

Chapter 251 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

Now, he wanted to use this matter to have the right to speak in the refinery!

She took a deep breath. "Okay!"

Sheril thought about it very clearly. Last time, Nora had helped her slap Rachel's face at the ball. She had to protect her no matter what.

When her master heard this, his expression changed. "You, how can you be so stubborn?!"

He was old, so what was the use even if he had the right to speak at the refining factory? All of his concern was only the Andersons.

Those words earlier were just to make Sheril hesitate, but this girl did not hesitate at all. She was too disappointing!

He reached out in anger, about to say something, but he coughed violently.

Sheril hurriedly took a step forward and held his arm. "Master, I know you despise me for being your superior. If you want the power to speak, I'll return it to you!"

Her master said with heartache, "Why do I need the right to speak? How many years can I stay in the pharmaceutical factory? I should have retired long ago!"

When Sheril heard this, she realized that she had misunderstood her master. Her heart ached even more. "Master, I'm sorry..."

The old pharmacist pounded his chest. "Sheril, you're too naive. Do you think my heart really aches for the 500-year-old ginseng? My heart aches for the Andersons' foundation!"

"Our pharmaceutical factory can work with confidence if this ginseng stays here! You, you guys are such a waste!"

The old pharmacist stomped his feet in anger.

Sheril's eyes turned red as well. "Master, Sister Nora's Carefree Pill can be considered as saving Carefree Pill's life. Even if we lose this ginseng, we'll

look for more. In the future, if we have money, we can buy it at a high price at the auction.”

When the old pharmacist saw that she was still stubbornly protecting Nora, he instantly waved his hand in anger. “Alright, alright. I’ll sit here and see how she wastes the ginseng!”

Sheril looked at his pained expression and sighed.

She knew that some things were very important to the elders. Those concepts had already been ingrained in her bones and could not be changed.

She sighed and sat beside the old pharmacist. “I’ll watch with you...”

In the laboratory, Nora did not know about the argument outside. At this moment, she was looking at the medicine. Actually, when she was overseas, it was a little difficult to refine pills. After all, there were fewer traditional medicines available overseas.

She held the 500-year-old ginseng and sighed silently.

This ginseng was too small.

If she had known earlier, she would have gone to her master, Dr. Zabe, to get some more ginseng. As an imperial physician, Dr. Zabe did not have many other things, but he still had some ginseng.

She shook her head slightly and cut the ginseng into pieces.

When they saw her cut it off so casually, Sheril and the old pharmacist outside felt their hearts ache.

The old pharmacist nagged. “Look, how is she cutting the ginseng? It’s too wasteful, too wasteful! Sheril, go in and see if you can pick up some ginseng roots. They’re still useful!”

Sheril: “...”

At the Smiths.

Ian was still staying in the VIP ward of the hospital. He had already been transferred out of the ICU and was not worried about his life for the time being.

At home, his adopted daughter, Yvonne, who was also the only girl in the Smiths' generation, was playing the violin. After the song ended, Rachel, who was standing beside her, instantly applauded. "Miss Smith's piano skills are really getting better and better!"

Ever since Miranda's maiden family had almost gone bankrupt, her status in the Woods had been even lower. This led to her constantly being reprimanded by her father at home. Furthermore, she was always forced to go to the Andersons and learn from her aunt, Melissa.

But how could she possibly go over there? Therefore, she could only run toward the Smiths now.

Yvonne was a famous daughter of a wealthy family in New York. She was talented, and when she was with Yvonne, her father would not scold her even if he found out.

When Yvonne heard her words, she lowered her eyes and smiled. "Did you fight with your father again?"

Rachel pursed her lips. "Yeah. He keeps criticizing me for everything. He wants me to change this and that. Isn't it because he thinks Sheril is too good? How can Auntie's daughter be better than me? No matter how strong she is, she's only working in the Andersons' pharmaceutical factory. She doesn't behave like a girl at all!"

Yvonne tidied her long hair and smiled. "Fathers love their daughters the most. Can't you just wheedle your way?"

However, Rachel pursed her lips. "That's someone else. I seriously suspect that I'm not my father's biological child. Otherwise, why would he be so strict with me? How can my biological father always pick on me!"

The words "biological" pierced Yvonne's heart like a needle.

She lowered her eyes to hide her displeasure. She still had a friendly smile on her face as a light flashed across her eyes. Suddenly, she said, "Stop talking nonsense. By the way, I heard that the last dance was not very enjoyable?"

At the mention of the dance, Rachel instantly became furious. "Isn't it because of that country bumpkin who came back from the countryside? I didn't expect her to dance well, but unfortunately, no one has come to propose marriage to

her yet. Did you know? Her mother fooled around outside and was pregnant before she was even married. She made such a big scene just to attract attention and find a good family. But how could they possibly like her?"

She was about to continue when the butler walked in. "Miss Smith, the Levins are here."

The Levins?

While Rachel was in a daze, Yvonne had already stood up with a smile. "Please come in."

Then, a middle-aged woman in her forties walked in.

She looked ordinary. Her face was fair and tender, and she was chubby. When she smiled, she looked very likable.

Rachel asked, "This is?"

Yvonne explained, "Her mother-in-law is Mrs. Hunt's current housekeeper, Mdm. Lea."

The most famous people in the Hunts, apart from Justin and a few members of the main family, were the Hunts' internal and external butlers.

The butlers of such families were raised with them from a young age. They were very loyal and reliable.

Now, Mdm. Lea's family was also working in a company under Hunt Corporation and was treated very well.

But why was Mdm. Lea's daughter-in-law, whom everyone called Mrs. Lewis, at the Smiths?

While Rachel was in a daze, that person had already walked over. "Miss Smith, I just came over for a little chat today. Please excuse my intrusion."

With that, Mrs. Lewis sized Yvonne up.

Yvonne sat up straight and placed her hands casually on her lap. She looked like a daughter of a wealthy family and was very appropriate. Mrs. Lewis praised her in her heart and said jokingly, "By the way, my mother-in-law said

that she heard a joke at home a few days ago. Our Mr. Hunt actually found a girlfriend outside...”

Yvonne’s expression froze at those words, but her expression remained calm.

Rachel was stunned. “Who is it?”

Was there really a woman in New York that Justin liked? Did she know her?

Mrs. Lewis was not angry when she saw Rachel interrupting. She continued to smile, and answered, “It’s the daughter of the Andersons, Nora.”

Rachel: “??”

Her eyes narrowed as she shouted, “Impossible!”

Her intense reaction covered Yvonne’s clenched fists. Mrs. Lewis looked at her in confusion. “What’s wrong?”

What could they do?

Yvonne seemed to have thought of something and said with a calm expression, “This is the person you were talking about earlier, the one who stole the limelight at the ball, right?”

Rachel: “??”

She felt as if she had been slapped hard as her cheeks heated up.

They had just said that even if she was in the limelight, no one wanted her. Even now, no one had come to propose marriage. But how did she suddenly find such a powerful boyfriend?

Impossible!

Mrs. Lewis was stunned. “What do you mean?”

Obviously, she did not know.

Yvonne didn’t want to leave an impression of her saying bad things behind her back, so she smiled helplessly. “It’s nothing. I’m just saying that this lady danced well.”

After hearing the praise for Nora, Rachel was indeed angered. “What? Miss Smith, even if you don’t talk about her behind her back, you can’t leave such a wrong impression on the Hunts. Mrs. Lewis, let me tell you. Nora is someone who hates marriage! After she was picked up by the Andersons from a small place, she found an opportunity to sneak into this year’s ball. Did you know? In order to show off her dancing skills and surprise everyone, she even danced men’s steps! Everyone knows about this! She’s simply trying her best to be in the limelight. She’s doing this so that she can quickly find a man to marry! Did you misunderstand something? How can Mr. Hunt like someone like her?”

Mrs. Lewis did not expect to hear such words. She immediately said excitedly, “Is that so? Miss Wood, hurry up and tell me the details...”

Rachel began to add fuel to the fire. She told them what had happened that day, omitting her coercion and Sheril’s grievances, of course. She created an image of a woman who loved to show off.

Hearing those words, Yvonne slowly picked up her coffee cup and drank with a faint smile.

After Rachel finished speaking, she said, “Alright, Miss Wood. Don’t talk about others behind their backs.”

Rachel pouted.

Mrs. Lewis seemed to be in deep thought. She did not expect this to happen. Therefore, words like Mr. Hunt had yet to win over Nora, and that Miss Smith didn’t take a liking to Mr. Hunt, were all fake! Nora was indeed playing hard to get!

Why did the smart Sir fall for her!

Mrs. Lewis was a little anxious. She had to hurry back and tell this news to her mother-in-law before she told Mrs. Hunt.

However, no matter how anxious she was, she did not forget her mission today. After smiling at Rachel, she looked at Yvonne. “Miss Smith, my mother-in-law asked me to tell you to treasure the opportunity at the birthday banquet.”

Her words made Yvonne blush.

She lowered her head and said awkwardly, “But didn’t you say earlier that Mr. Hunt already has a girlfriend...”

The Hunts and the Smiths were both interested in a marriage alliance. After all, although the Smiths and the Hunts had competed in the past, the times were different now. A marriage alliance obviously had more benefits.

This was also one of the important reasons why Ian had adopted Yvonne.

The elders of the two families had tacitly agreed.

When Mrs. Lewis heard this, she patted Yvonne’s hand. “Sigh, their relationship isn’t confirmed yet. Who in New York knows about it? Besides, she’s just a girlfriend now... You should prepare yourself properly! This is a rare opportunity. Besides, even if it’s not Sir, you should find someone...”

Although there was a ball every year in New York, it was always a gathering of youngsters.

This time, Mrs. Hunt was suddenly holding a big birthday party. The elders of each family would definitely be attending as well. It was the largest party in recent years.

If she could shine at this banquet, she would definitely amaze everyone.

Yvonne lowered her head, her ears turning red. In the end, she nodded.

After Mrs. Lewis left, Rachel leaned over to Yvonne. “Miss Smith, is this the Hunts’ intention?”

Yvonne smiled without saying anything.

Rachel immediately shook her arm. “You must work hard. You must not let that Nora really become Mrs. Hunt! Her family background is so bad. How can she compare to you? You’re the eldest daughter of the Smiths!”

Yvonne sighed. “I’m not the real Eldest Miss.”

“So what?”

Rachel’s tone was very aggressive. “Look at New York, who dares to say that you’re not the real eldest daughter? Besides, who in the Smiths dares to slight you?”

Yvonne's long eyelashes concealed the coldness in her eyes.

Slight her?

Wasn't she doing exactly that right now?!

If she was the real eldest daughter of the Smiths, why would she interact with people like Rachel?!

However, Yvonne did not say that.

She smiled and asked, "But what can I do?"

Rachel immediately said, "Of course you can impress them with your gift! Other than performing on the talent show, you have to bring out a valuable gift and shock the entire audience!"

She gritted her teeth and said, "The most important thing is that you must beat Nora! Although she has the same surname as you, how is she worthy of the surname Smith? In the end, she's just a niece of the Andersons! Even if she's the eldest daughter of the Andersons, she's just a drug seller! Miss Smith, you must think of a good gift..."

The drug seller...

Yvonne's eyes flashed. "What's good or bad? Whether it's valuable or not isn't important. I'm just worried about Mrs. Hunt's health. I heard that she just underwent an operation on her head a while ago... I'll get my brother to help me find some suitable medicine."

The only thing the Andersons could offer was medicine.

However, the medicine that the Smiths had found was definitely exceptionally good.

When the two compete, the difference in strength would be obvious.

Two days later.

In the laboratory of the Andersons' pharmaceutical factory.

Sheril and her master had been here for two days. For the past two days, the woman in the laboratory had not slept a minute.

During this time, other than Sheril sending in some food, Nora never left the laboratory.

Bam!

Suddenly, there was a loud sound in the laboratory.

Both of them immediately stood up and looked in through the glass window. They saw white smoke coming out of the alchemy furnace.

Master stomped his feet. “Oh no! She failed!”

Sheril was stunned. “What?”

Master said, “Back then, I saw Dr. Zabe make medicine. At the moment Zabe Corporation’s Calming Pill was formed, it emitted black smoke! The white smoke must mean failure!”

He was heartbroken. “You two prodigals! My 500-year-old ginseng! It’s really wasted!”

However, just as he finished speaking, he saw...

In the laboratory, Nora opened the alchemy furnace. Even though there was a door between them, a strong fragrance of medicine rushed over. It made people feel energized the moment they smelled it.

This fragrance...

He cleared his mind, sweeping away the fatigue he had felt after waiting for a few days. The old pharmacist had once smelled this scent. It was... Zabe Corporation’s Calming Pill!

Back then, when Dr. Zabe had refined it, he had been present and had even helped him...

How could it be, though?!

Miss Smith’s refinement process was completely different from Silvester Zabe’s. Although the ingredients used were the same...

Sheril did not understand this, but when she saw her master saying that she had failed, her heart instantly ached. However, the first thing she wanted to do was to comfort Nora so that she would not feel guilty or sad.

Just as she was about to say something, she saw her master suddenly push open the door and rush in.

Sheril was shocked. She hurriedly followed behind and grabbed the old pharmacist. "Master, what are you doing?"

It was already sad enough that Nora had failed in her refinement. If Master said anything unpleasant, how would Nora endure it!

She then looked at her master's expression and saw that he was indeed agitated and unable to control himself. She immediately said, "Master, um, calm down. Calm down a little..."

The old pharmacist's lips trembled. "Move away. I can't calm down!"

He wanted to witness the birth of Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill!

However, Sheril did not give in. What if Master made a move? She could not let Master hit Nora! She coughed. "Master, although Nora has failed, it's not very uncommon. She might succeed next time!"

The old master: "There won't be a next time!"

Sheril knew that her master was furious. "Yes, yes, there won't be a next time. Our factory doesn't have 500-year-old ginseng anymore. Don't be angry..."

The old master was anxious. "That's not what I meant. Hurry up and move aside. Let me take a look. She succeeded in making a few!"

Sheril: "Master, you can't hit Nora. Let's just say the ginseng was wasted as my... what?"

Stunned, she turned around suddenly. "How many... How many did she succeed in making?"

The old master then pushed her away and rushed in front of Nora. They looked inside the alchemy furnace together...

Previously, Dr. Zabe had succeeded in making one. This time, the fragrance of Nora's medicine was so strong. There should be more successes, right?

At this thought, he looked into the furnace and froze. His eyes widened as he muttered in disbelief, "How could this be? How could this be..."

Sheril also rushed over. "Master, what's wrong? How many did she succeed in making? One? Two?"

The old master's lips trembled. "No, no..."

"Then..."

The old master's eyes were already in a daze.

The pills in the alchemy furnace were so dense that his eyes were blurry. He could not count them at all.

As he continued counting, he heard Nora's clear voice. "256."

"..."

The entire alchemy lab was silent.

After a while, Sheril said with a trembling voice, "They were all successfully refined?"

The old pharmacist also looked at Nora in a daze.

Nora looked at the two of them and raised her eyebrows. She smiled in amusement.

She continued to take the refined medicine out of the furnace at a moderate pace and placed it in a paper box she was carrying with her.

At this moment, she heard the old pharmacist roar, "You, stop!"

Nora: "?"

She paused for a moment. The old pharmacist's fingers trembled as he pointed at the ordinary paper box in her hand. "You... you're using this box to store the medicine?"

Nora raised her eyebrows. "What else would I use?"

The old master was furious when he saw her nonchalant look. "Just you wait!"

He ran out and quickly returned with two precious boxes. However, when he looked into the furnace, there were only half the pills left.

Nora hugged two paper boxes and said, "Leave this half to Harmonia Pharmacy. I'll take the rest."

With that, she waved at Sheril and the old master before leaving.

The old master: "..."

Can't she just find a nicer box?!

At the same time, Yvonne had personally arrived at the Zabe's.

Silvester Zabe was already old in age and could not get out of bed. He sat in the wheelchair and received her. "Miss Smith, may I help you?"

Yvonne smiled. "I came here to buy a medicine from you."

Silvester's wrinkles covered his original appearance, making him look unapproachable. His voice was terrifyingly old. "What medicine?"

"Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill."

Yvonne smiled. "I heard that you refined one, three years ago."

Silvester lowered his eyes. "Oh, I already used it at that moment."

Yvonne was stunned.

Silvester's son hurriedly explained beside him, "My father had a sudden stroke two years ago. When he was in a coma, we gave it to him."

Hearing his words, Yvonne sized up Silvester.

He was already very old and must be in his eighties, almost ninety. She'd seen people who'd had a sudden stroke at this age. Most of them had their heads tilted, their mouths drawn back in grins, and drool dripping from their mouths. They wouldn't live long.

However, Silvester was clear-headed. Besides being unable to move, he did not look like he had suffered a stroke at all.

Then Zabe Corporation's Calming Pills were indeed powerful!

She was even more determined to give Mrs. Hunt this medicine.

The Andersons must be thinking to give her precious medicine, but to Mrs. Hunt, no matter how good the medicine was, it could not compare to the Calming Pill.

Just think about it. If Nora gave her a box of Carefree Pill at the banquet, although everyone would be envious, if she could take out a Calming Pill, she would definitely be able to suppress Nora!

She smiled. "I'll pay a million dollars."

Silvester shook his head. "I don't have any pill."

His son smiled as well. "It's not about money. It's about the stock."

Yvonne was still smiling. "Two million dollars."

"..."

"Two million dollars."

"..."

Silvester's son gulped.

What kind of medicine could be sold for two million dollars? That was enough to buy one's life!

He looked at Silvester and said, "Dad!"

Silvester closed his eyes. "It's useless to ask me. My legs are no longer working well. Even if I have money, I can't make them anymore."

Silvester's son sighed, his family was in need of money lately. He begged, "Father!"

When Silvester saw his son like this, he felt that he had really owed him in his previous life. He could only say, "Ask my disciple."

The son's eyes immediately lit up and he said to Yvonne, "Wait a moment."

He took out Silvester's phone, found his disciple's number, and dialed it.

The call was picked up quickly, and a clear female voice greeted him respectfully. "Teacher, is something the matter?"

Silvester's son knew that his father had a direct descendant, who was a woman, but he had never seen her before. However, the two of them had already spoken on the phone many times.

He coughed. "Sister, it's me."

"Oh... Is something wrong?"

Silvester's son said, "I have someone here who wants to buy Zabe's Calming Pills at a high price. Do you have time to help me refine one?"

The other party's voice was lazy. "Master wants to sell it?"

Silvester's son nodded. "Yes, the other party has offered two million dollars."

Nora was speechless.

Among the herbs needed to refine the Calming Pill, only the 500-year-old ginseng was more valuable. The rest added up to a few ten thousand dollars at most. That ginseng alone could be bought at an auction for one million.

Who was this retard, spending two million dollars to buy medicine?

She had completely forgotten that Silvester had only refined one pill in the past. If this matter were to spread, wouldn't the one pill be worth millions?

She yawned. "I just finished a batch. I'll give you one."

Silvester's son immediately said, "I'll split the money with you."

"No need." Nora originally wanted to say nothing, but she suddenly remembered that she had used the 500-year-old ginseng from Harmonia Pharmacy. She simply said, "Give me a 500-year-old ginseng!"

It indeed took such old ginseng to refine the Calming Pill.

His father had only managed to refine one pill.

If he gave her only one, what if she failed?

Therefore, he immediately said, "Alright, I'll give you two!"

"Okay."

Nora said, "I'll get someone to send it to you later."

"No problem."

At this moment, Nora was on the way back to the Andersons. After receiving the call, she called Sheril and told her Dr. Zabe's address, and also the reward for the pills.

When Sheril's master heard this, he volunteered to deliver the medicine without hesitation.

Before leaving, he was still mumbling, "I wonder how much a pill can be sold for. Our 500-year-old ginseng was really precious..."

Sheril smiled. "You'll know when you get there."

An hour later.

A pill wrapped in foil and placed in an exquisite iron box was sent to Silvester's house.

The old master was aged and strictly devoted to the Andersons' pharmaceutical factory, so not many people knew him.

Yvonne took a glance and mistook him for Dr. Zabe's direct disciple.

Silvester's son took the pills and handed the old master a box. "This is the agreed-upon fee."

The old master took it and turned to leave.

After leaving Silvester's house, the old master opened the box. "Such good medicine. I wonder what the cost is..."

Just as he was thinking, he saw two 500-year-old ginseng lying quietly in the box. One of them looked even better than the one Nora had used!

The old master was speechless.

His hands trembled as he carefully hugged the box. At the same time, he muttered in his heart, "Oh my God, I really made a killing this time! I picked up a treasure!"

In the hospital.

After buying the medicine, Yvonne returned to the Smiths.

During dinner, Ian was still hospitalized and did not go home. However, the monthly family dinner continued as usual. 15 to 16 people gathered at a round table.

Quentin was a secret figure in the Smiths. Very few people in the family knew him, so he had never participated in such family gatherings.

Joel hugged Mia and fed her patiently.

When Yvonne saw this, she smiled. "Joel, Mia is too thin. She should eat more."

Mia's arms and legs were thin. She immediately said, "I know how to eat a lot!"

With that, she continued eating.

Joel caressed her head.

Brandon was very dishonest when he ate. He sat beside Mia and kicked her from under the table a few times, and then accidentally turned over a cup.

Brandon's father, Warren, could not help but scold him. The family at the table was harmonious.

Suddenly, Warren said, "Why is Mrs. Hunt suddenly hosting such a grand banquet?"

The moment he said this, everyone at the table looked at Joel.

Joel said calmly, "I haven't heard."

Everyone was relieved.

Warren smiled. "Then let's go. By the way, Yvonne, have you prepared a gift?"

Yvonne smiled. "Yes, I have."

Warren nodded. "Yes. I think this banquet might have been arranged to let you and Justin meet again. Wasn't it just to matchmake the two of you many years ago?"

Yvonne lowered her head with her face red. "Warren, we're eating. Stop talking."

Warren laughed. "Haha, are you still shy? Yvonne, what's wrong with that? Although you're not a biological daughter, we grew up together and everyone treats you as their real sister! You don't have to be afraid. Although the Hunts faintly surpass the Smiths by a little, this is also the reason why Joel didn't compete. Our families are already on equal footing! Besides, Justin has a son. As the only daughter of the Smiths, you're not unworthy of him at all! Don't feel inferior!"

Yvonne was speechless.

He was really rubbing salt into her wound.

Was it appropriate to say such things in public?!

However, she did not dare to lose her temper. She smiled and nodded. "Yes."

Warren asked again, "Have you prepared a gift?"

Yvonne smiled. "Yes."

Warren asked curiously, "What is it? This gift must be presentable! If our families are to be united through marriage, we must be on par."

Yvonne nodded. "I've prepared a Calming Pill."

Warren frowned instantly. "Can a simple pill be presented as a gift? Isn't it common on the streets?"

The others looked at Yvonne.

Being looked at by so many people, Yvonne took a sip of the soup and smiled. "It's the Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill."

Warren was stunned by her words. "Oh my god, you actually bought the Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill? This gift is really enough!"

The others also praised, "Yvonne is indeed worthy of being raised by Uncle Ian. Her taste is really different! This gift is superb! No amount of treasures can compare to this kind intentions!"

Yvonne smiled and did not speak. She looked carefully at Joel, only to see him frowning and looking at her.

For some reason, her heart skipped a beat. She carefully asked, "Joel, is my gift not appropriate?"

Joel retracted his gaze and said calmly, "It's okay."

Yvonne sighed in relief, but she heard him say, "But it seems like Justin already has a girlfriend."

Warren was stunned to hear this. "He has a girlfriend? How can he have a girlfriend? Didn't we agree on a political marriage?"

Joel smiled.. "It can be considered a political marriage."

Justin's girlfriend was Nora, and Nora was a Smith. What was that, if not a political marriage?

However, Joel's voice had been very low, so the others didn't hear him clearly. Warren asked, "What did you say, Joel?"

Joel coughed. "It's nothing."

Warren nodded. "Yes, our families have already agreed on the political marriage, so Justin has to take someone from the Smiths as his wife. How can he go back on his word like that? And make Yvonne wait for him for so many years in vain?"

Joel glanced at Warren when he said that, but didn't say anything.

As for Yvonne, she lowered her head and said, "Don't say any more, Warren. Let's have dinner first."

After dinner, everyone left indignantly. Yvonne was about to go upstairs when Joel stopped her. He said, "Yvonne."

Yvonne walked up to Joel obediently and called out respectfully, "Joel."

Joel said dispassionately, "Regarding the Hunts, I've already told you Justin's stance a few years ago. You said at the time that Justin didn't have a girlfriend and you weren't in any hurry to find a boyfriend, and so, it dragged on just like that. But now that he has a girlfriend, what are your thoughts on the matter?"

The Hunts and the Smiths were originally planning a political marriage between Justin and Yvonne.

In fact, they had brought it up before when the two were eighteen years old. Pete didn't exist at that time yet, but Justin had nonetheless rejected the idea.

However, because he was concerned that it would embarrass Yvonne, he had discussed it privately with Joel instead.

Joel had subsequently relayed the message to Yvonne, so that she wouldn't waste time on it anymore.

As Yvonne hadn't looked for a boyfriend all these years, and since Justin didn't have a girlfriend, Joel didn't announce the decision at home, thinking that there might still be possibilities between the two of them.

Therefore, Justin hadn't done anything to let Yvonne down at all. It was just that the rest of the family didn't know about it.

Yvonne's eyes flickered when she heard him. She lowered her head and said, "I will do as you say, Joel."

She knew that Joel had always been someone extremely protective of his own.

When she said back then that she wasn't going to look for a boyfriend for the time being, he had immediately understood what she meant. It was just that they couldn't force Justin into anything, so the situation had dragged on till now.

But someone had intercepted her in the end instead.

Although Joel looked as if he was always smiling, and was amicable and easy to get along with on the surface, Yvonne knew just how domineering a person he was deep down.

As long as his younger sister—even if just a titular one—was still part of the Smiths, no outsider was allowed to bully her!

Therefore, Yvonne was confident that Joel would think of a solution for her—or at least, he would break Justin and Nora up.

In the midst of her beautiful daydream, Joel instead said unhurriedly, “In that case, don’t pursue it anymore. As they say, you can lead a horse to water but you can’t make him drink. You might as well use this opportunity to take a look at other people.”

Yvonne: “?”

She lifted her head abruptly and looked at Joel in disbelief.

For a while, she couldn’t quite control the expression on her face.

How did this...

Her fists balled up. It was only a moment later that she finally said, “I... I’ll do as you say, Joel.”

Joel nodded.

He stared at Yvonne for a while, which made her ask hesitantly, “Is there anything else, Joel?”

Joel retracted his gaze, a touch of disappointment flashing across his eyes. “No, there isn’t.”

Only then did Yvonne turn and leave.

After turning the corner and entering her room, at last, Yvonne couldn’t maintain the expression on her face anymore, and a savage air came over her entire self.

Joel wasn't going to help her... Wasn't it just because she wasn't related to the Smiths by blood?

They painted such a nice and pretty picture for the outsiders, but at the end of it all, they didn't treat her as family!

A furious Yvonne hurled the things in her hands onto the floor.

Someone knocked on her door at this moment.

Yvonne hurriedly sorted her emotions and opened the door to find Warren standing outside. He looked at her and asked, "Did Joel say that he'll think of something for you, Yvonne? We can't do anything to Justin, but it's not like we can't do anything to his girlfriend, either, right?"

Yvonne bit her lip. She smiled and chose not to deny his statement. Instead, she replied, "Don't bother yourself with this anymore, Warren. Joel knows what he's doing."

Warren, however, shook his head. "That won't do. I can't just laze about and do nothing at home every day, either. Leave it to me! Hmph, just wait and see at the party! I will make Justin's little girlfriend regret it!"

Yvonne gave him a grateful look. She said, "You treat me too well, Warren!"

"Tsk, this is nothing. I already told you a long time ago, even though we aren't blood-related, I really see you as my younger sister. Also, since you're a Smith, there's no way I'll allow anyone to bully you!"

"..."

Warren returned to his room after talking to Yvonne. Brandon's mother, aka Warren's wife, asked, "How did it go?"

Warren sighed. "Her eyes were all red. I knew it, there's no way a girl won't be affected."

His wife sighed. "Yeah. Help your little sister out, then."

From the previous generation onward, there were only sons in the Smiths. She knew that her husband had always wanted a younger sister, but unfortunately, his five uncles simply hadn't had any daughters at all!

Later, Ian adopted Yvonne.

Although Yvonne didn't interact much with the rest of the family, she was simply too popular in this sister-deprived family!

Warren sighed. "Why are Dad and my uncles such big failures? It's all their fault that I don't have a younger sister! The same also goes for your belly. Let's work hard and have a daughter, dear. You don't know how envious I am whenever I see Joel carrying Mia!"

His wife: "..."

In the hospital.

Joel informed Quentin about the affairs at home when he came to visit Ian.

Quentin fell silent for a while after hearing about it. At last, he heaved a huge sigh and said, "At the end of it all, it's still because she isn't Uncle Ian's daughter. To think she's actually giving the medicine to someone else as a gift instead of giving it to Uncle Ian... Rather than Mrs. Hunt, who's in the pink of health, it's Uncle Ian who's in greater need of that medicine!"

This was also the reason why Joel had been displeased with Yvonne.

Although she wasn't related to them by blood, her adoptive father was currently hospitalized. Yet, she had spent so much money to buy medicine just to show off. What was the point of doing something like that?

He cast his eyes down dispassionately. "Forget it. Let's just marry her off and send her away."

Quentin nodded. Then, he said, "The Smiths and the Hunts are about to work together on a collaboration project, but it'd be best if the two families can solidify their relationship through a political marriage first. Should we acknowledge our little sister at the party and bring her back?"

"What little sister are you talking about!" Joel reprimanded, "So long as Uncle Ian doesn't say the word, that little sister doesn't exist for us!"

Quentin curled his lips disdainfully. 'Mr. Teen With Grandiose Delusions' sneered, "I refuse to believe you don't want a little sister!"

Joel: "..."

The two men's voices were a little loud. When they turned, they saw that Ian had already woken up at some point. Just as the two of them were a little taken aback, Ian sat up and said, "Is it a birthday party? I'll attend it, too."

Joel and Quentin exchanged a look. Both of them had understood.

Uncle Ian had ultimately thought it through in the end—he was intending to take the opportunity to acknowledge her and bring her back to the Smiths!

Time flew. In the blink of an eye, it was time for Mrs. Hunt's birthday party.

The Hunt manor's gates were wide open. All sorts of things were being delivered to the manor even before dawn. All the servants were terribly busy, and the entire manor was up to their ears in work.

It had been a very long time since the Hunts last held such a big party, so everyone was busy at work.

Even Chester, the game addict, had been dragged back home as an extra pair of hands. He stood there and directed everyone in the kitchen in their work. He happened to see Justin walking out with Cherry when he turned. He went after them at once and asked, "Where are you going, Justin?"

Justin glanced at him, the beauty mark at the corner of his eye gleaming with a chilly shine. "Do I have to report my itinerary to you?"

Chester shrank back. "Of course not."

He looked at Cherry curiously. "Where are you guys going, Pete?"

"To Mommy's!" Cherry replied.

Chester looked at the two boxes in Justin's hands. "What are you guys delivering?"

"A dress, of course!"

Chester: "?"

Had the Andersons become so poor that they couldn't even afford a dress for Nora?

Elsewhere, Yvonne looked at herself in the mirror.

Her blue gown set off her porcelain-like skin, making her look very beautiful.

When she came down the stairs, Warren complimented her. “You look great today, Yvonne!”

Yvonne smiled at him but said nothing.

Warren went over to her and said, “How is it? I’ve already asked around for you—Justin is wearing blue today, so you two can wear matching outfits now!”

At the mention of blue outfits, Yvonne hesitated for a while and then said, “I heard that Gucci has an haute couture handmade gown called the Blue Enchantress. It’s a finished product made by a famous designer. That gown...”

Warren waved and said, “Tsk, I’ve already been there to borrow the gown, but they didn’t give it to me. A gown like that is the brand’s signature item and a treasure; there’s no way they’ll lend it to anyone. The blue gown that you’re wearing is also very famous. It only loses out to that one by a little.”

Yvonne uttered an “oh”.

Wasn’t it all because Warren’s status wasn’t high enough that he hadn’t managed to borrow it? Had Joel been the one to ask, they would definitely have lent it to her. What a shame!

“Where’s Joel?” she asked.

Warren shook his head. “I don’t know, he only told us to set off from home. Seems like he’s visiting Uncle Ian before he goes over.”

It was only when he mentioned Ian, that Yvonne suddenly realized that because of the party, it had been quite a few days since she went to the hospital to visit him, so she didn’t know how her father was doing.

Brandon took after Warren, and both of them were very simple-minded and innocent. Therefore, Warren didn’t notice her displeasure. He and Yvonne stopped talking when they reached the cars, and they got into their respective cars.

As soon as he got in the car, Warren's wife remarked, "Why do I feel like Yvonne isn't very happy that you didn't manage to borrow the Blue Enchantress for her?"

Warren waved at once. "Surely not?"

His wife said with displeasure, "I don't think she would do that, either. You can't even bear to let me wear that dress she's wearing, so what does she have to be dissatisfied with when you've already given it to her? There isn't any girl in New York who has more prestige than her right now!"

Warren laughed at his wife's words. "Are you jealous?"

Was there any way she wouldn't be?

But her husband's entire family was so protective of their little sister that she couldn't say that, either.

Warren's wife smiled and said nothing. Her eyes, however, flickered a little. To be honest, she had actually asked the brand about the Blue Enchantress—they had already loaned it out to someone.

She didn't need to tell her husband that, though.

Since his younger sister didn't know her boundaries and was always trying to one-up her sisters-in-law... Well, she wasn't someone that easy to mess with, either.

At the Andersons'.

"How about this?" Sheril offered Nora an haute couture gown that she had never worn before.

The party was held too hastily. It took at least a month for a brand to make an haute couture gown, so Nora hadn't ordered one but just casually bought a formal dress.

However, when Sheril came back, she insisted that it undermined her status, so she took out her own gown and offered it to her instead.

Nora waved. "No, it's fine. I'm really don't mind..."

Just as she was thinking about it, Melissa's voice traveled over from downstairs.

"Mr. Hunt?"

Nora raised her brows.

She went down the stairs to see Justin placing two small boxes on the sofa. He said, "I'm here to deliver a gown."

The man was wearing a black suit today. He also had a beautiful blue tie on, making him look even more dashing than usual.

Melissa nodded at once. "Is the gown for Nora? Quick, Nora, go upstairs and try it."

Nora: "..."

She went down but didn't pick up the gown. Instead, she said, "Does anyone give a gown as a gift? It's not like you know my measurements."

"Why wouldn't I?" Justin smiled and said, "I know all of Ms. Smith's measurements. After all, we're lovers, aren't we?"

Nora: "!!"

His words were too suggestive!

Sure enough, Melissa, who was next to them, covered her smile with her hand. She pretended not to hear them and instead urged, "Hurry up, go upstairs and try it!"

Nora was about to refuse when Cherry jumped out and said, "Mommy, I'm gonna wear a dress today! Ours are matching outfits~ Where's Pete? Let him go back with Daddy. I wanna be with Mommy, yeah!"

Matching outfits?

The rejection became stuck in her throat when she heard what Cherry said. She nodded and said, "Okay, then."

By the time Nora took Cherry's hand and went up the stairs, Pete had also gone downstairs and left with Justin.

In the living room, Simon stared blankly at the two children leaving. He looked at Melissa and asked, “Justin is Cherry’s father? This... I still can’t believe it. This feels like a dream.”

In order to prevent the Andersons from being astonished when they saw the Hunts’ little mister at the party, Nora had told them the truth the day before.

Melissa smiled and said, “Are you still in shock? I was so stunned when I saw Cherry at the Hunts’ that day! I knew it, why would Cherry’s personality fluctuate every once in a while? I even thought at one point that she was schizophrenic!”

Simon didn’t speak.

After the few of them changed into formal attires, they went back downstairs. Melissa was startled when she saw the blue gown on Nora. She murmured, “That gown...”

“What’s wrong?” asked Simon.

Melissa shook her head. “It just... looks a little familiar to the eye.”

“Wow, the gown Ms. Smith is wearing today is so gorgeous! I didn’t think that someone could make blue look so pure and innocent!”

“You don’t get it, do you? Ms. Smith’s gown was designed by the famous designer Camp! It’s worth over \$100,000!”

“I’m so envious of Ms. Smith. As the only daughter of the Smiths, her family treats her so much better than how the Hunts treat their daughters!”

“ ... ”

Yvonne heard compliments from all around her the moment she got out of the car. An elegant smile formed on her face. She held her gown up a little and headed to the Hunts’ party hall in her high heels.

She must be the focus of the crowd on all occasions—this was what she had learned from her experience over the years.

However, when she was about to reach the entrance, a big black jeep slowly drove into the manor.

The car park in the Hunts' manor was filled with luxury cars.

There were also many international limited edition cars. The jeep was simply too inconspicuous among them.

Thus, no one paid any attention to whose car it was at first.

Yvonne was walking toward the hall. She had only taken a couple of steps when she suddenly heard someone calling out to her, "Ms. Smith!"

She looked back and saw Rachel walking over with Miranda.

Rachel said something to Miranda. Then, she left her side and came toward her. As soon as she approached, she touched her gown and remarked with a smile, "So, you were the one who borrowed this gown! You look so good in it! You'll definitely outshine everyone at the party tonight!"

Her voice was rather loud, causing everyone around them to look over.

Yvonne was a little displeased.

The Smiths were particular about low-key luxury and disliked such ostentatious behavior in public the most. She preferred private discussions, so Rachel had gone a little too far by saying that to her in person.

She said, "I just chose it casually. Your gown is also very beautiful, Ms. Wood!"

Rachel, who knew what she was like, made nothing of the comment. She said, "You don't have to be so modest! No one is blind here. Besides, this dress is also very well-known in the circle. With the exception of the Blue Enchantress, there's probably no other dress that can compare to this one!"

Yvonne lowered her gaze. She smiled and said, "Let's go in."

"Nah!"

Rachel grabbed her arm with a smile and said, "I just saw the Andersons' car. If you wait here for a while, they'll definitely come. When the two of you stand together, anyone who isn't blind will be able to see who the prettier one is! You can also let Mr. Hunt see for himself that he has picked the wrong person!"

Yvonne was a little taken aback at her words. “Is Nora Smith not good-looking?”

Rachel hesitated.

Nora’s fair and flawless countenance, large and beautiful almond-shaped eyes, as well as her small palm-sized face that seemed even more beautiful than a celebrity’s, appeared in her mind.

She coughed and replied guiltily, “She’s passable, I guess, but the way she carries herself is kinda subpar. She’s usually in jeans and t-shirts, and looks really sloppy. That also goes for the way she walks because she doesn’t lift her feet when she walks. My mom has always taught me that I mustn’t drag my feet when I walk. The way she wears her shoes is as if she’s wearing slippers. It’s really ugly!”

The more Rachel said, the more convinced she was by herself. She said, “Have you ever seen people from the countryside that come to the cities to study? She carries herself exactly like those hillbillies! She doesn’t have an elegant disposition or strong aura around her at all. So what even if she’s a little good-looking? Is there anyone in families like ours who only cares about how pretty one’s face is?”

A few people nearby came toward them while she was talking. Upon hearing what she said, they asked in surprise, “Who are you talking about?”

Rachel smiled and replied, “It’s Nora Smith! You know, the one from the Andersons... By the way, the live-stream about her caused quite the uproar the other time. Did you guys see it? To think they talked about their household affairs in public... Seems like they don’t care about embarrassing themselves at all!”

“Oh, are you talking about the same Nora Smith whose father turned out fake after kicking up all that fuss?”

“Yeah. Speaking of this, my family doesn’t really understand, either. For people like them, you can just get rid of them by giving them some money, and the matter will be resolved. Why make such a fuss in public together with them? Even though they clarified everything in public in the end, wasn’t it embarrassing for the Andersons all the same? Even though her adoptive father is indeed a problematic man and is too greedy, it’s true that her mother had also gotten herself pregnant before marriage...”

“Did you know? I heard that her mother was a famous socialite in New York back then... The wives of the wealthy hated her the most. She was especially beautiful and also very skilled at seducing men, so she was involved with almost every young man among the wealthy families at that time. She was the public enemy of all the wealthy ladies in New York back then!”

“ ... ”

Rachel felt very smug at the sight of how everyone’s comments were becoming more and more ridiculous. She said, “Yes, that’s the one!”

“Is she also attending the party? Is she using the invitation to the Andersons to attend? The Andersons are already down-and-out! Yet she’s still coming... She sure thinks really highly of herself!”

“Hey, let’s ignore her later, okay?”

“I don’t want to talk to someone like that!”

“ ... ”

The few young wealthy ladies who got along well simply spared no effort to badmouth and gossip about other people once they came together.

Yvonne’s lips slowly curled into a smile as she listened to them.

The group of girls chatted noisily as they stood at the door. After talking about Nora, they shifted the topic back to Yvonne’s gown and paid her a great deal of compliments.

“So what even if her mother had been a very glorious existence back then? In the end, she still married someone in a small town instead. How could she possibly compare to the Hunts or the Smiths...? Just look at how gorgeous and expensive Ms. Smith’s gown is when she’s just attending a party... No matter how impressive her mother was, can she find her a better gown?”

“Exactly. No matter how amazing her mother was, it’s not like she passed it down to her, right? Otherwise, why didn’t she find a boyfriend like Mr. Hunt?”

“Ms. Smith and Mr. Hunt are a match made in heaven! When are the two of you getting engaged, Ms. Smith?”

Everyone in the wealthy circle had already heard the rumors that the Smiths and the Hunts were planning a political marriage. They'd originally thought that the two of them would get engaged when they were eighteen, but unexpectedly, nothing had been set in stone yet even after so long.

Although Justin had an illegitimate child, he didn't get married during all these years, nor was there any news of the child's biological mother. Yvonne didn't get married, either, so everyone thought that both parties were still waiting for a suitable opportunity.

Yvonne, however, lowered her gaze at the question and said nothing.

Irritability welled up in her.

They were simply too gossipy, and were practically rubbing her nose in it!

Rachel, who noticed Yvonne's annoyance, interrupted them with a smile. She said, "The Hunts and the Smiths' affairs aren't something that you guys should be asking about. After all, that's a union between two big families... Let's not ask any more! I just saw the Andersons' car arrive. My cousin and Nora Smith will be coming over in a while. I'll point her out to you guys later!"

"Yeah, okay!"

"I also wanna see just how beautiful this daughter of the 'public enemy of all the wealthy wives of New York' can be!"

"Even now, my mother still gnashes her teeth in fury whenever she talks about Yvette Anderson. She says that my father had a crush on Yvette Anderson back then, and that Yvette Anderson was his unattainable dream..."

While they were chatting noisily, Rachel looked into the distance and said, "They're coming!"

Everyone followed her gaze and looked over.

The woman walking in the forefront was wearing a pink dress. Her shoulder-length bob made her look very youthful and peppy. She was walking over arm in arm with a middle-aged woman wearing a gown full of classical charm.

Sheril was obsessed with the laboratory, so she rarely attended parties.

Young women who didn't usually dance wouldn't attend the dance party the other time, so someone had mistaken her for Nora. She looked at Sheril and said, "Is she the one in the pink dress? Although she looks pretty cute, she doesn't look that astounding. Besides, her dress is so meh~"

But as soon as she said that, Sheril suddenly turned around, revealing the woman behind her...

The woman was sashaying over in a pair of crystal high heels.

The blue gown on her set off her thin and slender waist, which looked as if one could hold her with just one hand.

Her straight hair, casually draped behind her, fluttered in the air along with her movements.

Beside her, a little girl wearing a small mask was also dressed in a similar blue princess dress. She bounced around while holding her hand.

They were an exquisite sight in the Hunts' manor!

The people waiting at the door were stunned, and all of them looked at them in disbelief.

The few women who were clamoring just a moment ago said in surprise:

"That dress... It's the Blue Enchantress!"

"Oh my god, who is she? Doesn't she walk too beautifully? Her movements are obviously so big when she twists and turns her hips as she walks, but how does she still make it look so charming? She's too gorgeous!"

"Which family is she from? Why is the kid she's holding wearing a silver mask? She's so cute! Is she her younger sister?"

"..."

Rachel was totally stunned while everyone was singing praises of Nora.

She stared at Nora incredulously, feeling like her eyes must be playing tricks on her. Was she actually that hillbilly and bumpkin of a woman who was always wearing jeans and white T-shirts, and walked as though she was still half-asleep?

Wasn't her gait a little too graceful?!

Even she found it difficult to go against her conscience and say she didn't look good!

All around them, every man's eyes were on her. It was obvious that Nora had become the center of attention!

When did such a big beauty appear in New York?!

That was the thought on everyone's minds.

Even Yvonne was a little stunned. However, because she knew Sheril, she didn't mistake her for anyone else. Instead, she stared at Nora in shock.

She had only heard her name prior to this, but she was the purported hillbilly that Rachel mentioned?

There was practically no need for any comparison! Even with the distance between the two of them, it was obvious who had won—or at least, that was the case in terms of what they were wearing!

She bit her lip in anger and glared at Rachel. For once, she couldn't hold herself back and she said, "So, that's the Nora Smith you were talking about?"

That one line from her was enough to enlighten everyone there.

All of them looked at Nora in unison. The same thought simultaneously formed in everyone's minds in this instant—if she looked anything like her mother, then it was no wonder that her mother was the public enemy of all the wealthy wives of New York back then!

Given her looks, which man would be able to resist her?

Especially with the way her hips twisted when she walked... Although she was doing it on purpose, it simply looked too beautiful!

However, Nora, who was 'twisting her hips on purpose', was actually complaining while she was walking at the moment. "What kind of shoes are these? Aren't they a little too slippery?"

Cherry supported her Mommy carefully to prevent her from tripping and falling down in public. Now, that would be a terrible sight. She piped up in her adorable voice, "Beauty comes at a price, Mommy!"

The crystal heels were a perfect match with the blue gown, but because crystal heels were a little more slippery than ordinary heels, Nora couldn't really walk very well in them. As a result, she could only twist and turn her hips from side to side as she walked!

Nora tried to put up with it, but in the end, she still bent over, intending to take off the heels and hold them instead. What kinda lousy shoes were these?! She wasn't gonna wear them anymore!

But as soon as she bent over, Sheril grabbed her hand. "There are so many eyes on you right now, Nora! You'd better not do anything unsightly! Otherwise, it'll be really embarrassing!"

Nora: "..."

She silently endured the heels for a while longer. In the end, she gritted her teeth and said to Cherry, "Get your father to prepare a normal pair of heels for me! Otherwise, I'm going to go around barefooted later!"

Cherry took out her cell phone at once. "Okay, Mommy! I'll contact Daddy right away!"

Just like that, they swaggered through the crowd and came to the entrance of the hall. They were about to enter the party hall after registering when they suddenly heard a shrill voice.

"Nora Smith!"

Nora and Sheril looked over to see Rachel staring at the former. She looked her gown up and down and demanded, "W-who borrowed that gown for you?"

Nora glanced at her coldly, disinterested in even speaking to her.

She scoffed and said nothing.

Sheril asked, "Oh, you've also come, Rachel? Shall we go in together?"

She didn't want anyone to know that Justin had borrowed it for them. Should the Hunts hear of it, they would surely look down on Nora!

As Nora's family, they must have pride!

Rachel completely ignored Sheril and stared only at Nora. "Say it, how did you manage to borrow that gown? With the Andersons' reputation, there's no way you can borrow it!"

In a brainless move, she then pointed to Yvonne and added, "Even Ms. Smith only managed to borrow that gown she's wearing, so why should you be able to borrow the Blue Enchantress?"

Nora raised her brows. "I went to the store to borrow it, I suppose?"

Rachel: "..."

Of course she knew that she had borrowed it from the store, but was that what she was asking about?

Before she could say anything else, Melissa had already registered at the gift reception table at the door. She said, "Alright, let's go in. Rachel, are you going in with us, or are you going to continue playing here? Or, shall I ask your father here to come over and bring you in?"

Regardless of what was going on at home, they were in public at the moment. Rachel kicking up a fuss like that was an utter embarrassment!

Rachel swallowed. "You guys can go in first, Aunt Melissa. I'm having fun here with Ms. Smith!"

Melissa nodded.

Nora, however, glanced at the 'Ms. Smith' Rachel had mentioned...

She was wearing a blue gown similar in color to the one she was wearing. Strictly speaking, their outfits had clashed with each other's. However, the Blue Enchantress' design was clearly a little more high-end.

She looked rather bright and charming, and she carried herself gracefully. She stood there quietly with a gentle smile.

Nora asked curiously, "Is she Ian Smith's daughter?"

She had once heard that although Ian stayed single his entire life, he had adopted a daughter.

So, she was Ian's adopted daughter?

As soon as the thought formed, Sheril leaned toward her and explained softly, "Yes, her name is Yvonne Smith."

Yv... onne... Smith...

Nora suddenly felt rather awkward when she heard the name.

To be honest, despite everything that had happened, for her mother to have a man who loved her that much, it seemed like that was enough for her whole life.

Sheril couldn't help but say, "Mr. Smith is a devoted man."

The two of them had already entered the hall while they were talking.

However, Yvonne had overheard their conversation.

She bit her lip hard. Then, she took a step forward, went to the gift registration room, and looked around. Sure enough, she saw that the Andersons had given pills as a gift.

As for what kind of pill it was, it was not specified.

But it definitely wasn't as good as the Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill she was giving.

Now that she had lost in terms of dressing, she mustn't lose in terms of gifts!

With that in mind, she looked at the person at the registration counter and asked, "What kind of medicine did the Andersons give?"

All the birthday gifts had to be registered, lest the host couldn't tell who gave what in the end.

All those who wanted to take the grand birthday party's opportunity to curry favor with the Hunts had already sent a lot of valuable gifts a long time ago.

The person in charge of registering the gifts had already long since become numb to the great number of valuable gifts. Thus, he replied, "A box of pills."

Box?

Yvonne let out a low laugh.

The more precious a medicine, the more they were counted by the actual number of pills—after all, even a single pill was hard to come by.

Yet they had given a whole box of pills...

Their gift was probably Carefree Pills, right?

The Carefree Pill's current market value was \$3,000 per pill. Even if they gave an entire box of it, how much could they possibly add up to...?

Yvonne let out a sigh of relief and said, "My gift is a pill."

The person in charge of registering gifts looked up at her. "Okay, I've noted it. What kind of precious pill is it, though, Ms. Smith?"

The question was purely out of his own curiosity.

Yvonne smiled and answered, "It's the Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill."

Thud.

The person in charge of gift registration dropped his pen on the table. His voice also suddenly rose in volume as he repeated, "The Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill?"

Rachel, who was standing behind Yvonne, also heard them. At once, she became even more surprised, and her voice became even louder. "The Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill?"

Her words made everyone look over.

Upon sensing their envious gazes, Yvonne raised her chin a little, and she felt like she had finally regained her confidence. She said simply, "Yeah."

Then, she headed to the party hall.

The people at the door were already sighing in admiration. "The Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill... She sure is generous!"

"Yeah, that pill is really hard to find now! The Smiths are probably the only ones that can get Dr. Zabe to make one more these days!"

“The Smiths are worthy of their name as a top-notch giant, indeed! As expected, they only do great things! The box of pills that the Andersons gave are probably Carefree Pills. In comparison, that’s nothing to be envious of anymore...”

The Andersons’ Carefree Pills had already made a name for themselves. To be honest, a box of it was actually a presentable gift.

But compared with the Zabe Corporation’s Calming Pill, it was ultimately still inferior.

Yvonne was delighted by their comments.

But a short while after she cheered up, her friends behind her started talking to one another softly again.

“Why didn’t the Smiths manage to borrow the Blue Enchantress when they’re so powerful, though? After all, Yvonne loved showing off the most during all the parties in the past!”

“Yeah, the brand won’t loan us the Blue Enchantress if we try to borrow it, but they definitely won’t dare to offend people like the Hunts and the Smiths if they ask for it! How did the Andersons manage to borrow it instead...?”

“By right, that shouldn’t be the case. The Smiths are a top-notch family. Isn’t it a cinch for them to borrow a gown if they want to?”

“... Don’t say any more. She’s ultimately just an adopted daughter. If she were a real Smith, how would she possibly fail to borrow it...”

Their words made Yvonne clench her fists tightly.

Not a real Smith... Indeed, it was because she wasn’t a real Smith that they had rejected her when she went to borrow the gown.

But had Joel personally made the request himself, they definitely wouldn’t have dared to refuse!

At the end of it all, it was still because she wasn’t related to the Smiths by blood.

Yvonne lowered her head. Her friends were still talking to one another softly.

“Ah, I remember now. Nora Smith was at the dance party this year, but she had only tied up her hair and worn a pantsuit that time. She’s simply beautiful in her outfit today!”

“Why do I feel like she looks even better than Ms. Smith...”

“No, wait, shouldn’t Ms. Smith and Mr. Hunt be the highlight of the Hunts’ party this evening instead? What is she wearing the Blue Enchantress to steal the limelight for? Could it be that...”

“Cough!”

Someone who saw Yvonne coughed as a reminder.

The few of them immediately shut up. All of them were rather embarrassed when they turned and spotted Yvonne. They said, “We were just talking nonsense just now, Ms. Smith. Don’t mind us...”

Yvonne took a deep breath.

Of course she knew that they were just fair-weather friends.

The moment they complained about others in front of her, she had already known that she would definitely also be the focus of their complaints.

There wasn’t anyone who didn’t talk about others behind their backs, nor was there anyone who wasn’t talked about behind their backs.

She had long since become accustomed to it after so many years.

She smiled and said, “What were you all talking about just now? I didn’t hear anything.”

The few of them breathed sighs of relief at once. Then, they started to flatter her again. “We were talking about how inappropriate Nora Smith’s behavior is. You’re definitely the star of the occasion tonight, so what is she trying to steal the limelight for? Those who didn’t know better would have thought she had some kind of special relationship with the Hunts!”

“It’s only because Ms. Hunt is studying abroad, so she isn’t in the States right now. Otherwise, how would she, of all people, possibly get to wear the Blue Enchantress...”

“Exactly. Isn’t it exactly because she’s looking for a good man to marry that she’s dressed up so nicely and attracting so much attention? But I heard that she got herself pregnant before marriage, so she has a daughter! The little girl she was holding just now is her daughter!”

“What? Who would still want her when she already has a child?”

“That’s why, girls. She must be having a hard time finding a life partner after having a child, so she can only dress up a little more beautifully to cover up that shortcoming of hers. Just take a look at all the boys over there; aren’t they all blind and bewitched now?”

“... Hmph, it’s useless even if she’s bewitched them all! Their families would never agree to it! It’s basically next to impossible for her to marry into a good family.”

“...”

Nora, the topic of everyone’s discussion, was currently surrounded by a group of men.

Although she had been the highlight at the dance party the other time, she had ultimately dressed rather coolly in a pantsuit, so she didn’t look as stunning as she did today.

Everyone had gathered around her. Some were introducing themselves, while some were trying to sound her out.

Nora, who didn’t know them at all, found them very annoying.

She broke into a frown. By then, Sheril was already saying, “Sorry, everyone. Nora and I are going to the side to rest for a while. You—”

“Are you going to the sofa over there? Sure, we can accompany you two there. Is Ms. Smith feeling unwell? Shall I help you over?”

“Let me do it instead, Mr. Simmons. After all, your arms have held too many girls before!”

“What do you mean by that? Do you think you’re that innocent yourself?”

“Of course I’m not. It’s just that the number of girlfriends I’ve had is fewer than you...”

“Neither of you are innocent enough. Don’t let them fool you, Ms. Smith. How about letting me help you over instead?”

“ ... ”

The men started to argue with one another, causing everyone around them to look over and frown.

All of them were relatively flirtatious young men from wealthy families. They usually fooled around a lot, and seldom did anything decent. The moment they spy on a beautiful woman, they can’t move away anymore.

With them surrounding her, Nora’s reputation wouldn’t fare any better!

Sure enough, Yvonne’s friends started to insult her again.

“Look at that vixen. Isn’t her blatant seduction act a little too low-class? She definitely won’t be able to find a good boyfriend!”

The corners of Yvonne’s lips curled into a smile as she waited for Nora to make a fool out of herself.

But right at this point, Justin, who should be making an appearance later instead, suddenly appeared in the party hall!

Justin was a key figure. Although his appearance had come out of the blue, he nevertheless attracted everyone’s attention.

Everyone looked at him.

Yvonne’s eyes lit up the moment her gaze landed on him.

Justin was undoubtedly the most attractive man in New York. He was also the goal that she had set for herself ever since she was a child. The reason why she had never had a boyfriend all these years was that she had made strict demands of herself using what Justin’s woman would do as a benchmark.

Even when news of him suddenly having a child reached the Smiths five years ago, she had only hidden herself in her room and secretly cried, but still forgave him in the end.

After all, men were all Casanovas that couldn’t control their lower bodies.

She had also thought of treating the child well after she married Justin. An illegitimate child definitely wouldn't be able to inherit the Hunts, but she could still have hers and Justin's future son treat him a little better. Giving him a little more money and assets would also highlight how magnanimous she was.

But Justin's delay in going to the Smiths to propose marriage had made her a little anxious in recent years. After all, she was already 25 years old. The engagement, marriage, and other procedures would take at least two years. By then, she would be old!

Although Justin had already said that he wouldn't marry her when he was eighteen, he had still stayed single for so many years. In addition, the illegitimate child's mother had never once made an appearance, either. It was said that Justin disliked her so much that he never even once mentioned her.

Therefore, she believed that Justin must be waiting for his child to grow up first.

Was he worried that she would abuse his child?

Yvonne wasn't that kind of person, but she couldn't say that to Justin, so she could only continue to wait for him helplessly at the Smiths.

It was only at the annual parties that she could even take a few looks at him from a distance. Even when she went forward to say hi to him, his eyes never seemed to ever stay on her.

She was already the most outstanding woman in New York, though. If even she couldn't catch Justin's fancy, then it was impossible that anyone else could!

She stood where she was calmly. Her friends beside her were already exclaiming.

"It's Mr. Hunt, Ms. Smith! Oh my goodness, is his sudden appearance in the party hall because of you?"

"Isn't that obvious? Of course, it's because of Ms. Smith! Do you think he'll show up because of you? Look, Mr. Hunt is coming over!"

"... Mr. Hunt is so handsome. Quick, go to him, Ms. Smith!"

Yvonne didn't speak, but her eyes were shining brighter and brighter.

She took a step forward and gazed at Justin with rosy cheeks. Then, the crowd watched as Justin walked past Yvonne and headed straight toward where Nora was a short distance away.

Yvonne's expression froze instantly.

She clenched her fists tightly.

Her friends were even more shocked.

"Where is Mr. Hunt going?"

"But Ms. Smith is here! Could it be that he isn't..."

Someone gave the woman speaking a push. Only then did she realize that she had said the wrong thing, and she hastily shut up. The rest said, "Mr. Hunt must have something he needs to do! There are simply too many people at the party today, so maybe he has some instructions he needs to give, or maybe he saw a business partner and is going over to say hi!"

"That's right. Situations like this aren't appropriate for romance, either. After all, work takes top priority..."

Their words made Yvonne bite her lip. But when she saw Justin going nearer and nearer to where Nora was, her heart suddenly sank.

Rachel knew that Nora was Justin's girlfriend, but she wasn't optimistic about the two of them. She leaned toward Yvonne and whispered, "I'm sure Mr. Hunt is just fooling around with Nora... Don't mind them."

Fooling around...

Yvonne clenched her fists, though she kept a calm and gentle look on her face. "Well, it has nothing to do with me."

"How can you not have anything to do with it?" Rachel kept trying to incite her. She said, "Considering Nora Smith's background and the fact that she got herself pregnant before marriage, there's absolutely no way Mr. Hunt would publicly admit that they are dating. It would be too embarrassing otherwise! They definitely won't get married! In fact, you only need to turn a blind eye, and the title of Mrs. Hunt will still be yours sooner or later, Ms. Smith!"

Turn a blind eye...

Not only must she tolerate him having a child, but she also had to tolerate him keeping a lover out there?

On top of that, apart from being a little more beautiful than most, that lover of his was utterly worthless!

Yvonne's expression turned even more awful.

Warren suddenly came over at this point. At the sight of her, he said cryptically, "You're here, Yvonne..."

A surprised Yvonne followed him to the side.

Warren lowered his voice and asked, "Why do you look kinda unhappy?"

His words made Yvonne glance at where Nora was again. She suddenly lowered her head and asked, "How did Nora Smith manage to borrow the Blue Enchantress, Warren?"

Warren was chagrined at her question. He replied, "Justin must have done it. That's the only way she could have borrowed the gown... If I had known, I would have asked Joel to do it instead!"

Yvonne bit her lip, and her eyes reddened.

Warren immediately asked, "What's the matter?"

Yvonne lowered her head. "We ran into each other at the hall entrance just now... She said that I'm not a real Smith..."

Her words immediately misled Warren. He asked incredulously, "She mocked you just because of a dress? What makes her think she can mock you like that? Even an adopted daughter of the Smiths is better than her! The Andersons have already fallen into decline a long time ago. Besides, she isn't even an Anderson because her last name is Smith... It's so off-putting how we have the same last name."

Yvonne didn't speak.

Warren sneered, "It's okay. Don't worry, I've already taken revenge for you!"

Yvonne was startled. “What?”

A smiling Warren said, “Why do you think so many rich second-generation heirs dared to hit on her so blatantly at a party like this?”

Yvonne was dumbfounded. When she turned and looked over again, she saw a few more people gathering around Nora.

No matter what, it was too inappropriate for a woman to be surrounded by several men trying to woo her, especially when the things they said were so explicit—or at least, that was how everyone saw it.

She asked in surprise, “You’re the one behind it?”

Warren raised his chin triumphantly. “Well, not really. A whole group of people was attracted to her looks as soon as she came in. They were originally planning to ask about it discreetly, but I said that... she’s a socialite.”

Yvonne, “!!”

No wonder those men had the audacity to rush over so rudely!

Warren sneered, “They don’t know that she is Justin’s girlfriend. Neither can Justin acknowledge their relationship at an occasion like this, so he can only stew in silence and vent his anger on her now! Any man would be mad when their woman becomes involved with so many men in public, right?”

He raised his eyebrows. “Just wait and see. Mr. Hunt is definitely going over to deal with her. Who knows, he may even throw her out!”

Yvonne didn’t know whether to laugh or cry at his words.. Yet, when she thought about it, it didn’t seem entirely impossible, either. Her eyes lit up a little and she looked over...

“What is Mr. Hunt doing, Ms. Smith? It doesn’t look like there’s anyone he’ll talk to over there, right?”

“Yeah...”

While Yvonne was watching, someone asked curiously,

“The people there are all young rich good-for-nothings totally different from Mr. Hunt. Why would he go there...?”

“Is it because he thinks their behavior is too inappropriate?”

“That must be it. What kind of place do they think this is? That group of good-for-nothings and that woman should look at where they are first before they hook up with one another! Mr. Hunt values his grandmother the most. He must have become angry!”

Nora was completely unaware that she had become the focus of the women’s discussion.

She merely watched the men swarming toward her and raised her eyebrows, feeling like something wasn’t quite right.

No matter how frivolous they were, they weren’t people who didn’t take time and place into consideration, so why were they doing this to her? Moreover, her belief was that she did have a rather powerful aura around her. Lily always said she was an impressive person, and just a glare from her was enough to scare Lily. When she was abroad, all the men had also kept their distance from her despite her good looks, so why would such a thing happen the moment she returned to the States?

She narrowed her eyes.

Next to her were also people trying to talk to her.

“Do you know who I am, Ms. Smith? If you have time, I think we can have a chat...”

“I met you first, Ms. Smith. Even if we are to line up to chat with you, shouldn’t I be the first?”

“Do you like Hermès, Ms. Smith? Shall I take you to Hermès for some shopping?”

“Hermès is so tacky! I have a villa in the suburbs. Shall I take you to visit it?”

Their speech became more and more explicit. Even Sheril and Melissa frowned when they heard them. Why did they look like rich young men lavishing attention on and flattering a famous courtesan?!

They were looking down on Nora too much!

Melissa reprimanded them. “Which families are you children from?! Stop fooling about!”

However, they instead laughed and said jokingly, “We aren’t fooling about. I meant what I said... You’re the Andersons, right? How about letting Ms. Smith have dinner with me so that we can discuss a partnership between our hospital and Harmonia Pharmacy?”

“Ms. Smith seemed unwell, so I wanted to help. Which part of what I’m doing looks like I’m fooling about...”

Sheril was so mad that even her cheeks had turned red. “All of you are too much! Nora doesn’t need your help! She doesn’t even want to pay any attention to any of you at all, so please step aside! We are going to rest!”

“You’re not the one who decides whether your cousin Nora wants to pay any attention to us or not. It only counts if she says it...”

“That’s right. Ms. Smith, although you already have a child, I don’t mind at all. After all, young but mature women are more charming...”

“...”

The look in Nora’s eyes turned cold, and anger roiled in her cat-like eyes.

If it weren’t because this was Mrs. Hunt’s birthday party, she would have beat them up a long time ago, yet they were actually pushing their luck this far?

In that case, they couldn’t blame her for what came next.

She lowered her head and flexed her wrists. Then, she said to the masked Cherry, “Go to the side.”

Her four words alone made Cherry step back in silence. She hid behind Melissa with practiced movements and hugged her leg.

“Don’t be scared, Cherry...” said Melissa.

Cherry replied in her adorable voice, “I’m not scared, Grand-Aunt. I just think it’s so pitiful...”

Melissa’s eyes reddened. “It’s okay, your mother is not pitiful. She still has us, we won’t let anyone bully or humiliate her!”

Cherry: “?”

She blinked her big dark eyes and said, “What I meant was that those people are so pitiful. To think they are blind enough to offend Mommy. Mommy is really angry now, and the consequences are serious when that happens!”

Melissa: “?”

As soon as she said that, a shadow flashed across in front of her.

Nora had already suddenly thrown a punch at the face of the man closest to her, who was also the one who had said the most awful things out of the lot!

Melissa: “!!”

Sheril was also dumbfounded.

The man who had been punched was even more dumbstruck. He had never expected the other party to suddenly attack while they were still talking.

However, just as Nora’s fist was about to connect with the man’s face, a large and strong hand suddenly reached over and grabbed her fist, stopping her movements.

The very next moment, a low and deep voice reached them. “You’re not allowed to hit him.”

That voice...

Everyone turned their heads in unison to see Justin standing beside Nora. He was holding Nora’s hand, thereby stopping her actions.

Everyone: “??”

Everyone in the entire party hall looked over.

The man who had almost been hit immediately said, “It’s fortunate that you came here in time, Mr. Hunt. Otherwise, I would have been beaten up! How can a great beauty like you hit someone?”

The others also echoed him.

“Yeah, what kind of occasion do you think this is? How can you hit him?”

“All he did was say a few words. Aren’t you being too crass if you get violent?!”

“That woman is too savage, Mr. Hunt! Her behavior is outrageous!”

In the distance.

Yvonne breathed a sigh of relief at the sight.

As expected, Justin had become angry.

That woman sure was stupid, though. Even though they were in public, instead of trying to defuse the situation, she actually had the guts to get violent?

A woman like her wasn’t fit to be seen in public!

Rachel couldn’t even hide the gloating look on her face. She said, “Did you see that? I told you, women from small places are just too reckless. She’s offended Mr. Hunt!”

Their friends also said very cooperatively, “Exactly. This is Mrs. Hunt’s birthday party, how can she get violent?”

“Here I was, thinking that she was some kind of impressive person because she’s wearing the Blue Enchantress. I didn’t expect her to actually behave in such a low-class manner!”

“A gentleman resolves problems through words instead of violence. Doesn’t she have even the most basic common sense?”

Justin’s actions also shocked Sheril and Melissa. Melissa frowned and defended Nora. She said, “They were the ones who provoked Nora first, Justin.”

Sheril nodded.

Cherry also nodded repeatedly.

But unexpectedly, as soon as she said that, Justin said sternly, “Even so, she’s still not allowed to hit anyone.”

Melissa: “??”

She was a little angry.

She didn't expect that in order to prevent an embarrassing situation, Justin actually didn't even care that Nora had suffered injustice.

The man who had almost been hit became even more triumphant. He said, "That's right! If you're unhappy, then we can just talk about it. What is the meaning of resorting to violence? You're too much!"

He looked at Justin again. "It's okay, though, Mr. Hunt. I'll let the matter pass as long as she apologizes to me. I won't hold it against her..."

It was only after he spoke that he realized that Justin wasn't looking at him at all. Instead, he was looking at Nora.

Nora's brows were raised. She asked with a hint of displeasure, "Why can't I hit him?"

That woman was actually countering with a question of her own?

The man immediately sneered, "Because you should see where you are..."

It was a shame that before he could finish, Justin had already said, "Because force goes both ways. What if it hurts your hand?"

Everyone: "?????"

For a while, it was as if someone had pressed the mute button for the entire party hall.

There was no other sound aside from the soft music that the Hunts were playing.

Yvonne's friends next to her, the rich young men taking the opportunity to fool about, the people with actual status and influence, as well as the guests that had just entered the hall... All of them were looking at him in disbelief.

Justin's voice just now had neither been too loud nor too soft, but because everyone was paying attention to him in order to determine his stance, his words had reached everyone's ears clearly.

Everyone looked at him incredulously, and then at Nora.

All of them were wondering the same thing—what was going on here?

Why did the atmosphere between Mr. Hunt and Nora Smith feel kinda off?! Also, why was Mr. Hunt still holding Ms. Smith's hand even though so much time had passed since he grabbed her hand to stop her?

Yvonne's friends next to her started whispering and speculating again.

“What's going on? Why does it look like Mr. Hunt knows that hillbilly?”

“Why do I feel like there's an unusual relationship between those two?”

Along with those words, the few of them looked at Yvonne and asked, “Surely Mr. Hunt doesn't have anything to do with her, right, Ms. Smith?”

Yvonne bit her lip.

She lowered her head and slowly said, “I don't know what kind of relationship the two of them share, but even if they aren't related in any way, a host won't stand by idly and watch as someone bullies their guest, right? After all, those men went too far.”

Rachel was so jealous that she was almost out of her mind. She said, “Yeah, what kind of relationship can Nora Smith and Mr. Hunt possibly share? They have nothing to do with each other at all! Mr. Hunt must have just found those people's actions too much. It's just a shame that he doesn't know what that woman is like!”

The girls: “...”

Everyone exchanged looks with one another, all of them sensing something amiss.

Why did Yvonne look a little unhappy? It seemed like that woman's presence was really bothering her...

Everyone was smart here. They hadn't thought of that in the beginning, but now...

Could it be that Nora Smith's good looks had also attracted Mr. Hunt?

Just as everyone was speculating, Nora, the subject of the drama, waved and shook Justin's hand away in disdain. Her voice was low and impatient as she asked, "If I can't hit him, then what should I do?"

Her shoes were too uncomfortable. She wanted to deal with the people in front of her as soon as possible so that she could change her shoes.

Justin's icy voice rang out. "Where's the butler?"

The butler in charge of the Hunts' external affairs had already noticed Justin the instant he appeared. Upon hearing his words, he hurriedly came over. "Sir."

Justin pointed casually at the men. "These frivolous and flippant people here... Send! Them! Out! Nicely!"

The meaning behind his deliberate emphasis on the words 'send them out nicely' was very obvious. There was no way the butler could see those people out the door politely anymore.

The butler nodded immediately. "Yes, sir."

With a wave from him, a few security guards rushed over. They held down the frivolous rich second-generation heirs, buckled their hands behind their backs, and dragged them out!

The men were dumbfounded. One even shouted, "Mr. Hunt, Mr. Hunt...! What are you doing? All we did was say a few words to her... Do you know who she is, Mr. Hunt? She's a socialite! It was mutually consensual when we chatted with each other! We didn't force her into anything!"

'Socialite'...

The word made Justin's pupils shrink.

He suddenly said, "Stop."

The security guard stopped and let go of the man. The man wasn't from an influential family. He had come to the party by tagging along with someone else's invitation so that he could get to know more people.

Thus, when Warren incited them to go over, he had done so accordingly.

He wasn't willing to be driven out just like that. On top of that, he also had the guts to speak up. He immediately said, "Are you doing this because you're not aware of her identity? Don't let her beautiful appearance fool you! I heard tha—"

But before he could finish, Justin interrupted him. "Who did you hear that from?"

The man subconsciously looked at Warren standing among the crowd, causing him to shrink back and hide behind Yvonne.

Yvonne: "..."

He didn't see Warren, but he didn't dare to drag the Smiths into this, either. Thus, the man could only say, "I... I just overheard some people..."

"Can things that you hear through the grapevine be brought to the public?" Justin looked at the butler and said, "Find Ms. Smith a lawyer, and sue him for slander."

"... Yes, sir," said the butler.

Everyone else: "..."

"There's no need for that." Nora suddenly interrupted him. Then, she lowered her voice and slowly said, "I don't care about all this. I just want to change my shoes now."

Justin: "..."

He fell silent for a moment. Then, he looked at the butler and said, "Never mind, then. Don't sue him anymore."

His voice was deep and tinged with displeasure.

The butler silently said a prayer inwardly for the man.

If they had sued him, all he would have had to do was just pay damages for harming the other party's reputation.

But now that they weren't suing him anymore, the man would probably have to pay an even higher price to appease Mr. Hunt.

The butler wasn't the only one who understood that; the man understood it even better.

He panicked at once. "I was wrong, Mr. Hunt. Please let me off!"

Unfortunately, Justin was no longer paying attention to him.

What more did he have to say to him when his girlfriend's feet were uncomfortable?

Chapter 252 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

Rachel's tone was very aggressive. "Look at New York, who dares to say that you're not the real eldest daughter? Besides, who in the Smiths dares to slight you?"

Yvonne's long eyelashes concealed the coldness in her eyes.

Slight her?

Wasn't she doing exactly that right now?!

If she was the real eldest daughter of the Smiths, why would she interact with people like Rachel?!

However, Yvonne did not say that.

She smiled and asked, "But what can I do?"

Rachel immediately said, "Of course you can impress them with your gift! Other than performing on the talent show, you have to bring out a valuable gift and shock the entire audience!"

She gritted her teeth and said, "The most important thing is that you must beat Nora! Although she has the same surname as you, how is she worthy of the surname Smith? In the end, she's just a niece of the Andersons! Even if she's the eldest daughter of the Andersons, she's just a drug seller! Miss Smith, you must think of a good gift..."

The drug seller...

Yvonne's eyes flashed. "What's good or bad? Whether it's valuable or not isn't important. I'm just worried about Mrs. Hunt's health. I heard that she just underwent an operation on her head a while ago... I'll get my brother to help me find some suitable medicine."

The only thing the Andersons could offer was medicine.

However, the medicine that the Smiths had found was definitely exceptionally good.

When the two compete, the difference in strength would be obvious.

Two days later.

In the laboratory of the Andersons' pharmaceutical factory.

Sheril and her master had been here for two days. For the past two days, the woman in the laboratory had not slept a minute.

During this time, other than Sheril sending in some food, Nora never left the laboratory.

Bam!

Suddenly, there was a loud sound in the laboratory.

Both of them immediately stood up and looked in through the glass window. They saw white smoke coming out of the alchemy furnace.

Master stomped his feet. "Oh no! She failed!"

Sheril was stunned. "What?"

Master said, "Back then, I saw Dr. Zabe make medicine. At the moment Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill was formed, it emitted black smoke! The white smoke must mean failure!"

He was heartbroken. "You two prodigals! My 500-year-old ginseng! It's really wasted!"

However, just as he finished speaking, he saw...

In the laboratory, Nora opened the alchemy furnace. Even though there was a door between them, a strong fragrance of medicine rushed over. It made people feel energized the moment they smelled it.

This fragrance...

He cleared his mind, sweeping away the fatigue he had felt after waiting for a few days. The old pharmacist had once smelled this scent. It was... Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill!

Back then, when Dr. Zabe had refined it, he had been present and had even helped him...

How could it be, though?!

Miss Smith's refinement process was completely different from Silvester Zabe's. Although the ingredients used were the same...

Sheril did not understand this, but when she saw her master saying that she had failed, her heart instantly ached. However, the first thing she wanted to do was to comfort Nora so that she would not feel guilty or sad.

Just as she was about to say something, she saw her master suddenly push open the door and rush in.

Sheril was shocked. She hurriedly followed behind and grabbed the old pharmacist. "Master, what are you doing?"

It was already sad enough that Nora had failed in her refinement. If Master said anything unpleasant, how would Nora endure it!

She then looked at her master's expression and saw that he was indeed agitated and unable to control himself. She immediately said, "Master, um, calm down. Calm down a little..."

The old pharmacist's lips trembled. "Move away. I can't calm down!"

He wanted to witness the birth of Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill!

However, Sheril did not give in. What if Master made a move? She could not let Master hit Nora! She coughed. "Master, although Nora has failed, it's not very uncommon. She might succeed next time!"

The old master: "There won't be a next time!"

Sheril knew that her master was furious. "Yes, yes, there won't be a next time. Our factory doesn't have 500-year-old ginseng anymore. Don't be angry..."

The old master was anxious. "That's not what I meant. Hurry up and move aside. Let me take a look. She succeeded in making a few!"

Sheril: "Master, you can't hit Nora. Let's just say the ginseng was wasted as my... what?"

Stunned, she turned around suddenly. "How many... How many did she succeed in making?"

The old master then pushed her away and rushed in front of Nora. They looked inside the alchemy furnace together...

Previously, Dr. Zabe had succeeded in making one. This time, the fragrance of Nora's medicine was so strong. There should be more successes, right?

At this thought, he looked into the furnace and froze. His eyes widened as he muttered in disbelief, "How could this be? How could this be..."

Sheril also rushed over. "Master, what's wrong? How many did she succeed in making? One? Two?"

The old master's lips trembled. "No, no..."

"Then..."

The old master's eyes were already in a daze.

The pills in the alchemy furnace were so dense that his eyes were blurry. He could not count them at all.

As he continued counting, he heard Nora's clear voice. "256."

"..."

The entire alchemy lab was silent.

After a while, Sheril said with a trembling voice, "They were all successfully refined?"

The old pharmacist also looked at Nora in a daze.

Nora looked at the two of them and raised her eyebrows. She smiled in amusement.

She continued to take the refined medicine out of the furnace at a moderate pace and placed it in a paper box she was carrying with her.

At this moment, she heard the old pharmacist roar, "You, stop!"

Nora: "?"

She paused for a moment. The old pharmacist's fingers trembled as he pointed at the ordinary paper box in her hand. "You... you're using this box to store the medicine?"

Nora raised her eyebrows. "What else would I use?"

The old master was furious when he saw her nonchalant look. "Just you wait!"

He ran out and quickly returned with two precious boxes. However, when he looked into the furnace, there were only half the pills left.

Nora hugged two paper boxes and said, "Leave this half to Harmonia Pharmacy. I'll take the rest."

With that, she waved at Sheril and the old master before leaving.

The old master: "..."

Can't she just find a nicer box?!

At the same time, Yvonne had personally arrived at the Zabe's.

Silvester Zabe was already old in age and could not get out of bed. He sat in the wheelchair and received her. "Miss Smith, may I help you?"

Yvonne smiled. "I came here to buy a medicine from you."

Silvester's wrinkles covered his original appearance, making him look unapproachable. His voice was terrifyingly old. "What medicine?"

"Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill."

Yvonne smiled. "I heard that you refined one, three years ago."

Silvester lowered his eyes. "Oh, I already used it at that moment."

Yvonne was stunned.

Silvester's son hurriedly explained beside him, "My father had a sudden stroke two years ago. When he was in a coma, we gave it to him."

Hearing his words, Yvonne sized up Silvester.

He was already very old and must be in his eighties, almost ninety. She'd seen people who'd had a sudden stroke at this age. Most of them had their heads tilted, their mouths drawn back in grins, and drool dripping from their mouths. They wouldn't live long.

However, Silvester was clear-headed. Besides being unable to move, he did not look like he had suffered a stroke at all.

Then Zabe Corporation's Calming Pills were indeed powerful!

She was even more determined to give Mrs. Hunt this medicine.

The Andersons must be thinking to give her precious medicine, but to Mrs. Hunt, no matter how good the medicine was, it could not compare to the Calming Pill.

Just think about it. If Nora gave her a box of Carefree Pill at the banquet, although everyone would be envious, if she could take out a Calming Pill, she would definitely be able to suppress Nora!

She smiled. "I'll pay a million dollars."

Silvester shook his head. "I don't have any pill."

His son smiled as well. "It's not about money. It's about the stock."

Yvonne was still smiling. "Two million dollars."

"..."

"Two million dollars."

“ ... ”

Silvester's son gulped.

What kind of medicine could be sold for two million dollars? That was enough to buy one's life!

He looked at Silvester and said, “Dad!”

Silvester closed his eyes. “It's useless to ask me. My legs are no longer working well. Even if I have money, I can't make them anymore.”

Silvester's son sighed, his family was in need of money lately. He begged, “Father!”

When Silvester saw his son like this, he felt that he had really owed him in his previous life. He could only say, “Ask my disciple.”

The son's eyes immediately lit up and he said to Yvonne, “Wait a moment.”

He took out Silvester's phone, found his disciple's number, and dialed it.

The call was picked up quickly, and a clear female voice greeted him respectfully. “Teacher, is something the matter?”

Silvester's son knew that his father had a direct descendant, who was a woman, but he had never seen her before. However, the two of them had already spoken on the phone many times.

He coughed. “Sister, it's me.”

“Oh... Is something wrong?”

Silvester's son said, “I have someone here who wants to buy Zabe's Calming Pills at a high price. Do you have time to help me refine one?”

The other party's voice was lazy. “Master wants to sell it?”

Silvester's son nodded. “Yes, the other party has offered two million dollars.”

Nora was speechless.

Among the herbs needed to refine the Calming Pill, only the 500-year-old ginseng was more valuable. The rest added up to a few ten thousand dollars at most. That ginseng alone could be bought at an auction for one million.

Who was this retard, spending two million dollars to buy medicine?

She had completely forgotten that Silvester had only refined one pill in the past. If this matter were to spread, wouldn't the one pill be worth millions?

She yawned. "I just finished a batch. I'll give you one."

Silvester's son immediately said, "I'll split the money with you."

"No need." Nora originally wanted to say nothing, but she suddenly remembered that she had used the 500-year-old ginseng from Harmonia Pharmacy. She simply said, "Give me a 500-year-old ginseng!"

It indeed took such old ginseng to refine the Calming Pill.

His father had only managed to refine one pill.

If he gave her only one, what if she failed?

Therefore, he immediately said, "Alright, I'll give you two!"

"Okay."

Nora said, "I'll get someone to send it to you later."

"No problem."

At this moment, Nora was on the way back to the Andersons. After receiving the call, she called Sheril and told her Dr. Zabe's address, and also the reward for the pills.

When Sheril's master heard this, he volunteered to deliver the medicine without hesitation.

Before leaving, he was still mumbling, "I wonder how much a pill can be sold for. Our 500-year-old ginseng was really precious..."

Sheril smiled. "You'll know when you get there."

An hour later.

A pill wrapped in foil and placed in an exquisite iron box was sent to Silvester's house.

The old master was aged and strictly devoted to the Andersons' pharmaceutical factory, so not many people knew him.

Yvonne took a glance and mistook him for Dr. Zabe's direct disciple.

Silvester's son took the pills and handed the old master a box. "This is the agreed-upon fee."

The old master took it and turned to leave.

After leaving Silvester's house, the old master opened the box. "Such good medicine. I wonder what the cost is..."

Just as he was thinking, he saw two 500-year-old ginseng lying quietly in the box. One of them looked even better than the one Nora had used!

The old master was speechless.

His hands trembled as he carefully hugged the box. At the same time, he muttered in his heart, "Oh my God, I really made a killing this time! I picked up a treasure!"

In the hospital.

After buying the medicine, Yvonne returned to the Smiths.

During dinner, Ian was still hospitalized and did not go home. However, the monthly family dinner continued as usual. 15 to 16 people gathered at a round table.

Quentin was a secret figure in the Smiths. Very few people in the family knew him, so he had never participated in such family gatherings.

Joel hugged Mia and fed her patiently.

When Yvonne saw this, she smiled. "Joel, Mia is too thin. She should eat more."

Mia's arms and legs were thin. She immediately said, "I know how to eat a lot!"

With that, she continued eating.

Joel caressed her head.

Brandon was very dishonest when he ate. He sat beside Mia and kicked her from under the table a few times, and then accidentally turned over a cup.

Brandon's father, Warren, could not help but scold him. The family at the table was harmonious.

Suddenly, Warren said, "Why is Mrs. Hunt suddenly hosting such a grand banquet?"

The moment he said this, everyone at the table looked at Joel.

Joel said calmly, "I haven't heard."

Everyone was relieved.

Warren smiled. "Then let's go. By the way, Yvonne, have you prepared a gift?"

Yvonne smiled. "Yes, I have."

Warren nodded. "Yes. I think this banquet might have been arranged to let you and Justin meet again. Wasn't it just to matchmake the two of you many years ago?"

Yvonne lowered her head with her face red. "Warren, we're eating. Stop talking."

Warren laughed. "Haha, are you still shy? Yvonne, what's wrong with that? Although you're not a biological daughter, we grew up together and everyone treats you as their real sister! You don't have to be afraid. Although the Hunts faintly surpass the Smiths by a little, this is also the reason why Joel didn't compete. Our families are already on equal footing! Besides, Justin has a son. As the only daughter of the Smiths, you're not unworthy of him at all! Don't feel inferior!"

Yvonne was speechless.

He was really rubbing salt into her wound.

Was it appropriate to say such things in public?!

However, she did not dare to lose her temper. She smiled and nodded. "Yes."

Warren asked again, "Have you prepared a gift?"

Yvonne smiled. "Yes."

Warren asked curiously, "What is it? This gift must be presentable! If our families are to be united through marriage, we must be on par."

Yvonne nodded. "I've prepared a Calming Pill."

Warren frowned instantly. "Can a simple pill be presented as a gift? Isn't it common on the streets?"

The others looked at Yvonne.

Being looked at by so many people, Yvonne took a sip of the soup and smiled. "It's the Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill."

Warren was stunned by her words. "Oh my god, you actually bought the Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill? This gift is really enough!"

The others also praised, "Yvonne is indeed worthy of being raised by Uncle Ian. Her taste is really different! This gift is superb! No amount of treasures can compare to this kind intentions!"

Yvonne smiled and did not speak. She looked carefully at Joel, only to see him frowning and looking at her.

For some reason, her heart skipped a beat. She carefully asked, "Joel, is my gift not appropriate?"

Joel retracted his gaze and said calmly, "It's okay."

Yvonne sighed in relief, but she heard him say, "But it seems like Justin already has a girlfriend."

Warren was stunned to hear this. "He has a girlfriend? How can he have a girlfriend? Didn't we agree on a political marriage?"

Joel smiled.. “It can be considered a political marriage.”

Justin’s girlfriend was Nora, and Nora was a Smith. What was that, if not a political marriage?

However, Joel’s voice had been very low, so the others didn’t hear him clearly. Warren asked, “What did you say, Joel?”

Joel coughed. “It’s nothing.”

Warren nodded. “Yes, our families have already agreed on the political marriage, so Justin has to take someone from the Smiths as his wife. How can he go back on his word like that? And make Yvonne wait for him for so many years in vain?”

Joel glanced at Warren when he said that, but didn’t say anything.

As for Yvonne, she lowered her head and said, “Don’t say any more, Warren. Let’s have dinner first.”

After dinner, everyone left indignantly. Yvonne was about to go upstairs when Joel stopped her. He said, “Yvonne.”

Yvonne walked up to Joel obediently and called out respectfully, “Joel.”

Joel said dispassionately, “Regarding the Hunts, I’ve already told you Justin’s stance a few years ago. You said at the time that Justin didn’t have a girlfriend and you weren’t in any hurry to find a boyfriend, and so, it dragged on just like that. But now that he has a girlfriend, what are your thoughts on the matter?”

The Hunts and the Smiths were originally planning a political marriage between Justin and Yvonne.

In fact, they had brought it up before when the two were eighteen years old. Pete didn’t exist at that time yet, but Justin had nonetheless rejected the idea.

However, because he was concerned that it would embarrass Yvonne, he had discussed it privately with Joel instead.

Joel had subsequently relayed the message to Yvonne, so that she wouldn’t waste time on it anymore.

As Yvonne hadn't looked for a boyfriend all these years, and since Justin didn't have a girlfriend, Joel didn't announce the decision at home, thinking that there might still be possibilities between the two of them.

Therefore, Justin hadn't done anything to let Yvonne down at all. It was just that the rest of the family didn't know about it.

Yvonne's eyes flickered when she heard him. She lowered her head and said, "I will do as you say, Joel."

She knew that Joel had always been someone extremely protective of his own.

When she said back then that she wasn't going to look for a boyfriend for the time being, he had immediately understood what she meant. It was just that they couldn't force Justin into anything, so the situation had dragged on till now.

But someone had intercepted her in the end instead.

Although Joel looked as if he was always smiling, and was amicable and easy to get along with on the surface, Yvonne knew just how domineering a person he was deep down.

As long as his younger sister—even if just a titular one—was still part of the Smiths, no outsider was allowed to bully her!

Therefore, Yvonne was confident that Joel would think of a solution for her—or at least, he would break Justin and Nora up.

In the midst of her beautiful daydream, Joel instead said unhurriedly, "In that case, don't pursue it anymore. As they say, you can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink. You might as well use this opportunity to take a look at other people."

Yvonne: "?"

She lifted her head abruptly and looked at Joel in disbelief.

For a while, she couldn't quite control the expression on her face.

How did this...

Her fists balled up. It was only a moment later that she finally said, "I... I'll do as you say, Joel."

Joel nodded.

He stared at Yvonne for a while, which made her ask hesitantly, "Is there anything else, Joel?"

Joel retracted his gaze, a touch of disappointment flashing across his eyes. "No, there isn't."

Only then did Yvonne turn and leave.

After turning the corner and entering her room, at last, Yvonne couldn't maintain the expression on her face anymore, and a savage air came over her entire self.

Joel wasn't going to help her... Wasn't it just because she wasn't related to the Smiths by blood?

They painted such a nice and pretty picture for the outsiders, but at the end of it all, they didn't treat her as family!

A furious Yvonne hurled the things in her hands onto the floor.

Someone knocked on her door at this moment.

Yvonne hurriedly sorted her emotions and opened the door to find Warren standing outside. He looked at her and asked, "Did Joel say that he'll think of something for you, Yvonne? We can't do anything to Justin, but it's not like we can't do anything to his girlfriend, either, right?"

Yvonne bit her lip. She smiled and chose not to deny his statement. Instead, she replied, "Don't bother yourself with this anymore, Warren. Joel knows what he's doing."

Warren, however, shook his head. "That won't do. I can't just laze about and do nothing at home every day, either. Leave it to me! Hmph, just wait and see at the party! I will make Justin's little girlfriend regret it!"

Yvonne gave him a grateful look. She said, "You treat me too well, Warren!"

“Tsk, this is nothing. I already told you a long time ago, even though we aren’t blood-related, I really see you as my younger sister. Also, since you’re a Smith, there’s no way I’ll allow anyone to bully you!”

“ ... ”

Warren returned to his room after talking to Yvonne. Brandon’s mother, aka Warren’s wife, asked, “How did it go?”

Warren sighed. “Her eyes were all red. I knew it, there’s no way a girl won’t be affected.”

His wife sighed. “Yeah. Help your little sister out, then.”

From the previous generation onward, there were only sons in the Smiths. She knew that her husband had always wanted a younger sister, but unfortunately, his five uncles simply hadn’t had any daughters at all!

Later, Ian adopted Yvonne.

Although Yvonne didn’t interact much with the rest of the family, she was simply too popular in this sister-deprived family!

Warren sighed. “Why are Dad and my uncles such big failures? It’s all their fault that I don’t have a younger sister! The same also goes for your belly. Let’s work hard and have a daughter, dear. You don’t know how envious I am whenever I see Joel carrying Mia!”

His wife: “ ... ”

In the hospital.

Joel informed Quentin about the affairs at home when he came to visit Ian.

Quentin fell silent for a while after hearing about it. At last, he heaved a huge sigh and said, “At the end of it all, it’s still because she isn’t Uncle Ian’s daughter. To think she’s actually giving the medicine to someone else as a gift instead of giving it to Uncle Ian... Rather than Mrs. Hunt, who’s in the pink of health, it’s Uncle Ian who’s in greater need of that medicine!”

This was also the reason why Joel had been displeased with Yvonne.

Although she wasn't related to them by blood, her adoptive father was currently hospitalized. Yet, she had spent so much money to buy medicine just to show off. What was the point of doing something like that?

He cast his eyes down dispassionately. "Forget it. Let's just marry her off and send her away."

Quentin nodded. Then, he said, "The Smiths and the Hunts are about to work together on a collaboration project, but it'd be best if the two families can solidify their relationship through a political marriage first. Should we acknowledge our little sister at the party and bring her back?"

"What little sister are you talking about!" Joel reprimanded, "So long as Uncle Ian doesn't say the word, that little sister doesn't exist for us!"

Quentin curled his lips disdainfully. 'Mr. Teen With Grandiose Delusions' sneered, "I refuse to believe you don't want a little sister!"

Joel: "..."

The two men's voices were a little loud. When they turned, they saw that Ian had already woken up at some point. Just as the two of them were a little taken aback, Ian sat up and said, "Is it a birthday party? I'll attend it, too."

Joel and Quentin exchanged a look. Both of them had understood.

Uncle Ian had ultimately thought it through in the end—he was intending to take the opportunity to acknowledge her and bring her back to the Smiths!

Time flew. In the blink of an eye, it was time for Mrs. Hunt's birthday party.

The Hunt manor's gates were wide open. All sorts of things were being delivered to the manor even before dawn. All the servants were terribly busy, and the entire manor was up to their ears in work.

It had been a very long time since the Hunts last held such a big party, so everyone was busy at work.

Even Chester, the game addict, had been dragged back home as an extra pair of hands. He stood there and directed everyone in the kitchen in their work. He happened to see Justin walking out with Cherry when he turned. He went after them at once and asked, "Where are you going, Justin?"

Justin glanced at him, the beauty mark at the corner of his eye gleaming with a chilly shine. “Do I have to report my itinerary to you?”

Chester shrank back. “Of course not.”

He looked at Cherry curiously. “Where are you guys going, Pete?”

“To Mommy’s!” Cherry replied.

Chester looked at the two boxes in Justin’s hands. “What are you guys delivering?”

“A dress, of course!”

Chester: “?”

Had the Andersons become so poor that they couldn’t even afford a dress for Nora?

Elsewhere, Yvonne looked at herself in the mirror.

Her blue gown set off her porcelain-like skin, making her look very beautiful.

When she came down the stairs, Warren complimented her. “You look great today, Yvonne!”

Yvonne smiled at him but said nothing.

Warren went over to her and said, “How is it? I’ve already asked around for you—Justin is wearing blue today, so you two can wear matching outfits now!”

At the mention of blue outfits, Yvonne hesitated for a while and then said, “I heard that Gucci has an haute couture handmade gown called the Blue Enchantress. It’s a finished product made by a famous designer. That gown...”

Warren waved and said, “Tsk, I’ve already been there to borrow the gown, but they didn’t give it to me. A gown like that is the brand’s signature item and a treasure; there’s no way they’ll lend it to anyone. The blue gown that you’re wearing is also very famous. It only loses out to that one by a little.”

Yvonne uttered an “oh”.

Wasn't it all because Warren's status wasn't high enough that he hadn't managed to borrow it? Had Joel been the one to ask, they would definitely have lent it to her. What a shame!

"Where's Joel?" she asked.

Warren shook his head. "I don't know, he only told us to set off from home. Seems like he's visiting Uncle Ian before he goes over."

It was only when he mentioned Ian, that Yvonne suddenly realized that because of the party, it had been quite a few days since she went to the hospital to visit him, so she didn't know how her father was doing.

Brandon took after Warren, and both of them were very simple-minded and innocent. Therefore, Warren didn't notice her displeasure. He and Yvonne stopped talking when they reached the cars, and they got into their respective cars.

As soon as he got in the car, Warren's wife remarked, "Why do I feel like Yvonne isn't very happy that you didn't manage to borrow the Blue Enchantress for her?"

Warren waved at once. "Surely not?"

His wife said with displeasure, "I don't think she would do that, either. You can't even bear to let me wear that dress she's wearing, so what does she have to be dissatisfied with when you've already given it to her? There isn't any girl in New York who has more prestige than her right now!"

Warren laughed at his wife's words. "Are you jealous?"

Was there any way she wouldn't be?

But her husband's entire family was so protective of their little sister that she couldn't say that, either.

Warren's wife smiled and said nothing. Her eyes, however, flickered a little. To be honest, she had actually asked the brand about the Blue Enchantress—they had already loaned it out to someone.

She didn't need to tell her husband that, though.

Since his younger sister didn't know her boundaries and was always trying to one-up her sisters-in-law... Well, she wasn't someone that easy to mess with, either.

At the Andersons'.

"How about this?" Sheril offered Nora an haute couture gown that she had never worn before.

The party was held too hastily. It took at least a month for a brand to make an haute couture gown, so Nora hadn't ordered one but just casually bought a formal dress.

However, when Sheril came back, she insisted that it undermined her status, so she took out her own gown and offered it to her instead.

Nora waved. "No, it's fine. I'm really don't mind..."

Just as she was thinking about it, Melissa's voice traveled over from downstairs.

"Mr. Hunt?"

Nora raised her brows.

She went down the stairs to see Justin placing two small boxes on the sofa. He said, "I'm here to deliver a gown."

The man was wearing a black suit today. He also had a beautiful blue tie on, making him look even more dashing than usual.

Melissa nodded at once. "Is the gown for Nora? Quick, Nora, go upstairs and try it."

Nora: "..."

She went down but didn't pick up the gown. Instead, she said, "Does anyone give a gown as a gift? It's not like you know my measurements."

"Why wouldn't I?" Justin smiled and said, "I know all of Ms. Smith's measurements. After all, we're lovers, aren't we?"

Nora: "!!"

His words were too suggestive!

Sure enough, Melissa, who was next to them, covered her smile with her hand. She pretended not to hear them and instead urged, "Hurry up, go upstairs and try it!"

Nora was about to refuse when Cherry jumped out and said, "Mommy, I'm gonna wear a dress today! Ours are matching outfits~ Where's Pete? Let him go back with Daddy. I wanna be with Mommy, yeah!"

Matching outfits?

The rejection became stuck in her throat when she heard what Cherry said. She nodded and said, "Okay, then."

By the time Nora took Cherry's hand and went up the stairs, Pete had also gone downstairs and left with Justin.

In the living room, Simon stared blankly at the two children leaving. He looked at Melissa and asked, "Justin is Cherry's father? This... I still can't believe it. This feels like a dream."

In order to prevent the Andersons from being astonished when they saw the Hunts' little mister at the party, Nora had told them the truth the day before.

Melissa smiled and said, "Are you still in shock? I was so stunned when I saw Cherry at the Hunts' that day! I knew it, why would Cherry's personality fluctuate every once in a while? I even thought at one point that she was schizophrenic!"

Simon didn't speak.

After the few of them changed into formal attires, they went back downstairs. Melissa was startled when she saw the blue gown on Nora. She murmured, "That gown..."

"What's wrong?" asked Simon.

Melissa shook her head. "It just... looks a little familiar to the eye."

"Wow, the gown Ms. Smith is wearing today is so gorgeous! I didn't think that someone could make blue look so pure and innocent!"

“You don’t get it, do you? Ms. Smith’s gown was designed by the famous designer Camp! It’s worth over \$100,000!”

“I’m so envious of Ms. Smith. As the only daughter of the Smiths, her family treats her so much better than how the Hunts treat their daughters!”

“ ... ”

Yvonne heard compliments from all around her the moment she got out of the car. An elegant smile formed on her face. She held her gown up a little and headed to the Hunts’ party hall in her high heels.

She must be the focus of the crowd on all occasions—this was what she had learned from her experience over the years.

However, when she was about to reach the entrance, a big black jeep slowly drove into the manor.

The car park in the Hunts’ manor was filled with luxury cars.

There were also many international limited edition cars. The jeep was simply too inconspicuous among them.

Thus, no one paid any attention to whose car it was at first.

Yvonne was walking toward the hall. She had only taken a couple of steps when she suddenly heard someone calling out to her, “Ms. Smith!”

She looked back and saw Rachel walking over with Miranda.

Rachel said something to Miranda. Then, she left her side and came toward her. As soon as she approached, she touched her gown and remarked with a smile, “So, you were the one who borrowed this gown! You look so good in it! You’ll definitely outshine everyone at the party tonight!”

Her voice was rather loud, causing everyone around them to look over.

Yvonne was a little displeased.

The Smiths were particular about low-key luxury and disliked such ostentatious behavior in public the most. She preferred private discussions, so Rachel had gone a little too far by saying that to her in person.

She said, "I just chose it casually. Your gown is also very beautiful, Ms. Wood!"

Rachel, who knew what she was like, made nothing of the comment. She said, "You don't have to be so modest! No one is blind here. Besides, this dress is also very well-known in the circle. With the exception of the Blue Enchantress, there's probably no other dress that can compare to this one!"

Yvonne lowered her gaze. She smiled and said, "Let's go in."

"Nah!"

Rachel grabbed her arm with a smile and said, "I just saw the Andersons' car. If you wait here for a while, they'll definitely come. When the two of you stand together, anyone who isn't blind will be able to see who the prettier one is! You can also let Mr. Hunt see for himself that he has picked the wrong person!"

Yvonne was a little taken aback at her words. "Is Nora Smith not good-looking?"

Rachel hesitated.

Nora's fair and flawless countenance, large and beautiful almond-shaped eyes, as well as her small palm-sized face that seemed even more beautiful than a celebrity's, appeared in her mind.

She coughed and replied guiltily, "She's passable, I guess, but the way she carries herself is kinda subpar. She's usually in jeans and t-shirts, and looks really sloppy. That also goes for the way she walks because she doesn't lift her feet when she walks. My mom has always taught me that I mustn't drag my feet when I walk. The way she wears her shoes is as if she's wearing slippers. It's really ugly!"

The more Rachel said, the more convinced she was by herself. She said, "Have you ever seen people from the countryside that come to the cities to study? She carries herself exactly like those hillbillies! She doesn't have an elegant disposition or strong aura around her at all. So what even if she's a little good-looking? Is there anyone in families like ours who only cares about how pretty one's face is?"

A few people nearby came toward them while she was talking. Upon hearing what she said, they asked in surprise, “Who are you talking about?”

Rachel smiled and replied, “It’s Nora Smith! You know, the one from the Andersons... By the way, the live-stream about her caused quite the uproar the other time. Did you guys see it? To think they talked about their household affairs in public... Seems like they don’t care about embarrassing themselves at all!”

“Oh, are you talking about the same Nora Smith whose father turned out fake after kicking up all that fuss?”

“Yeah. Speaking of this, my family doesn’t really understand, either. For people like them, you can just get rid of them by giving them some money, and the matter will be resolved. Why make such a fuss in public together with them? Even though they clarified everything in public in the end, wasn’t it embarrassing for the Andersons all the same? Even though her adoptive father is indeed a problematic man and is too greedy, it’s true that her mother had also gotten herself pregnant before marriage...”

“Did you know? I heard that her mother was a famous socialite in New York back then... The wives of the wealthy hated her the most. She was especially beautiful and also very skilled at seducing men, so she was involved with almost every young man among the wealthy families at that time. She was the public enemy of all the wealthy ladies in New York back then!”

“ ... ”

Rachel felt very smug at the sight of how everyone’s comments were becoming more and more ridiculous. She said, “Yes, that’s the one!”

“Is she also attending the party? Is she using the invitation to the Andersons to attend? The Andersons are already down-and-out! Yet she’s still coming... She sure thinks really highly of herself!”

“Hey, let’s ignore her later, okay?”

“I don’t want to talk to someone like that!”

“ ... ”

The few young wealthy ladies who got along well simply spared no effort to badmouth and gossip about other people once they came together.

Yvonne's lips slowly curled into a smile as she listened to them.

The group of girls chatted noisily as they stood at the door. After talking about Nora, they shifted the topic back to Yvonne's gown and paid her a great deal of compliments.

"So what even if her mother had been a very glorious existence back then? In the end, she still married someone in a small town instead. How could she possibly compare to the Hunts or the Smiths...? Just look at how gorgeous and expensive Ms. Smith's gown is when she's just attending a party... No matter how impressive her mother was, can she find her a better gown?"

"Exactly. No matter how amazing her mother was, it's not like she passed it down to her, right? Otherwise, why didn't she find a boyfriend like Mr. Hunt?"

"Ms. Smith and Mr. Hunt are a match made in heaven! When are the two of you getting engaged, Ms. Smith?"

Everyone in the wealthy circle had already heard the rumors that the Smiths and the Hunts were planning a political marriage. They'd originally thought that the two of them would get engaged when they were eighteen, but unexpectedly, nothing had been set in stone yet even after so long.

Although Justin had an illegitimate child, he didn't get married during all these years, nor was there any news of the child's biological mother. Yvonne didn't get married, either, so everyone thought that both parties were still waiting for a suitable opportunity.

Yvonne, however, lowered her gaze at the question and said nothing.

Irritability welled up in her.

They were simply too gossipy, and were practically rubbing her nose in it!

Rachel, who noticed Yvonne's annoyance, interrupted them with a smile. She said, "The Hunts and the Smiths' affairs aren't something that you guys should be asking about. After all, that's a union between two big families... Let's not ask any more! I just saw the Andersons' car arrive. My cousin and Nora Smith will be coming over in a while. I'll point her out to you guys later!"

“Yeah, okay!”

“I also wanna see just how beautiful this daughter of the ‘public enemy of all the wealthy wives of New York’ can be!”

“Even now, my mother still gnashes her teeth in fury whenever she talks about Yvette Anderson. She says that my father had a crush on Yvette Anderson back then, and that Yvette Anderson was his unattainable dream...”

While they were chatting noisily, Rachel looked into the distance and said, “They’re coming!”

Everyone followed her gaze and looked over.

The woman walking in the forefront was wearing a pink dress. Her shoulder-length bob made her look very youthful and peppy. She was walking over arm in arm with a middle-aged woman wearing a gown full of classical charm.

Sheril was obsessed with the laboratory, so she rarely attended parties.

Young women who didn’t usually dance wouldn’t attend the dance party the other time, so someone had mistaken her for Nora. She looked at Sheril and said, “Is she the one in the pink dress? Although she looks pretty cute, she doesn’t look that astounding. Besides, her dress is so meh~”

But as soon as she said that, Sheril suddenly turned around, revealing the woman behind her...

The woman was sashaying over in a pair of crystal high heels.

The blue gown on her set off her thin and slender waist, which looked as if one could hold her with just one hand.

Her straight hair, casually draped behind her, fluttered in the air along with her movements.

Beside her, a little girl wearing a small mask was also dressed in a similar blue princess dress. She bounced around while holding her hand.

They were an exquisite sight in the Hunts’ manor!

The people waiting at the door were stunned, and all of them looked at them in disbelief.

The few women who were clamoring just a moment ago said in surprise:

“That dress... It’s the Blue Enchantress!”

“Oh my god, who is she? Doesn’t she walk too beautifully? Her movements are obviously so big when she twists and turns her hips as she walks, but how does she still make it look so charming? She’s too gorgeous!”

“Which family is she from? Why is the kid she’s holding wearing a silver mask? She’s so cute! Is she her younger sister?”

“ ... ”

Rachel was totally stunned while everyone was singing praises of Nora.

She stared at Nora incredulously, feeling like her eyes must be playing tricks on her. Was she actually that hillbilly and bumpkin of a woman who was always wearing jeans and white T-shirts, and walked as though she was still half-asleep?

Wasn’t her gait a little too graceful?!

Even she found it difficult to go against her conscience and say she didn’t look good!

All around them, every man’s eyes were on her. It was obvious that Nora had become the center of attention!

When did such a big beauty appear in New York?!

That was the thought on everyone’s minds.

Even Yvonne was a little stunned. However, because she knew Sheril, she didn’t mistake her for anyone else. Instead, she stared at Nora in shock.

She had only heard her name prior to this, but she was the purported hillbilly that Rachel mentioned?

There was practically no need for any comparison! Even with the distance between the two of them, it was obvious who had won—or at least, that was the case in terms of what they were wearing!

She bit her lip in anger and glared at Rachel. For once, she couldn't hold herself back and she said, "So, that's the Nora Smith you were talking about?"

That one line from her was enough to enlighten everyone there.

All of them looked at Nora in unison. The same thought simultaneously formed in everyone's minds in this instant—if she looked anything like her mother, then it was no wonder that her mother was the public enemy of all the wealthy wives of New York back then!

Given her looks, which man would be able to resist her?

Especially with the way her hips twisted when she walked... Although she was doing it on purpose, it simply looked too beautiful!

However, Nora, who was 'twisting her hips on purpose', was actually complaining while she was walking at the moment. "What kind of shoes are these? Aren't they a little too slippery?"

Cherry supported her Mommy carefully to prevent her from tripping and falling down in public. Now, that would be a terrible sight. She piped up in her adorable voice, "Beauty comes at a price, Mommy!"

The crystal heels were a perfect match with the blue gown, but because crystal heels were a little more slippery than ordinary heels, Nora couldn't really walk very well in them. As a result, she could only twist and turn her hips from side to side as she walked!

Nora tried to put up with it, but in the end, she still bent over, intending to take off the heels and hold them instead. What kinda lousy shoes were these?! She wasn't gonna wear them anymore!

But as soon as she bent over, Sheril grabbed her hand. "There are so many eyes on you right now, Nora! You'd better not do anything unsightly! Otherwise, it'll be really embarrassing!"

Nora: "..."

She silently endured the heels for a while longer. In the end, she gritted her teeth and said to Cherry, "Get your father to prepare a normal pair of heels for me! Otherwise, I'm going to go around barefooted later!"

Cherry took out her cell phone at once. "Okay, Mommy! I'll contact Daddy right away!"

Just like that, they swaggered through the crowd and came to the entrance of the hall. They were about to enter the party hall after registering when they suddenly heard a shrill voice.

"Nora Smith!"

Nora and Sheril looked over to see Rachel staring at the former. She looked her gown up and down and demanded, "W-who borrowed that gown for you?"

Nora glanced at her coldly, disinterested in even speaking to her.

She scoffed and said nothing.

Sheril asked, "Oh, you've also come, Rachel? Shall we go in together?"

She didn't want anyone to know that Justin had borrowed it for them. Should the Hunts hear of it, they would surely look down on Nora!

As Nora's family, they must have pride!

Rachel completely ignored Sheril and stared only at Nora. "Say it, how did you manage to borrow that gown? With the Andersons' reputation, there's no way you can borrow it!"

In a brainless move, she then pointed to Yvonne and added, "Even Ms. Smith only managed to borrow that gown she's wearing, so why should you be able to borrow the Blue Enchantress?"

Nora raised her brows. "I went to the store to borrow it, I suppose?"

Rachel: "..."

Of course she knew that she had borrowed it from the store, but was that what she was asking about?

Before she could say anything else, Melissa had already registered at the gift reception table at the door. She said, "Alright, let's go in. Rachel, are you going in with us, or are you going to continue playing here? Or, shall I ask your father here to come over and bring you in?"

Regardless of what was going on at home, they were in public at the moment. Rachel kicking up a fuss like that was an utter embarrassment!

Rachel swallowed. "You guys can go in first, Aunt Melissa. I'm having fun here with Ms. Smith!"

Melissa nodded.

Nora, however, glanced at the 'Ms. Smith' Rachel had mentioned...

She was wearing a blue gown similar in color to the one she was wearing. Strictly speaking, their outfits had clashed with each other's. However, the Blue Enchantress' design was clearly a little more high-end.

She looked rather bright and charming, and she carried herself gracefully. She stood there quietly with a gentle smile.

Nora asked curiously, "Is she Ian Smith's daughter?"

She had once heard that although Ian stayed single his entire life, he had adopted a daughter.

So, she was Ian's adopted daughter?

As soon as the thought formed, Sheril leaned toward her and explained softly, "Yes, her name is Yvonne Smith."

Yv... onne... Smith...

Nora suddenly felt rather awkward when she heard the name.

To be honest, despite everything that had happened, for her mother to have a man who loved her that much, it seemed like that was enough for her whole life.

Sheril couldn't help but say, "Mr. Smith is a devoted man."

The two of them had already entered the hall while they were talking.

However, Yvonne had overheard their conversation.

She bit her lip hard. Then, she took a step forward, went to the gift registration room, and looked around. Sure enough, she saw that the Andersons had given pills as a gift.

As for what kind of pill it was, it was not specified.

But it definitely wasn't as good as the Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill she was giving.

Now that she had lost in terms of dressing, she mustn't lose in terms of gifts!

With that in mind, she looked at the person at the registration counter and asked, "What kind of medicine did the Andersons give?"

All the birthday gifts had to be registered, lest the host couldn't tell who gave what in the end.

All those who wanted to take the grand birthday party's opportunity to curry favor with the Hunts had already sent a lot of valuable gifts a long time ago.

The person in charge of registering the gifts had already long since become numb to the great number of valuable gifts. Thus, he replied, "A box of pills."

Box?

Yvonne let out a low laugh.

The more precious a medicine, the more they were counted by the actual number of pills—after all, even a single pill was hard to come by.

Yet they had given a whole box of pills...

Their gift was probably Carefree Pills, right?

The Carefree Pill's current market value was \$3,000 per pill. Even if they gave an entire box of it, how much could they possibly add up to...?

Yvonne let out a sigh of relief and said, "My gift is a pill."

The person in charge of registering gifts looked up at her. "Okay, I've noted it. What kind of precious pill is it, though, Ms. Smith?"

The question was purely out of his own curiosity.

Yvonne smiled and answered, "It's the Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill."

Thud.

The person in charge of gift registration dropped his pen on the table. His voice also suddenly rose in volume as he repeated, "The Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill?"

Rachel, who was standing behind Yvonne, also heard them. At once, she became even more surprised, and her voice became even louder. "The Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill?"

Her words made everyone look over.

Upon sensing their envious gazes, Yvonne raised her chin a little, and she felt like she had finally regained her confidence. She said simply, "Yeah."

Then, she headed to the party hall.

The people at the door were already sighing in admiration. "The Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill... She sure is generous!"

"Yeah, that pill is really hard to find now! The Smiths are probably the only ones that can get Dr. Zabe to make one more these days!"

"The Smiths are worthy of their name as a top-notch giant, indeed! As expected, they only do great things! The box of pills that the Andersons gave are probably Carefree Pills. In comparison, that's nothing to be envious of anymore..."

The Andersons' Carefree Pills had already made a name for themselves. To be honest, a box of it was actually a presentable gift.

But compared with the Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill, it was ultimately still inferior.

Yvonne was delighted by their comments.

But a short while after she cheered up, her friends behind her started talking to one another softly again.

“Why didn’t the Smiths manage to borrow the Blue Enchantress when they’re so powerful, though? After all, Yvonne loved showing off the most during all the parties in the past!”

“Yeah, the brand won’t loan us the Blue Enchantress if we try to borrow it, but they definitely won’t dare to offend people like the Hunts and the Smiths if they ask for it! How did the Andersons manage to borrow it instead...?”

“By right, that shouldn’t be the case. The Smiths are a top-notch family. Isn’t it a cinch for them to borrow a gown if they want to?”

“... Don’t say any more. She’s ultimately just an adopted daughter. If she were a real Smith, how would she possibly fail to borrow it...”

Their words made Yvonne clench her fists tightly.

Not a real Smith... Indeed, it was because she wasn’t a real Smith that they had rejected her when she went to borrow the gown.

But had Joel personally made the request himself, they definitely wouldn’t have dared to refuse!

At the end of it all, it was still because she wasn’t related to the Smiths by blood.

Yvonne lowered her head. Her friends were still talking to one another softly.

“Ah, I remember now. Nora Smith was at the dance party this year, but she had only tied up her hair and worn a pantsuit that time. She’s simply beautiful in her outfit today!”

“Why do I feel like she looks even better than Ms. Smith...”

“No, wait, shouldn’t Ms. Smith and Mr. Hunt be the highlight of the Hunts’ party this evening instead? What is she wearing the Blue Enchantress to steal the limelight for? Could it be that...”

“Cough!”

Someone who saw Yvonne coughed as a reminder.

The few of them immediately shut up. All of them were rather embarrassed when they turned and spotted Yvonne. They said, “We were just talking nonsense just now, Ms. Smith. Don’t mind us...”

Yvonne took a deep breath.

Of course she knew that they were just fair-weather friends.

The moment they complained about others in front of her, she had already known that she would definitely also be the focus of their complaints.

There wasn’t anyone who didn’t talk about others behind their backs, nor was there anyone who wasn’t talked about behind their backs.

She had long since become accustomed to it after so many years.

She smiled and said, “What were you all talking about just now? I didn’t hear anything.”

The few of them breathed sighs of relief at once. Then, they started to flatter her again. “We were talking about how inappropriate Nora Smith’s behavior is. You’re definitely the star of the occasion tonight, so what is she trying to steal the limelight for? Those who didn’t know better would have thought she had some kind of special relationship with the Hunts!”

“It’s only because Ms. Hunt is studying abroad, so she isn’t in the States right now. Otherwise, how would she, of all people, possibly get to wear the Blue Enchantress...”

“Exactly. Isn’t it exactly because she’s looking for a good man to marry that she’s dressed up so nicely and attracting so much attention? But I heard that she got herself pregnant before marriage, so she has a daughter! The little girl she was holding just now is her daughter!”

“What? Who would still want her when she already has a child?”

“That’s why, girls. She must be having a hard time finding a life partner after having a child, so she can only dress up a little more beautifully to cover up that shortcoming of hers. Just take a look at all the boys over there; aren’t they all blind and bewitched now?”

“... Hmph, it’s useless even if she’s bewitched them all! Their families would never agree to it! It’s basically next to impossible for her to marry into a good family.”

“ ... ”

Nora, the topic of everyone’s discussion, was currently surrounded by a group of men.

Although she had been the highlight at the dance party the other time, she had ultimately dressed rather coolly in a pantsuit, so she didn’t look as stunning as she did today.

Everyone had gathered around her. Some were introducing themselves, while some were trying to sound her out.

Nora, who didn’t know them at all, found them very annoying.

She broke into a frown. By then, Sheril was already saying, “Sorry, everyone. Nora and I are going to the side to rest for a while. You—”

“Are you going to the sofa over there? Sure, we can accompany you two there. Is Ms. Smith feeling unwell? Shall I help you over?”

“Let me do it instead, Mr. Simmons. After all, your arms have held too many girls before!”

“What do you mean by that? Do you think you’re that innocent yourself?”

“Of course I’m not. It’s just that the number of girlfriends I’ve had is fewer than you...”

“Neither of you are innocent enough. Don’t let them fool you, Ms. Smith. How about letting me help you over instead?”

“ ... ”

The men started to argue with one another, causing everyone around them to look over and frown.

All of them were relatively flirtatious young men from wealthy families. They usually fooled around a lot, and seldom did anything decent. The moment they spy on a beautiful woman, they can’t move away anymore.

With them surrounding her, Nora's reputation wouldn't fare any better!

Sure enough, Yvonne's friends started to insult her again.

"Look at that vixen. Isn't her blatant seduction act a little too low-class? She definitely won't be able to find a good boyfriend!"

The corners of Yvonne's lips curled into a smile as she waited for Nora to make a fool out of herself.

But right at this point, Justin, who should be making an appearance later instead, suddenly appeared in the party hall!

Justin was a key figure. Although his appearance had come out of the blue, he nevertheless attracted everyone's attention.

Everyone looked at him.

Yvonne's eyes lit up the moment her gaze landed on him.

Justin was undoubtedly the most attractive man in New York. He was also the goal that she had set for herself ever since she was a child. The reason why she had never had a boyfriend all these years was that she had made strict demands of herself using what Justin's woman would do as a benchmark.

Even when news of him suddenly having a child reached the Smiths five years ago, she had only hidden herself in her room and secretly cried, but still forgave him in the end.

After all, men were all Casanovas that couldn't control their lower bodies.

She had also thought of treating the child well after she married Justin. An illegitimate child definitely wouldn't be able to inherit the Hunts, but she could still have hers and Justin's future son treat him a little better. Giving him a little more money and assets would also highlight how magnanimous she was.

But Justin's delay in going to the Smiths to propose marriage had made her a little anxious in recent years. After all, she was already 25 years old. The engagement, marriage, and other procedures would take at least two years. By then, she would be old!

Although Justin had already said that he wouldn't marry her when he was eighteen, he had still stayed single for so many years. In addition, the

illegitimate child's mother had never once made an appearance, either. It was said that Justin disliked her so much that he never even once mentioned her.

Therefore, she believed that Justin must be waiting for his child to grow up first.

Was he worried that she would abuse his child?

Yvonne wasn't that kind of person, but she couldn't say that to Justin, so she could only continue to wait for him helplessly at the Smiths.

It was only at the annual parties that she could even take a few looks at him from a distance. Even when she went forward to say hi to him, his eyes never seemed to ever stay on her.

She was already the most outstanding woman in New York, though. If even she couldn't catch Justin's fancy, then it was impossible that anyone else could!

She stood where she was calmly. Her friends beside her were already exclaiming.

"It's Mr. Hunt, Ms. Smith! Oh my goodness, is his sudden appearance in the party hall because of you?"

"Isn't that obvious? Of course, it's because of Ms. Smith! Do you think he'll show up because of you? Look, Mr. Hunt is coming over!"

"... Mr. Hunt is so handsome. Quick, go to him, Ms. Smith!"

Yvonne didn't speak, but her eyes were shining brighter and brighter.

She took a step forward and gazed at Justin with rosy cheeks. Then, the crowd watched as Justin walked past Yvonne and headed straight toward where Nora was a short distance away.

Yvonne's expression froze instantly.

She clenched her fists tightly.

Her friends were even more shocked.

"Where is Mr. Hunt going?"

“But Ms. Smith is here! Could it be that he isn’t...”

Someone gave the woman speaking a push. Only then did she realize that she had said the wrong thing, and she hastily shut up. The rest said, “Mr. Hunt must have something he needs to do! There are simply too many people at the party today, so maybe he has some instructions he needs to give, or maybe he saw a business partner and is going over to say hi!”

“That’s right. Situations like this aren’t appropriate for romance, either. After all, work takes top priority...”

Their words made Yvonne bite her lip. But when she saw Justin going nearer and nearer to where Nora was, her heart suddenly sank.

Rachel knew that Nora was Justin’s girlfriend, but she wasn’t optimistic about the two of them. She leaned toward Yvonne and whispered, “I’m sure Mr. Hunt is just fooling around with Nora... Don’t mind them.”

Fooling around...

Yvonne clenched her fists, though she kept a calm and gentle look on her face. “Well, it has nothing to do with me.”

“How can you not have anything to do with it?” Rachel kept trying to incite her. She said, “Considering Nora Smith’s background and the fact that she got herself pregnant before marriage, there’s absolutely no way Mr. Hunt would publicly admit that they are dating. It would be too embarrassing otherwise! They definitely won’t get married! In fact, you only need to turn a blind eye, and the title of Mrs. Hunt will still be yours sooner or later, Ms. Smith!”

Turn a blind eye...

Not only must she tolerate him having a child, but she also had to tolerate him keeping a lover out there?

On top of that, apart from being a little more beautiful than most, that lover of his was utterly worthless!

Yvonne’s expression turned even more awful.

Warren suddenly came over at this point. At the sight of her, he said cryptically, “You’re here, Yvonne...”

A surprised Yvonne followed him to the side.

Warren lowered his voice and asked, “Why do you look kinda unhappy?”

His words made Yvonne glance at where Nora was again. She suddenly lowered her head and asked, “How did Nora Smith manage to borrow the Blue Enchantress, Warren?”

Warren was chagrined at her question. He replied, “Justin must have done it. That’s the only way she could have borrowed the gown... If I had known, I would have asked Joel to do it instead!”

Yvonne bit her lip, and her eyes reddened.

Warren immediately asked, “What’s the matter?”

Yvonne lowered her head. “We ran into each other at the hall entrance just now... She said that I’m not a real Smith...”

Her words immediately misled Warren. He asked incredulously, “She mocked you just because of a dress? What makes her think she can mock you like that? Even an adopted daughter of the Smiths is better than her! The Andersons have already fallen into decline a long time ago. Besides, she isn’t even an Anderson because her last name is Smith... It’s so off-putting how we have the same last name.”

Yvonne didn’t speak.

Warren sneered, “It’s okay. Don’t worry, I’ve already taken revenge for you!”

Yvonne was startled. “What?”

A smiling Warren said, “Why do you think so many rich second-generation heirs dared to hit on her so blatantly at a party like this?”

Yvonne was dumbfounded. When she turned and looked over again, she saw a few more people gathering around Nora.

No matter what, it was too inappropriate for a woman to be surrounded by several men trying to woo her, especially when the things they said were so explicit—or at least, that was how everyone saw it.

She asked in surprise, “You’re the one behind it?”

Warren raised his chin triumphantly. “Well, not really. A whole group of people was attracted to her looks as soon as she came in. They were originally planning to ask about it discreetly, but I said that... she’s a socialite.”

Yvonne, “!!”

No wonder those men had the audacity to rush over so rudely!

Warren sneered, “They don’t know that she is Justin’s girlfriend. Neither can Justin acknowledge their relationship at an occasion like this, so he can only stew in silence and vent his anger on her now! Any man would be mad when their woman becomes involved with so many men in public, right?”

He raised his eyebrows. “Just wait and see. Mr. Hunt is definitely going over to deal with her. Who knows, he may even throw her out!”

Yvonne didn’t know whether to laugh or cry at his words.. Yet, when she thought about it, it didn’t seem entirely impossible, either. Her eyes lit up a little and she looked over...

“What is Mr. Hunt doing, Ms. Smith? It doesn’t look like there’s anyone he’ll talk to over there, right?”

“Yeah...”

While Yvonne was watching, someone asked curiously,

“The people there are all young rich good-for-nothings totally different from Mr. Hunt. Why would he go there...?”

“Is it because he thinks their behavior is too inappropriate?”

“That must be it. What kind of place do they think this is? That group of good-for-nothings and that woman should look at where they are first before they hook up with one another! Mr. Hunt values his grandmother the most. He must have become angry!”

Nora was completely unaware that she had become the focus of the women’s discussion.

She merely watched the men swarming toward her and raised her eyebrows, feeling like something wasn’t quite right.

No matter how frivolous they were, they weren't people who didn't take time and place into consideration, so why were they doing this to her? Moreover, her belief was that she did have a rather powerful aura around her. Lily always said she was an impressive person, and just a glare from her was enough to scare Lily. When she was abroad, all the men had also kept their distance from her despite her good looks, so why would such a thing happen the moment she returned to the States?

She narrowed her eyes.

Next to her were also people trying to talk to her.

"Do you know who I am, Ms. Smith? If you have time, I think we can have a chat..."

"I met you first, Ms. Smith. Even if we are to line up to chat with you, shouldn't I be the first?"

"Do you like Hermès, Ms. Smith? Shall I take you to Hermès for some shopping?"

"Hermès is so tacky! I have a villa in the suburbs. Shall I take you to visit it?"

Their speech became more and more explicit. Even Sheril and Melissa frowned when they heard them. Why did they look like rich young men lavishing attention on and flattering a famous courtesan?!

They were looking down on Nora too much!

Melissa reprimanded them. "Which families are you children from?! Stop fooling about!"

However, they instead laughed and said jokingly, "We aren't fooling about. I meant what I said... You're the Andersons, right? How about letting Ms. Smith have dinner with me so that we can discuss a partnership between our hospital and Harmonia Pharmacy?"

"Ms. Smith seemed unwell, so I wanted to help. Which part of what I'm doing looks like I'm fooling about..."

Sheril was so mad that even her cheeks had turned red. “All of you are too much! Nora doesn’t need your help! She doesn’t even want to pay any attention to any of you at all, so please step aside! We are going to rest!”

“You’re not the one who decides whether your cousin Nora wants to pay any attention to us or not. It only counts if she says it...”

“That’s right. Ms. Smith, although you already have a child, I don’t mind at all. After all, young but mature women are more charming...”

“...”

The look in Nora’s eyes turned cold, and anger roiled in her cat-like eyes.

If it weren’t because this was Mrs. Hunt’s birthday party, she would have beat them up a long time ago, yet they were actually pushing their luck this far?

In that case, they couldn’t blame her for what came next.

She lowered her head and flexed her wrists. Then, she said to the masked Cherry, “Go to the side.”

Her four words alone made Cherry step back in silence. She hid behind Melissa with practiced movements and hugged her leg.

“Don’t be scared, Cherry...” said Melissa.

Cherry replied in her adorable voice, “I’m not scared, Grand-Aunt. I just think it’s so pitiful...”

Melissa’s eyes reddened. “It’s okay, your mother is not pitiful. She still has us, we won’t let anyone bully or humiliate her!”

Cherry: “?”

She blinked her big dark eyes and said, “What I meant was that those people are so pitiful. To think they are blind enough to offend Mommy. Mommy is really angry now, and the consequences are serious when that happens!”

Melissa: “?”

As soon as she said that, a shadow flashed across in front of her.

Nora had already suddenly thrown a punch at the face of the man closest to her, who was also the one who had said the most awful things out of the lot!

Melissa: “!!”

Sheril was also dumbfounded.

The man who had been punched was even more dumbstruck. He had never expected the other party to suddenly attack while they were still talking.

However, just as Nora’s fist was about to connect with the man’s face, a large and strong hand suddenly reached over and grabbed her fist, stopping her movements.

The very next moment, a low and deep voice reached them. “You’re not allowed to hit him.”

That voice...

Everyone turned their heads in unison to see Justin standing beside Nora. He was holding Nora’s hand, thereby stopping her actions.

Everyone: “??”

Everyone in the entire party hall looked over.

The man who had almost been hit immediately said, “It’s fortunate that you came here in time, Mr. Hunt. Otherwise, I would have been beaten up! How can a great beauty like you hit someone?”

The others also echoed him.

“Yeah, what kind of occasion do you think this is? How can you hit him?”

“All he did was say a few words. Aren’t you being too crass if you get violent?!”

“That woman is too savage, Mr. Hunt! Her behavior is outrageous!”

In the distance.

Yvonne breathed a sigh of relief at the sight.

As expected, Justin had become angry.

That woman sure was stupid, though. Even though they were in public, instead of trying to defuse the situation, she actually had the guts to get violent?

A woman like her wasn't fit to be seen in public!

Rachel couldn't even hide the gloating look on her face. She said, "Did you see that? I told you, women from small places are just too reckless. She's offended Mr. Hunt!"

Their friends also said very cooperatively, "Exactly. This is Mrs. Hunt's birthday party, how can she get violent?"

"Here I was, thinking that she was some kind of impressive person because she's wearing the Blue Enchantress. I didn't expect her to actually behave in such a low-class manner!"

"A gentleman resolves problems through words instead of violence. Doesn't she have even the most basic common sense?"

Justin's actions also shocked Sheril and Melissa. Melissa frowned and defended Nora. She said, "They were the ones who provoked Nora first, Justin."

Sheril nodded.

Cherry also nodded repeatedly.

But unexpectedly, as soon as she said that, Justin said sternly, "Even so, she's still not allowed to hit anyone."

Melissa: "??"

She was a little angry.

She didn't expect that in order to prevent an embarrassing situation, Justin actually didn't even care that Nora had suffered injustice.

The man who had almost been hit became even more triumphant. He said, "That's right! If you're unhappy, then we can just talk about it. What is the meaning of resorting to violence? You're too much!"

He looked at Justin again. “It’s okay, though, Mr. Hunt. I’ll let the matter pass as long as she apologizes to me. I won’t hold it against her...”

It was only after he spoke that he realized that Justin wasn’t looking at him at all. Instead, he was looking at Nora.

Nora’s brows were raised. She asked with a hint of displeasure, “Why can’t I hit him?”

That woman was actually countering with a question of her own?

The man immediately sneered, “Because you should see where you are...”

It was a shame that before he could finish, Justin had already said, “Because force goes both ways. What if it hurts your hand?”

Everyone: “?????”

For a while, it was as if someone had pressed the mute button for the entire party hall.

There was no other sound aside from the soft music that the Hunts were playing.

Yvonne’s friends next to her, the rich young men taking the opportunity to fool about, the people with actual status and influence, as well as the guests that had just entered the hall... All of them were looking at him in disbelief.

Justin’s voice just now had neither been too loud nor too soft, but because everyone was paying attention to him in order to determine his stance, his words had reached everyone’s ears clearly.

Everyone looked at him incredulously, and then at Nora.

All of them were wondering the same thing—what was going on here?

Why did the atmosphere between Mr. Hunt and Nora Smith feel kinda off?! Also, why was Mr. Hunt still holding Ms. Smith’s hand even though so much time had passed since he grabbed her hand to stop her?

Yvonne’s friends next to her started whispering and speculating again.

“What’s going on? Why does it look like Mr. Hunt knows that hillbilly?”

“Why do I feel like there’s an unusual relationship between those two?”

Along with those words, the few of them looked at Yvonne and asked, “Surely Mr. Hunt doesn’t have anything to do with her, right, Ms. Smith?”

Yvonne bit her lip.

She lowered her head and slowly said, “I don’t know what kind of relationship the two of them share, but even if they aren’t related in any way, a host won’t stand by idly and watch as someone bullies their guest, right? After all, those men went too far.”

Rachel was so jealous that she was almost out of her mind. She said, “Yeah, what kind of relationship can Nora Smith and Mr. Hunt possibly share? They have nothing to do with each other at all! Mr. Hunt must have just found those people’s actions too much. It’s just a shame that he doesn’t know what that woman is like!”

The girls: “...”

Everyone exchanged looks with one another, all of them sensing something amiss.

Why did Yvonne look a little unhappy? It seemed like that woman’s presence was really bothering her...

Everyone was smart here. They hadn’t thought of that in the beginning, but now...

Could it be that Nora Smith’s good looks had also attracted Mr. Hunt?

Just as everyone was speculating, Nora, the subject of the drama, waved and shook Justin’s hand away in disdain. Her voice was low and impatient as she asked, “If I can’t hit him, then what should I do?”

Her shoes were too uncomfortable. She wanted to deal with the people in front of her as soon as possible so that she could change her shoes.

Justin’s icy voice rang out. “Where’s the butler?”

The butler in charge of the Hunts’ external affairs had already noticed Justin the instant he appeared. Upon hearing his words, he hurriedly came over. “Sir.”

Justin pointed casually at the men. “These frivolous and flippant people here... Send! Them! Out! Nicely!”

The meaning behind his deliberate emphasis on the words ‘send them out nicely’ was very obvious. There was no way the butler could see those people out the door politely anymore.

The butler nodded immediately. “Yes, sir.”

With a wave from him, a few security guards rushed over. They held down the frivolous rich second-generation heirs, buckled their hands behind their backs, and dragged them out!

The men were dumbfounded. One even shouted, “Mr. Hunt, Mr. Hunt...! What are you doing? All we did was say a few words to her... Do you know who she is, Mr. Hunt? She’s a socialite! It was mutually consensual when we chatted with each other! We didn’t force her into anything!”

‘Socialite’...

The word made Justin’s pupils shrink.

He suddenly said, “Stop.”

The security guard stopped and let go of the man. The man wasn’t from an influential family. He had come to the party by tagging along with someone else’s invitation so that he could get to know more people.

Thus, when Warren incited them to go over, he had done so accordingly.

He wasn’t willing to be driven out just like that. On top of that, he also had the guts to speak up. He immediately said, “Are you doing this because you’re not aware of her identity? Don’t let her beautiful appearance fool you! I heard tha—”

But before he could finish, Justin interrupted him. “Who did you hear that from?”

The man subconsciously looked at Warren standing among the crowd, causing him to shrink back and hide behind Yvonne.

Yvonne: “...”

He didn't see Warren, but he didn't dare to drag the Smiths into this, either. Thus, the man could only say, "I... I just overheard some people..."

"Can things that you hear through the grapevine be brought to the public?" Justin looked at the butler and said, "Find Ms. Smith a lawyer, and sue him for slander."

"... Yes, sir," said the butler.

Everyone else: "..."

"There's no need for that." Nora suddenly interrupted him. Then, she lowered her voice and slowly said, "I don't care about all this. I just want to change my shoes now."

Justin: "..."

He fell silent for a moment. Then, he looked at the butler and said, "Never mind, then. Don't sue him anymore."

His voice was deep and tinged with displeasure.

The butler silently said a prayer inwardly for the man.

If they had sued him, all he would have had to do was just pay damages for harming the other party's reputation.

But now that they weren't suing him anymore, the man would probably have to pay an even higher price to appease Mr. Hunt.

The butler wasn't the only one who understood that; the man understood it even better.

He panicked at once. "I was wrong, Mr. Hunt. Please let me off!"

Unfortunately, Justin was no longer paying attention to him.

What more did he have to say to him when his girlfriend's feet were uncomfortable?

Chapter 253 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

The call was picked up quickly, and a clear female voice greeted him respectfully. "Teacher, is something the matter?"

Silvester's son knew that his father had a direct descendant, who was a woman, but he had never seen her before. However, the two of them had already spoken on the phone many times.

He coughed. "Sister, it's me."

"Oh... Is something wrong?"

Silvester's son said, "I have someone here who wants to buy Zabe's Calming Pills at a high price. Do you have time to help me refine one?"

The other party's voice was lazy. "Master wants to sell it?"

Silvester's son nodded. "Yes, the other party has offered two million dollars."

Nora was speechless.

Among the herbs needed to refine the Calming Pill, only the 500-year-old ginseng was more valuable. The rest added up to a few ten thousand dollars at most. That ginseng alone could be bought at an auction for one million.

Who was this retard, spending two million dollars to buy medicine?

She had completely forgotten that Silvester had only refined one pill in the past. If this matter were to spread, wouldn't the one pill be worth millions?

She yawned. "I just finished a batch. I'll give you one."

Silvester's son immediately said, "I'll split the money with you."

"No need." Nora originally wanted to say nothing, but she suddenly remembered that she had used the 500-year-old ginseng from Harmonia Pharmacy. She simply said, "Give me a 500-year-old ginseng!"

It indeed took such old ginseng to refine the Calming Pill.

His father had only managed to refine one pill.

If he gave her only one, what if she failed?

Therefore, he immediately said, "Alright, I'll give you two!"

"Okay."

Nora said, "I'll get someone to send it to you later."

"No problem."

At this moment, Nora was on the way back to the Andersons. After receiving the call, she called Sheril and told her Dr. Zabe's address, and also the reward for the pills.

When Sheril's master heard this, he volunteered to deliver the medicine without hesitation.

Before leaving, he was still mumbling, "I wonder how much a pill can be sold for. Our 500-year-old ginseng was really precious..."

Sheril smiled. "You'll know when you get there."

An hour later.

A pill wrapped in foil and placed in an exquisite iron box was sent to Silvester's house.

The old master was aged and strictly devoted to the Andersons' pharmaceutical factory, so not many people knew him.

Yvonne took a glance and mistook him for Dr. Zabe's direct disciple.

Silvester's son took the pills and handed the old master a box. "This is the agreed-upon fee."

The old master took it and turned to leave.

After leaving Silvester's house, the old master opened the box. "Such good medicine. I wonder what the cost is..."

Just as he was thinking, he saw two 500-year-old ginseng lying quietly in the box. One of them looked even better than the one Nora had used!

The old master was speechless.

His hands trembled as he carefully hugged the box. At the same time, he muttered in his heart, "Oh my God, I really made a killing this time! I picked up a treasure!"

In the hospital.

After buying the medicine, Yvonne returned to the Smiths.

During dinner, Ian was still hospitalized and did not go home. However, the monthly family dinner continued as usual. 15 to 16 people gathered at a round table.

Quentin was a secret figure in the Smiths. Very few people in the family knew him, so he had never participated in such family gatherings.

Joel hugged Mia and fed her patiently.

When Yvonne saw this, she smiled. "Joel, Mia is too thin. She should eat more."

Mia's arms and legs were thin. She immediately said, "I know how to eat a lot!"

With that, she continued eating.

Joel caressed her head.

Brandon was very dishonest when he ate. He sat beside Mia and kicked her from under the table a few times, and then accidentally turned over a cup.

Brandon's father, Warren, could not help but scold him. The family at the table was harmonious.

Suddenly, Warren said, "Why is Mrs. Hunt suddenly hosting such a grand banquet?"

The moment he said this, everyone at the table looked at Joel.

Joel said calmly, "I haven't heard."

Everyone was relieved.

Warren smiled. "Then let's go. By the way, Yvonne, have you prepared a gift?"

Yvonne smiled. "Yes, I have."

Warren nodded. "Yes. I think this banquet might have been arranged to let you and Justin meet again. Wasn't it just to matchmake the two of you many years ago?"

Yvonne lowered her head with her face red. "Warren, we're eating. Stop talking."

Warren laughed. "Haha, are you still shy? Yvonne, what's wrong with that? Although you're not a biological daughter, we grew up together and everyone treats you as their real sister! You don't have to be afraid. Although the Hunts faintly surpass the Smiths by a little, this is also the reason why Joel didn't compete. Our families are already on equal footing! Besides, Justin has a son. As the only daughter of the Smiths, you're not unworthy of him at all! Don't feel inferior!"

Yvonne was speechless.

He was really rubbing salt into her wound.

Was it appropriate to say such things in public?!

However, she did not dare to lose her temper. She smiled and nodded. "Yes."

Warren asked again, "Have you prepared a gift?"

Yvonne smiled. "Yes."

Warren asked curiously, "What is it? This gift must be presentable! If our families are to be united through marriage, we must be on par."

Yvonne nodded. "I've prepared a Calming Pill."

Warren frowned instantly. "Can a simple pill be presented as a gift? Isn't it common on the streets?"

The others looked at Yvonne.

Being looked at by so many people, Yvonne took a sip of the soup and smiled. "It's the Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill."

Warren was stunned by her words. "Oh my god, you actually bought the Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill? This gift is really enough!"

The others also praised, "Yvonne is indeed worthy of being raised by Uncle Ian. Her taste is really different! This gift is superb! No amount of treasures can compare to this kind intentions!"

Yvonne smiled and did not speak. She looked carefully at Joel, only to see him frowning and looking at her.

For some reason, her heart skipped a beat. She carefully asked, "Joel, is my gift not appropriate?"

Joel retracted his gaze and said calmly, "It's okay."

Yvonne sighed in relief, but she heard him say, "But it seems like Justin already has a girlfriend."

Warren was stunned to hear this. "He has a girlfriend? How can he have a girlfriend? Didn't we agree on a political marriage?"

Joel smiled.. "It can be considered a political marriage."

Justin's girlfriend was Nora, and Nora was a Smith. What was that, if not a political marriage?

However, Joel's voice had been very low, so the others didn't hear him clearly. Warren asked, "What did you say, Joel?"

Joel coughed. "It's nothing."

Warren nodded. "Yes, our families have already agreed on the political marriage, so Justin has to take someone from the Smiths as his wife. How can he go back on his word like that? And make Yvonne wait for him for so many years in vain?"

Joel glanced at Warren when he said that, but didn't say anything.

As for Yvonne, she lowered her head and said, "Don't say any more, Warren. Let's have dinner first."

After dinner, everyone left indignantly. Yvonne was about to go upstairs when Joel stopped her. He said, "Yvonne."

Yvonne walked up to Joel obediently and called out respectfully, "Joel."

Joel said dispassionately, "Regarding the Hunts, I've already told you Justin's stance a few years ago. You said at the time that Justin didn't have a girlfriend and you weren't in any hurry to find a boyfriend, and so, it dragged on just like that. But now that he has a girlfriend, what are your thoughts on the matter?"

The Hunts and the Smiths were originally planning a political marriage between Justin and Yvonne.

In fact, they had brought it up before when the two were eighteen years old. Pete didn't exist at that time yet, but Justin had nonetheless rejected the idea.

However, because he was concerned that it would embarrass Yvonne, he had discussed it privately with Joel instead.

Joel had subsequently relayed the message to Yvonne, so that she wouldn't waste time on it anymore.

As Yvonne hadn't looked for a boyfriend all these years, and since Justin didn't have a girlfriend, Joel didn't announce the decision at home, thinking that there might still be possibilities between the two of them.

Therefore, Justin hadn't done anything to let Yvonne down at all. It was just that the rest of the family didn't know about it.

Yvonne's eyes flickered when she heard him. She lowered her head and said, "I will do as you say, Joel."

She knew that Joel had always been someone extremely protective of his own.

When she said back then that she wasn't going to look for a boyfriend for the time being, he had immediately understood what she meant. It was just that they couldn't force Justin into anything, so the situation had dragged on till now.

But someone had intercepted her in the end instead.

Although Joel looked as if he was always smiling, and was amicable and easy to get along with on the surface, Yvonne knew just how domineering a person he was deep down.

As long as his younger sister—even if just a titular one—was still part of the Smiths, no outsider was allowed to bully her!

Therefore, Yvonne was confident that Joel would think of a solution for her—or at least, he would break Justin and Nora up.

In the midst of her beautiful daydream, Joel instead said unhurriedly, “In that case, don’t pursue it anymore. As they say, you can lead a horse to water but you can’t make him drink. You might as well use this opportunity to take a look at other people.”

Yvonne: “?”

She lifted her head abruptly and looked at Joel in disbelief.

For a while, she couldn’t quite control the expression on her face.

How did this...

Her fists balled up. It was only a moment later that she finally said, “I... I’ll do as you say, Joel.”

Joel nodded.

He stared at Yvonne for a while, which made her ask hesitantly, “Is there anything else, Joel?”

Joel retracted his gaze, a touch of disappointment flashing across his eyes. “No, there isn’t.”

Only then did Yvonne turn and leave.

After turning the corner and entering her room, at last, Yvonne couldn’t maintain the expression on her face anymore, and a savage air came over her entire self.

Joel wasn’t going to help her... Wasn’t it just because she wasn’t related to the Smiths by blood?

They painted such a nice and pretty picture for the outsiders, but at the end of it all, they didn't treat her as family!

A furious Yvonne hurled the things in her hands onto the floor.

Someone knocked on her door at this moment.

Yvonne hurriedly sorted her emotions and opened the door to find Warren standing outside. He looked at her and asked, "Did Joel say that he'll think of something for you, Yvonne? We can't do anything to Justin, but it's not like we can't do anything to his girlfriend, either, right?"

Yvonne bit her lip. She smiled and chose not to deny his statement. Instead, she replied, "Don't bother yourself with this anymore, Warren. Joel knows what he's doing."

Warren, however, shook his head. "That won't do. I can't just laze about and do nothing at home every day, either. Leave it to me! Hmph, just wait and see at the party! I will make Justin's little girlfriend regret it!"

Yvonne gave him a grateful look. She said, "You treat me too well, Warren!"

"Tsk, this is nothing. I already told you a long time ago, even though we aren't blood-related, I really see you as my younger sister. Also, since you're a Smith, there's no way I'll allow anyone to bully you!"

"..."

Warren returned to his room after talking to Yvonne. Brandon's mother, aka Warren's wife, asked, "How did it go?"

Warren sighed. "Her eyes were all red. I knew it, there's no way a girl won't be affected."

His wife sighed. "Yeah. Help your little sister out, then."

From the previous generation onward, there were only sons in the Smiths. She knew that her husband had always wanted a younger sister, but unfortunately, his five uncles simply hadn't had any daughters at all!

Later, Ian adopted Yvonne.

Although Yvonne didn't interact much with the rest of the family, she was simply too popular in this sister-deprived family!

Warren sighed. "Why are Dad and my uncles such big failures? It's all their fault that I don't have a younger sister! The same also goes for your belly. Let's work hard and have a daughter, dear. You don't know how envious I am whenever I see Joel carrying Mia!"

His wife: "..."

In the hospital.

Joel informed Quentin about the affairs at home when he came to visit Ian.

Quentin fell silent for a while after hearing about it. At last, he heaved a huge sigh and said, "At the end of it all, it's still because she isn't Uncle Ian's daughter. To think she's actually giving the medicine to someone else as a gift instead of giving it to Uncle Ian... Rather than Mrs. Hunt, who's in the pink of health, it's Uncle Ian who's in greater need of that medicine!"

This was also the reason why Joel had been displeased with Yvonne.

Although she wasn't related to them by blood, her adoptive father was currently hospitalized. Yet, she had spent so much money to buy medicine just to show off. What was the point of doing something like that?

He cast his eyes down dispassionately. "Forget it. Let's just marry her off and send her away."

Quentin nodded. Then, he said, "The Smiths and the Hunts are about to work together on a collaboration project, but it'd be best if the two families can solidify their relationship through a political marriage first. Should we acknowledge our little sister at the party and bring her back?"

"What little sister are you talking about!" Joel reprimanded, "So long as Uncle Ian doesn't say the word, that little sister doesn't exist for us!"

Quentin curled his lips disdainfully. 'Mr. Teen With Grandiose Delusions' sneered, "I refuse to believe you don't want a little sister!"

Joel: "..."

The two men's voices were a little loud. When they turned, they saw that Ian had already woken up at some point. Just as the two of them were a little taken aback, Ian sat up and said, "Is it a birthday party? I'll attend it, too."

Joel and Quentin exchanged a look. Both of them had understood.

Uncle Ian had ultimately thought it through in the end—he was intending to take the opportunity to acknowledge her and bring her back to the Smiths!

Time flew. In the blink of an eye, it was time for Mrs. Hunt's birthday party.

The Hunt manor's gates were wide open. All sorts of things were being delivered to the manor even before dawn. All the servants were terribly busy, and the entire manor was up to their ears in work.

It had been a very long time since the Hunts last held such a big party, so everyone was busy at work.

Even Chester, the game addict, had been dragged back home as an extra pair of hands. He stood there and directed everyone in the kitchen in their work. He happened to see Justin walking out with Cherry when he turned. He went after them at once and asked, "Where are you going, Justin?"

Justin glanced at him, the beauty mark at the corner of his eye gleaming with a chilly shine. "Do I have to report my itinerary to you?"

Chester shrank back. "Of course not."

He looked at Cherry curiously. "Where are you guys going, Pete?"

"To Mommy's!" Cherry replied.

Chester looked at the two boxes in Justin's hands. "What are you guys delivering?"

"A dress, of course!"

Chester: "?"

Had the Andersons become so poor that they couldn't even afford a dress for Nora?

Elsewhere, Yvonne looked at herself in the mirror.

Her blue gown set off her porcelain-like skin, making her look very beautiful.

When she came down the stairs, Warren complimented her. “You look great today, Yvonne!”

Yvonne smiled at him but said nothing.

Warren went over to her and said, “How is it? I’ve already asked around for you—Justin is wearing blue today, so you two can wear matching outfits now!”

At the mention of blue outfits, Yvonne hesitated for a while and then said, “I heard that Gucci has an haute couture handmade gown called the Blue Enchantress. It’s a finished product made by a famous designer. That gown...”

Warren waved and said, “Tsk, I’ve already been there to borrow the gown, but they didn’t give it to me. A gown like that is the brand’s signature item and a treasure; there’s no way they’ll lend it to anyone. The blue gown that you’re wearing is also very famous. It only loses out to that one by a little.”

Yvonne uttered an “oh”.

Wasn’t it all because Warren’s status wasn’t high enough that he hadn’t managed to borrow it? Had Joel been the one to ask, they would definitely have lent it to her. What a shame!

“Where’s Joel?” she asked.

Warren shook his head. “I don’t know, he only told us to set off from home. Seems like he’s visiting Uncle Ian before he goes over.”

It was only when he mentioned Ian, that Yvonne suddenly realized that because of the party, it had been quite a few days since she went to the hospital to visit him, so she didn’t know how her father was doing.

Brandon took after Warren, and both of them were very simple-minded and innocent. Therefore, Warren didn’t notice her displeasure. He and Yvonne stopped talking when they reached the cars, and they got into their respective cars.

As soon as he got in the car, Warren's wife remarked, "Why do I feel like Yvonne isn't very happy that you didn't manage to borrow the Blue Enchantress for her?"

Warren waved at once. "Surely not?"

His wife said with displeasure, "I don't think she would do that, either. You can't even bear to let me wear that dress she's wearing, so what does she have to be dissatisfied with when you've already given it to her? There isn't any girl in New York who has more prestige than her right now!"

Warren laughed at his wife's words. "Are you jealous?"

Was there any way she wouldn't be?

But her husband's entire family was so protective of their little sister that she couldn't say that, either.

Warren's wife smiled and said nothing. Her eyes, however, flickered a little. To be honest, she had actually asked the brand about the Blue Enchantress—they had already loaned it out to someone.

She didn't need to tell her husband that, though.

Since his younger sister didn't know her boundaries and was always trying to one-up her sisters-in-law... Well, she wasn't someone that easy to mess with, either.

At the Andersons'.

"How about this?" Sheril offered Nora an haute couture gown that she had never worn before.

The party was held too hastily. It took at least a month for a brand to make an haute couture gown, so Nora hadn't ordered one but just casually bought a formal dress.

However, when Sheril came back, she insisted that it undermined her status, so she took out her own gown and offered it to her instead.

Nora waved. "No, it's fine. I'm really don't mind..."

Just as she was thinking about it, Melissa's voice traveled over from downstairs.

"Mr. Hunt?"

Nora raised her brows.

She went down the stairs to see Justin placing two small boxes on the sofa. He said, "I'm here to deliver a gown."

The man was wearing a black suit today. He also had a beautiful blue tie on, making him look even more dashing than usual.

Melissa nodded at once. "Is the gown for Nora? Quick, Nora, go upstairs and try it."

Nora: "..."

She went down but didn't pick up the gown. Instead, she said, "Does anyone give a gown as a gift? It's not like you know my measurements."

"Why wouldn't I?" Justin smiled and said, "I know all of Ms. Smith's measurements. After all, we're lovers, aren't we?"

Nora: "!!"

His words were too suggestive!

Sure enough, Melissa, who was next to them, covered her smile with her hand. She pretended not to hear them and instead urged, "Hurry up, go upstairs and try it!"

Nora was about to refuse when Cherry jumped out and said, "Mommy, I'm gonna wear a dress today! Ours are matching outfits~ Where's Pete? Let him go back with Daddy. I wanna be with Mommy, yeah!"

Matching outfits?

The rejection became stuck in her throat when she heard what Cherry said. She nodded and said, "Okay, then."

By the time Nora took Cherry's hand and went up the stairs, Pete had also gone downstairs and left with Justin.

In the living room, Simon stared blankly at the two children leaving. He looked at Melissa and asked, “Justin is Cherry’s father? This... I still can’t believe it. This feels like a dream.”

In order to prevent the Andersons from being astonished when they saw the Hunts’ little mister at the party, Nora had told them the truth the day before.

Melissa smiled and said, “Are you still in shock? I was so stunned when I saw Cherry at the Hunts’ that day! I knew it, why would Cherry’s personality fluctuate every once in a while? I even thought at one point that she was schizophrenic!”

Simon didn’t speak.

After the few of them changed into formal attires, they went back downstairs. Melissa was startled when she saw the blue gown on Nora. She murmured, “That gown...”

“What’s wrong?” asked Simon.

Melissa shook her head. “It just... looks a little familiar to the eye.”

“Wow, the gown Ms. Smith is wearing today is so gorgeous! I didn’t think that someone could make blue look so pure and innocent!”

“You don’t get it, do you? Ms. Smith’s gown was designed by the famous designer Camp! It’s worth over \$100,000!”

“I’m so envious of Ms. Smith. As the only daughter of the Smiths, her family treats her so much better than how the Hunts treat their daughters!”

“ ... ”

Yvonne heard compliments from all around her the moment she got out of the car. An elegant smile formed on her face. She held her gown up a little and headed to the Hunts’ party hall in her high heels.

She must be the focus of the crowd on all occasions—this was what she had learned from her experience over the years.

However, when she was about to reach the entrance, a big black jeep slowly drove into the manor.

The car park in the Hunts' manor was filled with luxury cars.

There were also many international limited edition cars. The jeep was simply too inconspicuous among them.

Thus, no one paid any attention to whose car it was at first.

Yvonne was walking toward the hall. She had only taken a couple of steps when she suddenly heard someone calling out to her, "Ms. Smith!"

She looked back and saw Rachel walking over with Miranda.

Rachel said something to Miranda. Then, she left her side and came toward her. As soon as she approached, she touched her gown and remarked with a smile, "So, you were the one who borrowed this gown! You look so good in it! You'll definitely outshine everyone at the party tonight!"

Her voice was rather loud, causing everyone around them to look over.

Yvonne was a little displeased.

The Smiths were particular about low-key luxury and disliked such ostentatious behavior in public the most. She preferred private discussions, so Rachel had gone a little too far by saying that to her in person.

She said, "I just chose it casually. Your gown is also very beautiful, Ms. Wood!"

Rachel, who knew what she was like, made nothing of the comment. She said, "You don't have to be so modest! No one is blind here. Besides, this dress is also very well-known in the circle. With the exception of the Blue Enchantress, there's probably no other dress that can compare to this one!"

Yvonne lowered her gaze. She smiled and said, "Let's go in."

"Nah!"

Rachel grabbed her arm with a smile and said, "I just saw the Andersons' car. If you wait here for a while, they'll definitely come. When the two of you stand together, anyone who isn't blind will be able to see who the prettier one is! You can also let Mr. Hunt see for himself that he has picked the wrong person!"

Yvonne was a little taken aback at her words. “Is Nora Smith not good-looking?”

Rachel hesitated.

Nora’s fair and flawless countenance, large and beautiful almond-shaped eyes, as well as her small palm-sized face that seemed even more beautiful than a celebrity’s, appeared in her mind.

She coughed and replied guiltily, “She’s passable, I guess, but the way she carries herself is kinda subpar. She’s usually in jeans and t-shirts, and looks really sloppy. That also goes for the way she walks because she doesn’t lift her feet when she walks. My mom has always taught me that I mustn’t drag my feet when I walk. The way she wears her shoes is as if she’s wearing slippers. It’s really ugly!”

The more Rachel said, the more convinced she was by herself. She said, “Have you ever seen people from the countryside that come to the cities to study? She carries herself exactly like those hillbillies! She doesn’t have an elegant disposition or strong aura around her at all. So what even if she’s a little good-looking? Is there anyone in families like ours who only cares about how pretty one’s face is?”

A few people nearby came toward them while she was talking. Upon hearing what she said, they asked in surprise, “Who are you talking about?”

Rachel smiled and replied, “It’s Nora Smith! You know, the one from the Andersons... By the way, the live-stream about her caused quite the uproar the other time. Did you guys see it? To think they talked about their household affairs in public... Seems like they don’t care about embarrassing themselves at all!”

“Oh, are you talking about the same Nora Smith whose father turned out fake after kicking up all that fuss?”

“Yeah. Speaking of this, my family doesn’t really understand, either. For people like them, you can just get rid of them by giving them some money, and the matter will be resolved. Why make such a fuss in public together with them? Even though they clarified everything in public in the end, wasn’t it embarrassing for the Andersons all the same? Even though her adoptive father is indeed a problematic man and is too greedy, it’s true that her mother had also gotten herself pregnant before marriage...”

“Did you know? I heard that her mother was a famous socialite in New York back then... The wives of the wealthy hated her the most. She was especially beautiful and also very skilled at seducing men, so she was involved with almost every young man among the wealthy families at that time. She was the public enemy of all the wealthy ladies in New York back then!”

“ ... ”

Rachel felt very smug at the sight of how everyone’s comments were becoming more and more ridiculous. She said, “Yes, that’s the one!”

“Is she also attending the party? Is she using the invitation to the Andersons to attend? The Andersons are already down-and-out! Yet she’s still coming... She sure thinks really highly of herself!”

“Hey, let’s ignore her later, okay?”

“I don’t want to talk to someone like that!”

“ ... ”

The few young wealthy ladies who got along well simply spared no effort to badmouth and gossip about other people once they came together.

Yvonne’s lips slowly curled into a smile as she listened to them.

The group of girls chatted noisily as they stood at the door. After talking about Nora, they shifted the topic back to Yvonne’s gown and paid her a great deal of compliments.

“So what even if her mother had been a very glorious existence back then? In the end, she still married someone in a small town instead. How could she possibly compare to the Hunts or the Smiths...? Just look at how gorgeous and expensive Ms. Smith’s gown is when she’s just attending a party... No matter how impressive her mother was, can she find her a better gown?”

“Exactly. No matter how amazing her mother was, it’s not like she passed it down to her, right? Otherwise, why didn’t she find a boyfriend like Mr. Hunt?”

“Ms. Smith and Mr. Hunt are a match made in heaven! When are the two of you getting engaged, Ms. Smith?”

Everyone in the wealthy circle had already heard the rumors that the Smiths and the Hunts were planning a political marriage. They'd originally thought that the two of them would get engaged when they were eighteen, but unexpectedly, nothing had been set in stone yet even after so long.

Although Justin had an illegitimate child, he didn't get married during all these years, nor was there any news of the child's biological mother. Yvonne didn't get married, either, so everyone thought that both parties were still waiting for a suitable opportunity.

Yvonne, however, lowered her gaze at the question and said nothing.

Irritability welled up in her.

They were simply too gossipy, and were practically rubbing her nose in it!

Rachel, who noticed Yvonne's annoyance, interrupted them with a smile. She said, "The Hunts and the Smiths' affairs aren't something that you guys should be asking about. After all, that's a union between two big families... Let's not ask any more! I just saw the Andersons' car arrive. My cousin and Nora Smith will be coming over in a while. I'll point her out to you guys later!"

"Yeah, okay!"

"I also wanna see just how beautiful this daughter of the 'public enemy of all the wealthy wives of New York' can be!"

"Even now, my mother still gnashes her teeth in fury whenever she talks about Yvette Anderson. She says that my father had a crush on Yvette Anderson back then, and that Yvette Anderson was his unattainable dream..."

While they were chatting noisily, Rachel looked into the distance and said, "They're coming!"

Everyone followed her gaze and looked over.

The woman walking in the forefront was wearing a pink dress. Her shoulder-length bob made her look very youthful and peppy. She was walking over arm in arm with a middle-aged woman wearing a gown full of classical charm.

Sheril was obsessed with the laboratory, so she rarely attended parties.

Young women who didn't usually dance wouldn't attend the dance party the other time, so someone had mistaken her for Nora. She looked at Sheril and said, "Is she the one in the pink dress? Although she looks pretty cute, she doesn't look that astounding. Besides, her dress is so meh~"

But as soon as she said that, Sheril suddenly turned around, revealing the woman behind her...

The woman was sashaying over in a pair of crystal high heels.

The blue gown on her set off her thin and slender waist, which looked as if one could hold her with just one hand.

Her straight hair, casually draped behind her, fluttered in the air along with her movements.

Beside her, a little girl wearing a small mask was also dressed in a similar blue princess dress. She bounced around while holding her hand.

They were an exquisite sight in the Hunts' manor!

The people waiting at the door were stunned, and all of them looked at them in disbelief.

The few women who were clamoring just a moment ago said in surprise:

"That dress... It's the Blue Enchantress!"

"Oh my god, who is she? Doesn't she walk too beautifully? Her movements are obviously so big when she twists and turns her hips as she walks, but how does she still make it look so charming? She's too gorgeous!"

"Which family is she from? Why is the kid she's holding wearing a silver mask? She's so cute! Is she her younger sister?"

"..."

Rachel was totally stunned while everyone was singing praises of Nora.

She stared at Nora incredulously, feeling like her eyes must be playing tricks on her. Was she actually that hillbilly and bumpkin of a woman who was always wearing jeans and white T-shirts, and walked as though she was still half-asleep?

Wasn't her gait a little too graceful?!

Even she found it difficult to go against her conscience and say she didn't look good!

All around them, every man's eyes were on her. It was obvious that Nora had become the center of attention!

When did such a big beauty appear in New York?!

That was the thought on everyone's minds.

Even Yvonne was a little stunned. However, because she knew Sheril, she didn't mistake her for anyone else. Instead, she stared at Nora in shock.

She had only heard her name prior to this, but she was the purported hillbilly that Rachel mentioned?

There was practically no need for any comparison! Even with the distance between the two of them, it was obvious who had won—or at least, that was the case in terms of what they were wearing!

She bit her lip in anger and glared at Rachel. For once, she couldn't hold herself back and she said, "So, that's the Nora Smith you were talking about?"

That one line from her was enough to enlighten everyone there.

All of them looked at Nora in unison. The same thought simultaneously formed in everyone's minds in this instant—if she looked anything like her mother, then it was no wonder that her mother was the public enemy of all the wealthy wives of New York back then!

Given her looks, which man would be able to resist her?

Especially with the way her hips twisted when she walked... Although she was doing it on purpose, it simply looked too beautiful!

However, Nora, who was 'twisting her hips on purpose', was actually complaining while she was walking at the moment. "What kind of shoes are these? Aren't they a little too slippery?"

Cherry supported her Mommy carefully to prevent her from tripping and falling down in public. Now, that would be a terrible sight. She piped up in her adorable voice, “Beauty comes at a price, Mommy!”

The crystal heels were a perfect match with the blue gown, but because crystal heels were a little more slippery than ordinary heels, Nora couldn't really walk very well in them. As a result, she could only twist and turn her hips from side to side as she walked!

Nora tried to put up with it, but in the end, she still bent over, intending to take off the heels and hold them instead. What kinda lousy shoes were these?! She wasn't gonna wear them anymore!

But as soon as she bent over, Sheril grabbed her hand. “There are so many eyes on you right now, Nora! You'd better not do anything unsightly! Otherwise, it'll be really embarrassing!”

Nora: “...”

She silently endured the heels for a while longer. In the end, she gritted her teeth and said to Cherry, “Get your father to prepare a normal pair of heels for me! Otherwise, I'm going to go around barefooted later!”

Cherry took out her cell phone at once. “Okay, Mommy! I'll contact Daddy right away!”

Just like that, they swaggered through the crowd and came to the entrance of the hall. They were about to enter the party hall after registering when they suddenly heard a shrill voice.

“Nora Smith!”

Nora and Sheril looked over to see Rachel staring at the former. She looked her gown up and down and demanded, “W-who borrowed that gown for you?”

Nora glanced at her coldly, disinterested in even speaking to her.

She scoffed and said nothing.

Sheril asked, “Oh, you've also come, Rachel? Shall we go in together?”

She didn't want anyone to know that Justin had borrowed it for them. Should the Hunts hear of it, they would surely look down on Nora!

As Nora's family, they must have pride!

Rachel completely ignored Sheril and stared only at Nora. "Say it, how did you manage to borrow that gown? With the Andersons' reputation, there's no way you can borrow it!"

In a brainless move, she then pointed to Yvonne and added, "Even Ms. Smith only managed to borrow that gown she's wearing, so why should you be able to borrow the Blue Enchantress?"

Nora raised her brows. "I went to the store to borrow it, I suppose?"

Rachel: "..."

Of course she knew that she had borrowed it from the store, but was that what she was asking about?

Before she could say anything else, Melissa had already registered at the gift reception table at the door. She said, "Alright, let's go in. Rachel, are you going in with us, or are you going to continue playing here? Or, shall I ask your father here to come over and bring you in?"

Regardless of what was going on at home, they were in public at the moment. Rachel kicking up a fuss like that was an utter embarrassment!

Rachel swallowed. "You guys can go in first, Aunt Melissa. I'm having fun here with Ms. Smith!"

Melissa nodded.

Nora, however, glanced at the 'Ms. Smith' Rachel had mentioned...

She was wearing a blue gown similar in color to the one she was wearing. Strictly speaking, their outfits had clashed with each other's. However, the Blue Enchantress' design was clearly a little more high-end.

She looked rather bright and charming, and she carried herself gracefully. She stood there quietly with a gentle smile.

Nora asked curiously, "Is she Ian Smith's daughter?"

She had once heard that although Ian stayed single his entire life, he had adopted a daughter.

So, she was Ian's adopted daughter?

As soon as the thought formed, Sheril leaned toward her and explained softly, "Yes, her name is Yvonne Smith."

Yv... onne... Smith...

Nora suddenly felt rather awkward when she heard the name.

To be honest, despite everything that had happened, for her mother to have a man who loved her that much, it seemed like that was enough for her whole life.

Sheril couldn't help but say, "Mr. Smith is a devoted man."

The two of them had already entered the hall while they were talking.

However, Yvonne had overheard their conversation.

She bit her lip hard. Then, she took a step forward, went to the gift registration room, and looked around. Sure enough, she saw that the Andersons had given pills as a gift.

As for what kind of pill it was, it was not specified.

But it definitely wasn't as good as the Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill she was giving.

Now that she had lost in terms of dressing, she mustn't lose in terms of gifts!

With that in mind, she looked at the person at the registration counter and asked, "What kind of medicine did the Andersons give?"

All the birthday gifts had to be registered, lest the host couldn't tell who gave what in the end.

All those who wanted to take the grand birthday party's opportunity to curry favor with the Hunts had already sent a lot of valuable gifts a long time ago.

The person in charge of registering the gifts had already long since become numb to the great number of valuable gifts. Thus, he replied, "A box of pills."

Box?

Yvonne let out a low laugh.

The more precious a medicine, the more they were counted by the actual number of pills—after all, even a single pill was hard to come by.

Yet they had given a whole box of pills...

Their gift was probably Carefree Pills, right?

The Carefree Pill's current market value was \$3,000 per pill. Even if they gave an entire box of it, how much could they possibly add up to...?

Yvonne let out a sigh of relief and said, "My gift is a pill."

The person in charge of registering gifts looked up at her. "Okay, I've noted it. What kind of precious pill is it, though, Ms. Smith?"

The question was purely out of his own curiosity.

Yvonne smiled and answered, "It's the Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill."

Thud.

The person in charge of gift registration dropped his pen on the table. His voice also suddenly rose in volume as he repeated, "The Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill?"

Rachel, who was standing behind Yvonne, also heard them. At once, she became even more surprised, and her voice became even louder. "The Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill?"

Her words made everyone look over.

Upon sensing their envious gazes, Yvonne raised her chin a little, and she felt like she had finally regained her confidence. She said simply, "Yeah."

Then, she headed to the party hall.

The people at the door were already sighing in admiration. "The Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill... She sure is generous!"

"Yeah, that pill is really hard to find now! The Smiths are probably the only ones that can get Dr. Zabe to make one more these days!"

“The Smiths are worthy of their name as a top-notch giant, indeed! As expected, they only do great things! The box of pills that the Andersons gave are probably Carefree Pills. In comparison, that’s nothing to be envious of anymore...”

The Andersons’ Carefree Pills had already made a name for themselves. To be honest, a box of it was actually a presentable gift.

But compared with the Zabe Corporation’s Calming Pill, it was ultimately still inferior.

Yvonne was delighted by their comments.

But a short while after she cheered up, her friends behind her started talking to one another softly again.

“Why didn’t the Smiths manage to borrow the Blue Enchantress when they’re so powerful, though? After all, Yvonne loved showing off the most during all the parties in the past!”

“Yeah, the brand won’t loan us the Blue Enchantress if we try to borrow it, but they definitely won’t dare to offend people like the Hunts and the Smiths if they ask for it! How did the Andersons manage to borrow it instead...?”

“By right, that shouldn’t be the case. The Smiths are a top-notch family. Isn’t it a cinch for them to borrow a gown if they want to?”

“... Don’t say any more. She’s ultimately just an adopted daughter. If she were a real Smith, how would she possibly fail to borrow it...”

Their words made Yvonne clench her fists tightly.

Not a real Smith... Indeed, it was because she wasn’t a real Smith that they had rejected her when she went to borrow the gown.

But had Joel personally made the request himself, they definitely wouldn’t have dared to refuse!

At the end of it all, it was still because she wasn’t related to the Smiths by blood.

Yvonne lowered her head. Her friends were still talking to one another softly.

“Ah, I remember now. Nora Smith was at the dance party this year, but she had only tied up her hair and worn a pantsuit that time. She’s simply beautiful in her outfit today!”

“Why do I feel like she looks even better than Ms. Smith...”

“No, wait, shouldn’t Ms. Smith and Mr. Hunt be the highlight of the Hunts’ party this evening instead? What is she wearing the Blue Enchantress to steal the limelight for? Could it be that...”

“Cough!”

Someone who saw Yvonne coughed as a reminder.

The few of them immediately shut up. All of them were rather embarrassed when they turned and spotted Yvonne. They said, “We were just talking nonsense just now, Ms. Smith. Don’t mind us...”

Yvonne took a deep breath.

Of course she knew that they were just fair-weather friends.

The moment they complained about others in front of her, she had already known that she would definitely also be the focus of their complaints.

There wasn’t anyone who didn’t talk about others behind their backs, nor was there anyone who wasn’t talked about behind their backs.

She had long since become accustomed to it after so many years.

She smiled and said, “What were you all talking about just now? I didn’t hear anything.”

The few of them breathed sighs of relief at once. Then, they started to flatter her again. “We were talking about how inappropriate Nora Smith’s behavior is. You’re definitely the star of the occasion tonight, so what is she trying to steal the limelight for? Those who didn’t know better would have thought she had some kind of special relationship with the Hunts!”

“It’s only because Ms. Hunt is studying abroad, so she isn’t in the States right now. Otherwise, how would she, of all people, possibly get to wear the Blue Enchantress...”

“Exactly. Isn’t it exactly because she’s looking for a good man to marry that she’s dressed up so nicely and attracting so much attention? But I heard that she got herself pregnant before marriage, so she has a daughter! The little girl she was holding just now is her daughter!”

“What? Who would still want her when she already has a child?”

“That’s why, girls. She must be having a hard time finding a life partner after having a child, so she can only dress up a little more beautifully to cover up that shortcoming of hers. Just take a look at all the boys over there; aren’t they all blind and bewitched now?”

“... Hmph, it’s useless even if she’s bewitched them all! Their families would never agree to it! It’s basically next to impossible for her to marry into a good family.”

“...”

Nora, the topic of everyone’s discussion, was currently surrounded by a group of men.

Although she had been the highlight at the dance party the other time, she had ultimately dressed rather coolly in a pantsuit, so she didn’t look as stunning as she did today.

Everyone had gathered around her. Some were introducing themselves, while some were trying to sound her out.

Nora, who didn’t know them at all, found them very annoying.

She broke into a frown. By then, Sheril was already saying, “Sorry, everyone. Nora and I are going to the side to rest for a while. You—”

“Are you going to the sofa over there? Sure, we can accompany you two there. Is Ms. Smith feeling unwell? Shall I help you over?”

“Let me do it instead, Mr. Simmons. After all, your arms have held too many girls before!”

“What do you mean by that? Do you think you’re that innocent yourself?”

“Of course I’m not. It’s just that the number of girlfriends I’ve had is fewer than you...”

“Neither of you are innocent enough. Don’t let them fool you, Ms. Smith. How about letting me help you over instead?”

“...”

The men started to argue with one another, causing everyone around them to look over and frown.

All of them were relatively flirtatious young men from wealthy families. They usually fooled around a lot, and seldom did anything decent. The moment they spy on a beautiful woman, they can’t move away anymore.

With them surrounding her, Nora’s reputation wouldn’t fare any better!

Sure enough, Yvonne’s friends started to insult her again.

“Look at that vixen. Isn’t her blatant seduction act a little too low-class? She definitely won’t be able to find a good boyfriend!”

The corners of Yvonne’s lips curled into a smile as she waited for Nora to make a fool out of herself.

But right at this point, Justin, who should be making an appearance later instead, suddenly appeared in the party hall!

Justin was a key figure. Although his appearance had come out of the blue, he nevertheless attracted everyone’s attention.

Everyone looked at him.

Yvonne’s eyes lit up the moment her gaze landed on him.

Justin was undoubtedly the most attractive man in New York. He was also the goal that she had set for herself ever since she was a child. The reason why she had never had a boyfriend all these years was that she had made strict demands of herself using what Justin’s woman would do as a benchmark.

Even when news of him suddenly having a child reached the Smiths five years ago, she had only hidden herself in her room and secretly cried, but still forgave him in the end.

After all, men were all Casanovas that couldn’t control their lower bodies.

She had also thought of treating the child well after she married Justin. An illegitimate child definitely wouldn't be able to inherit the Hunts, but she could still have hers and Justin's future son treat him a little better. Giving him a little more money and assets would also highlight how magnanimous she was.

But Justin's delay in going to the Smiths to propose marriage had made her a little anxious in recent years. After all, she was already 25 years old. The engagement, marriage, and other procedures would take at least two years. By then, she would be old!

Although Justin had already said that he wouldn't marry her when he was eighteen, he had still stayed single for so many years. In addition, the illegitimate child's mother had never once made an appearance, either. It was said that Justin disliked her so much that he never even once mentioned her.

Therefore, she believed that Justin must be waiting for his child to grow up first.

Was he worried that she would abuse his child?

Yvonne wasn't that kind of person, but she couldn't say that to Justin, so she could only continue to wait for him helplessly at the Smiths.

It was only at the annual parties that she could even take a few looks at him from a distance. Even when she went forward to say hi to him, his eyes never seemed to ever stay on her.

She was already the most outstanding woman in New York, though. If even she couldn't catch Justin's fancy, then it was impossible that anyone else could!

She stood where she was calmly. Her friends beside her were already exclaiming.

"It's Mr. Hunt, Ms. Smith! Oh my goodness, is his sudden appearance in the party hall because of you?"

"Isn't that obvious? Of course, it's because of Ms. Smith! Do you think he'll show up because of you? Look, Mr. Hunt is coming over!"

"... Mr. Hunt is so handsome. Quick, go to him, Ms. Smith!"

Yvonne didn't speak, but her eyes were shining brighter and brighter.

She took a step forward and gazed at Justin with rosy cheeks. Then, the crowd watched as Justin walked past Yvonne and headed straight toward where Nora was a short distance away.

Yvonne's expression froze instantly.

She clenched her fists tightly.

Her friends were even more shocked.

"Where is Mr. Hunt going?"

"But Ms. Smith is here! Could it be that he isn't..."

Someone gave the woman speaking a push. Only then did she realize that she had said the wrong thing, and she hastily shut up. The rest said, "Mr. Hunt must have something he needs to do! There are simply too many people at the party today, so maybe he has some instructions he needs to give, or maybe he saw a business partner and is going over to say hi!"

"That's right. Situations like this aren't appropriate for romance, either. After all, work takes top priority..."

Their words made Yvonne bite her lip. But when she saw Justin going nearer and nearer to where Nora was, her heart suddenly sank.

Rachel knew that Nora was Justin's girlfriend, but she wasn't optimistic about the two of them. She leaned toward Yvonne and whispered, "I'm sure Mr. Hunt is just fooling around with Nora... Don't mind them."

Fooling around...

Yvonne clenched her fists, though she kept a calm and gentle look on her face. "Well, it has nothing to do with me."

"How can you not have anything to do with it?" Rachel kept trying to incite her. She said, "Considering Nora Smith's background and the fact that she got herself pregnant before marriage, there's absolutely no way Mr. Hunt would publicly admit that they are dating. It would be too embarrassing otherwise! They definitely won't get married! In fact, you only need to turn a blind eye, and the title of Mrs. Hunt will still be yours sooner or later, Ms. Smith!"

Turn a blind eye...

Not only must she tolerate him having a child, but she also had to tolerate him keeping a lover out there?

On top of that, apart from being a little more beautiful than most, that lover of his was utterly worthless!

Yvonne's expression turned even more awful.

Warren suddenly came over at this point. At the sight of her, he said cryptically, "You're here, Yvonne..."

A surprised Yvonne followed him to the side.

Warren lowered his voice and asked, "Why do you look kinda unhappy?"

His words made Yvonne glance at where Nora was again. She suddenly lowered her head and asked, "How did Nora Smith manage to borrow the Blue Enchantress, Warren?"

Warren was chagrined at her question. He replied, "Justin must have done it. That's the only way she could have borrowed the gown... If I had known, I would have asked Joel to do it instead!"

Yvonne bit her lip, and her eyes reddened.

Warren immediately asked, "What's the matter?"

Yvonne lowered her head. "We ran into each other at the hall entrance just now... She said that I'm not a real Smith..."

Her words immediately misled Warren. He asked incredulously, "She mocked you just because of a dress? What makes her think she can mock you like that? Even an adopted daughter of the Smiths is better than her! The Andersons have already fallen into decline a long time ago. Besides, she isn't even an Anderson because her last name is Smith... It's so off-putting how we have the same last name."

Yvonne didn't speak.

Warren sneered, "It's okay. Don't worry, I've already taken revenge for you!"

Yvonne was startled. “What?”

A smiling Warren said, “Why do you think so many rich second-generation heirs dared to hit on her so blatantly at a party like this?”

Yvonne was dumbfounded. When she turned and looked over again, she saw a few more people gathering around Nora.

No matter what, it was too inappropriate for a woman to be surrounded by several men trying to woo her, especially when the things they said were so explicit—or at least, that was how everyone saw it.

She asked in surprise, “You’re the one behind it?”

Warren raised his chin triumphantly. “Well, not really. A whole group of people was attracted to her looks as soon as she came in. They were originally planning to ask about it discreetly, but I said that... she’s a socialite.”

Yvonne, “!!”

No wonder those men had the audacity to rush over so rudely!

Warren sneered, “They don’t know that she is Justin’s girlfriend. Neither can Justin acknowledge their relationship at an occasion like this, so he can only stew in silence and vent his anger on her now! Any man would be mad when their woman becomes involved with so many men in public, right?”

He raised his eyebrows. “Just wait and see. Mr. Hunt is definitely going over to deal with her. Who knows, he may even throw her out!”

Yvonne didn’t know whether to laugh or cry at his words.. Yet, when she thought about it, it didn’t seem entirely impossible, either. Her eyes lit up a little and she looked over...

“What is Mr. Hunt doing, Ms. Smith? It doesn’t look like there’s anyone he’ll talk to over there, right?”

“Yeah...”

While Yvonne was watching, someone asked curiously,

“The people there are all young rich good-for-nothings totally different from Mr. Hunt. Why would he go there...?”

“Is it because he thinks their behavior is too inappropriate?”

“That must be it. What kind of place do they think this is? That group of good-for-nothings and that woman should look at where they are first before they hook up with one another! Mr. Hunt values his grandmother the most. He must have become angry!”

Nora was completely unaware that she had become the focus of the women’s discussion.

She merely watched the men swarming toward her and raised her eyebrows, feeling like something wasn’t quite right.

No matter how frivolous they were, they weren’t people who didn’t take time and place into consideration, so why were they doing this to her? Moreover, her belief was that she did have a rather powerful aura around her. Lily always said she was an impressive person, and just a glare from her was enough to scare Lily. When she was abroad, all the men had also kept their distance from her despite her good looks, so why would such a thing happen the moment she returned to the States?

She narrowed her eyes.

Next to her were also people trying to talk to her.

“Do you know who I am, Ms. Smith? If you have time, I think we can have a chat...”

“I met you first, Ms. Smith. Even if we are to line up to chat with you, shouldn’t I be the first?”

“Do you like Hermès, Ms. Smith? Shall I take you to Hermès for some shopping?”

“Hermès is so tacky! I have a villa in the suburbs. Shall I take you to visit it?”

Their speech became more and more explicit. Even Sheril and Melissa frowned when they heard them. Why did they look like rich young men lavishing attention on and flattering a famous courtesan?!

They were looking down on Nora too much!

Melissa reprimanded them. “Which families are you children from?! Stop fooling about!”

However, they instead laughed and said jokingly, “We aren’t fooling about. I meant what I said... You’re the Andersons, right? How about letting Ms. Smith have dinner with me so that we can discuss a partnership between our hospital and Harmonia Pharmacy?”

“Ms. Smith seemed unwell, so I wanted to help. Which part of what I’m doing looks like I’m fooling about...”

Sheril was so mad that even her cheeks had turned red. “All of you are too much! Nora doesn’t need your help! She doesn’t even want to pay any attention to any of you at all, so please step aside! We are going to rest!”

“You’re not the one who decides whether your cousin Nora wants to pay any attention to us or not. It only counts if she says it...”

“That’s right. Ms. Smith, although you already have a child, I don’t mind at all. After all, young but mature women are more charming...”

“...”

The look in Nora’s eyes turned cold, and anger roiled in her cat-like eyes.

If it weren’t because this was Mrs. Hunt’s birthday party, she would have beat them up a long time ago, yet they were actually pushing their luck this far?

In that case, they couldn’t blame her for what came next.

She lowered her head and flexed her wrists. Then, she said to the masked Cherry, “Go to the side.”

Her four words alone made Cherry step back in silence. She hid behind Melissa with practiced movements and hugged her leg.

“Don’t be scared, Cherry...” said Melissa.

Cherry replied in her adorable voice, “I’m not scared, Grand-Aunt. I just think it’s so pitiful...”

Melissa’s eyes reddened. “It’s okay, your mother is not pitiful. She still has us, we won’t let anyone bully or humiliate her!”

Cherry: “?”

She blinked her big dark eyes and said, “What I meant was that those people are so pitiful. To think they are blind enough to offend Mommy. Mommy is really angry now, and the consequences are serious when that happens!”

Melissa: “?”

As soon as she said that, a shadow flashed across in front of her.

Nora had already suddenly thrown a punch at the face of the man closest to her, who was also the one who had said the most awful things out of the lot!

Melissa: “!!”

Sheril was also dumbfounded.

The man who had been punched was even more dumbstruck. He had never expected the other party to suddenly attack while they were still talking.

However, just as Nora’s fist was about to connect with the man’s face, a large and strong hand suddenly reached over and grabbed her fist, stopping her movements.

The very next moment, a low and deep voice reached them. “You’re not allowed to hit him.”

That voice...

Everyone turned their heads in unison to see Justin standing beside Nora. He was holding Nora’s hand, thereby stopping her actions.

Everyone: “??”

Everyone in the entire party hall looked over.

The man who had almost been hit immediately said, “It’s fortunate that you came here in time, Mr. Hunt. Otherwise, I would have been beaten up! How can a great beauty like you hit someone?”

The others also echoed him.

“Yeah, what kind of occasion do you think this is? How can you hit him?”

“All he did was say a few words. Aren’t you being too crass if you get violent?!”

“That woman is too savage, Mr. Hunt! Her behavior is outrageous!”

In the distance.

Yvonne breathed a sigh of relief at the sight.

As expected, Justin had become angry.

That woman sure was stupid, though. Even though they were in public, instead of trying to defuse the situation, she actually had the guts to get violent?

A woman like her wasn’t fit to be seen in public!

Rachel couldn’t even hide the gloating look on her face. She said, “Did you see that? I told you, women from small places are just too reckless. She’s offended Mr. Hunt!”

Their friends also said very cooperatively, “Exactly. This is Mrs. Hunt’s birthday party, how can she get violent?”

“Here I was, thinking that she was some kind of impressive person because she’s wearing the Blue Enchantress. I didn’t expect her to actually behave in such a low-class manner!”

“A gentleman resolves problems through words instead of violence. Doesn’t she have even the most basic common sense?”

Justin’s actions also shocked Sheril and Melissa. Melissa frowned and defended Nora. She said, “They were the ones who provoked Nora first, Justin.”

Sheril nodded.

Cherry also nodded repeatedly.

But unexpectedly, as soon as she said that, Justin said sternly, “Even so, she’s still not allowed to hit anyone.”

Melissa: “??”

She was a little angry.

She didn't expect that in order to prevent an embarrassing situation, Justin actually didn't even care that Nora had suffered injustice.

The man who had almost been hit became even more triumphant. He said, "That's right! If you're unhappy, then we can just talk about it. What is the meaning of resorting to violence? You're too much!"

He looked at Justin again. "It's okay, though, Mr. Hunt. I'll let the matter pass as long as she apologizes to me. I won't hold it against her..."

It was only after he spoke that he realized that Justin wasn't looking at him at all. Instead, he was looking at Nora.

Nora's brows were raised. She asked with a hint of displeasure, "Why can't I hit him?"

That woman was actually countering with a question of her own?

The man immediately sneered, "Because you should see where you are..."

It was a shame that before he could finish, Justin had already said, "Because force goes both ways. What if it hurts your hand?"

Everyone: "?????"

For a while, it was as if someone had pressed the mute button for the entire party hall.

There was no other sound aside from the soft music that the Hunts were playing.

Yvonne's friends next to her, the rich young men taking the opportunity to fool about, the people with actual status and influence, as well as the guests that had just entered the hall... All of them were looking at him in disbelief.

Justin's voice just now had neither been too loud nor too soft, but because everyone was paying attention to him in order to determine his stance, his words had reached everyone's ears clearly.

Everyone looked at him incredulously, and then at Nora.

All of them were wondering the same thing—what was going on here?

Why did the atmosphere between Mr. Hunt and Nora Smith feel kinda off?! Also, why was Mr. Hunt still holding Ms. Smith's hand even though so much time had passed since he grabbed her hand to stop her?

Yvonne's friends next to her started whispering and speculating again.

“What's going on? Why does it look like Mr. Hunt knows that hillbilly?”

“Why do I feel like there's an unusual relationship between those two?”

Along with those words, the few of them looked at Yvonne and asked, “Surely Mr. Hunt doesn't have anything to do with her, right, Ms. Smith?”

Yvonne bit her lip.

She lowered her head and slowly said, “I don't know what kind of relationship the two of them share, but even if they aren't related in any way, a host won't stand by idly and watch as someone bullies their guest, right? After all, those men went too far.”

Rachel was so jealous that she was almost out of her mind. She said, “Yeah, what kind of relationship can Nora Smith and Mr. Hunt possibly share? They have nothing to do with each other at all! Mr. Hunt must have just found those people's actions too much. It's just a shame that he doesn't know what that woman is like!”

The girls: “...”

Everyone exchanged looks with one another, all of them sensing something amiss.

Why did Yvonne look a little unhappy? It seemed like that woman's presence was really bothering her...

Everyone was smart here. They hadn't thought of that in the beginning, but now...

Could it be that Nora Smith's good looks had also attracted Mr. Hunt?

Just as everyone was speculating, Nora, the subject of the drama, waved and shook Justin's hand away in disdain. Her voice was low and impatient as she asked, "If I can't hit him, then what should I do?"

Her shoes were too uncomfortable. She wanted to deal with the people in front of her as soon as possible so that she could change her shoes.

Justin's icy voice rang out. "Where's the butler?"

The butler in charge of the Hunts' external affairs had already noticed Justin the instant he appeared. Upon hearing his words, he hurriedly came over. "Sir."

Justin pointed casually at the men. "These frivolous and flippant people here... Send! Them! Out! Nicely!"

The meaning behind his deliberate emphasis on the words 'send them out nicely' was very obvious. There was no way the butler could see those people out the door politely anymore.

The butler nodded immediately. "Yes, sir."

With a wave from him, a few security guards rushed over. They held down the frivolous rich second-generation heirs, buckled their hands behind their backs, and dragged them out!

The men were dumbfounded. One even shouted, "Mr. Hunt, Mr. Hunt...! What are you doing? All we did was say a few words to her... Do you know who she is, Mr. Hunt? She's a socialite! It was mutually consensual when we chatted with each other! We didn't force her into anything!"

'Socialite'...

The word made Justin's pupils shrink.

He suddenly said, "Stop."

The security guard stopped and let go of the man. The man wasn't from an influential family. He had come to the party by tagging along with someone else's invitation so that he could get to know more people.

Thus, when Warren incited them to go over, he had done so accordingly.

He wasn't willing to be driven out just like that. On top of that, he also had the guts to speak up. He immediately said, "Are you doing this because you're not aware of her identity? Don't let her beautiful appearance fool you! I heard tha—"

But before he could finish, Justin interrupted him. "Who did you hear that from?"

The man subconsciously looked at Warren standing among the crowd, causing him to shrink back and hide behind Yvonne.

Yvonne: "..."

He didn't see Warren, but he didn't dare to drag the Smiths into this, either. Thus, the man could only say, "I... I just overheard some people..."

"Can things that you hear through the grapevine be brought to the public?" Justin looked at the butler and said, "Find Ms. Smith a lawyer, and sue him for slander."

"... Yes, sir," said the butler.

Everyone else: "..."

"There's no need for that." Nora suddenly interrupted him. Then, she lowered her voice and slowly said, "I don't care about all this. I just want to change my shoes now."

Justin: "..."

He fell silent for a moment. Then, he looked at the butler and said, "Never mind, then. Don't sue him anymore."

His voice was deep and tinged with displeasure.

The butler silently said a prayer inwardly for the man.

If they had sued him, all he would have had to do was just pay damages for harming the other party's reputation.

But now that they weren't suing him anymore, the man would probably have to pay an even higher price to appease Mr. Hunt.

The butler wasn't the only one who understood that; the man understood it even better.

He panicked at once. "I was wrong, Mr. Hunt. Please let me off!"

Unfortunately, Justin was no longer paying attention to him.

What more did he have to say to him when his girlfriend's feet were uncomfortable?

Chapter 254 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

Joel smiled.. "It can be considered a political marriage."

Justin's girlfriend was Nora, and Nora was a Smith. What was that, if not a political marriage?

However, Joel's voice had been very low, so the others didn't hear him clearly. Warren asked, "What did you say, Joel?"

Joel coughed. "It's nothing."

Warren nodded. "Yes, our families have already agreed on the political marriage, so Justin has to take someone from the Smiths as his wife. How can he go back on his word like that? And make Yvonne wait for him for so many years in vain?"

Joel glanced at Warren when he said that, but didn't say anything.

As for Yvonne, she lowered her head and said, "Don't say any more, Warren. Let's have dinner first."

After dinner, everyone left indignantly. Yvonne was about to go upstairs when Joel stopped her. He said, "Yvonne."

Yvonne walked up to Joel obediently and called out respectfully, "Joel."

Joel said dispassionately, "Regarding the Hunts, I've already told you Justin's stance a few years ago. You said at the time that Justin didn't have a girlfriend and you weren't in any hurry to find a boyfriend, and so, it dragged on just like that. But now that he has a girlfriend, what are your thoughts on the matter?"

The Hunts and the Smiths were originally planning a political marriage between Justin and Yvonne.

In fact, they had brought it up before when the two were eighteen years old. Pete didn't exist at that time yet, but Justin had nonetheless rejected the idea.

However, because he was concerned that it would embarrass Yvonne, he had discussed it privately with Joel instead.

Joel had subsequently relayed the message to Yvonne, so that she wouldn't waste time on it anymore.

As Yvonne hadn't looked for a boyfriend all these years, and since Justin didn't have a girlfriend, Joel didn't announce the decision at home, thinking that there might still be possibilities between the two of them.

Therefore, Justin hadn't done anything to let Yvonne down at all. It was just that the rest of the family didn't know about it.

Yvonne's eyes flickered when she heard him. She lowered her head and said, "I will do as you say, Joel."

She knew that Joel had always been someone extremely protective of his own.

When she said back then that she wasn't going to look for a boyfriend for the time being, he had immediately understood what she meant. It was just that they couldn't force Justin into anything, so the situation had dragged on till now.

But someone had intercepted her in the end instead.

Although Joel looked as if he was always smiling, and was amicable and easy to get along with on the surface, Yvonne knew just how domineering a person he was deep down.

As long as his younger sister—even if just a titular one—was still part of the Smiths, no outsider was allowed to bully her!

Therefore, Yvonne was confident that Joel would think of a solution for her—or at least, he would break Justin and Nora up.

In the midst of her beautiful daydream, Joel instead said unhurriedly, “In that case, don’t pursue it anymore. As they say, you can lead a horse to water but you can’t make him drink. You might as well use this opportunity to take a look at other people.”

Yvonne: “?”

She lifted her head abruptly and looked at Joel in disbelief.

For a while, she couldn’t quite control the expression on her face.

How did this...

Her fists balled up. It was only a moment later that she finally said, “I... I’ll do as you say, Joel.”

Joel nodded.

He stared at Yvonne for a while, which made her ask hesitantly, “Is there anything else, Joel?”

Joel retracted his gaze, a touch of disappointment flashing across his eyes. “No, there isn’t.”

Only then did Yvonne turn and leave.

After turning the corner and entering her room, at last, Yvonne couldn’t maintain the expression on her face anymore, and a savage air came over her entire self.

Joel wasn’t going to help her... Wasn’t it just because she wasn’t related to the Smiths by blood?

They painted such a nice and pretty picture for the outsiders, but at the end of it all, they didn’t treat her as family!

A furious Yvonne hurled the things in her hands onto the floor.

Someone knocked on her door at this moment.

Yvonne hurriedly sorted her emotions and opened the door to find Warren standing outside. He looked at her and asked, “Did Joel say that he’ll think of

something for you, Yvonne? We can't do anything to Justin, but it's not like we can't do anything to his girlfriend, either, right?"

Yvonne bit her lip. She smiled and chose not to deny his statement. Instead, she replied, "Don't bother yourself with this anymore, Warren. Joel knows what he's doing."

Warren, however, shook his head. "That won't do. I can't just laze about and do nothing at home every day, either. Leave it to me! Hmph, just wait and see at the party! I will make Justin's little girlfriend regret it!"

Yvonne gave him a grateful look. She said, "You treat me too well, Warren!"

"Tsk, this is nothing. I already told you a long time ago, even though we aren't blood-related, I really see you as my younger sister. Also, since you're a Smith, there's no way I'll allow anyone to bully you!"

"..."

Warren returned to his room after talking to Yvonne. Brandon's mother, aka Warren's wife, asked, "How did it go?"

Warren sighed. "Her eyes were all red. I knew it, there's no way a girl won't be affected."

His wife sighed. "Yeah. Help your little sister out, then."

From the previous generation onward, there were only sons in the Smiths. She knew that her husband had always wanted a younger sister, but unfortunately, his five uncles simply hadn't had any daughters at all!

Later, Ian adopted Yvonne.

Although Yvonne didn't interact much with the rest of the family, she was simply too popular in this sister-deprived family!

Warren sighed. "Why are Dad and my uncles such big failures? It's all their fault that I don't have a younger sister! The same also goes for your belly. Let's work hard and have a daughter, dear. You don't know how envious I am whenever I see Joel carrying Mia!"

His wife: "..."

In the hospital.

Joel informed Quentin about the affairs at home when he came to visit Ian.

Quentin fell silent for a while after hearing about it. At last, he heaved a huge sigh and said, “At the end of it all, it’s still because she isn’t Uncle Ian’s daughter. To think she’s actually giving the medicine to someone else as a gift instead of giving it to Uncle Ian... Rather than Mrs. Hunt, who’s in the pink of health, it’s Uncle Ian who’s in greater need of that medicine!”

This was also the reason why Joel had been displeased with Yvonne.

Although she wasn’t related to them by blood, her adoptive father was currently hospitalized. Yet, she had spent so much money to buy medicine just to show off. What was the point of doing something like that?

He cast his eyes down dispassionately. “Forget it. Let’s just marry her off and send her away.”

Quentin nodded. Then, he said, “The Smiths and the Hunts are about to work together on a collaboration project, but it’d be best if the two families can solidify their relationship through a political marriage first. Should we acknowledge our little sister at the party and bring her back?”

“What little sister are you talking about!” Joel reprimanded, “So long as Uncle Ian doesn’t say the word, that little sister doesn’t exist for us!”

Quentin curled his lips disdainfully. ‘Mr. Teen With Grandiose Delusions’ sneered, “I refuse to believe you don’t want a little sister!”

Joel: “...”

The two men’s voices were a little loud. When they turned, they saw that Ian had already woken up at some point. Just as the two of them were a little taken aback, Ian sat up and said, “Is it a birthday party? I’ll attend it, too.”

Joel and Quentin exchanged a look. Both of them had understood.

Uncle Ian had ultimately thought it through in the end—he was intending to take the opportunity to acknowledge her and bring her back to the Smiths!

Time flew. In the blink of an eye, it was time for Mrs. Hunt’s birthday party.

The Hunt manor's gates were wide open. All sorts of things were being delivered to the manor even before dawn. All the servants were terribly busy, and the entire manor was up to their ears in work.

It had been a very long time since the Hunts last held such a big party, so everyone was busy at work.

Even Chester, the game addict, had been dragged back home as an extra pair of hands. He stood there and directed everyone in the kitchen in their work. He happened to see Justin walking out with Cherry when he turned. He went after them at once and asked, "Where are you going, Justin?"

Justin glanced at him, the beauty mark at the corner of his eye gleaming with a chilly shine. "Do I have to report my itinerary to you?"

Chester shrank back. "Of course not."

He looked at Cherry curiously. "Where are you guys going, Pete?"

"To Mommy's!" Cherry replied.

Chester looked at the two boxes in Justin's hands. "What are you guys delivering?"

"A dress, of course!"

Chester: "?"

Had the Andersons become so poor that they couldn't even afford a dress for Nora?

Elsewhere, Yvonne looked at herself in the mirror.

Her blue gown set off her porcelain-like skin, making her look very beautiful.

When she came down the stairs, Warren complimented her. "You look great today, Yvonne!"

Yvonne smiled at him but said nothing.

Warren went over to her and said, "How is it? I've already asked around for you—Justin is wearing blue today, so you two can wear matching outfits now!"

At the mention of blue outfits, Yvonne hesitated for a while and then said, “I heard that Gucci has an haute couture handmade gown called the Blue Enchantress. It’s a finished product made by a famous designer. That gown...”

Warren waved and said, “Tsk, I’ve already been there to borrow the gown, but they didn’t give it to me. A gown like that is the brand’s signature item and a treasure; there’s no way they’ll lend it to anyone. The blue gown that you’re wearing is also very famous. It only loses out to that one by a little.”

Yvonne uttered an “oh”.

Wasn’t it all because Warren’s status wasn’t high enough that he hadn’t managed to borrow it? Had Joel been the one to ask, they would definitely have lent it to her. What a shame!

“Where’s Joel?” she asked.

Warren shook his head. “I don’t know, he only told us to set off from home. Seems like he’s visiting Uncle Ian before he goes over.”

It was only when he mentioned Ian, that Yvonne suddenly realized that because of the party, it had been quite a few days since she went to the hospital to visit him, so she didn’t know how her father was doing.

Brandon took after Warren, and both of them were very simple-minded and innocent. Therefore, Warren didn’t notice her displeasure. He and Yvonne stopped talking when they reached the cars, and they got into their respective cars.

As soon as he got in the car, Warren’s wife remarked, “Why do I feel like Yvonne isn’t very happy that you didn’t manage to borrow the Blue Enchantress for her?”

Warren waved at once. “Surely not?”

His wife said with displeasure, “I don’t think she would do that, either. You can’t even bear to let me wear that dress she’s wearing, so what does she have to be dissatisfied with when you’ve already given it to her? There isn’t any girl in New York who has more prestige than her right now!”

Warren laughed at his wife’s words. “Are you jealous?”

Was there any way she wouldn't be?

But her husband's entire family was so protective of their little sister that she couldn't say that, either.

Warren's wife smiled and said nothing. Her eyes, however, flickered a little. To be honest, she had actually asked the brand about the Blue Enchantress—they had already loaned it out to someone.

She didn't need to tell her husband that, though.

Since his younger sister didn't know her boundaries and was always trying to one-up her sisters-in-law... Well, she wasn't someone that easy to mess with, either.

At the Andersons'.

"How about this?" Sheril offered Nora an haute couture gown that she had never worn before.

The party was held too hastily. It took at least a month for a brand to make an haute couture gown, so Nora hadn't ordered one but just casually bought a formal dress.

However, when Sheril came back, she insisted that it undermined her status, so she took out her own gown and offered it to her instead.

Nora waved. "No, it's fine. I'm really don't mind..."

Just as she was thinking about it, Melissa's voice traveled over from downstairs.

"Mr. Hunt?"

Nora raised her brows.

She went down the stairs to see Justin placing two small boxes on the sofa. He said, "I'm here to deliver a gown."

The man was wearing a black suit today. He also had a beautiful blue tie on, making him look even more dashing than usual.

Melissa nodded at once. "Is the gown for Nora? Quick, Nora, go upstairs and try it."

Nora: "..."

She went down but didn't pick up the gown. Instead, she said, "Does anyone give a gown as a gift? It's not like you know my measurements."

"Why wouldn't I?" Justin smiled and said, "I know all of Ms. Smith's measurements. After all, we're lovers, aren't we?"

Nora: "!!"

His words were too suggestive!

Sure enough, Melissa, who was next to them, covered her smile with her hand. She pretended not to hear them and instead urged, "Hurry up, go upstairs and try it!"

Nora was about to refuse when Cherry jumped out and said, "Mommy, I'm gonna wear a dress today! Ours are matching outfits~ Where's Pete? Let him go back with Daddy. I wanna be with Mommy, yeah!"

Matching outfits?

The rejection became stuck in her throat when she heard what Cherry said. She nodded and said, "Okay, then."

By the time Nora took Cherry's hand and went up the stairs, Pete had also gone downstairs and left with Justin.

In the living room, Simon stared blankly at the two children leaving. He looked at Melissa and asked, "Justin is Cherry's father? This... I still can't believe it. This feels like a dream."

In order to prevent the Andersons from being astonished when they saw the Hunts' little mister at the party, Nora had told them the truth the day before.

Melissa smiled and said, "Are you still in shock? I was so stunned when I saw Cherry at the Hunts' that day! I knew it, why would Cherry's personality fluctuate every once in a while? I even thought at one point that she was schizophrenic!"

Simon didn't speak.

After the few of them changed into formal attires, they went back downstairs. Melissa was startled when she saw the blue gown on Nora. She murmured, "That gown..."

"What's wrong?" asked Simon.

Melissa shook her head. "It just... looks a little familiar to the eye."

"Wow, the gown Ms. Smith is wearing today is so gorgeous! I didn't think that someone could make blue look so pure and innocent!"

"You don't get it, do you? Ms. Smith's gown was designed by the famous designer Camp! It's worth over \$100,000!"

"I'm so envious of Ms. Smith. As the only daughter of the Smiths, her family treats her so much better than how the Hunts treat their daughters!"

"..."

Yvonne heard compliments from all around her the moment she got out of the car. An elegant smile formed on her face. She held her gown up a little and headed to the Hunts' party hall in her high heels.

She must be the focus of the crowd on all occasions—this was what she had learned from her experience over the years.

However, when she was about to reach the entrance, a big black jeep slowly drove into the manor.

The car park in the Hunts' manor was filled with luxury cars.

There were also many international limited edition cars. The jeep was simply too inconspicuous among them.

Thus, no one paid any attention to whose car it was at first.

Yvonne was walking toward the hall. She had only taken a couple of steps when she suddenly heard someone calling out to her, "Ms. Smith!"

She looked back and saw Rachel walking over with Miranda.

Rachel said something to Miranda. Then, she left her side and came toward her. As soon as she approached, she touched her gown and remarked with a smile, "So, you were the one who borrowed this gown! You look so good in it! You'll definitely outshine everyone at the party tonight!"

Her voice was rather loud, causing everyone around them to look over.

Yvonne was a little displeased.

The Smiths were particular about low-key luxury and disliked such ostentatious behavior in public the most. She preferred private discussions, so Rachel had gone a little too far by saying that to her in person.

She said, "I just chose it casually. Your gown is also very beautiful, Ms. Wood!"

Rachel, who knew what she was like, made nothing of the comment. She said, "You don't have to be so modest! No one is blind here. Besides, this dress is also very well-known in the circle. With the exception of the Blue Enchantress, there's probably no other dress that can compare to this one!"

Yvonne lowered her gaze. She smiled and said, "Let's go in."

"Nah!"

Rachel grabbed her arm with a smile and said, "I just saw the Andersons' car. If you wait here for a while, they'll definitely come. When the two of you stand together, anyone who isn't blind will be able to see who the prettier one is! You can also let Mr. Hunt see for himself that he has picked the wrong person!"

Yvonne was a little taken aback at her words. "Is Nora Smith not good-looking?"

Rachel hesitated.

Nora's fair and flawless countenance, large and beautiful almond-shaped eyes, as well as her small palm-sized face that seemed even more beautiful than a celebrity's, appeared in her mind.

She coughed and replied guiltily, "She's passable, I guess, but the way she carries herself is kinda subpar. She's usually in jeans and t-shirts, and looks

really sloppy. That also goes for the way she walks because she doesn't lift her feet when she walks. My mom has always taught me that I mustn't drag my feet when I walk. The way she wears her shoes is as if she's wearing slippers. It's really ugly!"

The more Rachel said, the more convinced she was by herself. She said, "Have you ever seen people from the countryside that come to the cities to study? She carries herself exactly like those hillbillies! She doesn't have an elegant disposition or strong aura around her at all. So what even if she's a little good-looking? Is there anyone in families like ours who only cares about how pretty one's face is?"

A few people nearby came toward them while she was talking. Upon hearing what she said, they asked in surprise, "Who are you talking about?"

Rachel smiled and replied, "It's Nora Smith! You know, the one from the Andersons... By the way, the live-stream about her caused quite the uproar the other time. Did you guys see it? To think they talked about their household affairs in public... Seems like they don't care about embarrassing themselves at all!"

"Oh, are you talking about the same Nora Smith whose father turned out fake after kicking up all that fuss?"

"Yeah. Speaking of this, my family doesn't really understand, either. For people like them, you can just get rid of them by giving them some money, and the matter will be resolved. Why make such a fuss in public together with them? Even though they clarified everything in public in the end, wasn't it embarrassing for the Andersons all the same? Even though her adoptive father is indeed a problematic man and is too greedy, it's true that her mother had also gotten herself pregnant before marriage..."

"Did you know? I heard that her mother was a famous socialite in New York back then... The wives of the wealthy hated her the most. She was especially beautiful and also very skilled at seducing men, so she was involved with almost every young man among the wealthy families at that time. She was the public enemy of all the wealthy ladies in New York back then!"

"..."

Rachel felt very smug at the sight of how everyone's comments were becoming more and more ridiculous. She said, "Yes, that's the one!"

“Is she also attending the party? Is she using the invitation to the Andersons to attend? The Andersons are already down-and-out! Yet she’s still coming... She sure thinks really highly of herself!”

“Hey, let’s ignore her later, okay?”

“I don’t want to talk to someone like that!”

“ ... ”

The few young wealthy ladies who got along well simply spared no effort to badmouth and gossip about other people once they came together.

Yvonne’s lips slowly curled into a smile as she listened to them.

The group of girls chatted noisily as they stood at the door. After talking about Nora, they shifted the topic back to Yvonne’s gown and paid her a great deal of compliments.

“So what even if her mother had been a very glorious existence back then? In the end, she still married someone in a small town instead. How could she possibly compare to the Hunts or the Smiths...? Just look at how gorgeous and expensive Ms. Smith’s gown is when she’s just attending a party... No matter how impressive her mother was, can she find her a better gown?”

“Exactly. No matter how amazing her mother was, it’s not like she passed it down to her, right? Otherwise, why didn’t she find a boyfriend like Mr. Hunt?”

“Ms. Smith and Mr. Hunt are a match made in heaven! When are the two of you getting engaged, Ms. Smith?”

Everyone in the wealthy circle had already heard the rumors that the Smiths and the Hunts were planning a political marriage. They’d originally thought that the two of them would get engaged when they were eighteen, but unexpectedly, nothing had been set in stone yet even after so long.

Although Justin had an illegitimate child, he didn’t get married during all these years, nor was there any news of the child’s biological mother. Yvonne didn’t get married, either, so everyone thought that both parties were still waiting for a suitable opportunity.

Yvonne, however, lowered her gaze at the question and said nothing.

Irritability welled up in her.

They were simply too gossipy, and were practically rubbing her nose in it!

Rachel, who noticed Yvonne's annoyance, interrupted them with a smile. She said, "The Hunts and the Smiths' affairs aren't something that you guys should be asking about. After all, that's a union between two big families... Let's not ask any more! I just saw the Andersons' car arrive. My cousin and Nora Smith will be coming over in a while. I'll point her out to you guys later!"

"Yeah, okay!"

"I also wanna see just how beautiful this daughter of the 'public enemy of all the wealthy wives of New York' can be!"

"Even now, my mother still gnashes her teeth in fury whenever she talks about Yvette Anderson. She says that my father had a crush on Yvette Anderson back then, and that Yvette Anderson was his unattainable dream..."

While they were chatting noisily, Rachel looked into the distance and said, "They're coming!"

Everyone followed her gaze and looked over.

The woman walking in the forefront was wearing a pink dress. Her shoulder-length bob made her look very youthful and peppy. She was walking over arm in arm with a middle-aged woman wearing a gown full of classical charm.

Sheril was obsessed with the laboratory, so she rarely attended parties.

Young women who didn't usually dance wouldn't attend the dance party the other time, so someone had mistaken her for Nora. She looked at Sheril and said, "Is she the one in the pink dress? Although she looks pretty cute, she doesn't look that astounding. Besides, her dress is so meh~"

But as soon as she said that, Sheril suddenly turned around, revealing the woman behind her...

The woman was sashaying over in a pair of crystal high heels.

The blue gown on her set off her thin and slender waist, which looked as if one could hold her with just one hand.

Her straight hair, casually draped behind her, fluttered in the air along with her movements.

Beside her, a little girl wearing a small mask was also dressed in a similar blue princess dress. She bounced around while holding her hand.

They were an exquisite sight in the Hunts' manor!

The people waiting at the door were stunned, and all of them looked at them in disbelief.

The few women who were clamoring just a moment ago said in surprise:

“That dress... It's the Blue Enchantress!”

“Oh my god, who is she? Doesn't she walk too beautifully? Her movements are obviously so big when she twists and turns her hips as she walks, but how does she still make it look so charming? She's too gorgeous!”

“Which family is she from? Why is the kid she's holding wearing a silver mask? She's so cute! Is she her younger sister?”

“...”

Rachel was totally stunned while everyone was singing praises of Nora.

She stared at Nora incredulously, feeling like her eyes must be playing tricks on her. Was she actually that hillbilly and bumpkin of a woman who was always wearing jeans and white T-shirts, and walked as though she was still half-asleep?

Wasn't her gait a little too graceful?!

Even she found it difficult to go against her conscience and say she didn't look good!

All around them, every man's eyes were on her. It was obvious that Nora had become the center of attention!

When did such a big beauty appear in New York?!

That was the thought on everyone's minds.

Even Yvonne was a little stunned. However, because she knew Sheril, she didn't mistake her for anyone else. Instead, she stared at Nora in shock.

She had only heard her name prior to this, but she was the purported hillbilly that Rachel mentioned?

There was practically no need for any comparison! Even with the distance between the two of them, it was obvious who had won—or at least, that was the case in terms of what they were wearing!

She bit her lip in anger and glared at Rachel. For once, she couldn't hold herself back and she said, "So, that's the Nora Smith you were talking about?"

That one line from her was enough to enlighten everyone there.

All of them looked at Nora in unison. The same thought simultaneously formed in everyone's minds in this instant—if she looked anything like her mother, then it was no wonder that her mother was the public enemy of all the wealthy wives of New York back then!

Given her looks, which man would be able to resist her?

Especially with the way her hips twisted when she walked... Although she was doing it on purpose, it simply looked too beautiful!

However, Nora, who was 'twisting her hips on purpose', was actually complaining while she was walking at the moment. "What kind of shoes are these? Aren't they a little too slippery?"

Cherry supported her Mommy carefully to prevent her from tripping and falling down in public. Now, that would be a terrible sight. She piped up in her adorable voice, "Beauty comes at a price, Mommy!"

The crystal heels were a perfect match with the blue gown, but because crystal heels were a little more slippery than ordinary heels, Nora couldn't really walk very well in them. As a result, she could only twist and turn her hips from side to side as she walked!

Nora tried to put up with it, but in the end, she still bent over, intending to take off the heels and hold them instead. What kinda lousy shoes were these?! She wasn't gonna wear them anymore!

But as soon as she bent over, Sheril grabbed her hand. “There are so many eyes on you right now, Nora! You’d better not do anything unsightly! Otherwise, it’ll be really embarrassing!”

Nora: “...”

She silently endured the heels for a while longer. In the end, she gritted her teeth and said to Cherry, “Get your father to prepare a normal pair of heels for me! Otherwise, I’m going to go around barefooted later!”

Cherry took out her cell phone at once. “Okay, Mommy! I’ll contact Daddy right away!”

Just like that, they swaggered through the crowd and came to the entrance of the hall. They were about to enter the party hall after registering when they suddenly heard a shrill voice.

“Nora Smith!”

Nora and Sheril looked over to see Rachel staring at the former. She looked her gown up and down and demanded, “W-who borrowed that gown for you?”

Nora glanced at her coldly, disinterested in even speaking to her.

She scoffed and said nothing.

Sheril asked, “Oh, you’ve also come, Rachel? Shall we go in together?”

She didn’t want anyone to know that Justin had borrowed it for them. Should the Hunts hear of it, they would surely look down on Nora!

As Nora’s family, they must have pride!

Rachel completely ignored Sheril and stared only at Nora. “Say it, how did you manage to borrow that gown? With the Andersons’ reputation, there’s no way you can borrow it!”

In a brainless move, she then pointed to Yvonne and added, “Even Ms. Smith only managed to borrow that gown she’s wearing, so why should you be able to borrow the Blue Enchantress?”

Nora raised her brows. “I went to the store to borrow it, I suppose?”

Rachel: "..."

Of course she knew that she had borrowed it from the store, but was that what she was asking about?

Before she could say anything else, Melissa had already registered at the gift reception table at the door. She said, "Alright, let's go in. Rachel, are you going in with us, or are you going to continue playing here? Or, shall I ask your father here to come over and bring you in?"

Regardless of what was going on at home, they were in public at the moment. Rachel kicking up a fuss like that was an utter embarrassment!

Rachel swallowed. "You guys can go in first, Aunt Melissa. I'm having fun here with Ms. Smith!"

Melissa nodded.

Nora, however, glanced at the 'Ms. Smith' Rachel had mentioned...

She was wearing a blue gown similar in color to the one she was wearing. Strictly speaking, their outfits had clashed with each other's. However, the Blue Enchantress' design was clearly a little more high-end.

She looked rather bright and charming, and she carried herself gracefully. She stood there quietly with a gentle smile.

Nora asked curiously, "Is she Ian Smith's daughter?"

She had once heard that although Ian stayed single his entire life, he had adopted a daughter.

So, she was Ian's adopted daughter?

As soon as the thought formed, Sheril leaned toward her and explained softly, "Yes, her name is Yvonne Smith."

Yv... onne... Smith...

Nora suddenly felt rather awkward when she heard the name.

To be honest, despite everything that had happened, for her mother to have a man who loved her that much, it seemed like that was enough for her whole life.

Sheril couldn't help but say, "Mr. Smith is a devoted man."

The two of them had already entered the hall while they were talking.

However, Yvonne had overheard their conversation.

She bit her lip hard. Then, she took a step forward, went to the gift registration room, and looked around. Sure enough, she saw that the Andersons had given pills as a gift.

As for what kind of pill it was, it was not specified.

But it definitely wasn't as good as the Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill she was giving.

Now that she had lost in terms of dressing, she mustn't lose in terms of gifts!

With that in mind, she looked at the person at the registration counter and asked, "What kind of medicine did the Andersons give?"

All the birthday gifts had to be registered, lest the host couldn't tell who gave what in the end.

All those who wanted to take the grand birthday party's opportunity to curry favor with the Hunts had already sent a lot of valuable gifts a long time ago.

The person in charge of registering the gifts had already long since become numb to the great number of valuable gifts. Thus, he replied, "A box of pills."

Box?

Yvonne let out a low laugh.

The more precious a medicine, the more they were counted by the actual number of pills—after all, even a single pill was hard to come by.

Yet they had given a whole box of pills...

Their gift was probably Carefree Pills, right?

The Carefree Pill's current market value was \$3,000 per pill. Even if they gave an entire box of it, how much could they possibly add up to...?

Yvonne let out a sigh of relief and said, "My gift is a pill."

The person in charge of registering gifts looked up at her. "Okay, I've noted it. What kind of precious pill is it, though, Ms. Smith?"

The question was purely out of his own curiosity.

Yvonne smiled and answered, "It's the Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill."

Thud.

The person in charge of gift registration dropped his pen on the table. His voice also suddenly rose in volume as he repeated, "The Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill?"

Rachel, who was standing behind Yvonne, also heard them. At once, she became even more surprised, and her voice became even louder. "The Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill?"

Her words made everyone look over.

Upon sensing their envious gazes, Yvonne raised her chin a little, and she felt like she had finally regained her confidence. She said simply, "Yeah."

Then, she headed to the party hall.

The people at the door were already sighing in admiration. "The Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill... She sure is generous!"

"Yeah, that pill is really hard to find now! The Smiths are probably the only ones that can get Dr. Zabe to make one more these days!"

"The Smiths are worthy of their name as a top-notch giant, indeed! As expected, they only do great things! The box of pills that the Andersons gave are probably Carefree Pills. In comparison, that's nothing to be envious of anymore..."

The Andersons' Carefree Pills had already made a name for themselves. To be honest, a box of it was actually a presentable gift.

But compared with the Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill, it was ultimately still inferior.

Yvonne was delighted by their comments.

But a short while after she cheered up, her friends behind her started talking to one another softly again.

"Why didn't the Smiths manage to borrow the Blue Enchantress when they're so powerful, though? After all, Yvonne loved showing off the most during all the parties in the past!"

"Yeah, the brand won't loan us the Blue Enchantress if we try to borrow it, but they definitely won't dare to offend people like the Hunts and the Smiths if they ask for it! How did the Andersons manage to borrow it instead...?"

"By right, that shouldn't be the case. The Smiths are a top-notch family. Isn't it a cinch for them to borrow a gown if they want to?"

"... Don't say any more. She's ultimately just an adopted daughter. If she were a real Smith, how would she possibly fail to borrow it..."

Their words made Yvonne clench her fists tightly.

Not a real Smith... Indeed, it was because she wasn't a real Smith that they had rejected her when she went to borrow the gown.

But had Joel personally made the request himself, they definitely wouldn't have dared to refuse!

At the end of it all, it was still because she wasn't related to the Smiths by blood.

Yvonne lowered her head. Her friends were still talking to one another softly.

"Ah, I remember now. Nora Smith was at the dance party this year, but she had only tied up her hair and worn a pantsuit that time. She's simply beautiful in her outfit today!"

"Why do I feel like she looks even better than Ms. Smith..."

“No, wait, shouldn’t Ms. Smith and Mr. Hunt be the highlight of the Hunts’ party this evening instead? What is she wearing the Blue Enchantress to steal the limelight for? Could it be that...”

“Cough!”

Someone who saw Yvonne coughed as a reminder.

The few of them immediately shut up. All of them were rather embarrassed when they turned and spotted Yvonne. They said, “We were just talking nonsense just now, Ms. Smith. Don’t mind us...”

Yvonne took a deep breath.

Of course she knew that they were just fair-weather friends.

The moment they complained about others in front of her, she had already known that she would definitely also be the focus of their complaints.

There wasn’t anyone who didn’t talk about others behind their backs, nor was there anyone who wasn’t talked about behind their backs.

She had long since become accustomed to it after so many years.

She smiled and said, “What were you all talking about just now? I didn’t hear anything.”

The few of them breathed sighs of relief at once. Then, they started to flatter her again. “We were talking about how inappropriate Nora Smith’s behavior is. You’re definitely the star of the occasion tonight, so what is she trying to steal the limelight for? Those who didn’t know better would have thought she had some kind of special relationship with the Hunts!”

“It’s only because Ms. Hunt is studying abroad, so she isn’t in the States right now. Otherwise, how would she, of all people, possibly get to wear the Blue Enchantress...”

“Exactly. Isn’t it exactly because she’s looking for a good man to marry that she’s dressed up so nicely and attracting so much attention? But I heard that she got herself pregnant before marriage, so she has a daughter! The little girl she was holding just now is her daughter!”

“What? Who would still want her when she already has a child?”

“That’s why, girls. She must be having a hard time finding a life partner after having a child, so she can only dress up a little more beautifully to cover up that shortcoming of hers. Just take a look at all the boys over there; aren’t they all blind and bewitched now?”

“... Hmph, it’s useless even if she’s bewitched them all! Their families would never agree to it! It’s basically next to impossible for her to marry into a good family.”

“ ... ”

Nora, the topic of everyone’s discussion, was currently surrounded by a group of men.

Although she had been the highlight at the dance party the other time, she had ultimately dressed rather coolly in a pantsuit, so she didn’t look as stunning as she did today.

Everyone had gathered around her. Some were introducing themselves, while some were trying to sound her out.

Nora, who didn’t know them at all, found them very annoying.

She broke into a frown. By then, Sheril was already saying, “Sorry, everyone. Nora and I are going to the side to rest for a while. You—”

“Are you going to the sofa over there? Sure, we can accompany you two there. Is Ms. Smith feeling unwell? Shall I help you over?”

“Let me do it instead, Mr. Simmons. After all, your arms have held too many girls before!”

“What do you mean by that? Do you think you’re that innocent yourself?”

“Of course I’m not. It’s just that the number of girlfriends I’ve had is fewer than you...”

“Neither of you are innocent enough. Don’t let them fool you, Ms. Smith. How about letting me help you over instead?”

“ ... ”

The men started to argue with one another, causing everyone around them to look over and frown.

All of them were relatively flirtatious young men from wealthy families. They usually fooled around a lot, and seldom did anything decent. The moment they spy on a beautiful woman, they can't move away anymore.

With them surrounding her, Nora's reputation wouldn't fare any better!

Sure enough, Yvonne's friends started to insult her again.

"Look at that vixen. Isn't her blatant seduction act a little too low-class? She definitely won't be able to find a good boyfriend!"

The corners of Yvonne's lips curled into a smile as she waited for Nora to make a fool out of herself.

But right at this point, Justin, who should be making an appearance later instead, suddenly appeared in the party hall!

Justin was a key figure. Although his appearance had come out of the blue, he nevertheless attracted everyone's attention.

Everyone looked at him.

Yvonne's eyes lit up the moment her gaze landed on him.

Justin was undoubtedly the most attractive man in New York. He was also the goal that she had set for herself ever since she was a child. The reason why she had never had a boyfriend all these years was that she had made strict demands of herself using what Justin's woman would do as a benchmark.

Even when news of him suddenly having a child reached the Smiths five years ago, she had only hidden herself in her room and secretly cried, but still forgave him in the end.

After all, men were all Casanovas that couldn't control their lower bodies.

She had also thought of treating the child well after she married Justin. An illegitimate child definitely wouldn't be able to inherit the Hunts, but she could still have hers and Justin's future son treat him a little better. Giving him a little more money and assets would also highlight how magnanimous she was.

But Justin's delay in going to the Smiths to propose marriage had made her a little anxious in recent years. After all, she was already 25 years old. The engagement, marriage, and other procedures would take at least two years. By then, she would be old!

Although Justin had already said that he wouldn't marry her when he was eighteen, he had still stayed single for so many years. In addition, the illegitimate child's mother had never once made an appearance, either. It was said that Justin disliked her so much that he never even once mentioned her.

Therefore, she believed that Justin must be waiting for his child to grow up first.

Was he worried that she would abuse his child?

Yvonne wasn't that kind of person, but she couldn't say that to Justin, so she could only continue to wait for him helplessly at the Smiths.

It was only at the annual parties that she could even take a few looks at him from a distance. Even when she went forward to say hi to him, his eyes never seemed to ever stay on her.

She was already the most outstanding woman in New York, though. If even she couldn't catch Justin's fancy, then it was impossible that anyone else could!

She stood where she was calmly. Her friends beside her were already exclaiming.

"It's Mr. Hunt, Ms. Smith! Oh my goodness, is his sudden appearance in the party hall because of you?"

"Isn't that obvious? Of course, it's because of Ms. Smith! Do you think he'll show up because of you? Look, Mr. Hunt is coming over!"

"... Mr. Hunt is so handsome. Quick, go to him, Ms. Smith!"

Yvonne didn't speak, but her eyes were shining brighter and brighter.

She took a step forward and gazed at Justin with rosy cheeks. Then, the crowd watched as Justin walked past Yvonne and headed straight toward where Nora was a short distance away.

Yvonne's expression froze instantly.

She clenched her fists tightly.

Her friends were even more shocked.

"Where is Mr. Hunt going?"

"But Ms. Smith is here! Could it be that he isn't..."

Someone gave the woman speaking a push. Only then did she realize that she had said the wrong thing, and she hastily shut up. The rest said, "Mr. Hunt must have something he needs to do! There are simply too many people at the party today, so maybe he has some instructions he needs to give, or maybe he saw a business partner and is going over to say hi!"

"That's right. Situations like this aren't appropriate for romance, either. After all, work takes top priority..."

Their words made Yvonne bite her lip. But when she saw Justin going nearer and nearer to where Nora was, her heart suddenly sank.

Rachel knew that Nora was Justin's girlfriend, but she wasn't optimistic about the two of them. She leaned toward Yvonne and whispered, "I'm sure Mr. Hunt is just fooling around with Nora... Don't mind them."

Fooling around...

Yvonne clenched her fists, though she kept a calm and gentle look on her face. "Well, it has nothing to do with me."

"How can you not have anything to do with it?" Rachel kept trying to incite her. She said, "Considering Nora Smith's background and the fact that she got herself pregnant before marriage, there's absolutely no way Mr. Hunt would publicly admit that they are dating. It would be too embarrassing otherwise! They definitely won't get married! In fact, you only need to turn a blind eye, and the title of Mrs. Hunt will still be yours sooner or later, Ms. Smith!"

Turn a blind eye...

Not only must she tolerate him having a child, but she also had to tolerate him keeping a lover out there?

On top of that, apart from being a little more beautiful than most, that lover of his was utterly worthless!

Yvonne's expression turned even more awful.

Warren suddenly came over at this point. At the sight of her, he said cryptically, "You're here, Yvonne..."

A surprised Yvonne followed him to the side.

Warren lowered his voice and asked, "Why do you look kinda unhappy?"

His words made Yvonne glance at where Nora was again. She suddenly lowered her head and asked, "How did Nora Smith manage to borrow the Blue Enchantress, Warren?"

Warren was chagrined at her question. He replied, "Justin must have done it. That's the only way she could have borrowed the gown... If I had known, I would have asked Joel to do it instead!"

Yvonne bit her lip, and her eyes reddened.

Warren immediately asked, "What's the matter?"

Yvonne lowered her head. "We ran into each other at the hall entrance just now... She said that I'm not a real Smith..."

Her words immediately misled Warren. He asked incredulously, "She mocked you just because of a dress? What makes her think she can mock you like that? Even an adopted daughter of the Smiths is better than her! The Andersons have already fallen into decline a long time ago. Besides, she isn't even an Anderson because her last name is Smith... It's so off-putting how we have the same last name."

Yvonne didn't speak.

Warren sneered, "It's okay. Don't worry, I've already taken revenge for you!"

Yvonne was startled. "What?"

A smiling Warren said, "Why do you think so many rich second-generation heirs dared to hit on her so blatantly at a party like this?"

Yvonne was dumbfounded. When she turned and looked over again, she saw a few more people gathering around Nora.

No matter what, it was too inappropriate for a woman to be surrounded by several men trying to woo her, especially when the things they said were so explicit—or at least, that was how everyone saw it.

She asked in surprise, “You’re the one behind it?”

Warren raised his chin triumphantly. “Well, not really. A whole group of people was attracted to her looks as soon as she came in. They were originally planning to ask about it discreetly, but I said that... she’s a socialite.”

Yvonne, “!!”

No wonder those men had the audacity to rush over so rudely!

Warren sneered, “They don’t know that she is Justin’s girlfriend. Neither can Justin acknowledge their relationship at an occasion like this, so he can only stew in silence and vent his anger on her now! Any man would be mad when their woman becomes involved with so many men in public, right?”

He raised his eyebrows. “Just wait and see. Mr. Hunt is definitely going over to deal with her. Who knows, he may even throw her out!”

Yvonne didn’t know whether to laugh or cry at his words.. Yet, when she thought about it, it didn’t seem entirely impossible, either. Her eyes lit up a little and she looked over...

“What is Mr. Hunt doing, Ms. Smith? It doesn’t look like there’s anyone he’ll talk to over there, right?”

“Yeah...”

While Yvonne was watching, someone asked curiously,

“The people there are all young rich good-for-nothings totally different from Mr. Hunt. Why would he go there...?”

“Is it because he thinks their behavior is too inappropriate?”

“That must be it. What kind of place do they think this is? That group of good-for-nothings and that woman should look at where they are first before they

hook up with one another! Mr. Hunt values his grandmother the most. He must have become angry!”

Nora was completely unaware that she had become the focus of the women’s discussion.

She merely watched the men swarming toward her and raised her eyebrows, feeling like something wasn’t quite right.

No matter how frivolous they were, they weren’t people who didn’t take time and place into consideration, so why were they doing this to her? Moreover, her belief was that she did have a rather powerful aura around her. Lily always said she was an impressive person, and just a glare from her was enough to scare Lily. When she was abroad, all the men had also kept their distance from her despite her good looks, so why would such a thing happen the moment she returned to the States?

She narrowed her eyes.

Next to her were also people trying to talk to her.

“Do you know who I am, Ms. Smith? If you have time, I think we can have a chat...”

“I met you first, Ms. Smith. Even if we are to line up to chat with you, shouldn’t I be the first?”

“Do you like Hermès, Ms. Smith? Shall I take you to Hermès for some shopping?”

“Hermès is so tacky! I have a villa in the suburbs. Shall I take you to visit it?”

Their speech became more and more explicit. Even Sheril and Melissa frowned when they heard them. Why did they look like rich young men lavishing attention on and flattering a famous courtesan?!

They were looking down on Nora too much!

Melissa reprimanded them. “Which families are you children from?! Stop fooling about!”

However, they instead laughed and said jokingly, “We aren’t fooling about. I meant what I said... You’re the Andersons, right? How about letting Ms. Smith

have dinner with me so that we can discuss a partnership between our hospital and Harmonia Pharmacy?”

“Ms. Smith seemed unwell, so I wanted to help. Which part of what I’m doing looks like I’m fooling about...”

Sheril was so mad that even her cheeks had turned red. “All of you are too much! Nora doesn’t need your help! She doesn’t even want to pay any attention to any of you at all, so please step aside! We are going to rest!”

“You’re not the one who decides whether your cousin Nora wants to pay any attention to us or not. It only counts if she says it...”

“That’s right. Ms. Smith, although you already have a child, I don’t mind at all. After all, young but mature women are more charming...”

“...”

The look in Nora’s eyes turned cold, and anger roiled in her cat-like eyes.

If it weren’t because this was Mrs. Hunt’s birthday party, she would have beat them up a long time ago, yet they were actually pushing their luck this far?

In that case, they couldn’t blame her for what came next.

She lowered her head and flexed her wrists. Then, she said to the masked Cherry, “Go to the side.”

Her four words alone made Cherry step back in silence. She hid behind Melissa with practiced movements and hugged her leg.

“Don’t be scared, Cherry...” said Melissa.

Cherry replied in her adorable voice, “I’m not scared, Grand-Aunt. I just think it’s so pitiful...”

Melissa’s eyes reddened. “It’s okay, your mother is not pitiful. She still has us, we won’t let anyone bully or humiliate her!”

Cherry: “?”

She blinked her big dark eyes and said, “What I meant was that those people are so pitiful. To think they are blind enough to offend Mommy. Mommy is really angry now, and the consequences are serious when that happens!”

Melissa: “?”

As soon as she said that, a shadow flashed across in front of her.

Nora had already suddenly thrown a punch at the face of the man closest to her, who was also the one who had said the most awful things out of the lot!

Melissa: “!!”

Sheril was also dumbfounded.

The man who had been punched was even more dumbstruck. He had never expected the other party to suddenly attack while they were still talking.

However, just as Nora’s fist was about to connect with the man’s face, a large and strong hand suddenly reached over and grabbed her fist, stopping her movements.

The very next moment, a low and deep voice reached them. “You’re not allowed to hit him.”

That voice...

Everyone turned their heads in unison to see Justin standing beside Nora. He was holding Nora’s hand, thereby stopping her actions.

Everyone: “??”

Everyone in the entire party hall looked over.

The man who had almost been hit immediately said, “It’s fortunate that you came here in time, Mr. Hunt. Otherwise, I would have been beaten up! How can a great beauty like you hit someone?”

The others also echoed him.

“Yeah, what kind of occasion do you think this is? How can you hit him?”

“All he did was say a few words. Aren’t you being too crass if you get violent?!”

“That woman is too savage, Mr. Hunt! Her behavior is outrageous!”

In the distance.

Yvonne breathed a sigh of relief at the sight.

As expected, Justin had become angry.

That woman sure was stupid, though. Even though they were in public, instead of trying to defuse the situation, she actually had the guts to get violent?

A woman like her wasn’t fit to be seen in public!

Rachel couldn’t even hide the gloating look on her face. She said, “Did you see that? I told you, women from small places are just too reckless. She’s offended Mr. Hunt!”

Their friends also said very cooperatively, “Exactly. This is Mrs. Hunt’s birthday party, how can she get violent?”

“Here I was, thinking that she was some kind of impressive person because she’s wearing the Blue Enchantress. I didn’t expect her to actually behave in such a low-class manner!”

“A gentleman resolves problems through words instead of violence. Doesn’t she have even the most basic common sense?”

Justin’s actions also shocked Sheril and Melissa. Melissa frowned and defended Nora. She said, “They were the ones who provoked Nora first, Justin.”

Sheril nodded.

Cherry also nodded repeatedly.

But unexpectedly, as soon as she said that, Justin said sternly, “Even so, she’s still not allowed to hit anyone.”

Melissa: “??”

She was a little angry.

She didn't expect that in order to prevent an embarrassing situation, Justin actually didn't even care that Nora had suffered injustice.

The man who had almost been hit became even more triumphant. He said, "That's right! If you're unhappy, then we can just talk about it. What is the meaning of resorting to violence? You're too much!"

He looked at Justin again. "It's okay, though, Mr. Hunt. I'll let the matter pass as long as she apologizes to me. I won't hold it against her..."

It was only after he spoke that he realized that Justin wasn't looking at him at all. Instead, he was looking at Nora.

Nora's brows were raised. She asked with a hint of displeasure, "Why can't I hit him?"

That woman was actually countering with a question of her own?

The man immediately sneered, "Because you should see where you are..."

It was a shame that before he could finish, Justin had already said, "Because force goes both ways. What if it hurts your hand?"

Everyone: "?????"

For a while, it was as if someone had pressed the mute button for the entire party hall.

There was no other sound aside from the soft music that the Hunts were playing.

Yvonne's friends next to her, the rich young men taking the opportunity to fool about, the people with actual status and influence, as well as the guests that had just entered the hall... All of them were looking at him in disbelief.

Justin's voice just now had neither been too loud nor too soft, but because everyone was paying attention to him in order to determine his stance, his words had reached everyone's ears clearly.

Everyone looked at him incredulously, and then at Nora.

All of them were wondering the same thing—what was going on here?

Why did the atmosphere between Mr. Hunt and Nora Smith feel kinda off?! Also, why was Mr. Hunt still holding Ms. Smith's hand even though so much time had passed since he grabbed her hand to stop her?

Yvonne's friends next to her started whispering and speculating again.

“What's going on? Why does it look like Mr. Hunt knows that hillbilly?”

“Why do I feel like there's an unusual relationship between those two?”

Along with those words, the few of them looked at Yvonne and asked, “Surely Mr. Hunt doesn't have anything to do with her, right, Ms. Smith?”

Yvonne bit her lip.

She lowered her head and slowly said, “I don't know what kind of relationship the two of them share, but even if they aren't related in any way, a host won't stand by idly and watch as someone bullies their guest, right? After all, those men went too far.”

Rachel was so jealous that she was almost out of her mind. She said, “Yeah, what kind of relationship can Nora Smith and Mr. Hunt possibly share? They have nothing to do with each other at all! Mr. Hunt must have just found those people's actions too much. It's just a shame that he doesn't know what that woman is like!”

The girls: “...”

Everyone exchanged looks with one another, all of them sensing something amiss.

Why did Yvonne look a little unhappy? It seemed like that woman's presence was really bothering her...

Everyone was smart here. They hadn't thought of that in the beginning, but now...

Could it be that Nora Smith's good looks had also attracted Mr. Hunt?

Just as everyone was speculating, Nora, the subject of the drama, waved and shook Justin's hand away in disdain. Her voice was low and impatient as she asked, "If I can't hit him, then what should I do?"

Her shoes were too uncomfortable. She wanted to deal with the people in front of her as soon as possible so that she could change her shoes.

Justin's icy voice rang out. "Where's the butler?"

The butler in charge of the Hunts' external affairs had already noticed Justin the instant he appeared. Upon hearing his words, he hurriedly came over. "Sir."

Justin pointed casually at the men. "These frivolous and flippant people here... Send! Them! Out! Nicely!"

The meaning behind his deliberate emphasis on the words 'send them out nicely' was very obvious. There was no way the butler could see those people out the door politely anymore.

The butler nodded immediately. "Yes, sir."

With a wave from him, a few security guards rushed over. They held down the frivolous rich second-generation heirs, buckled their hands behind their backs, and dragged them out!

The men were dumbfounded. One even shouted, "Mr. Hunt, Mr. Hunt...! What are you doing? All we did was say a few words to her... Do you know who she is, Mr. Hunt? She's a socialite! It was mutually consensual when we chatted with each other! We didn't force her into anything!"

'Socialite'...

The word made Justin's pupils shrink.

He suddenly said, "Stop."

The security guard stopped and let go of the man. The man wasn't from an influential family. He had come to the party by tagging along with someone else's invitation so that he could get to know more people.

Thus, when Warren incited them to go over, he had done so accordingly.

He wasn't willing to be driven out just like that. On top of that, he also had the guts to speak up. He immediately said, "Are you doing this because you're not aware of her identity? Don't let her beautiful appearance fool you! I heard tha—"

But before he could finish, Justin interrupted him. "Who did you hear that from?"

The man subconsciously looked at Warren standing among the crowd, causing him to shrink back and hide behind Yvonne.

Yvonne: "..."

He didn't see Warren, but he didn't dare to drag the Smiths into this, either. Thus, the man could only say, "I... I just overheard some people..."

"Can things that you hear through the grapevine be brought to the public?" Justin looked at the butler and said, "Find Ms. Smith a lawyer, and sue him for slander."

"... Yes, sir," said the butler.

Everyone else: "..."

"There's no need for that." Nora suddenly interrupted him. Then, she lowered her voice and slowly said, "I don't care about all this. I just want to change my shoes now."

Justin: "..."

He fell silent for a moment. Then, he looked at the butler and said, "Never mind, then. Don't sue him anymore."

His voice was deep and tinged with displeasure.

The butler silently said a prayer inwardly for the man.

If they had sued him, all he would have had to do was just pay damages for harming the other party's reputation.

But now that they weren't suing him anymore, the man would probably have to pay an even higher price to appease Mr. Hunt.

The butler wasn't the only one who understood that; the man understood it even better.

He panicked at once. "I was wrong, Mr. Hunt. Please let me off!"

Unfortunately, Justin was no longer paying attention to him.

What more did he have to say to him when his girlfriend's feet were uncomfortable?

Chapter 255 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

Chester looked at the two boxes in Justin's hands. "What are you guys delivering?"

"A dress, of course!"

Chester: "?"

Had the Andersons become so poor that they couldn't even afford a dress for Nora?

Elsewhere, Yvonne looked at herself in the mirror.

Her blue gown set off her porcelain-like skin, making her look very beautiful.

When she came down the stairs, Warren complimented her. "You look great today, Yvonne!"

Yvonne smiled at him but said nothing.

Warren went over to her and said, "How is it? I've already asked around for you—Justin is wearing blue today, so you two can wear matching outfits now!"

At the mention of blue outfits, Yvonne hesitated for a while and then said, "I heard that Gucci has an haute couture handmade gown called the Blue Enchantress. It's a finished product made by a famous designer. That gown..."

Warren waved and said, "Tsk, I've already been there to borrow the gown, but they didn't give it to me. A gown like that is the brand's signature item and a

treasure; there's no way they'll lend it to anyone. The blue gown that you're wearing is also very famous. It only loses out to that one by a little."

Yvonne uttered an "oh".

Wasn't it all because Warren's status wasn't high enough that he hadn't managed to borrow it? Had Joel been the one to ask, they would definitely have lent it to her. What a shame!

"Where's Joel?" she asked.

Warren shook his head. "I don't know, he only told us to set off from home. Seems like he's visiting Uncle Ian before he goes over."

It was only when he mentioned Ian, that Yvonne suddenly realized that because of the party, it had been quite a few days since she went to the hospital to visit him, so she didn't know how her father was doing.

Brandon took after Warren, and both of them were very simple-minded and innocent. Therefore, Warren didn't notice her displeasure. He and Yvonne stopped talking when they reached the cars, and they got into their respective cars.

As soon as he got in the car, Warren's wife remarked, "Why do I feel like Yvonne isn't very happy that you didn't manage to borrow the Blue Enchantress for her?"

Warren waved at once. "Surely not?"

His wife said with displeasure, "I don't think she would do that, either. You can't even bear to let me wear that dress she's wearing, so what does she have to be dissatisfied with when you've already given it to her? There isn't any girl in New York who has more prestige than her right now!"

Warren laughed at his wife's words. "Are you jealous?"

Was there any way she wouldn't be?

But her husband's entire family was so protective of their little sister that she couldn't say that, either.

Warren's wife smiled and said nothing. Her eyes, however, flickered a little. To be honest, she had actually asked the brand about the Blue Enchantress—they had already loaned it out to someone.

She didn't need to tell her husband that, though.

Since his younger sister didn't know her boundaries and was always trying to one-up her sisters-in-law... Well, she wasn't someone that easy to mess with, either.

At the Andersons'.

"How about this?" Sheril offered Nora an haute couture gown that she had never worn before.

The party was held too hastily. It took at least a month for a brand to make an haute couture gown, so Nora hadn't ordered one but just casually bought a formal dress.

However, when Sheril came back, she insisted that it undermined her status, so she took out her own gown and offered it to her instead.

Nora waved. "No, it's fine. I'm really don't mind..."

Just as she was thinking about it, Melissa's voice traveled over from downstairs.

"Mr. Hunt?"

Nora raised her brows.

She went down the stairs to see Justin placing two small boxes on the sofa. He said, "I'm here to deliver a gown."

The man was wearing a black suit today. He also had a beautiful blue tie on, making him look even more dashing than usual.

Melissa nodded at once. "Is the gown for Nora? Quick, Nora, go upstairs and try it."

Nora: "..."

She went down but didn't pick up the gown. Instead, she said, "Does anyone give a gown as a gift? It's not like you know my measurements."

"Why wouldn't I?" Justin smiled and said, "I know all of Ms. Smith's measurements. After all, we're lovers, aren't we?"

Nora: "!!"

His words were too suggestive!

Sure enough, Melissa, who was next to them, covered her smile with her hand. She pretended not to hear them and instead urged, "Hurry up, go upstairs and try it!"

Nora was about to refuse when Cherry jumped out and said, "Mommy, I'm gonna wear a dress today! Ours are matching outfits~ Where's Pete? Let him go back with Daddy. I wanna be with Mommy, yeah!"

Matching outfits?

The rejection became stuck in her throat when she heard what Cherry said. She nodded and said, "Okay, then."

By the time Nora took Cherry's hand and went up the stairs, Pete had also gone downstairs and left with Justin.

In the living room, Simon stared blankly at the two children leaving. He looked at Melissa and asked, "Justin is Cherry's father? This... I still can't believe it. This feels like a dream."

In order to prevent the Andersons from being astonished when they saw the Hunts' little mister at the party, Nora had told them the truth the day before.

Melissa smiled and said, "Are you still in shock? I was so stunned when I saw Cherry at the Hunts' that day! I knew it, why would Cherry's personality fluctuate every once in a while? I even thought at one point that she was schizophrenic!"

Simon didn't speak.

After the few of them changed into formal attires, they went back downstairs. Melissa was startled when she saw the blue gown on Nora. She murmured, "That gown..."

“What’s wrong?” asked Simon.

Melissa shook her head. “It just... looks a little familiar to the eye.”

“Wow, the gown Ms. Smith is wearing today is so gorgeous! I didn’t think that someone could make blue look so pure and innocent!”

“You don’t get it, do you? Ms. Smith’s gown was designed by the famous designer Camp! It’s worth over \$100,000!”

“I’m so envious of Ms. Smith. As the only daughter of the Smiths, her family treats her so much better than how the Hunts treat their daughters!”

“ ... ”

Yvonne heard compliments from all around her the moment she got out of the car. An elegant smile formed on her face. She held her gown up a little and headed to the Hunts’ party hall in her high heels.

She must be the focus of the crowd on all occasions—this was what she had learned from her experience over the years.

However, when she was about to reach the entrance, a big black jeep slowly drove into the manor.

The car park in the Hunts’ manor was filled with luxury cars.

There were also many international limited edition cars. The jeep was simply too inconspicuous among them.

Thus, no one paid any attention to whose car it was at first.

Yvonne was walking toward the hall. She had only taken a couple of steps when she suddenly heard someone calling out to her, “Ms. Smith!”

She looked back and saw Rachel walking over with Miranda.

Rachel said something to Miranda. Then, she left her side and came toward her. As soon as she approached, she touched her gown and remarked with a smile, “So, you were the one who borrowed this gown! You look so good in it! You’ll definitely outshine everyone at the party tonight!”

Her voice was rather loud, causing everyone around them to look over.

Yvonne was a little displeased.

The Smiths were particular about low-key luxury and disliked such ostentatious behavior in public the most. She preferred private discussions, so Rachel had gone a little too far by saying that to her in person.

She said, "I just chose it casually. Your gown is also very beautiful, Ms. Wood!"

Rachel, who knew what she was like, made nothing of the comment. She said, "You don't have to be so modest! No one is blind here. Besides, this dress is also very well-known in the circle. With the exception of the Blue Enchantress, there's probably no other dress that can compare to this one!"

Yvonne lowered her gaze. She smiled and said, "Let's go in."

"Nah!"

Rachel grabbed her arm with a smile and said, "I just saw the Andersons' car. If you wait here for a while, they'll definitely come. When the two of you stand together, anyone who isn't blind will be able to see who the prettier one is! You can also let Mr. Hunt see for himself that he has picked the wrong person!"

Yvonne was a little taken aback at her words. "Is Nora Smith not good-looking?"

Rachel hesitated.

Nora's fair and flawless countenance, large and beautiful almond-shaped eyes, as well as her small palm-sized face that seemed even more beautiful than a celebrity's, appeared in her mind.

She coughed and replied guiltily, "She's passable, I guess, but the way she carries herself is kinda subpar. She's usually in jeans and t-shirts, and looks really sloppy. That also goes for the way she walks because she doesn't lift her feet when she walks. My mom has always taught me that I mustn't drag my feet when I walk. The way she wears her shoes is as if she's wearing slippers. It's really ugly!"

The more Rachel said, the more convinced she was by herself. She said, "Have you ever seen people from the countryside that come to the cities to

study? She carries herself exactly like those hillbillies! She doesn't have an elegant disposition or strong aura around her at all. So what even if she's a little good-looking? Is there anyone in families like ours who only cares about how pretty one's face is?"

A few people nearby came toward them while she was talking. Upon hearing what she said, they asked in surprise, "Who are you talking about?"

Rachel smiled and replied, "It's Nora Smith! You know, the one from the Andersons... By the way, the live-stream about her caused quite the uproar the other time. Did you guys see it? To think they talked about their household affairs in public... Seems like they don't care about embarrassing themselves at all!"

"Oh, are you talking about the same Nora Smith whose father turned out fake after kicking up all that fuss?"

"Yeah. Speaking of this, my family doesn't really understand, either. For people like them, you can just get rid of them by giving them some money, and the matter will be resolved. Why make such a fuss in public together with them? Even though they clarified everything in public in the end, wasn't it embarrassing for the Andersons all the same? Even though her adoptive father is indeed a problematic man and is too greedy, it's true that her mother had also gotten herself pregnant before marriage..."

"Did you know? I heard that her mother was a famous socialite in New York back then... The wives of the wealthy hated her the most. She was especially beautiful and also very skilled at seducing men, so she was involved with almost every young man among the wealthy families at that time. She was the public enemy of all the wealthy ladies in New York back then!"

"..."

Rachel felt very smug at the sight of how everyone's comments were becoming more and more ridiculous. She said, "Yes, that's the one!"

"Is she also attending the party? Is she using the invitation to the Andersons to attend? The Andersons are already down-and-out! Yet she's still coming... She sure thinks really highly of herself!"

"Hey, let's ignore her later, okay?"

“I don’t want to talk to someone like that!”

“ ... ”

The few young wealthy ladies who got along well simply spared no effort to badmouth and gossip about other people once they came together.

Yvonne’s lips slowly curled into a smile as she listened to them.

The group of girls chatted noisily as they stood at the door. After talking about Nora, they shifted the topic back to Yvonne’s gown and paid her a great deal of compliments.

“So what even if her mother had been a very glorious existence back then? In the end, she still married someone in a small town instead. How could she possibly compare to the Hunts or the Smiths...? Just look at how gorgeous and expensive Ms. Smith’s gown is when she’s just attending a party... No matter how impressive her mother was, can she find her a better gown?”

“Exactly. No matter how amazing her mother was, it’s not like she passed it down to her, right? Otherwise, why didn’t she find a boyfriend like Mr. Hunt?”

“Ms. Smith and Mr. Hunt are a match made in heaven! When are the two of you getting engaged, Ms. Smith?”

Everyone in the wealthy circle had already heard the rumors that the Smiths and the Hunts were planning a political marriage. They’d originally thought that the two of them would get engaged when they were eighteen, but unexpectedly, nothing had been set in stone yet even after so long.

Although Justin had an illegitimate child, he didn’t get married during all these years, nor was there any news of the child’s biological mother. Yvonne didn’t get married, either, so everyone thought that both parties were still waiting for a suitable opportunity.

Yvonne, however, lowered her gaze at the question and said nothing.

Irritability welled up in her.

They were simply too gossipy, and were practically rubbing her nose in it!

Rachel, who noticed Yvonne’s annoyance, interrupted them with a smile. She said, “The Hunts and the Smiths’ affairs aren’t something that you guys should

be asking about. After all, that's a union between two big families... Let's not ask any more! I just saw the Andersons' car arrive. My cousin and Nora Smith will be coming over in a while. I'll point her out to you guys later!"

"Yeah, okay!"

"I also wanna see just how beautiful this daughter of the 'public enemy of all the wealthy wives of New York' can be!"

"Even now, my mother still gnashes her teeth in fury whenever she talks about Yvette Anderson. She says that my father had a crush on Yvette Anderson back then, and that Yvette Anderson was his unattainable dream..."

While they were chatting noisily, Rachel looked into the distance and said, "They're coming!"

Everyone followed her gaze and looked over.

The woman walking in the forefront was wearing a pink dress. Her shoulder-length bob made her look very youthful and peppy. She was walking over arm in arm with a middle-aged woman wearing a gown full of classical charm.

Sheril was obsessed with the laboratory, so she rarely attended parties.

Young women who didn't usually dance wouldn't attend the dance party the other time, so someone had mistaken her for Nora. She looked at Sheril and said, "Is she the one in the pink dress? Although she looks pretty cute, she doesn't look that astounding. Besides, her dress is so meh~"

But as soon as she said that, Sheril suddenly turned around, revealing the woman behind her...

The woman was sashaying over in a pair of crystal high heels.

The blue gown on her set off her thin and slender waist, which looked as if one could hold her with just one hand.

Her straight hair, casually draped behind her, fluttered in the air along with her movements.

Beside her, a little girl wearing a small mask was also dressed in a similar blue princess dress. She bounced around while holding her hand.

They were an exquisite sight in the Hunts' manor!

The people waiting at the door were stunned, and all of them looked at them in disbelief.

The few women who were clamoring just a moment ago said in surprise:

"That dress... It's the Blue Enchantress!"

"Oh my god, who is she? Doesn't she walk too beautifully? Her movements are obviously so big when she twists and turns her hips as she walks, but how does she still make it look so charming? She's too gorgeous!"

"Which family is she from? Why is the kid she's holding wearing a silver mask? She's so cute! Is she her younger sister?"

"..."

Rachel was totally stunned while everyone was singing praises of Nora.

She stared at Nora incredulously, feeling like her eyes must be playing tricks on her. Was she actually that hillbilly and bumpkin of a woman who was always wearing jeans and white T-shirts, and walked as though she was still half-asleep?

Wasn't her gait a little too graceful?!

Even she found it difficult to go against her conscience and say she didn't look good!

All around them, every man's eyes were on her. It was obvious that Nora had become the center of attention!

When did such a big beauty appear in New York?!

That was the thought on everyone's minds.

Even Yvonne was a little stunned. However, because she knew Sheril, she didn't mistake her for anyone else. Instead, she stared at Nora in shock.

She had only heard her name prior to this, but she was the purported hillbilly that Rachel mentioned?

There was practically no need for any comparison! Even with the distance between the two of them, it was obvious who had won—or at least, that was the case in terms of what they were wearing!

She bit her lip in anger and glared at Rachel. For once, she couldn't hold herself back and she said, "So, that's the Nora Smith you were talking about?"

That one line from her was enough to enlighten everyone there.

All of them looked at Nora in unison. The same thought simultaneously formed in everyone's minds in this instant—if she looked anything like her mother, then it was no wonder that her mother was the public enemy of all the wealthy wives of New York back then!

Given her looks, which man would be able to resist her?

Especially with the way her hips twisted when she walked... Although she was doing it on purpose, it simply looked too beautiful!

However, Nora, who was 'twisting her hips on purpose', was actually complaining while she was walking at the moment. "What kind of shoes are these? Aren't they a little too slippery?"

Cherry supported her Mommy carefully to prevent her from tripping and falling down in public. Now, that would be a terrible sight. She piped up in her adorable voice, "Beauty comes at a price, Mommy!"

The crystal heels were a perfect match with the blue gown, but because crystal heels were a little more slippery than ordinary heels, Nora couldn't really walk very well in them. As a result, she could only twist and turn her hips from side to side as she walked!

Nora tried to put up with it, but in the end, she still bent over, intending to take off the heels and hold them instead. What kinda lousy shoes were these?! She wasn't gonna wear them anymore!

But as soon as she bent over, Sheril grabbed her hand. "There are so many eyes on you right now, Nora! You'd better not do anything unsightly! Otherwise, it'll be really embarrassing!"

Nora: "..."

She silently endured the heels for a while longer. In the end, she gritted her teeth and said to Cherry, "Get your father to prepare a normal pair of heels for me! Otherwise, I'm going to go around barefooted later!"

Cherry took out her cell phone at once. "Okay, Mommy! I'll contact Daddy right away!"

Just like that, they swaggered through the crowd and came to the entrance of the hall. They were about to enter the party hall after registering when they suddenly heard a shrill voice.

"Nora Smith!"

Nora and Sheril looked over to see Rachel staring at the former. She looked her gown up and down and demanded, "W-who borrowed that gown for you?"

Nora glanced at her coldly, disinterested in even speaking to her.

She scoffed and said nothing.

Sheril asked, "Oh, you've also come, Rachel? Shall we go in together?"

She didn't want anyone to know that Justin had borrowed it for them. Should the Hunts hear of it, they would surely look down on Nora!

As Nora's family, they must have pride!

Rachel completely ignored Sheril and stared only at Nora. "Say it, how did you manage to borrow that gown? With the Andersons' reputation, there's no way you can borrow it!"

In a brainless move, she then pointed to Yvonne and added, "Even Ms. Smith only managed to borrow that gown she's wearing, so why should you be able to borrow the Blue Enchantress?"

Nora raised her brows. "I went to the store to borrow it, I suppose?"

Rachel: "..."

Of course she knew that she had borrowed it from the store, but was that what she was asking about?

Before she could say anything else, Melissa had already registered at the gift reception table at the door. She said, "Alright, let's go in. Rachel, are you going in with us, or are you going to continue playing here? Or, shall I ask your father here to come over and bring you in?"

Regardless of what was going on at home, they were in public at the moment. Rachel kicking up a fuss like that was an utter embarrassment!

Rachel swallowed. "You guys can go in first, Aunt Melissa. I'm having fun here with Ms. Smith!"

Melissa nodded.

Nora, however, glanced at the 'Ms. Smith' Rachel had mentioned...

She was wearing a blue gown similar in color to the one she was wearing. Strictly speaking, their outfits had clashed with each other's. However, the Blue Enchantress' design was clearly a little more high-end.

She looked rather bright and charming, and she carried herself gracefully. She stood there quietly with a gentle smile.

Nora asked curiously, "Is she Ian Smith's daughter?"

She had once heard that although Ian stayed single his entire life, he had adopted a daughter.

So, she was Ian's adopted daughter?

As soon as the thought formed, Sheril leaned toward her and explained softly, "Yes, her name is Yvonne Smith."

Yv... onne... Smith...

Nora suddenly felt rather awkward when she heard the name.

To be honest, despite everything that had happened, for her mother to have a man who loved her that much, it seemed like that was enough for her whole life.

Sheril couldn't help but say, "Mr. Smith is a devoted man."

The two of them had already entered the hall while they were talking.

However, Yvonne had overheard their conversation.

She bit her lip hard. Then, she took a step forward, went to the gift registration room, and looked around. Sure enough, she saw that the Andersons had given pills as a gift.

As for what kind of pill it was, it was not specified.

But it definitely wasn't as good as the Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill she was giving.

Now that she had lost in terms of dressing, she mustn't lose in terms of gifts!

With that in mind, she looked at the person at the registration counter and asked, "What kind of medicine did the Andersons give?"

All the birthday gifts had to be registered, lest the host couldn't tell who gave what in the end.

All those who wanted to take the grand birthday party's opportunity to curry favor with the Hunts had already sent a lot of valuable gifts a long time ago.

The person in charge of registering the gifts had already long since become numb to the great number of valuable gifts. Thus, he replied, "A box of pills."

Box?

Yvonne let out a low laugh.

The more precious a medicine, the more they were counted by the actual number of pills—after all, even a single pill was hard to come by.

Yet they had given a whole box of pills...

Their gift was probably Carefree Pills, right?

The Carefree Pill's current market value was \$3,000 per pill. Even if they gave an entire box of it, how much could they possibly add up to...?

Yvonne let out a sigh of relief and said, "My gift is a pill."

The person in charge of registering gifts looked up at her. "Okay, I've noted it. What kind of precious pill is it, though, Ms. Smith?"

The question was purely out of his own curiosity.

Yvonne smiled and answered, "It's the Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill."

Thud.

The person in charge of gift registration dropped his pen on the table. His voice also suddenly rose in volume as he repeated, "The Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill?"

Rachel, who was standing behind Yvonne, also heard them. At once, she became even more surprised, and her voice became even louder. "The Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill?"

Her words made everyone look over.

Upon sensing their envious gazes, Yvonne raised her chin a little, and she felt like she had finally regained her confidence. She said simply, "Yeah."

Then, she headed to the party hall.

The people at the door were already sighing in admiration. "The Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill... She sure is generous!"

"Yeah, that pill is really hard to find now! The Smiths are probably the only ones that can get Dr. Zabe to make one more these days!"

"The Smiths are worthy of their name as a top-notch giant, indeed! As expected, they only do great things! The box of pills that the Andersons gave are probably Carefree Pills. In comparison, that's nothing to be envious of anymore..."

The Andersons' Carefree Pills had already made a name for themselves. To be honest, a box of it was actually a presentable gift.

But compared with the Zabe Corporation's Calming Pill, it was ultimately still inferior.

Yvonne was delighted by their comments.

But a short while after she cheered up, her friends behind her started talking to one another softly again.

“Why didn’t the Smiths manage to borrow the Blue Enchantress when they’re so powerful, though? After all, Yvonne loved showing off the most during all the parties in the past!”

“Yeah, the brand won’t loan us the Blue Enchantress if we try to borrow it, but they definitely won’t dare to offend people like the Hunts and the Smiths if they ask for it! How did the Andersons manage to borrow it instead...?”

“By right, that shouldn’t be the case. The Smiths are a top-notch family. Isn’t it a cinch for them to borrow a gown if they want to?”

“... Don’t say any more. She’s ultimately just an adopted daughter. If she were a real Smith, how would she possibly fail to borrow it...”

Their words made Yvonne clench her fists tightly.

Not a real Smith... Indeed, it was because she wasn’t a real Smith that they had rejected her when she went to borrow the gown.

But had Joel personally made the request himself, they definitely wouldn’t have dared to refuse!

At the end of it all, it was still because she wasn’t related to the Smiths by blood.

Yvonne lowered her head. Her friends were still talking to one another softly.

“Ah, I remember now. Nora Smith was at the dance party this year, but she had only tied up her hair and worn a pantsuit that time. She’s simply beautiful in her outfit today!”

“Why do I feel like she looks even better than Ms. Smith...”

“No, wait, shouldn’t Ms. Smith and Mr. Hunt be the highlight of the Hunts’ party this evening instead? What is she wearing the Blue Enchantress to steal the limelight for? Could it be that...”

“Cough!”

Someone who saw Yvonne coughed as a reminder.

The few of them immediately shut up. All of them were rather embarrassed when they turned and spotted Yvonne. They said, “We were just talking nonsense just now, Ms. Smith. Don’t mind us...”

Yvonne took a deep breath.

Of course she knew that they were just fair-weather friends.

The moment they complained about others in front of her, she had already known that she would definitely also be the focus of their complaints.

There wasn’t anyone who didn’t talk about others behind their backs, nor was there anyone who wasn’t talked about behind their backs.

She had long since become accustomed to it after so many years.

She smiled and said, “What were you all talking about just now? I didn’t hear anything.”

The few of them breathed sighs of relief at once. Then, they started to flatter her again. “We were talking about how inappropriate Nora Smith’s behavior is. You’re definitely the star of the occasion tonight, so what is she trying to steal the limelight for? Those who didn’t know better would have thought she had some kind of special relationship with the Hunts!”

“It’s only because Ms. Hunt is studying abroad, so she isn’t in the States right now. Otherwise, how would she, of all people, possibly get to wear the Blue Enchantress...”

“Exactly. Isn’t it exactly because she’s looking for a good man to marry that she’s dressed up so nicely and attracting so much attention? But I heard that she got herself pregnant before marriage, so she has a daughter! The little girl she was holding just now is her daughter!”

“What? Who would still want her when she already has a child?”

“That’s why, girls. She must be having a hard time finding a life partner after having a child, so she can only dress up a little more beautifully to cover up that shortcoming of hers. Just take a look at all the boys over there; aren’t they all blind and bewitched now?”

“... Hmph, it’s useless even if she’s bewitched them all! Their families would never agree to it! It’s basically next to impossible for her to marry into a good family.”

“ ... ”

Nora, the topic of everyone’s discussion, was currently surrounded by a group of men.

Although she had been the highlight at the dance party the other time, she had ultimately dressed rather coolly in a pantsuit, so she didn’t look as stunning as she did today.

Everyone had gathered around her. Some were introducing themselves, while some were trying to sound her out.

Nora, who didn’t know them at all, found them very annoying.

She broke into a frown. By then, Sheril was already saying, “Sorry, everyone. Nora and I are going to the side to rest for a while. You—”

“Are you going to the sofa over there? Sure, we can accompany you two there. Is Ms. Smith feeling unwell? Shall I help you over?”

“Let me do it instead, Mr. Simmons. After all, your arms have held too many girls before!”

“What do you mean by that? Do you think you’re that innocent yourself?”

“Of course I’m not. It’s just that the number of girlfriends I’ve had is fewer than you...”

“Neither of you are innocent enough. Don’t let them fool you, Ms. Smith. How about letting me help you over instead?”

“ ... ”

The men started to argue with one another, causing everyone around them to look over and frown.

All of them were relatively flirtatious young men from wealthy families. They usually fooled around a lot, and seldom did anything decent. The moment they spy on a beautiful woman, they can’t move away anymore.

With them surrounding her, Nora's reputation wouldn't fare any better!

Sure enough, Yvonne's friends started to insult her again.

"Look at that vixen. Isn't her blatant seduction act a little too low-class? She definitely won't be able to find a good boyfriend!"

The corners of Yvonne's lips curled into a smile as she waited for Nora to make a fool out of herself.

But right at this point, Justin, who should be making an appearance later instead, suddenly appeared in the party hall!

Justin was a key figure. Although his appearance had come out of the blue, he nevertheless attracted everyone's attention.

Everyone looked at him.

Yvonne's eyes lit up the moment her gaze landed on him.

Justin was undoubtedly the most attractive man in New York. He was also the goal that she had set for herself ever since she was a child. The reason why she had never had a boyfriend all these years was that she had made strict demands of herself using what Justin's woman would do as a benchmark.

Even when news of him suddenly having a child reached the Smiths five years ago, she had only hidden herself in her room and secretly cried, but still forgave him in the end.

After all, men were all Casanovas that couldn't control their lower bodies.

She had also thought of treating the child well after she married Justin. An illegitimate child definitely wouldn't be able to inherit the Hunts, but she could still have hers and Justin's future son treat him a little better. Giving him a little more money and assets would also highlight how magnanimous she was.

But Justin's delay in going to the Smiths to propose marriage had made her a little anxious in recent years. After all, she was already 25 years old. The engagement, marriage, and other procedures would take at least two years. By then, she would be old!

Although Justin had already said that he wouldn't marry her when he was eighteen, he had still stayed single for so many years. In addition, the

illegitimate child's mother had never once made an appearance, either. It was said that Justin disliked her so much that he never even once mentioned her.

Therefore, she believed that Justin must be waiting for his child to grow up first.

Was he worried that she would abuse his child?

Yvonne wasn't that kind of person, but she couldn't say that to Justin, so she could only continue to wait for him helplessly at the Smiths.

It was only at the annual parties that she could even take a few looks at him from a distance. Even when she went forward to say hi to him, his eyes never seemed to ever stay on her.

She was already the most outstanding woman in New York, though. If even she couldn't catch Justin's fancy, then it was impossible that anyone else could!

She stood where she was calmly. Her friends beside her were already exclaiming.

"It's Mr. Hunt, Ms. Smith! Oh my goodness, is his sudden appearance in the party hall because of you?"

"Isn't that obvious? Of course, it's because of Ms. Smith! Do you think he'll show up because of you? Look, Mr. Hunt is coming over!"

"... Mr. Hunt is so handsome. Quick, go to him, Ms. Smith!"

Yvonne didn't speak, but her eyes were shining brighter and brighter.

She took a step forward and gazed at Justin with rosy cheeks. Then, the crowd watched as Justin walked past Yvonne and headed straight toward where Nora was a short distance away.

Yvonne's expression froze instantly.

She clenched her fists tightly.

Her friends were even more shocked.

"Where is Mr. Hunt going?"

“But Ms. Smith is here! Could it be that he isn’t...”

Someone gave the woman speaking a push. Only then did she realize that she had said the wrong thing, and she hastily shut up. The rest said, “Mr. Hunt must have something he needs to do! There are simply too many people at the party today, so maybe he has some instructions he needs to give, or maybe he saw a business partner and is going over to say hi!”

“That’s right. Situations like this aren’t appropriate for romance, either. After all, work takes top priority...”

Their words made Yvonne bite her lip. But when she saw Justin going nearer and nearer to where Nora was, her heart suddenly sank.

Rachel knew that Nora was Justin’s girlfriend, but she wasn’t optimistic about the two of them. She leaned toward Yvonne and whispered, “I’m sure Mr. Hunt is just fooling around with Nora... Don’t mind them.”

Fooling around...

Yvonne clenched her fists, though she kept a calm and gentle look on her face. “Well, it has nothing to do with me.”

“How can you not have anything to do with it?” Rachel kept trying to incite her. She said, “Considering Nora Smith’s background and the fact that she got herself pregnant before marriage, there’s absolutely no way Mr. Hunt would publicly admit that they are dating. It would be too embarrassing otherwise! They definitely won’t get married! In fact, you only need to turn a blind eye, and the title of Mrs. Hunt will still be yours sooner or later, Ms. Smith!”

Turn a blind eye...

Not only must she tolerate him having a child, but she also had to tolerate him keeping a lover out there?

On top of that, apart from being a little more beautiful than most, that lover of his was utterly worthless!

Yvonne’s expression turned even more awful.

Warren suddenly came over at this point. At the sight of her, he said cryptically, “You’re here, Yvonne...”

A surprised Yvonne followed him to the side.

Warren lowered his voice and asked, “Why do you look kinda unhappy?”

His words made Yvonne glance at where Nora was again. She suddenly lowered her head and asked, “How did Nora Smith manage to borrow the Blue Enchantress, Warren?”

Warren was chagrined at her question. He replied, “Justin must have done it. That’s the only way she could have borrowed the gown... If I had known, I would have asked Joel to do it instead!”

Yvonne bit her lip, and her eyes reddened.

Warren immediately asked, “What’s the matter?”

Yvonne lowered her head. “We ran into each other at the hall entrance just now... She said that I’m not a real Smith...”

Her words immediately misled Warren. He asked incredulously, “She mocked you just because of a dress? What makes her think she can mock you like that? Even an adopted daughter of the Smiths is better than her! The Andersons have already fallen into decline a long time ago. Besides, she isn’t even an Anderson because her last name is Smith... It’s so off-putting how we have the same last name.”

Yvonne didn’t speak.

Warren sneered, “It’s okay. Don’t worry, I’ve already taken revenge for you!”

Yvonne was startled. “What?”

A smiling Warren said, “Why do you think so many rich second-generation heirs dared to hit on her so blatantly at a party like this?”

Yvonne was dumbfounded. When she turned and looked over again, she saw a few more people gathering around Nora.

No matter what, it was too inappropriate for a woman to be surrounded by several men trying to woo her, especially when the things they said were so explicit—or at least, that was how everyone saw it.

She asked in surprise, “You’re the one behind it?”

Warren raised his chin triumphantly. “Well, not really. A whole group of people was attracted to her looks as soon as she came in. They were originally planning to ask about it discreetly, but I said that... she’s a socialite.”

Yvonne, “!!”

No wonder those men had the audacity to rush over so rudely!

Warren sneered, “They don’t know that she is Justin’s girlfriend. Neither can Justin acknowledge their relationship at an occasion like this, so he can only stew in silence and vent his anger on her now! Any man would be mad when their woman becomes involved with so many men in public, right?”

He raised his eyebrows. “Just wait and see. Mr. Hunt is definitely going over to deal with her. Who knows, he may even throw her out!”

Yvonne didn’t know whether to laugh or cry at his words.. Yet, when she thought about it, it didn’t seem entirely impossible, either. Her eyes lit up a little and she looked over...

“What is Mr. Hunt doing, Ms. Smith? It doesn’t look like there’s anyone he’ll talk to over there, right?”

“Yeah...”

While Yvonne was watching, someone asked curiously,

“The people there are all young rich good-for-nothings totally different from Mr. Hunt. Why would he go there...?”

“Is it because he thinks their behavior is too inappropriate?”

“That must be it. What kind of place do they think this is? That group of good-for-nothings and that woman should look at where they are first before they hook up with one another! Mr. Hunt values his grandmother the most. He must have become angry!”

Nora was completely unaware that she had become the focus of the women’s discussion.

She merely watched the men swarming toward her and raised her eyebrows, feeling like something wasn’t quite right.

No matter how frivolous they were, they weren't people who didn't take time and place into consideration, so why were they doing this to her? Moreover, her belief was that she did have a rather powerful aura around her. Lily always said she was an impressive person, and just a glare from her was enough to scare Lily. When she was abroad, all the men had also kept their distance from her despite her good looks, so why would such a thing happen the moment she returned to the States?

She narrowed her eyes.

Next to her were also people trying to talk to her.

"Do you know who I am, Ms. Smith? If you have time, I think we can have a chat..."

"I met you first, Ms. Smith. Even if we are to line up to chat with you, shouldn't I be the first?"

"Do you like Hermès, Ms. Smith? Shall I take you to Hermès for some shopping?"

"Hermès is so tacky! I have a villa in the suburbs. Shall I take you to visit it?"

Their speech became more and more explicit. Even Sheril and Melissa frowned when they heard them. Why did they look like rich young men lavishing attention on and flattering a famous courtesan?!

They were looking down on Nora too much!

Melissa reprimanded them. "Which families are you children from?! Stop fooling about!"

However, they instead laughed and said jokingly, "We aren't fooling about. I meant what I said... You're the Andersons, right? How about letting Ms. Smith have dinner with me so that we can discuss a partnership between our hospital and Harmonia Pharmacy?"

"Ms. Smith seemed unwell, so I wanted to help. Which part of what I'm doing looks like I'm fooling about..."

Sheril was so mad that even her cheeks had turned red. “All of you are too much! Nora doesn’t need your help! She doesn’t even want to pay any attention to any of you at all, so please step aside! We are going to rest!”

“You’re not the one who decides whether your cousin Nora wants to pay any attention to us or not. It only counts if she says it...”

“That’s right. Ms. Smith, although you already have a child, I don’t mind at all. After all, young but mature women are more charming...”

“...”

The look in Nora’s eyes turned cold, and anger roiled in her cat-like eyes.

If it weren’t because this was Mrs. Hunt’s birthday party, she would have beat them up a long time ago, yet they were actually pushing their luck this far?

In that case, they couldn’t blame her for what came next.

She lowered her head and flexed her wrists. Then, she said to the masked Cherry, “Go to the side.”

Her four words alone made Cherry step back in silence. She hid behind Melissa with practiced movements and hugged her leg.

“Don’t be scared, Cherry...” said Melissa.

Cherry replied in her adorable voice, “I’m not scared, Grand-Aunt. I just think it’s so pitiful...”

Melissa’s eyes reddened. “It’s okay, your mother is not pitiful. She still has us, we won’t let anyone bully or humiliate her!”

Cherry: “?”

She blinked her big dark eyes and said, “What I meant was that those people are so pitiful. To think they are blind enough to offend Mommy. Mommy is really angry now, and the consequences are serious when that happens!”

Melissa: “?”

As soon as she said that, a shadow flashed across in front of her.

Nora had already suddenly thrown a punch at the face of the man closest to her, who was also the one who had said the most awful things out of the lot!

Melissa: “!!”

Sheril was also dumbfounded.

The man who had been punched was even more dumbstruck. He had never expected the other party to suddenly attack while they were still talking.

However, just as Nora’s fist was about to connect with the man’s face, a large and strong hand suddenly reached over and grabbed her fist, stopping her movements.

The very next moment, a low and deep voice reached them. “You’re not allowed to hit him.”

That voice...

Everyone turned their heads in unison to see Justin standing beside Nora. He was holding Nora’s hand, thereby stopping her actions.

Everyone: “??”

Everyone in the entire party hall looked over.

The man who had almost been hit immediately said, “It’s fortunate that you came here in time, Mr. Hunt. Otherwise, I would have been beaten up! How can a great beauty like you hit someone?”

The others also echoed him.

“Yeah, what kind of occasion do you think this is? How can you hit him?”

“All he did was say a few words. Aren’t you being too crass if you get violent?!”

“That woman is too savage, Mr. Hunt! Her behavior is outrageous!”

In the distance.

Yvonne breathed a sigh of relief at the sight.

As expected, Justin had become angry.

That woman sure was stupid, though. Even though they were in public, instead of trying to defuse the situation, she actually had the guts to get violent?

A woman like her wasn't fit to be seen in public!

Rachel couldn't even hide the gloating look on her face. She said, "Did you see that? I told you, women from small places are just too reckless. She's offended Mr. Hunt!"

Their friends also said very cooperatively, "Exactly. This is Mrs. Hunt's birthday party, how can she get violent?"

"Here I was, thinking that she was some kind of impressive person because she's wearing the Blue Enchantress. I didn't expect her to actually behave in such a low-class manner!"

"A gentleman resolves problems through words instead of violence. Doesn't she have even the most basic common sense?"

Justin's actions also shocked Sheril and Melissa. Melissa frowned and defended Nora. She said, "They were the ones who provoked Nora first, Justin."

Sheril nodded.

Cherry also nodded repeatedly.

But unexpectedly, as soon as she said that, Justin said sternly, "Even so, she's still not allowed to hit anyone."

Melissa: "??"

She was a little angry.

She didn't expect that in order to prevent an embarrassing situation, Justin actually didn't even care that Nora had suffered injustice.

The man who had almost been hit became even more triumphant. He said, "That's right! If you're unhappy, then we can just talk about it. What is the meaning of resorting to violence? You're too much!"

He looked at Justin again. “It’s okay, though, Mr. Hunt. I’ll let the matter pass as long as she apologizes to me. I won’t hold it against her...”

It was only after he spoke that he realized that Justin wasn’t looking at him at all. Instead, he was looking at Nora.

Nora’s brows were raised. She asked with a hint of displeasure, “Why can’t I hit him?”

That woman was actually countering with a question of her own?

The man immediately sneered, “Because you should see where you are...”

It was a shame that before he could finish, Justin had already said, “Because force goes both ways. What if it hurts your hand?”

Everyone: “?????”

For a while, it was as if someone had pressed the mute button for the entire party hall.

There was no other sound aside from the soft music that the Hunts were playing.

Yvonne’s friends next to her, the rich young men taking the opportunity to fool about, the people with actual status and influence, as well as the guests that had just entered the hall... All of them were looking at him in disbelief.

Justin’s voice just now had neither been too loud nor too soft, but because everyone was paying attention to him in order to determine his stance, his words had reached everyone’s ears clearly.

Everyone looked at him incredulously, and then at Nora.

All of them were wondering the same thing—what was going on here?

Why did the atmosphere between Mr. Hunt and Nora Smith feel kinda off?! Also, why was Mr. Hunt still holding Ms. Smith’s hand even though so much time had passed since he grabbed her hand to stop her?

Yvonne’s friends next to her started whispering and speculating again.

“What’s going on? Why does it look like Mr. Hunt knows that hillbilly?”

“Why do I feel like there’s an unusual relationship between those two?”

Along with those words, the few of them looked at Yvonne and asked, “Surely Mr. Hunt doesn’t have anything to do with her, right, Ms. Smith?”

Yvonne bit her lip.

She lowered her head and slowly said, “I don’t know what kind of relationship the two of them share, but even if they aren’t related in any way, a host won’t stand by idly and watch as someone bullies their guest, right? After all, those men went too far.”

Rachel was so jealous that she was almost out of her mind. She said, “Yeah, what kind of relationship can Nora Smith and Mr. Hunt possibly share? They have nothing to do with each other at all! Mr. Hunt must have just found those people’s actions too much. It’s just a shame that he doesn’t know what that woman is like!”

The girls: “...”

Everyone exchanged looks with one another, all of them sensing something amiss.

Why did Yvonne look a little unhappy? It seemed like that woman’s presence was really bothering her...

Everyone was smart here. They hadn’t thought of that in the beginning, but now...

Could it be that Nora Smith’s good looks had also attracted Mr. Hunt?

Just as everyone was speculating, Nora, the subject of the drama, waved and shook Justin’s hand away in disdain. Her voice was low and impatient as she asked, “If I can’t hit him, then what should I do?”

Her shoes were too uncomfortable. She wanted to deal with the people in front of her as soon as possible so that she could change her shoes.

Justin’s icy voice rang out. “Where’s the butler?”

The butler in charge of the Hunts’ external affairs had already noticed Justin the instant he appeared. Upon hearing his words, he hurriedly came over. “Sir.”

Justin pointed casually at the men. “These frivolous and flippant people here... Send! Them! Out! Nicely!”

The meaning behind his deliberate emphasis on the words ‘send them out nicely’ was very obvious. There was no way the butler could see those people out the door politely anymore.

The butler nodded immediately. “Yes, sir.”

With a wave from him, a few security guards rushed over. They held down the frivolous rich second-generation heirs, buckled their hands behind their backs, and dragged them out!

The men were dumbfounded. One even shouted, “Mr. Hunt, Mr. Hunt...! What are you doing? All we did was say a few words to her... Do you know who she is, Mr. Hunt? She’s a socialite! It was mutually consensual when we chatted with each other! We didn’t force her into anything!”

‘Socialite’...

The word made Justin’s pupils shrink.

He suddenly said, “Stop.”

The security guard stopped and let go of the man. The man wasn’t from an influential family. He had come to the party by tagging along with someone else’s invitation so that he could get to know more people.

Thus, when Warren incited them to go over, he had done so accordingly.

He wasn’t willing to be driven out just like that. On top of that, he also had the guts to speak up. He immediately said, “Are you doing this because you’re not aware of her identity? Don’t let her beautiful appearance fool you! I heard tha—”

But before he could finish, Justin interrupted him. “Who did you hear that from?”

The man subconsciously looked at Warren standing among the crowd, causing him to shrink back and hide behind Yvonne.

Yvonne: “...”

He didn't see Warren, but he didn't dare to drag the Smiths into this, either. Thus, the man could only say, "I... I just overheard some people..."

"Can things that you hear through the grapevine be brought to the public?" Justin looked at the butler and said, "Find Ms. Smith a lawyer, and sue him for slander."

"... Yes, sir," said the butler.

Everyone else: "..."

"There's no need for that." Nora suddenly interrupted him. Then, she lowered her voice and slowly said, "I don't care about all this. I just want to change my shoes now."

Justin: "..."

He fell silent for a moment. Then, he looked at the butler and said, "Never mind, then. Don't sue him anymore."

His voice was deep and tinged with displeasure.

The butler silently said a prayer inwardly for the man.

If they had sued him, all he would have had to do was just pay damages for harming the other party's reputation.

But now that they weren't suing him anymore, the man would probably have to pay an even higher price to appease Mr. Hunt.

The butler wasn't the only one who understood that; the man understood it even better.

He panicked at once. "I was wrong, Mr. Hunt. Please let me off!"

Unfortunately, Justin was no longer paying attention to him.

What more did he have to say to him when his girlfriend's feet were uncomfortable?