

Chapter 1311-However, why did he merely leave the photos at the corner?

Was he not supposed to toss them away?

Darn. He loved that woman so much that he probably missed her!

Dior pouted and swore to herself that she had to win this man over!

She would be the one throwing out these photos!

Thinking of that made her feel gratified.

Dior then wanted to ask him out that afternoon, but after sitting in his house for a while, he said he had to do something outside.

Speechless, Dior dejectedly returned to the gallery.

She was not in the zone throughout the afternoon. In the evening, Dior went home to dress up. After putting on some makeup, she put on the right shade of lipstick.

She put on a sexy red gown along with ten-centimeters high heels.

She looked haughty, ravishing, seductive, and sexy.

Once she finished her makeup, she phoned Harry excitedly, "Are you free yet? I can pick you up." "Yes, I'm free." "Okay, where are you? I'll come and get you."

Harry just got in his car, but he got out when he heard Dior's offer. "ES Mall," he replied.

"Okay, wait for me. I'm coming over now." "Okay."

Dior hung up and thought of how that night was their first dinner together. Her heart skipped a beat.

Her thoughts then brought up the possibilities of making him drunk...

Dior's ears grew hot. She picked up her bag and went downstairs.

She was not close to the ES Mall; it was quite far. Even so, she could almost see the man smoking by the roadside.

He was dressed in his Armani suit, his side-profile facing her.

Dark eyes, a slinky body, and a charming, handsome face...

Darn it! Somebody should kill her!

How was there such a handsome man in the world?

Dior did not get enough of him as she stared at him blankly.

Her car pulled up beside him.

Dior rolled down the window and took out her shades. Her clear eyes looked at him as she haughtily invited, "Come on up."

Harry still had smoke coming out from his mouth, but his charming eyes pierced through the clouds as he eyed her.

So beautiful, elegant, and sexy. At that moment, she managed to stun him.

However, it merely lasted for one second.

He no longer permitted love in his world.

Harry tossed the cigarette head on the floor. His shiny shoes stepped on it to extinguish it before he opened the car door and went inside.

Dior looked away and started driving. "What were you upto in the mall?" she asked.

Harry answered emotionlessly, "Buying clothes."

Dior jolted.

He bought such an expensive suit, just to look good for her?

How thoughtful.

Her red lips curled into a smirk as she commented, "You have good taste.

You look good in it."

Harry did not react much. He made a sound of acknowledgment and picked up his phone to work on something.

Dior took a glance and saw him chatting with someone.

As if sensing her glance, he put down his phone.

Dior looked away as well. She already saw the name of the person-[B].

So long as it was not that woman, or she would not be able to eat!

When they arrived at the restaurant, she gave her car key to the valet while she walked beside him in her heels.

Looking at his handsome side face, she liked him more and more. She was in love.

However, the more she looked at him, the more disappointed she felt...

So what if he was handsome and perfect?

He was not hers.

Dior took another look at him and internally decided.

It was either she got him, or she would write her name backward! 1 She had to make this man drunk after their dinner. She did not believe he would not fall for her!

Chapter 1312-During the meal, Dior kept asking her friend for advice on making a cold man drunk.

She asked a pile of questions, and perhaps her friend found it annoying that she phoned her right after. She looked at Harry. She could not answer the call right at his face, but she desperately needed to know. Dior put down her fork and excused herself, "I'll go to the washroom." "Okay."

She walked out and turned a corner to pick up the call.

"What is it? Is there a win-win solution?" "Make him drink!" hissed her confidante.

"Of course I know that!" retorted Dior. "The question is, how to make him drink more?"

He drank only tea throughout their dinner so far, and not once did he touch the alcohol, much to Dior's chagrin.

The friend said, "Tell him how pitiable you are, then. Make it as bad as possible.

This way, he'd feel bad for you and pity you. He'd listen to whatever you say." Dior blinked. Tell him how pitiable she was?

She had nothing to be pitied over!

Oh, the troubles.

Dior hung up and looked worried.

Was he not the more pitiable individual, yet she had to make herself look more miserable?

Dior thought about it for a while yet still failed to come up with something to tell him.

Finally, she could only tell about how her ex-boyfriend lied to her and how sad it was.

That she thought of him and felt sad. She needed him to drink with her.

Perfect!

Dior felt good at the idea, but as she turned back to the private room and just as she got to the door...

A big man with a pungent alcoholic breath looked at her sleazily.

"Pretty lady, where are you going? You look so lonely! Are you lonely?"

Come, drink with me. I can make you so happy tonight."

Dior looked at him coldly. "Get off of me." "Ooh, so wild. I like it." The man reached out to hold her against him. Dior squinted and clenched her fists.

As she was about to teach him a lesson, she saw someone walking out of the lift...

Sonia, and that rich boyfriend of hers old enough to be her father?

Sonia seemed to have seen her, too. She held on to her boyfriend's hand and stared at her coldly.

Dior's eyes lit up. She instantly acted weak and begged, "Sir, please let me go!"

"Let you go? Not a chance! You come with me to have a few drinks, and I'll let you go."

As for how bad she might turn out after drinking or what would happen after that, he could not guarantee!

Sonia smiled coldly. She held her new boyfriend and was ready to watch the show.

Dior smiled to herself, too. She was ready for her show, was she?

Hmph!

They would see who was watching who's show!

The vulgar man took pity on her small and pitiable face. "Come. Come with me.

I'll make you happy."

Seeing that the man was about to hug her, the pale-faced Dior took a step back and cried out in shock, "Harry! Help me...!"

Sonia was about to watch the show, but Harry?

"My girl, there's no use for anyone to save you now." The vulgar man placed his hand on her shoulder with an evil grin.

Dior felt a sense of disgust and looked at the door to the room anxiously.

Why was he not out yet?

She was not worried about her own safety. She just did not want to let go of this perfect opportunity to trigger this woman!

Chapter 1313-Sonia crossed her hands at her chest as she glared at the man that held Dior.

This woman was lying for sure!

Harry was so full of himself. He knew she was having her birthday banquet at the same hotel, so he surely would not come!

All of a sudden, just as Sonia thought of that, the door abruptly opened...

Harry walked out with his long legs. His gaze unconsciously swept past Sonia, but he did not want to go that way.

Sonia widened her eyes at him with disbelief.

She was so close to where Dior was, yet he did not see her?

Also, why was he in the hotel with that woman?

Sonia bit her pale lip and blurted, "Harry! Why are you here?"

Was he intentionally blanking her!?

Harry heard her voice and paused for a moment.

Following that, he acted as if nothing happened. He did not turn back as he went straight to Dior.

He glared at the man coldly and snapped, "Let go of her!"

The vulgar man turned back and was met with a tall, lean man. "What if I don't?"

he mocked.

Harry's eyes had a layer of frost on. He was cracking his knuckles loudly.

The vulgar man saw his stance and jeered, "What? You want to fight me? Well, if you win me, she goes with you. If you lose, you're a piece of sh*t and she comes with me-"

Bam!

Harry punched his pig face before he could finish.

The man staggered a few steps backward before his heavy body fell to the floor.

"Wow!"

Standing at the sidelines, Dior's eyes shimmered as her hands patted her cheeks, much like a fangirl would. She gazed at the dashing Harry and proclaimed instinctively, "So handsome!" "You...damn it! You..."

Blood oozed out of the lips of the beaten man as he struggled to get back up on his feet. Drunkenly, he staggered toward Harry.

Harry's eyes were cold. He punched him once more, and his fist put him to the floor once again!

Falling onto the floor, the man suffered in pain as he pointed a shaky finger at Harry. Alas, he merely opened his mouth and fresh blood kept oozing out. He was unable to speak...

Harry walked over to put his hands on Dior's shoulder. "Are you hurt?" he asked gently.

"No."

Dior looked at him lovingly. She recalled that Sonia was watching them and said, "Darling, you looked so handsome earlier. Are you hurt? Let me blow it for you." "It's okay," dismissed Harry and coldly glanced over at Sonia before walking back to the private room.

Sonia saw the two of them so in love. Her face went pale and white as she clenched her fists.

Suddenly...

Sonia saw the vulgar man behind them. Her eyes widened as she cried out in fear, "Harry! Move!"

Before the two of them sensed it, a sharp knife stabbed right into Harry's waist...

"Argh!" he moaned and looked down at the knife in his waist. He raised his leg to kick the man a few meters away.

"Ah..."

The man spat out a mouthful of blood before he fainted.

"Harry..." Dior did not expect that to happen!

She looked at the knife embedded in his waist. "I'll bring you to the hospital!" she declared shakily.

Chapter 1314-Dior held Harry by the waist and helped him to leave.

"I'm fine, don't worry," said Harry softly, but his eyes were on Sonia, who was not too far away.

Nobody knew if he was reassuring Sonia or Dior.

Sonia, however, thought he meant it for her.

As her eyes reddened and with an aching heart, she desperately wanted to go after him when a hand landed on her shoulder.

"If you leave now, I'll make you regret it."

Sonia bit her lip and was rooted at the spot, but nothing could stop her from crying.

The man gently reached out his puffy hand to wipe off her tears. "You're the birthday girl-you don't look good when you cry." i He then led her away from the scene.

Dior helped Harry to get inside the car, and her eyes reddened in worry at the sight of his bleeding waist.

Harry leaned against the seat, his handsome face turning pale due to massive blood loss.

"I'm sorry, Harry," fretted Dior. "Please, hold on. We'll be at the hospital soon!"

Harry looked at her calmly. "Don't look at me. Keep your eyes on the road, and drive carefully."

Dior sniffled and looked ahead. She sped up.

By the time they got to the hospital, he had already fainted.

After running through a series of checkups, the doctor found out that the knife had been laced with poison.

The poison was so severe that it placed Harry's life at stake.

Dior's heart clenched with guilt.

She would have beaten that man had she not been so playful. Harry would not have gotten hurt!

She instantly requested the best doctor to treat him.

The operation went throughout the night as Dior paced back and forth anxiously outside the room.

The operating light went off when the sky turned brighter. The doctor walked out.

She walked up to him anxiously. "How was it? Is he okay?" "The operation is successful. We'll wait for the patient to wake up."

Dior was more relieved. "Thank you."

Following that, she stayed at Harry's bedside until he woke up at night.

Dior looked at him, joy written all over her. "You're finally awake! You scared me!"

Harry looked around the room, and when he noticed she was the only one, his eyes dulled slightly in disappointment.

He glanced at Dior. "I'm stubborn. I don't die easily."

Seeing that he had regained his prideful self, Dior finally felt relieved.

She asked, "You must be hungry, aren't you? What would you like to eat? I'll get it for you." "No need."

He thought of the things that awaited him to sort out in the company, Harry stood up from the bed in pain and said, "I've got other things to attend to. I'll leave now."

Dior was unable to make sense of it. She pressed her hand on her shoulder and did not want him to move.

"You just woke up, and it's already night time. What are you busy with, making money? How much do you want? I'll pay you! Don't underestimate your physical needs!"

Harry looked up at her.

Noticing how still he was, Dior continued, "Just listen to me. Stay here, and recuperate properly. However much you're earning, once you leave the hospital, I'll pay you ten times." 1 Harry was speechless.

Whatever.

He needed rest, anyway.

Chapter 1315-Subsequently, Dior dropped every work she had to keep Harry company in the hospital.

Although she was worried, staying so close to Harry was the happiest and most fulfilling time she had for a long time.

A few days later, he was finally allowed to be discharged. Dior was about to help him do the procedure, but...

When she returned, she instantly spotted the visible patch of bloodstain at a corner of his white shirt.

"God!" Dior cried out.

Harry's face, though nearly colorless at that point, was still so gorgeous. His entire being, on the other hand, seemed stoic.

"You alright?"

Dior rushed over and pressed on the bell for the doctor. She then took out a ball of cotton to help him clear the stain, but he stopped her.

"I'm fine!"

He stood up coldly and walked past her. However, after a few steps, a loud 'thunk' was heard.

Harry fell to the floor.

"Harry!"

Dior's heart clenched and hastily ran to him.

He had lost consciousness.

Not knowing where her strength came from, she gnawed on her lip and lifted Harry back in before the doctor came.

With that, Harry was placed in the operating room once more.

Dior was so worried that she wanted to cry.

He was about to get discharged, but why did his injury worsen?

"Ms. Granger, your medical credits have reached the limit. Could you pay up the remaining amount?"

"Okay."

Since Dior had asked for the most expensive items and services, including hiring the best doctor, the fees were higher.

Dior went back to the ward and saw Harry's phone left on the desk.

Coincidentally, the phone beeped and the screen lit up with an incoming message.

She glanced at it nonchalantly. Someone sent him a message.

Was it that girlfriend of his?

She did not mean to read it, but the message was already on the lockscreen.

[I'm sorry, Harry, I didn't mean to trigger you. Is your wound okay? Can you tell me which hospital you're at? I want to visit you.] Dior squinted aloofly.

Harry's face was so cold moments ago, and he was so angry that he wanted to leave. Was it all because of that woman?

Dior was so angry that she felt breathless.

How mean was this woman?!

She tossed the phone away and turned around to pick up her phone. As she was about to ask her secretary to transfer some funds into her account, she noticed a few missed calls from her brother.

He even texted her.

Dior read the message and saw him asking her to...go home?

Harry was so ill. How could she leave him?

Nobody visited him throughout his stay in the hospital. What if things go awry if she left his side?

Dior was about to phone him, wanting to tell him that she could not come home in the next few days.

Guy, however, called her. "Dior, hurry! Come home and open the lock for the prison room for me!" came Guy's urgent plea the moment she answered.

Dior pursed her lips. She hesitated for a second and said apologetically, "I'm sorry, Brother, but I can't come home now." Guy jolted. "Why? Whatever you're doing now, you must come home to let me out!" "I'm not around," insisted Dior, "I'm on a vacation with my friends. I can only get back in two days." i "I Before Guy could finish, Dior's phone ran out of battery and turned off automatically.

She seemed apathetic to his situation. So what if he was locked down?

Their parents liked Guy more. Grandma was home, too. They were just as happy without her.

However, if Harry did not have her around...

Chapter 1316-Dior thought of how sad Harry's life was.

She never wanted to leave him, ever!

She was the cause for Harry's injury, which was all the more reason she could not abandon him. Dior walked out of the ward and borrowed a phone from the nurse to phone her assistant to transfer some funds. Following that, she waited in front of the operating room anxiously.

On the other hand, Guy's temple pulsed vigorously at how she hung up on him.

What other option was there when his only hope vanished?

No!

There had to be something else...

As he was at the verge of desperation, Anthony phoned him. "Charmine is about to have a migraine soon. Remember to come back."

Guy looked at the tightly shut metal door and fell silent. "Okay," he eventually answered, "I'll come back in just a bit." "Hurry."

With that said, Guy's phone finally ran out of battery from a day of calling.

He smashed his phone against the floor harshly, and the impact caused the device to shatter into pieces.

Guy went up to the metal door and pounded on it as though venting. "Let me out!" he growled. "Hurry and let me out!"

Charmine was about to have a migraine. She would suffer!

He was supposed to be there to help her!

However, the guards outside acted as if they did not hear him as they stoically stood like unwavering trees.

Vexed, Guy tried his best to open the metal door. Alas, the door was too strong, and none of his efforts helped. All it did was make him tired.

He could only sit on the floor listlessly, anxiously.

Since that morning, no matter how he made a scene or even when he refused to eat, his mother did not seem to care.

He would not have cared if he had nothing to risk; he would have let his mother lock him up. The thought of a suffering Charmine, however, hurt him deeply.

Thomp!

Guy punched the floor in fury.

Grandma Granger, who was in the living room, heard the noise. Her heart ached at it.

She looked at Sherlyn with a fierce gaze. "Don't punish my grandson. Hurry and let him out!"

Sherlyn timed it a 11—it was about time. She stood up from the sofa. "Mom, there's no hurry. I'll go over now."

Grandma Granger scoffed and turned to Tim. "Look at your wife!" "Mom, don't get angry," coaxed Tim. "She did it for Guy's own good." 2 Sherlyn came to the prison room and stood before the door, looking at Guy in pain. "Bear with it for a while, my son."

Charmine was about to come crawling with that migraine of hers!

Furthermore, Guy had such a good profile. There was no way she would not say yes to him!

Guy's eyes had lost their usual clearness. He looked at her as if looking at a stranger. After a while, he said calmly, "Mom, don't you want me to get married?" "Yes, son. Have you thought it through?"

Guy's eyes seemed to be coated with cold mockery as he spoke, "If I get married, will you let me help her?" "Yes." Sherlyn was happy that her plan was working. She said, "Of course!

Charmine is our in-law. Of course, you have to help her!" "Okay, let me out, then. I'll go and propose to her now and marry her." "Really?" Sherlyn looked delighted. "Son, I'm glad you've thought it through.

Come on. Sorry to have kept you here. I'll let you out now."

Once Guy stepped out, he spoke, "Get everything ready." "Okay!" Sherlyn happily helped Guy back to the living room. His face remained calm—emotionless, even. His tranquility made him look dead. 1 She frowned and looked at him. "Son, what's with this face?"

She knew her son liked Charmine, but why did he not seem too happy?

"Nothing," said Guy emotionlessly, "I'm worried that it's late. I wonder if Charmine is asleep."

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1317—"Probably not! It's time, okay?" said Sherlyn and told the proposal news to the rest of them.

Tim said to Grandma Granger, "Look, Mom. Sherlyn knew what she was doing!"

Grandma Granger looked at Guy and asked, "Guy, are you willing to?" "Yes, Grandma."

Grandma Granger nodded. "Good, good."

So long as Guy was on board with it, it was good.

Charmine was a good match for Guy, after all.

Sherlyn then prepared everything needed for the proposal. "Let's go! Why are you still standing there?"

The group drove toward Violet Residence.

Upon arriving, Guy rushed out of the car.

Charmine was in the living room. She was in so much pain that her face turned pale.

Anthony glared at him. "Hurry!"

The pale-faced Charmine heard the voice and looked at him. "Why are you IF Did his mother not lock him up?"

Instead of answering her, Guy habitually pricked the needle into his own arm. 30 seconds later, he pricked the needle into Charmine's arm.

Meanwhile, the Grangers came in with the proposal gifts slightly later as they had to park their car.

Anthony squinted. He glared at what they had in their hands and grew wary.

"What's going on?" "Nothing."

As he watched her recover, Guy walked to the back and accepted the gifts from Sherlyn before he made his way toward the sofa.

Sherlyn and Tim smiled.

Anthony's face turned a few shades darker as he stared daggers at him.

If he was to say anything, he would get kicked out right away!

Charmine looked at him and was baffled.

Was this the compromise he made with his mother?

It did not matter. She would turn him down.

Guy walked over and came before the two of them. Suddenly, he turned away and looked at Yvonne gently. "Will you marry me, Yvonne?"

The crowd was stunned for a few seconds.

Yvonne reacted and looked at him with disbelief. "What are you saying?"

Sherlyn reacted and walked forward. "Son, I asked you to propose to Charmine, not her."

That other woman was good, but not good enough to be her in-law.

Only Charmine met the requirements.

Guy said to Sherlyn, "I like Yvonne. Why would I propose to Charmine?"

“What?”

Yvonne was shocked again.

He liked her? Since when?

Sherlyn frowned. “Son, are you serious?”

Guy nodded. “Of course. Do you think your son is so silly? Charmine and Anthony are married, and I had given up a long time ago. The person I like now is Yvonne.”

When Yvonne heard him, she thought she was hallucinating.

Guy looked at Yvonne and said, “Will you marry me? I’ll treat you well, and I’ll never hurt you.”

His words moved Yvonne effectively, and it helped that she liked him, too.

That did not change the fact at how sudden everything was, though!

She blinked and said, “Can I have some time to consider this?”

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1318-Guy pursed his lips and said, “I’m serious. Marry me, and I’ll cherish you.”

Yvonne met his sincere eyes and hesitated.

Grandma Granger noticed her hesitation and chimed in, “Yvonne, since Guy promised you that, just say yes to him. We’ll treat you well.”

Yvonne was the one who took care of her when they were in that bamboo forest. On top of that, she was respectful and elegant.

Grandma Granger was not too far off from Charmine. She could tell that Yvonne liked Guy, too.

Most importantly, if Guy genuinely liked her, then it was all good.

Yvonne pursed her lips, but just as she was about to say something...

She noticed Guy’s eyes, and they seemed to telepathically convey a message.

A message that she understood.

He wanted her to accept the proposal.

Was this all a show for his family?

Unsure, Yvonne studied his gaze once more, and it never wavered.

Finally, she took a deep breath and responded, “Okay, I’ll marry you.”

The crowd was too astounded. It all felt too surreal.

Guy proposed to Yvonne so suddenly, and she agreed to it!

Sherlyn walked over and asked Guy, “Son, are you sure of this?”

Why did she feel that Guy liked Charmine instead? Since when did he start liking Yvonne?

Guy looked at Yvonne and declared, "Yes. I don't want to lose her."

Sherlyn frowned at that.

Her in-law was no longer the same person she wanted, and she found it hard to accept.

Grandma Granger had always liked Yvonne, and she was also at odds with Charmine at the same time. "Just let these two marry," she spoke up. "Yvonne comes from a good family, I like her, and she respects me well. I've known her for some time." At the elderly lady's words, Sherlyn then thought of how her son and her mother were fond of this union. Guy was also getting old, and Sherlyn wanted a grandchild so badly. She looked at Yvonne and realized that this woman Guy fancied was, in fact, not so bad-looking. Compared to Charmine, who had been married with a child, this chaste woman of a nice background was better for the Granger family.

"Alright, as long as you like it," conceded Sherlyn. "Your father and I will agree to it." "Yes! As long as you like her, we'll treat her as our daughter once you marry her. We won't wrong her." "Okay," said Guy.

Grandma Granger nodded. "Yvonne always respects me. I like my granddaughter-in-law."

Sherlyn held Grandma Granger's hand and said, "I'm glad that you like her, Mom. Let's settle this quickly, then; we're only back for a few days. Tim and I will prepare the guest list." "Okay. I'll come with you," said Grandma Granger.

Since Guy had pricked the needle, there was nothing Grandma Granger was worried about.

She looked around and asked Charmine, "Is Momo asleep?" "Yes, he's worn out from too much playing. He got tired and slept early." "I'll see him tomorrow."

"Okay."

The three Grangers left.

When Charmine saw that they had left, she looked at Guy and asked...

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1319-"Mr. Granger, have you thought it through?"

Charmine was skeptical of the decision.

His mother had locked him up and forced him to marry her, yet he came in and proposed to Yvonne instead?

He never showed affection to her before.

Did he do that for Charmine, then?

Charmine looked up at him and earnestly warned, "Mr. Granger, this isn't a joke.

You can't do that for me-" "No," interjected Guy. He then added, "I think Yvonne is a pleasant individual, and I liked her for a long time. Furthermore, I'm not young, and I should be getting married." 1 Without waiting for Charmine and Anthony to react, he took Yvonne-who stood blankly-upthe stairs.

Anthony looked at Charmine. "What's the matter?"

Charmine explained, "Sherlyn locked Guy up after forcing me to marry him this morning."

Anthony squinted.

That explained why Guy did not return for so long, and when Charmine had the migraine, she insisted on not looking for Guy.

So...

His heart grew heavier.

Charmine looked at him. "We're married, and it makes sense that I won't agree to it. Don't overthink it."

Anthony made a sound and embraced her. His eyes dulled as he gazed to a corner.

Should he end up paralyzed in the future, and Guy being married and unwilling to treat her, she...

The mere thought suffocated him.

His arms around her tightened.

Upstairs, Guy pulled Yvonne into a room.

Yvonne stared at him, but as she was about to say something, Guy spoke first, "Ms. Yvonne, our marriage is just a show for others. I won't touch you, and I won't keep you. When you fall for someone else, you can divorce with me anytime."

Yvonne jolted at that, but from his telepathic gaze, she guessed as much, too.

He loved Charmine so much. Why would he suddenly fall for her?

Nonetheless, she did not feel any better after hearing it from him.

She hesitated. She, Yvonne Eckert, was just a pawn...

Should she turn him down?

Still, she liked him, and if she did not marry him, her family would match her up with someone she did not like.

Furthermore, she was a stellar individual. Perhaps Guy would fall for her someday?

After she deliberated, she decided, "Don't worry; I understand. It's all for show."

Meanwhile...

The giddy Sherlyn sat in the car.

Although she did not get the ideal in-law, Yvonne was not too shabby of a person.

The thing she was most worried about was finally resolved.

She turned to Grandma Granger. "Mom, Yvonne isn't too bad, right?"

Grandma Granger nodded. "Yes, and she's very respectful. Her personality is straightforward and understanding."

Other than not being as capable as Charmine, her background and personality were much better than Charmine.

Sherlyn nodded. "Guy has good eyes. Why don't you pick a date? In the next two days, we'll get the marriage over with."

Grandma Granger thought of how they were not back here for long, thus the matter must not be delayed. She looked at the dates and said, "Tomorrow is okay. Although it's not ideal, it suits your time. It's the best date in this half of the month." "Tomorrow?" repeated Tim. "Is it too soon?"

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1320-"It's not too soon." Sherlyn did not want any changes made, thus she insisted, "How is this too soon? Guy already proposed, and Yvonne agreed. We don't even know when we'll have the time to come home."

If they both changed their minds, when would her son marry again?

Tim thought about it and commented, "That's true. Make it tomorrow, then.

Phone Guy to make them prepare."

Sherlyn picked up her phone to call Guy.

"Son, your Grandma looked at the dates, and tomorrow is the ideal day."

Guy frowned. "Tomorrow?"

He instinctively looked at Yvonne who was not far away and argued, "Isn't it too soon?" "Not soon at all. We're going back to the navy in a few days, and we don't know when we'll ever come back. Your Grandma says tomorrow is a good day, and we've all agreed."

Guy sighed to himself and conceded, "Fine."

Since he could not marry the woman she loved, he could marry anyone. It was just for show, anyway.

"Wonderful." Sherlyn was delighted. "You and Yvonne must get a good rest tonight. Tomorrow will be tiring." "Okay."

After hanging up, Guy looked at Yvonne. "The wedding is tomorrow. Is that okay?"

Yvonne was stunned. "So soon?" "Yeah. My parents are only in town for a few days. Tomorrow is a good day."

Furthermore, she should know that it was just for show-it did not matter when or where.

Yvonne read it from his gaze, so she said, "Okay." "Okay. Get some rest tonight.

It'll be tiring tomorrow."

Guy then turned and went back to his own room.

He stood on the balcony as he gazed into the black night sky with a muddled head.

He did try to reassure himself, though.

To love someone did not mean to own the person. Accepting fate was also a perfect closure.

Let it all go.

This way, Charmine and Anthony would not have to fight, and his family did not have to worry.

After getting Guy's agreement, Sherlyn was still worried. To avoid any problem, she logged in to Twitter and announced: [My son, Guy Granger, and Ms. Yvonne Eckert will get married tomorrow. Since we're in a rush, we won't be giving out invitations. The wedding will be private and simple. From now on, Ms. Yvonne Eckert will be our daughter-in-law. Please take note.] Upon publishing, this tweet rushed to the No.1 in Trending.

The netizens commented: [What? What?!] [Isn't Guy with Charmine? Why is he marrying Yvonne?] [Guy and Charmine are such a good match! I shipped them for nothing!] [No matter who he marries, we'll be happy for him.] Inside a luxurious mansion.

Waverly held her phone in a vice-like grip as she glared at the screen furiously.

"Damn it!"

Her fingers could almost crush the phone. Her green veins protruded as her face turned pale in anger.

Guy married a woman he did not fancy for Charmine!

Were all of her plans wasted, then?

She could no longer rely on Guy in the future!

Waverly's eyes grew cold.

She had to come up with another plan. She had to make Charmine suffer!

After coming home, Sherlyn and Tim prepared for the following day's wedding.

Grandma Granger took out the red costume she had prepared for her granddaughter-in-law long ago and handed it to Sherlyn. "I've long prepared this for my future granddaughter-in-law. I'll bring this over for Yvonne tomorrow." 1 "Mom, you're too thoughtful."