

Chapter 256 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

“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 257 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

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 258 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

"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.

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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?”

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Chapter 259 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

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.

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Chapter 260 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

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