

She Becomes Glamorous After The Engagement Annulment Chapter 116: Saving The Damsel In Distress!

Fantasia was taken aback. She asked, “What’s the matter?”

In the comments:

‘I actually witnessed a 1.5 million dollar transaction while I’m alive!’

‘If this doesn’t prove that she’s from a wealthy family...’

‘A big boss has appeared!’

Fantasia’s eyes widened in shock. She didn’t have the luxury of paying attention to the fact that she was still in the midst of a live-stream anymore, and entered sweetcherry’s live-stream on her cell phone right away.

As soon as she did, a swarm of tip notifications bombarded the comments, and virtual gift visual effects filled the entire screen.

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At the Hunts’ villa.

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Justin was still standing at the door to Pete’s study.

Pete had been observing him after he sent the text message to Cherry.

The tyrant was staring at the live-stream with a sinister and unpredictable look on his face. Even Pete couldn’t quite tell what he was thinking at this instant.

Going by his harsh and domineering character, Pete had imagined that he would definitely take her away forcefully once he knew that he had a daughter.

So, why was the tyrant standing motionless here and looking a little as if he was caught in an internal struggle?

The clever Pete entered the live-stream and scrolled upward through the comments. In no time, he got a clear picture of the dispute between the tyrant and Cherry.

Pete: "..."

He found himself rather speechless.

What was the matter with the tyrant?

Why was a man in his twenties arguing with a five-year-old?

In particular, was the big and bold 'Your father is such a scumbag' really something that the tyrant had said?

Why did it feel so weird?!

Justin was also feeling extremely embarrassed after he got over his shock, when he thought of what he had said.

He'd always had the illusion that he had a daughter whenever Pete turned into a little princess. Whenever he thought of himself having a daughter, the cold-hearted man's heart would inexplicably soften.

Besides, sweetcherry was so cute. She was someone who really existed and not just the familiar feeling and longing he felt whenever his son had a relapse.

This was why he had been jealous for some reason when sweetcherry said that her father was ignoring her.

How could someone who had a daughter not cherish her?

That was why his brain had short-circuited for a moment, causing him to say something as childish as 'Your father is such a scumbag'!

At that time, he had thought that no one on the Internet knew who he was anyway...

But now!

His expression changed again and again. He lowered his dark eyes and cast a dispassionate glance at Pete, his gaze subtly sweeping across his cell phone.

Lawrence was still fussing next to him. He exclaimed, "What exactly is going on, Boss?"

Justin's thin lips parted and he replied icily, "This is my daughter!"

Lawrence, "!"

Pete, "!"

It was all over! The tyrant sounded so sure of himself; he must have already discovered Cherry. While he was thinking about what he should do, the tyrant ordered, "Investigate immediately. Find her, even if you must search high and low for her!"

Lawrence stood up straight and replied, "Yes, sir!"

When he turned to leave, Justin suddenly added, "Do it in secret."

Lawrence nodded.

Pete, "..."

His lip corners couldn't help but spasm. Daddy was so stupid! It was already so obvious. Not only had he and Cherry switched identities with each other in California, but Mommy's intentions had also been so obvious after they came to New York. He hadn't figured it out or understood what was going on previously only because he didn't know that he had a daughter. That was why he hadn't thought of it at all.

But now that he knew, did he even still need to investigate?

Wasn't it obvious where his younger sister was?

With that in mind, Pete, whose lip corners were spasming, asked, "Daddy, do you really have an IQ of 301?"

Justin, "..."

He looked down at Pete with a deep, dark, and bottomless look in his eyes. The beauty mark at the corner of his eye was also flashing with a sharp look. He asked, "Why? Have you seen your sister before?"

Pete replied, "... No."

Since the tyrant hadn't realized anything, then all the better it was. They absolutely mustn't betray Mommy!

Justin didn't seem to be suspicious of his answer. His gaze merely returned to the live-stream with a frown.

Pete had seen the comments in the live-stream just now, so he knew that Cherry was currently at a disadvantage in the face-off match. As someone with a sister complex, this was absolutely unforgivable!

He paused for a moment and suddenly said, "Daddy, you'll be a hero saving a damsel in distress if you send my sister virtual gifts and help her win the match. It'll definitely help to defuse the situation with her!"

Justin, who was topping up his account, paused his finger movements for a moment. Then, he coughed and said coldly, "Our relationship doesn't need any defusing. But now that I know she's my daughter, how can I let a child of the Hunts lose?"

Pete, "..."

He obviously cared about Cherry, yet he just had to make it sound so laudable instead.

He sighed silently and lowered his head again to look at the live-stream. Suddenly, he found himself stunned and he immediately called out, “Uh, Daddy?”

Justin, who had just finished topping up his account, was about to save his daughter in her moment of distress when an overwhelming amount of virtual gifts suddenly filled up the screen!

Elsewhere, Cherry’s little heart was pounding madly after she turned off the camera. She didn’t understand why the camera had suddenly turned on—had she accidentally pressed something?

While she was wondering about it, she suddenly saw a huge amount of virtual gifts coming in.

Rows and rows of airplane icons drowned out everything in the comments, taking over the entire screen bossily and domineeringly!

Cherry was stunned. She scrolled up to the beginning of the virtual gifts barrage to see that it was actually Sponsor Grandpa!

There were ten sets of 9,999 airplanes, which made it a total of 1.5 million dollars!

It was only after the airplanes’ visual effects disappeared that he finally wrote: ‘How come you started the live-stream in advance?’

Touched, Cherry felt that Sponsor Grandpa looked so tall and dashing at this moment. It was as if he was shining with a dazzling light.

Although she didn’t care about the face-off results, when she saw so many fans supporting her, she did still want to win. However, Ika had a whole % 300,000 worth of tips more than her. Mommy would definitely know if she spent % 300,000 of her pocket money.

She was already prepared to lose, but Grandpa had unexpectedly come!

Cherry's eyes shone brightly. She smiled and said sweetly, "Thank you, Sponsor Grandpa!"

Grandpa replied: 'Talk to me on Messenger the next time someone bullies you. I'll come to you immediately.'

Cherry said, "Okay! Are you feeling better today, Grandpa? Did you have any meat for lunch today? ..."

...

Justin had an icy-cold look on his face. He gave off a chilly aura all over as if he were dry ice.

It was too late... He was actually a step too late!

He had missed a crucial opportunity to restore his image in his daughter's heart.

Justin stared at Grandpa's name. If looks could kill, there would probably already be holes in the cell phone!

Next to him, Pete was speechless.

Someone pushed the door open at this moment. Chester the dimwit entered the room. As soon as he did, he said anxiously, "Can I borrow 1.5 million dollars, Justin? My boss sweetcherry is being bullied really badly in her live-stream. I have to help her out!"

Justin's eyes suddenly narrowed when he heard what he said, and he asked dangerously, "You're friends with sweetcherry?"

Chapter 117: Bossy CEO In Da Room, Yo~

Chester had already received the news when Cherry started her live-stream and immediately got terribly outclassed by her opponent.

Alas, he didn't have any money in his bank account, so he had to drive over to Justin's to ask him for money. As a result, he wasn't aware of what had happened after that in the live-stream.

At Justin's question, he immediately nodded and replied, "Yeah! sweetcherry is my boss. We often play games together."

The look in Justin's eyes darkened. "Have you ever seen her in person?"

Chester quickly answered, "N-no..."

Pete, "..."

Uncle Chester, you'd probably have been more convincing if you didn't avoid looking the tyrant in the eye, or fidget so much like coughing and scratching your head!

He raised his head and silently looked at the tyrant again. However, Justin seemed to believe what he said and didn't press him for any information.. He walked past him and said, "She doesn't need it anymore."

Chester: " ?"

He turned on his cell phone. It was then that he discovered that sweetcherry had given her opponent a crushing defeat.

Although Ika was a rich second-generation heir, there was no way he could beat true blue top-notch rich second-generation heirs like Chester. Even Chester's pocket money didn't exceed 1.5 million dollars, let alone Ika's?

Therefore, Ika had given up the fight straightaway. He even joked in his live-stream, "Sigh, my family only has 15 million dollars, so we're not as rich as Sweetie's family who has 75 million dollars. I've lost..."

However, his refreshingly straightforward attitude also attracted many fans. Cherry's motherly fans, in particular, praised Ika for his gracious attitude.

After that, they stormed over to Fantasia's live-stream and demanded an apology!

Fantasia had immediately backed down the moment she entered sweetcherry's live-stream and saw the 1.5 million dollars tip. She merely sneered and said, "1.5 million dollars isn't really a big deal, to be honest~"

The comments were full of sweetcherry's motherly fans clamoring:

'It's not a big deal? Then why don't you buy something worth 1.5 million dollars and show us? Or tip yourself 1.5 million dollars?'

'Please apologize to Sweetie!'

'I finally understand now. Some people are going for the wealthy family image, so they were lambasting Sweetie's image just because their images overlapped.'

'Tsk, tsk. Fantasia live-streams every day saying that she's shopping for luxury goods, but she doesn't actually buy much each time. Take today's live-stream for example—we said that the third outfit looks good on her, so she asked about the price. But when she heard that it costs % 15,000, she didn't buy it. Also, the bags that she buys cost only a few thousand dollars each. Of course, they aren't things that we can afford either, but do real wealthy people buy only bags? Besides, the outfit that she's currently wearing looks like it's from a fast-fashion brand emulating high fashion. In comparison, doesn't Fantasia look more like a fake princess?'

'Apologize, you fake princess!'

'Yeah! Apologize!'

Amid all the voices persecuting her, Fantasia's eyes reddened and she said fragilely, "Aren't sweetcherry's fans a little too malicious? Are they all so brainless?"

Everyone was utterly bewildered.

In the comments:

‘What the f*ck! This is infuriating. Why didn’t you say that when your fans came over to insinuate nasty things about sweetcherry just now?’

‘You’re mistaken. They weren’t insinuating things but outright calling her names, okay?’

‘This is a classic case of double standards!’

‘Apologize!’

Fantasia sighed and said, “To be honest, it is not uncommon for management companies to spend 1.5 million dollars to make someone popular. Besides, there are also dividends to be had from virtual gifts. This means that the management company has only spent % 800,000...”

Seeing how unrepentant she was, everyone was furious.

Chester also cursed and said, “How dare that bitch bully my boss! She must be tired of living! See if I don’t... if I don’t cry and ask Justin to teach her a lesson!”

Pete said, “... Very impressive, Uncle Chester.”

Chester gave him an embarrassed smile. Then, as if he was asking for praise, he said, “Did you see that just now, Pete? I stubbornly insisted that I’ve never met sweetcherry before even when Justin was pressing me just now. You have to tell Cherry that. I managed to get into the local server’s top ten players, but level and resource grinding is really too hard. Without a good gunner, it’s almost impossible to get into the top three! Can you ask Cherry when she’s free to carry me for a couple of rounds?”

Pete’s lip corners spasmed as he asked, “Uncle Chester, are you sure he was pressing you for information just now?”

Chester waved dismissively and replied, “I get scared the moment Justin glares at me, so I end up coming clean about everything. This is the only thing

that I've managed to maintain complete secrecy about. My loyalty to Cherry is absolute! I've never harbored any thoughts of betrayal!"

Almost immediately after he said that, Justin suddenly walked out and looked at Chester sinisterly. He said, "I recall you saying back then that I can also have a daughter? Where is my daughter?"

Chester, "?"

He watched Pete cast him a look of disdain that said "This is what you meant when you said that you've never harbored any thoughts of betrayal?".

Chester wiped the non-existent cold sweat off his forehead and said, "J-Justin, I... I was just making it up..."

Pete heaved a silent sigh.

It was all over.

If the tyrant asked even just one more question, his uncle would definitely betray their revolutionary friendship and give in to the tyrant. Or so he thought, because Justin actually seemed to believe him and merely uttered a dispassionate 'Oh'.

Justin walked over to the sofa to do some work. He said to Lawrence who was looking for information on sweetcherry, "Look up that live-streamer named Fantasia, too."

Lawrence looked up and asked, "Okay, Boss. What do I do with her after that?"

Justin said coldly and domineeringly, "Cancel her."

"..."

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At the Andersons.

After Ika conceded defeat, the people in Cherry's live-stream started to enthusiastically talk about how Fantasia simply refused to apologize.

The fans were angry and indignant, but Cherry instead tilted her head to the side and said, "Even a three-year-old knows that they should apologize when they do something wrong, but don't force her to do it anymore, everyone. After all, she's still young~"

Rows of question marks suddenly appeared in the comments.

Cherry then added, "When she grows into a decent human being, she'll naturally come and apologize!"

Everyone, "!!"

Her words confused everyone, but when they saw the explanation in the comments, they immediately understood.

Someone wrote: 'F*ck! sweetcherry is simply awesome at dissing people! Where did you learn that from? She's saying that Fantasia is inhumane! After all, she hasn't grown into a human being yet!'

'You're too impressive!'

'I've learned something new today...'

'Although I feel great after I scolded her, I still can't help but be frustrated...'

Mixed with the comments was also Grandpa's comment: 'I'll ban her from live-streaming, then.'

Almost immediately after his comment, another comment in big and bold red font appeared:

JH: 'I've already banned her.'

Cherry was a little dumbfounded when she saw the comment.

Then, she immediately saw another comment from JH: ‘Is the face-off over? I went to top-up my account just now, but it was a bit slow. There are already 1.5 million dollars in my account now. I’ll give it to you during your face-off tomorrow.’

Cherry, “!!”

At this point, her cell phone suddenly beeped.

She picked it up and saw that she had received a friend request on Facebook from JH.

It also came with a message: ‘I accidentally deleted you yesterday. Let’s be friends again?’

Chapter 118: If He Had A Child

Cherry, “???”

Her eyes widened big and round as she stared at her cell phone long and hard.

If she hadn’t requested Pete to ask Daddy about it, she would have believed him for sure!

However, Pete had already asked him about it. Stinky Daddy had done it on purpose.

There were serious consequences to be had when Cherry got mad.

Thus, Cherry very decisively rejected the friend request.

The motherly fans in the comments also started to mock Sponsor Daddy at this point:

‘This is killing me. Who was it who said that he isn’t Sweetie’s dad just now?’

‘He wanted the live-streamer to ask him for help before he would help just now.. After that, he left the live-stream. Here I was, thinking that he’s already left, but as it turned out, he had gone off to top up his account?’

‘Aaaahhh! I love Sponsor Daddy! He’s so bad-ass!’

‘Am I the only one who feels more secure with Sponsor Grandpa?’

‘I also feel that Sponsor Grandpa is mightier and more bad-ass!’

Then, someone started a poll in the comments: ‘Who do you prefer—Sponsor Grandpa or Sponsor Daddy?’

Cherry looked at the comments and declared in her soft, tender voice, “I like Sponsor Grandpa more! But you mustn’t give me any more gifts, okay? You’ve given me too much, Sponsor Grandpa. Mommy says that I mustn’t just take things from other people!”

Grandpa wrote: ‘It’s not that much. I’m happy to give it to you.’

Cherry, however, put on a stern look and said seriously, “No, you mustn’t. I’ll get mad if you send me any more!”

Left with no other choice, Grandpa could only sigh and reply: ‘Alright, then.’

Their interaction made Sponsor Grandpa’s vote count visibly increase, whereas Sponsor Daddy only had a few miserable votes.

Justin, “...”

After being rejected both on Facebook and in the live-stream, Justin looked a little sullen at the moment.

There were a lot of ways to coax children, though. Wasn’t it precisely because her No. 1 fan had descended from heaven and saved her from defeat in the face-off just now that she was being so friendly with him?

In that case, he would also become a hero and save the damsel in distress the next day! This way, he would definitely be able to get the little fellow to acknowledge him too!

While he was thinking, Lawrence passed him the information he found. He said, "I've found sweetcherry's personal information. Due to her age, her account was registered with her parents' IDs. Her mother's name is Queenie and her father's name is Dick... What a strange name."

Justin, "!!"

Her mother was a queen while her father was a dick... How discriminatory!

He clenched his fists and tried to suppress the urge to beat someone up. As he gnashed his teeth in fury, he said coldly, "Go and investigate Nora Smith's background again!"

A surprised Lawrence said, "We've already checked Ms. Smith's background several times, Mr. Hunt. It is indeed like the information that we've already found."

As soon as he said that, a displeased Justin countered, "Did you find out that she's Anti?"

"..."

Lawrence lowered his head, daring not to speak any more. Then, he said, "I'll go and investigate her background right away."

At night.

"Huh? Did Daddy really say that?"

Cherry hid in the toilet and spoke to her brother over the phone secretly.

Although Pete's voice was also young and tender, for some reason, it gave people a sense of security. He said, "Yeah, he's trying to find out where you are, but it seems like he's run into some trouble, so he can't find any info."

Cherry pursed her lips and said, "Of course. I'll let you in on a secret—Mommy is actually a hacker~!"

Cherry looked very proud at the mention of her mother. Then, right after, a look of disdain came over her face and she said, “Daddy is such a dummy, Pete!”

Pete said, “I also think so, so I gave him my vitamins so that he can boost his brainpower.”

“Great job, Pete! That’s awesome! In that case, I can continue to live-stream with peace of mind now. Daddy’s a dummy who can’t find me anyway!”

Pete replied, “Alright.”

After the two finished chatting, Cherry finally walked out of the bathroom. Nora had washed up and was already in bed.

Cherry thought for a moment. Since Daddy couldn’t find them for now anyway, that meant that she didn’t have to tell Mommy about it, right?

Otherwise, Mommy definitely wouldn’t allow her to live-stream anymore. She happily made her mind.

Cherry got onto the bed and sent some cute stickers to Sponsor Grandpa on Messenger. He replied very quickly: ‘Have an early night.’

sweetcherry replied: ‘Okie-Dokie! You should also go to bed early. Mommy says that people who go to bed early and wake up early will be more energetic!’

At the Smiths.

Ian rested weakly on the bed and replied with difficulty: ‘Okay.’

He put down the cell phone and stared at the ceiling.

Outside the door, Yvonne Smith, his adopted daughter, lowered her voice and said, “Dad has a poor appetite, so make sure to cook liquid food instead. Add a bit of minced meat so that it’ll be more nutritious. Understand?”

The caretaker replied, “Don’t worry, Ms. Yvonne. I’ve already committed all these to memory.”

“Good.”

Ian sighed when he heard the exchange.

She ultimately wasn’t his real daughter. Her concern for him always came across as rather superficial.

His eyelids drooped and he closed his eyes. Life suddenly felt very meaningless.

When Yvette Anderson suddenly disappeared more than twenty years ago, he had personally searched for her for a very long time. However, he hadn’t found her. By the time he finally found her in California, he discovered that she had already married someone else and even given birth to a child.

At that time, Yvette had said, “Forget me, Ian. I’ve let you down, but Henry and I are truly in love with each other. If you really love me, then let me go.”

‘Let me go’...

He was fully capable of bringing her back, putting her under house arrest, and forcibly keeping her with him at that time. He had indeed also considered doing so.

Thus, he had sent people to capture her. But on the way back to New York, the strong and stubborn woman had broken down in front of him.

His heart had ached terribly.

In the end, he had let her go.

Before she left, she had looked at him and said, “Find someone else and marry her instead. You will have a wife and children of your own. Forget me. I’m sorry...”

He had pretended to stay strong after he returned to New York, but he never entertained notions of getting married ever again. Later, he adopted a daughter.

This was because he heard that she had given birth to a daughter.

After that, he never bothered himself with her again.

Looking back, he still regretted his actions. Why had he relented back then? Why hadn't he forcibly taken her with him? That way, she wouldn't have died from postpartum hemorrhage during labor. She probably died when the child was a year old, right?

If they had been together, and if they had had a child, would that child have been as adorable as sweetcherry?

It was exactly such a thought that made him fascinated with sweetcherry's live-streams.

In fact, he even developed the urge to meet her. It was sweetcherry who gave him the will to live. After all, their spark of friendship was growing stronger and stronger.

sweetcherry had said that she hoped it would become a little boat or a giant ferry one day.

He closed his eyes.

Suddenly, someone pushed the door open. Then, soft footsteps padded toward him and someone called out, "Grand-uncle Ian..."

Ian opened his eyes and saw tiny little Mia standing next to him. He asked, "What's the matter?"

Mia lowered her head and asked, "Grand-uncle Ian, can you give me % 150,000?"

Ian was taken aback.

Little Mia was usually the most sensible child around. Why was she suddenly asking him for money?

Mia lowered her head and said timidly, "I just discovered that my classmate Cheryl Smith is live-streaming, but she's having a bit of trouble. I want to help her... Her live-streaming alias is sweetcherry, by the way."

Chapter 119: My Father Is Justin Hunt!

Cherry?!

Ian's eyes flew open abruptly. Light even shone in his usually listless eyes. He looked straight at the little Mia, who lowered her head and said, "Grand-uncle Ian, I know I shouldn't be borrowing money from you, but my money is all with Mommy. She doesn't let me ask Daddy for money, either. Brandon has a loose tongue, so he'll definitely tell Mommy if I borrow money from him. After thinking about it, you're the only one I can ask."

Mia glanced at him in embarrassment and said, "But if you don't have any, it's okay..."

As soon as she said that, Ian smiled and said, "I do. I'll give my little Mia some."

Mia's eyes lit up. "Thank you, Grand-uncle Ian!"

Ian then asked, "Can you tell me about this classmate of yours?"

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Mia nodded. With a look of admiration on her face, she said, "Cheryl Smith is amazing! Not only can she turn into a little boy, but she can also turn into a little girl!"

Ian, "?"

"She also dances really well. Sinead Lowe was originally the lead dancer for the dance in the school's 50th-anniversary celebrations. She's really unlikeable and often bullies everyone in school!"

Ian asked, “Does she bully even you?”

Mia shook her head. “She doesn’t dare to bully me because I’m a Smith. She doesn’t dare to make trouble for me, but she doesn’t talk to me either. She started bullying Cherry the moment she came to the school, but Cherry’s Mommy is really amazing. She got Ms. Tanya Turner over, so Cherry became the lead dancer after that.

“Cherry also became Brandon’s boss. He follows her around every day and serves her water. He also asked her when she can become a little boy again.”

At this point, Mia added softly, “I also hope that Cherry will become a little boy.”

Ian was taken aback. “Why?” He asked.

Mia smiled gently and timidly. Her small oval-shaped face was adorable and delicate. She answered, “Cherry is very cool when she’s a boy. I like talking to him.”

Ian felt like he understood what she was saying, but also not really at the same time. He casually transferred % 150,000 to Mia’s bank account and then closed his eyes.

Mia left quietly when she saw that he wasn’t talking to her anymore.

Grand-uncle Ian wasn’t in good health. Daddy had told her earlier that she shouldn’t disturb him...

In the evening, Joel came over to visit Ian as usual after he knocked off from work. However, when he did, he saw Ian, whose eyes were always half-lidded, seated upright on the bed as if he was waiting for him.

Surprised, Joel asked, “Is something the matter, Uncle Ian?”

Ian cast his eyes down and said unhurriedly, “Is Mia’s school holding their 50th-anniversary celebrations soon?”

Joel nodded. “Yes, I’ve already received an invitation.”

He wasn’t planning to go. After all, it didn’t really matter whether he went to an event like that or not. Besides, Mia was timid and frail, so she wasn’t performing, either.

While thinking about it, he heard Ian say, “I want to go and have a look.”

Joel was surprised. “What?”

Ian repeated, “I want to go and have a look.”

Joel was a little in disbelief, but he nevertheless said, “Okay, I’ll make the arrangements.”

After leaving Ian’s bedroom, Joel looked back at the door and frowned.

A moment later, he asked the caretaker, “Did something happen at Uncle Ian’s today?”

The caretaker stood up straight. Although Joel seemed friendly and approachable, she treated him with ever-increasing respect. “I think Ms. Mia was here.”

At the mention of Mia, Joel’s expression softened.

“I see.”

It seemed like Uncle Ian was going to the kindergarten because of Mia. He would also go with him, then.

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The next afternoon.

After dealing with work matters in the Hunt Corporation, Justin left his office. However, he didn’t go home. Pete was at the Quinn School of Martial Arts today, but when he got in the car, he didn’t instruct the chauffeur to head to the school.

“Where would you like to go, sir?” asked the chauffeur.

“To the Golden Sunshine Kindergarten.”

“Yes, sir.”

At the kindergarten.

It was the 50th-anniversary celebrations soon, so the twenty children participating in the opening ceremony dance had to practice for an hour more than usual.

At four o’clock in the afternoon.

Cherry and her friends entered the dance studio and stood in line.

Sinead was next to Cherry. Even though she had been warned not to provoke Cherry, she was pouting and glaring at her from time to time today.

In the past, even though Sinead was bad-tempered, everyone was afraid of the dance teacher, so they were very tolerant of her.

But now, everyone was playing with Cherry and ignoring her instead.

After putting up with it for several days, Sinead finally couldn’t stand it anymore. She suddenly reached out her arm and pushed Cherry.

Cherry stumbled backward a couple of steps. She looked at her in surprise and asked, “What are you doing, Sinead the Doggy?”

Sinead yelled, “You’re the dog, Cherry the Doggy! I’m not Sinead the Doggy!”

Cherry said, “But you were barking like a dog that time! Like this!”

She bent over into a different pose from what Sinead had done the other day and called out, “Moo, moo~”

Sinead immediately scoffed and said, “You’re doing it wrong! It should be like this!”

She imitated a puppy’s pose again and stuck out her tongue while saying, “Woof! Woof!”

A giggling Cherry straightened her back and said, “Great job, Sinead the Doggy!”

Sinead stood up straight and raised her chin.

However, the children around them suddenly burst out laughing.

After a while, Sinead finally realized what had happened. She immediately became so angry that she placed her hands on her hips. Then... she let out an ear-piercing wail and started crying.

Cherry clapped her hands over her ears and looked at her wryly.

Was she crying just because she couldn’t win the argument?

While she was thinking about it, Whitney walked in and heard Sinead crying. She frowned and asked, “What’s wrong?”

Sinead pointed at Cherry and said, “She’s bullying me!”

Cherry shook her head and said, “I’m not.”

The rest of the students also testified and said, “Cherry didn’t bully Sinead. It was Sinead who pushed her.”

During this recent period of time, everyone could tell that Whitney was unusually scared of Cherry, just like how she was also scared of the two children from the Smiths.

Therefore, she definitely wouldn’t dare to bully Cherry.

But unexpectedly, Whitney suddenly shouted, “Cherry, apologize to Sinead immediately!”

Cherry was taken aback for a moment. Then, she shook her head and said, “I didn’t do anything wrong.”

“How dare you be so unrepentant! Come out here with me!”

Whitney grabbed Cherry by her arm and dragged her out of the dance studio. As she did, she said fiercely, “Cheryl Smith, I’ve already figured it all out. Mr. Hunt only has a son; he doesn’t have any daughters at all! How dare you lie to me for so long! I’m going to teach you a good lesson today! As punishment, you are to stand in the sun for two hours and give up your center position in the dance!”

Then, she dragged her over to a corner of the wall and threw her there. Her fierce appearance frightened Cherry so badly that her eyes widened. The little fellow, who had never allowed anyone to give her the short end of the stick, hastily said, “My father really is Justin Hunt!”

Whitney scoffed derisively and said, “What a stubborn girl you are. If your father is really Justin Hunt, then why don’t you give him a call and have him pick you up from school?!”

Chapter 120: You Might As Well Just Say You’ re The Lord Himself

The light in Cherry’s eyes dimmed a little.

Stinky Daddy didn’t even know she was his daughter, so how was she going to ask him to pick her up?

However, this wasn’t an issue when it came to quarreling. She straightened her back, placed her chubby little hands on her hips, and said, “If you don’t believe me, then why don’t you give Daddy a call and ask him if Cherry is his daughter?!”

Whitney, “?”

The woman, who looked a little fierce, was so stunned by her words that she didn’t know what to say. She paused for a moment to catch her breath before

she sneered, “I’m not going to bother Mr. Hunt just because of trivial matters like this!”

“Oh, I see. You must be afraid of my father!”

Was there even anyone who dared to mess with Justin Hunt in New York’s business circle?

Whitney found herself lost for words. However, she braced herself and said, “How can that be? I just think you’re using his name, that’s all!”

Cherry tilted her head.. “How does my father’s identity have anything to do with whether I’m taking center position or not, though?”

Whitney was about to reply when Cherry took out her cell phone and said, “Mrs. Lowe, I accidentally turned on the audio recorder just now!”

The audio recorder?

Whitney’s eyes suddenly widened. Never would she have expected that a five-year-old would actually be so devious and have so many tricks up her sleeve!

She clenched her fists and snatched Cherry’s cell phone from her. She sneered, “Don’t you know that students are not allowed to bring cell phones to school?”

Cherry wasn’t bothered though. She glared at her with her big round eyes and said, “I know that, so I’m willing to hand over the phone. But Mommy’s afraid that people will bully me in school, so I think she also placed a surveillance camera and an audio recorder on me~”

She patted herself here and there and said, “Was it this big button here on the name tag? I don’t quite remember anymore~ Mrs. Lowe, do I go to the field and stand there now?”

Whitney, “!!”

She balled up her fists. She knew very well that Cherry was lying, but in the event that she wasn't, if she was filmed punishing Cherry for no reason, it would be terrible if the recording was uploaded to the Internet or used against her.

The look on Whitney's face changed a few times before she finally forced a stiff smile and said, "Why would you need to do that? I was just joking with you."

She cast her eyes down. As she walked back into the classroom, she said, "Let's go back for class!"

Cherry followed after her obediently. When the pair entered the dance studio, they saw Sinead talking triumphantly to the rest of the children. She said, "Did all of you see that? If anyone bullies me, Mommy will definitely teach them a lesson! Cherry the Doggy is a good example of that!"

But as soon as she said that, she heard a voice coming from behind her: "Hello there, Sinead the Doggy!"

Sinead turned and looked over. When she saw Cherry, she pursed her lips, ready to cry. However, Whitney called out, "Cherry, get back into position!"

Sinead swallowed back down the wail about to escape her mouth and suppressed the tears in her eyes.

When the children got into position, Whitney narrowed her eyes and said, "I'm going to count the beat now. The first action... One, two, three, four... Five, six, seven, eight... Two, two, three, four... Five, six, seven, eight... Cherry, as the center, your movements are not up to standard. Go to the side and practice this move a hundred times!"

Cherry would definitely quit if she was being punished for no reason.

However, when it came to dance practice... Cherry stepped out obediently, stood at the side, and started to practice the dance move from just now.

The little fellow was a tenacious one. Although she was smooth with outsiders, in truth, she was actually very stubborn. Otherwise, she wouldn't have developed a grudge against her father just because he had blocked her on Facebook.

If Whitney claimed that she wasn't dancing it right, then she would practice until she got it right and show her a thing or two after that!

The rest of the children felt like their legs were turning into jelly as they watched Cherry jumping up and down.

The first part of the dance was rather tiring because there were several jumps involved. However, Cherry did it again and again tirelessly. In between, Whitney even occasionally came over to mock her.

“Can you really do it, Cheryl? If you can't, then give up the center position!”

“Your physique is certainly pretty good, but aren't you lacking a foundation in dancing a little too much? You must not have learned how to dance before, right?”

“Tsk. If I were you, I would just give up the center position.”

A malicious look flashed in Whitney's eyes as she stared at the little girl.

She had underestimated the girl just now. Since she couldn't take direct action against her, she would just take an indirect approach instead. She simply didn't believe that she could endure such high-intensity training every day!

However, Cherry gritted her teeth and bore with it. Her hair was wet with perspiration, but she didn't care.

To be honest, she knew that Whitney was right.

When her god-mom Tanya took a liking to her and wanted to teach her how to dance, she didn't practice much because she found it too tough and tiring. Thus, her foundation was really not as solid as Sinead's.

Although the dance didn't require much skill, if perfection was within her means, then she would definitely do her best so that she doesn't hold the rest back!

She practiced again and again...

One and a half hours later, the dance lesson finally ended. Cherry felt as if her legs had turned into jelly and she didn't have even an ounce of strength left in her. She was a little unsteady on her feet as she limped all the way back to the classroom.

Brandon, who saw her from a distance away, trotted over and held her arm as he helped her into the classroom.

Mia also hurriedly fetched her a cup of water. Cherry raised her head and gulped it down. Only then did she feel much better.

Sinead watched them from the side and said, "Cherry the Doggy, if you give up the center position, Mommy won't make life difficult for you anymore!"

Cherry ignored her.

After dinner, the children were finally let out of school. Cherry yawned sleepily and followed Ms. Lynn out of the school to the kindergarten gates.

Classes had ended five minutes early today. However, Mommy Nora was late again. This led to Cherry standing at the gates and waiting even after all the other children were picked up by their parents one by one...

Unfortunately, the kindergarten premises were being cleaned at the moment. Ms. Lynn also knew that Cherry's mom had it tough because she had to shoulder everything all by herself and still come on time every day to pick up her daughter from school, so she stayed with Cherry as she waited at the gates.

Just as Ms. Lynn was about to comfort her, Whitney, who was holding Sinead's hand, came up and stood in front of them. She said, "Cheryl Smith, you claim that your father is Justin Hunt, but if that's true, why wouldn't he

send a chauffeur to pick you up after school? Why would he let you wait here for god knows how long?”

Cherry pouted. She didn't want to pay her any attention.

Whitney sneered, “Surely it isn't because your father doesn't want you, right?”

Cherry, who had been blocked on Facebook by her father, was still mad at him. Whitney's words undoubtedly rubbed salt on her wound. She looked up and shouted, “Of course not!”

At the sight of her getting worked up, Whitney smirked and said, “No? Are you finally admitting that your father isn't Justin Hunt? People like you who use his name to lie to and trick others in school should be expelled!”

“I'm not lying!” Cherry clenched her fists and said fiercely, “My father really is Justin Hunt!”

In the distance, Justin, who was seated in the car, stared straight at Cherry.

The little fellow was wearing the dress version of the kindergarten uniform, and her face was both adorable and enchanting.

The corners of his lips curled upward uncontrollably. He got out of the car and strode over. As soon as he approached, he heard Whitney saying sarcastically, “Hah, are you still insisting that your father is Justin Hunt, even at this point? You might as well just say you're the Lord himself if you're that great.”

Chapter 121: A Soft And Squishy Daughter!

As soon as Whitney said that, a low and deep voice reached her. “I don't know if she's the Lord himself or not, but I do know I can help you go to Heaven and speak to the Lord himself.”

“...”

Whitney suddenly froze. As though she had been petrified, she slowly turned her head to see Justin standing right there.

Dressed meticulously in a black suit with his tie fastened tightly, he was the very picture of a cold and unfeeling man without any desires. He was tall and slender, and had a strong and commanding aura around him. His countenance was also cold and solemn, and even the beauty mark at the corner of his eye seemed to be exuding an icy chill.

The air at the kindergarten's gates instantly solidified.

Whitney had seen Justin before.

.

It was at a business dinner in New York that she had attended with her husband, Bob Lowe. Mr. Hunt was sitting in an area far away that time, and all around him were people who wanted to go up to him and curry favor but didn't dare to.

He was very young and was only in his twenties. As though a divine being who had descended into the mortal world, he was very handsome and carried himself extraordinarily well.

It was at that time that Whitney had finally witnessed what an aristocratic aura and background were truly like.

As such, he had left a very deep impression on Whitney.

Even so, why was he here right now?!

Just as she was wondering about it, Cherry exclaimed in surprise, "Daddy?!"

Whitney, "!!"

She looked at Cherry incredulously before looking at Justin again. She pointed at Cherry and stammered, "I-is this your child, Mr. Hunt?"

Justin looked at Cherry with love and affection in his dark, bottomless eyes. His voice was low, it was shaking a little—though outsiders would never notice it.

“Yes.”

He had said ‘yes’...

Whitney felt thunderstruck!

Cherry’s father really was Justin Hunt!

Her legs went limp and she almost fell onto the ground. She tried her best to control herself, barely managing to avoid embarrassing herself in front of everyone. She felt as if she couldn’t quite breathe anymore.

Justin stepped forward, bent down, and picked up Cherry.

He was tall and long-legged while Cherry was cherubic and adorable. They formed an exceptionally harmonious picture. No one, however, noticed that the arm that Justin was carrying Cherry with was actually a little stiff.

It was as if he was afraid that he would hurt her if he exerted too much force.

After getting Cherry into a comfortable posture, Justin looked at Whitney and asked, “Who is your husband?”

Whitney didn’t want to answer, but she didn’t dare not to, so she replied, “... T-the Lowes.”

“Bob Lowe?” Justin snorted softly. “I see.”

‘I see’... ?!

What was that supposed to mean ?!

Whitney knew that Justin was a gentleman who didn’t bully women. Should a woman offend him—in the case of single women, he would approach their fathers; in the case of married women, he would approach their husbands!

So, did this mean that Justin was planning to make things difficult for Bob ?!

Whitney couldn't keep herself together anymore. She staggered and fell onto the ground.

Ms. Lynn didn't know Justin. She merely thought that Cherry's father was very handsome. Seeing that he had taken the child with him, she finally looked at Whitney and asked, "What's the matter, Mrs. Lowe?"

Whitney, "..."

She got up, hastily got into the car with Sinead, and ran off as if she was fleeing for her life.

Elsewhere.

Cherry, who was in Justin's arms, widened her eyes big and round. Her bright and shiny eyes were full of shock.

Daddy was so cool just now! No, wait, had he recognized who she was?

Just as she was wondering about that, Justin looked at her and asked very gently, "What are you doing here instead of being at the Quinn School of Martial Arts?"

Cherry, "?"

Justin continued and said, "I passed by the area during work. I thought it looked like you when I looked over from afar, so I came over to take a look. Why are you wearing the kindergarten uniform? And even a dress at that?"

Cherry understood now—stinky Daddy still hadn't recognized who she was!

He had mistaken her for Pete!

Cherry immediately nodded and said, "Daddy, Grandpa Quinn brought me here, yeah!"

There was nothing she could do aside from pushing the blame onto Grandpa Quinn for now! Should Daddy press further, she would just get Grandpa Quinn to make up a decent excuse.

Or so Cherry thought, because she completely didn't notice the big smile at the corners of a certain somebody's lips.

'Yeah'...

Yes, that was exactly the feeling.

Justin couldn't suppress his smile. So, this was... how an adorable, soft, and squishy daughter was like!

As expected, she was completely different from that little brat.

Just as Cherry thought he was going to press the matter, Justin instead said, "Let's not go home yet. Shall we go and buy you some toys?"

Cherry, "?"

She blinked and blurted out, "Huh?"

Justin's heart melted into a puddle of goo. He asked, "What do you like?"

"Barbie dolls!"

And so, Justin took Cherry to a toy shop that sold Barbies. She looked at the dazzling array of dolls, holding on to one excitedly while also refusing to let go of another.

Which should she get? Oh, what a tough choice this was!

Just as Cherry found herself awfully troubled, she heard her stinky father say, "Pack all of these up and send them to my house."

Cherry, "!!"

Aaahhh!! All of a sudden, it seemed like she had forgiven stinky Daddy just a little!

No, she, little Cherry, mustn't bend over backwards just for a few dolls!

At the sight of how his daughter was obviously not as mad anymore, Justin breathed a sigh of relief.

—

At the Quinn School of Martial Arts.

Pete had already waited for over half an hour, but the tyrant still wasn't here to pick him up. The bored little boy sat at the doorstep with his chin in his hands.

A jeep stopped at the entrance at this point. Nora got off the car and strode over. "Come with me, Pete."

Pete, "?"

Nora touched her nose and said a little embarrassedly, "Your father happened to see Cherry and mistook her for you, so he took her with him. I only knew about it after I went to the kindergarten but didn't find Cherry there, so I was late picking you up."

Pete, "..."

Pete couldn't help but feel like the tyrant had abandoned him.

He already knew he had a daughter though, so why didn't he think that Cherry was his daughter when he saw her?

He heaved a sigh, deeply worried about his father's IQ.

Luckily, he was a boy, so his IQ was completely inherited from Mommy...

A silent Pete followed Nora into the car. On the way home, he suddenly asked, "Mommy, what will you do if Daddy realizes Cherry's existence?"

Nora's long, slender fingers rested casually on the steering wheel. A sharp look flashed across her almond-shaped eyes and she replied, "I'll take Cherry and you with me and flee for as long as we can, I guess."

Pete, "..."

Nora pursed her lips and said lazily, "To be honest, it's not that we can't tell him the truth, either. It mainly depends on why your father hates me."

She didn't feel that she had done anything abominable at all!

The two of them reached the Andersons' very quickly. Pete went upstairs after greeting Melissa coolly. After entering the bedroom, he picked up his cell phone and gave Cherry an emergency call.

Cherry was currently immersed in the sea of Barbies and unable to extricate herself.

At the door.

Justin smiled when he saw her cheering happily.

At this point, Lawrence suddenly came over and said, "Mr. Hunt, I've found some information about Ms. Smith."

The look in Justin's eyes turned serious. He glanced at Lawrence and indicated for him not to say anything. It was only after they went into the study that he ordered, "Tell me."