived, yet she still cautiously asked from behind the door, "Who is it?"

"It's me, Zachary," came Zachary's voice from outside.

Lenora opened the door and walked back inside without even giving him a glance. "Hattie, your uncle is here to pick you up."

Zachary silently followed her inside, closing the door behind him.

"Uncle Zachary!"

Harrietta ran out while clutching Cotton and feigned a complaint, "Uncle Zachary, why did you come so early? I'm not done playing! How about you sit on the couch and wait for me a little while?" "Sure, go have fun. I'll be waiting for you."

Harrietta, holding Cotton, hurried to Lenora's bedroom. "Let's go, Cotton. I'll get you some cat treats."

Before she entered the room, she shot Zachary a meaningful glance.

The pretense was to feed the cat, but the real intention was to give him some space with Lenora.

Zachary glanced at Lenora's indifferent expression before nonchalantly walking over to the couch to sit down. "You don't mind, do you?"

"Would you leave if I said I minded?" Lenora retorted coldly, arms crossed over her chest.

"No."

"Then why bother asking?"

After finishing her words, Lenora turned and entered the kitchen.

Zachary watched Lenora's retreating figure, a smirk unconsciously tugging at the corner of his lips. A glint of amusement also flashed in his eyes.

Lenora's attitude was vastly different from before, yet he found it inexplicably endearing.

Two minutes later, Lenora came out holding a cup of water, placing it expressionlessly before him.

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"Thank you." Zachary lifted the cup of water while raising his head to look at her with an intense gaze.

As though she couldn't see it, Lenora turned around and took a seat off to the side. She picked up her camera and began to review the photos she had taken that day.

To be honest, she hadn't yet settled on a theme for the photography competition. At the moment, she was simply trying to find her inspiration.

She focused all her attention on the photos.

Suddenly, there was a tickling sensation from her left ear.

Lenora reached out and pinched her ear before continuing to flip through the photos.

This time, it was her right ear that was feeling ticklish.

Once again, she rubbed at the spot.

The itchy sensation came back in her left ear, accompanied by a warm sensation. She couldn't stop it from turning red.

Something was off.

Suddenly, she sat upright, and as she turned around, she realized Zachary had somehow managed to position himself behind her. His hands rested on the back of the couch, and he was leaning in to blow air into her ears. The redness in Lenora's ears spread from the lobe to the tip. Flustered and exasperated, she snapped, "Zachary, what is wrong with you!"

She wasn't one to curse at others, always resorting to this one phrase.

There was a subtle hint of amusement in Zachary's eyes, his expression playful as he replied, "I'm struck by a sickness that leaves me utterly uninterested in life when I can't see you."

For a moment, Lenora was rendered speechless.

Where did he learn these distasteful and corny phrases? They're absolutely nauseating.

She ignored him, turning on her heel and walking away.

"Lenora," Zachary called out to her.

From that, she knew it wasn't good news.

As if she hadn't heard a thing, Lenora continued to walk forward.

"Don't rush off. I need to talk to you about something. It's regarding Hattie."

Lenora finally halted, turning around to look at him with a face full of skepticism. "What is it?"

"Let's sit down and talk."

Lenora settled down at the farthest end of the couch, a whole galaxy away from him, and said, "Go ahead." Zachary pursed his lips, pausing for a few seconds before speaking. "On Wednesday night, Hattie was on a 12:40 Mon, 11 Nov G.

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call with Aunt Tamara. She found out that you had been the one looking after Hattie for the past two days and made a fuss about it, which ended up frightening Hattie to tears." Subconsciously, Lenora glanced toward the bedroom.

She had known for a long time that Tamara didn't like her, but she hadn't expected it to affect Harrietta.

"Sorry, it was my lack of consideration. In the future, let's limit Hattie's visits."

She was self-aware enough to realize that even if Harrietta liked her, it couldn't compare to her bond with Tamara.

She didn't want to put Harrietta in a difficult position, nor did she want to be the cause of a rift in the cherished bond between Harrietta and Tamara.

"That's not what I meant." Zachary looked into her eyes, earnestly saying, "I plan on keeping Hattie here in our homeland. What do you think?"

Lenora looked at Zachary in surprise. "Why this sudden thought? Would Hattie agree to stay? Would Aunt Tamara agree to let Hattie stay?"

In reality, after Tamara couldn't reach him over the phone that night, she ended up calling the Fuller residence. Reluctantly, she apologized to Zachary, with Allison mediating between them.

Zachary did not express his stance.

Once the idea of keeping Harrietta here surfaced, it never subsided.

One of the reasons was that Harrietta was clever and adorable, a favorite among the entire family. Allison, given her advanced age, had a particular fondness for children. Yesterday, when he brought Harrietta back to the Fuller residence, Allison had been delighted. Harrietta also had a knack for keeping the elderly woman in high spirits.

The second reason was rooted in his own personal desires. Lenora was no longer capable of bearing children, and she adored Harrietta so much. He wanted to make her happy.

Moreover, Harrietta could also serve as a bridge for him to maintain his relationship with Lenora, preventing them from becoming complete strangers.

Of course, ultimately, it all came down to Harrietta's decision.

"I've already discussed it with Aunt Tamara. Once the holidays are over, I'll let Hattie decide for herself. If she chooses to stay in the country, then I'll enroll her in a school here." Although Tamara had not agreed, that wasn't important.

Lenora gave a noncommittal hum. "All right, but when the time comes, don't force Hattie. Aunt Tamara is the one she's closest to, after all."

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Chapter 223 Do You Prefer Someone Older

Chapter 223 Do You Prefer Someone Older

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Zachary shook his head. "If Aunt Tamara truly cared about Hattie, she wouldn't force her away from just because of her own likes and dislikes." you

Lenora would never harm Harrietta, nor would she lead her astray. Harrietta also liked Lenora, so there was no issue with them being together. Lenora chuckled. "It's only natural. If it were my child, I wouldn't let anyone I disliked get close either. There's no need to be overly harsh." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

After hearing Lenora's words and recalling Tamara's insult toward Lenora, Zachary furrowed his brows. "If Hattie is willing to stay, I will register her as my daughter. In order to ensure her healthy growth, I will register you as her mother when the time comes." Lenora was taken aback for a moment, staring blankly at Zachary.

Zachary remained expressionless. "It's something I've thought long and hard about. What do you think?"

Their marriage was not widely known to outsiders. If they were to announce that Harrietta was their daughter, no one would have any doubts.

To dodge the gossip of outsiders, this was perhaps the best decision.

Lenora nodded. "Okay, but it's still too early to discuss this now."

Harrietta's month-long vacation hardly seemed enough to make her abandon four years in Lofbury.

Zachary looked at Lenora unwaveringly.

Only when they were talking about Harrietta could they sit down and converse so peacefully.

Zachary studied Lenora's expression attentively and asked, "I heard from Hattie that you had arranged to have a meal with Connor today?"

For a fleeting moment, he wanted to ask her directly if she was in love with Connor.

Yet, in the end, the question was never asked.

He backed away.

He wouldn't know what to do if she said yes.

"Yeah." Lenora didn't notice the subtle shift in the conversation as she reached into the bag on the table, pulling out a cup of coffee. "Here, Hattie said this is for you." Zachary glanced at it and flashed a faint smile. "You know I don't drink this."

When Connor's name came up, her face remained expressionless.

He breathed a soft sigh of relief, realizing she probably didn't fancy Connor, or at least her feelings hadn't reached that level.

Of course, Lenora knew.

Even when she tried to remind Harrietta, the young girl would always find new ways to buy more.

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Chapter 223 Do You Prefer Someone Older

"Do you know why I only drink black coffee?" Zachary suddenly asked.

With surprise, Lenora gazed at him, shaking her head.

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He was leaning lazily against the back of the couch, tilting his head to one side. His eyes shimmered under the glaring golden light. "To watch my sugar intake. As men age, especially after marriage, it's easy to put on weight. This is particularly true when we hit thirty. Our bodies can easily go out of shape and it takes a lot of time and effort to get it back. It's not like when we were a young graduate, full of energy."

Lenora let out a laugh. She hadn't expected it to be the reason.

She was bewitched by his gaze, unaware of the trap in his words. "Young people are full of energy but often lack experience and may not handle things with enough seriousness. As people age, even though physical appearance might fade, the wisdom gained from life experiences far surpasses that of a younger person. Of course, this isn't always the case."

"Then, do you prefer someone older or younger?" Zachary asked slyly.

"Of course I prefer-it depends on the person," Lenora almost blurted out.

She averted her gaze, feeling that there was a hidden depth in his eyes.

Zachary remained impassive. "True, perhaps it's due to the current societal climate. A lot of young people choose to take the easy way out. And there are quite a few like Maxton, trying to achieve success through shortcuts." He was subtly hinting that Connor was similar to Maxton.

However, Lenora didn't quite catch his drift. "Maybe, but there are also those who are proactive and ambitious, like Connor. The last time he received a notice to work overtime, he rushed off to the company without even eating." Zachary's face darkened. "I heard Stanley mention that Connor is currently interning at Fuller Group's research institute?"

"Yeah."

"Should I have someone look after him?"

So that he doesn't have time to join her for a meal.

Lenora glanced at him. "You don't have to worry about that."

I thought he didn't like to play favorites?

Why bring this up all of a sudden?

Lenora belatedly realized they had gone off-topic.

She had actually spent such a long time talking to Zachary on the couch.

Quickly, she rose to her feet. "I'm going to check on Hattie."

"Nora!"

"Is there anything else?"

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Zachary stood up, slowly approaching her. "I once asked you if there was someone you liked. You said there was. Who is he?" That old man sure knows how to hide himself!

Mr. Lancaster has already shared all the details of Lenora's university experiences with me, but we still can't find any trace of that person! Lenora glanced at him guardedly and replied, "It's Jonas. Didn't you know?"

"It's not him."

"Believe it or not, it's him!" Lenora turned and walked away.

Zachary grasped her wrist. "You also said that he didn't like you. But Jonas does."

Lenora pursed her lips, unwilling to respond. She shot a cold glance at Zachary. "Let go!"

Her reluctance to discuss the matter only made Zachary more certain that the man she liked should be the one who got her pregnant.

"Are you not responding because you don't want to or because the car accident made you forget?" Zachary asked in a deep voice.

She has forgotten about the child she once bore, so has she also forgotten about that person?

"I said, let go!"

Zachary remained silent.

She hasn't forgotten. She's simply protecting that person and doesn't want to tell me.

Zachary's heart raged with jealousy.

Not only did he not let go, but with a swiftness that left no room for reaction, he pulled Lenora into his arms, held the back of her head, and kissed her. "Mhm!"

Lenora's eyes widened in shock as she braced her arm against Zachary's chest. She struggled with all her might to push him away, but it was in vain.

He assertively caressed her rosy lips, freeing one hand to gently grasp her chin. His tongue forcefully parted her pearly teeth, claiming her territory with no room for refusal.

Unable to break free from his grasp, Lenora stomped on Zachary's foot several times.

Just then, a round little head peeked out from the bedroom. Harrietta saw the pair kissing and immediately covered her face with both hands, stealing glances through the gaps between her fingers. "Uncle Zachary, Aunt Lenora, what are you doing?" Taking advantage of the moment, Lenora pushed Zachary away and stepped back. With a look of distaste, she wiped her mouth and said, "Hattie, don't leave tonight. Sleep with me."

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Harrietta's eyes were filled with surprise. "Yay!"

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Lenora turned around and looked at Zachary coldly. "You can leave now."

I'd be a total fool if I ever let him in again.

Harrietta was rendered speechless.

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+10 Bonus

Aunt Lenora doesn't know how long I plan to keep playing around. She asked me to stay just to make Uncle Zachary leave.

Lenora's disdainful gaze pierced through Zachary's heart, causing him immense pain.

He wanted to say something, but Lenora simply turned her gaze away, not even wanting to take a glance at him.

Zachary had no choice but to look at Harrietta.

Feeling slightly guilty, Harrietta lowered her head. In the end, she said, "Uncle Zachary, you should leave. I'm sleeping with Aunt Lenora tonight."

The offer was simply too tempting.

While other children slept beside their mothers, she had been without one and had slept alone since early childhood.

She wondered what it would feel like to share a bed with Lenora.

Zachary took a deep breath and said, "All right, I'll have someone come over and bring Hattie's clothes and belongings..."

"It's fine. There's a supermarket nearby. I'll take Hattie there to buy what she needs later."

""Suit yourself."

Zachary turned and walked away.

Suddenly recalling something, he paused at the doorway. "Right, you did promise me three meals. Join me at a cocktail party tomorrow evening, and we'll count it as one meal down." 12:40 Mon, 11 Nov G 8.

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Chapter 224 Nellie Wilkin

"I'm not going," Lenora said expressionlessly.

Zachary simply didn't allow her to refuse. "I'll come to pick you up tomorrow afternoon."

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He turned to leave, and before he did, he reminded Harrietta, "Hattie, listen to Aunt Lenora, all right?"

Harrietta gave a nod.

As she watched Zachary leave and the door close behind him, she tilted her head back and asked curiously, "Aunt Lenora, what is a cocktail party?"

"It's a gathering where many people get together to drink."

"Can I go?" Harrietta looked at Lenora with a face full of anticipation.

Lenora shook her head with a smile. "No."

"All right then."

Lenora glanced at the sky, then headed to the kitchen. She opened the fridge and took out a few ingredients to prepare dinner.

Halfway through, a crisp sound echoed from the entrance as Sophia pushed the door open. She tossed her bag onto the couch and called out, "Cotton, where are you?"
"Cotton is here!"

Harrietta poked her head out from behind the couch, gazing curiously at Sophia. "You must be Ms. Tortell that Aunt Lenora mentioned, right? Ms. Tortell, you're so beautiful!"

Upon seeing Harrietta, Sophia immediately recognized her. She walked over and said, "You're Hattie, right? You sure have a sweet way with words." She then gently petted Cotton a few times. "Why don't you play with Cotton? I'll go help your aunt with the cooking." After she finished speaking, she made her way to the kitchen. There she

found Lenora engrossed in chopping vegetables. She walked over, nudged her with her elbow, and whispered, "Nora, why didn't you send her home?" "She's sleeping with me tonight."

"Huh?" Surprised, Sophia looked out. "What were you thinking? She's Zachary's niece. By having her around, you'll never be able to sever ties with Zachary."

Lenora's hands froze.

She was well aware of that.

She even suspected that Zachary's plan to keep Harrietta in the country, register her under his household, and make her Harrietta's mother in name, was simply a tactic to keep her tied to him.

However, whenever she faced Harrietta, she inevitably found her heart softening. She simply couldn't bring herself to be harsh.

Sophia let out a sigh. "The little girl is adorable, but what you're doing is akin to seeking temporary relief

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regardless of the consequences. Zachary probably knew you love children, which is why he intentionally sent her over. Sometimes, it's better to get the pain over with, rather than prolong the agony. Letting go in time is better for everyone." Lenora found her thoughts drifting back to half an hour ago when Zachary had forcefully kissed her.

Maybe Sophia's right. I shouldn't keep this up.

I should slowly stay away from Hattie.

It may be hard for Hattie to accept it at first, but as time goes on, she'll find new companions to play with and begin to forget me.

And since Tamara doesn't like me, staying away from Hattie helps preserve their grandmother-granddaughter bond

When it was time to eat, Sophia finally understood why Lenora was so fond of Harrietta.

She was adorable, with a round, cherubic face. She could also speak well and feed herself, requiring no one to fuss over her. Compared to the unruly children Sophia had encountered, she was incredibly well-behaved and sensible. If she wasn't Zachary's niece, Sophia would surely like her.

After finishing their meal, Lenora took Harrietta for a walk downstairs. Along the way, they stopped by the supermarket where Lenora bought some daily necessities for Harrietta.

Harrietta had chosen a tomato-head toothbrush. She stood on a stool, brushing her teeth alongside Lenora.

Both of them had froth at their mouths.

Harrietta couldn't help but let out a chuckle as they exchanged a glance.

Once they had finished freshening up, Lenora returned to her room and fetched one of her sweaters for Harrietta to wear. She rolled up the sleeves to serve as a nightdress, then tenderly helped her clean her tiny feet and bottom. Lenora couldn't resist giving her bottom a couple of gentle squeezes. It was incredibly soft.

Harrietta was visibly thrilled throughout the entire time. After drying her feet, she hopped onto the bed and rolled around twice before finally burrowing under the covers.

Lenora also changed into her pajamas, turned off the lights, and climbed into bed after pulling back the

covers.

Harrietta, with her plump figure, immediately rolled over.

Lenora smoothly wrapped her arms around Harrietta.

Harrietta nestled her head in Lenora's chest, rubbing against it like a little kitten. "Aunt Lenora, you smell so good."

Lenora chuckled lightly, patting Harrietta's back. "Go to sleep. Call me if you wake up in the middle of the night." "Okay."

12:40 Mon, 11 Nov Ge

3. Fr

Chapter 224 Nellie Wilkin

340%2

+10 Bonus

Having not slept in the afternoon, Harrietta closed her eyes and quickly drifted off to sleep.

Lenora also gradually fell into a deep sleep, and she had a dream.

She dreamt of her lying in a hospital, with a newborn baby placed by the side of the bed.

She gazed at the baby by the bed, her eyes filled with tenderness. "From now on, you'll be known as Nellie Wilkin."

In her dreams, she was cradling a child, gently rocking her back and forth.

Suddenly, the child vanished into thin air.

Lenora shuddered and groggily opened her eyes. The room was shrouded in darkness.

Oh, it's just a dream.

She reached out and picked up her phone from the bedside table, glancing at the time. It was only five in the morning.

She looked at Harrietta, who was soundly asleep next to her, reached out, and gently poked her chubby little face, smiling softly.

Perhaps Harrietta had stirred up her inner longing for a child, which was why she had such a dream.

The thought of gradually distancing herself from Harrietta filled her with a profound sense of guilt.

She closed her eyes, drifting back to sleep.

When she woke up around seven, Harrietta was still deeply asleep.

Lenora stretched lazily, carefully climbed out of bed, and fed Cotton. After freshening up, she prepared breakfast.

She made two sandwiches. Each one was a hearty compilation of two slices of bread, a piece of steak, a fried egg, a leaf of lettuce, a slice of tomato, and a slice of cheese. All of these ingredients were neatly stacked together. She also prepared a separate bowl of egg custard for Harrietta. As she was in the kitchen, cooking a steak, Harrietta emerged from the room, rubbing her eyes. "Aunt Lenora?"

Lenora emerged from the kitchen, and as soon as Harrietta saw her, she scampered over barefoot. "Aunt Lenora!"

"I'm making breakfast. Go freshen up. Breakfast will be ready soon."

"Okay."

After cleaning up and changing her clothes, Harrietta sat at the dining table like an exemplary student.

Lenora brought over the sandwich, soy milk, and egg custard. She also prepared a cup of warm milk for

Harrietta.

Harrietta took a bite of the sandwich and said with a beaming smile, "Aunt Lenora, this sandwich you made is really delicious!"

3/4

-40%

12:40 Mon, 11 Nov G.

1.

Chapter 224 Nellie Wilkin

"I'm glad you like it."

1

"Where's Ms. Tortell? Isn't she having breakfast?"

"She's not going to work today. She's sleeping in until noon."

"Oh."

After breakfast, Harrietta nestled on the couch, engrossed in watching cartoons.

Lenora was perusing the past winners of the photography competition.

X+10 Bonus

Around noon, they went for a stroll, grabbed a bite to eat, and visited a shopping mall to buy a few clothes for Harrietta. Before they knew it, it was already past four in the afternoon.

As they were waiting for their drinks in a cafe, Zachary called.

Lenora remembered what he had said the night before when he was leaving. He wanted her to accompany him to a cocktail party.

Lenora was very resistant.

But she truly owed Zachary, and she didn't want to be someone who went back on her word.

As she answered the call, Zachary asked, "Where are you guys now? I'll come to pick you up for the styling session and drop Hattie off at home on the way."

Lenora provided the address.

Zachary quickly arrived at the parking lot of the shopping mall.

Lenora and Harrietta, each holding a milkshake, headed to the parking lot to find Zachary's car. Upon seeing Zachary in the back seat, Lenora gestured for Harrietta to get in first before she followed suit. "Uncle Zachary!" Harrietta affectionately hugged Zachary.

Zachary smiled gently. "How was your sleep last night with Aunt Lenora?"

"Aunt Lenora smells so nice, and she's so soft. I like it so much," Harrietta said, grinning from ear to ear.

Lenora was at a loss for words.

Zachary seemed to be lost in thought. "She does smell nice and is very soft..."

