

Chapter 1661-Rooted where she stood, Zoe turned ghost-like pale as she looked at her hand in horror, before turning to look at Charmine wrathfully. "D\*mn it! What did you do to my hand? Why is my hand like this?!"

Charmine scoffed. "Your hand's been naughty; it had to be punished" "You-!"

Zoe's form shook in anger as she marched toward Charmine. "I'm going to beat you up!"

Charmine stood her ground proudly, however. She lifted a finger, revealing a few needles that glinted under the light.

This effectively stopped Zoe in her tracks.

Charmine shot Zoe a ruthless stare. "What? You want your other hand to be ruined, too?"

Zoe's face grew paler at that, and she bit her lip at Charmine's taunt.

D\*mn this woman! She was playing dirty!

Charmine was too skilled. She would be the one hurt if she fought her.

"Just you wait," sneered Zoe as she swept a fierce stare at them. "You won't get away with this so easily!"

Standing firm, Charmine parted her red lips, saying, "I'll be waiting." With that, Zoe-gaze heated with fumes rising from her skin-stomped away, shutting the door behind her with a loud slam.

At that moment, Anthony, who was on the bed, moaned. "Mmh..."

Charmine turned to look at him and noticed just how...tormented he seemed.

His handsome face was beaded with sweat, and his brows tightly knitted together.

She could feel the heat he emanated even from the bedside.

Charmine did not know how much poison Zoe administered to him. He seemed so tortured.

Overridden with worry, Chris reached out to feel Anthony's body but quickly retrieved his hand the moment he did.

What happened to Anthony? The dose he fed him was very safe.

Had that woman drugged him, too?

Oh, no.

Given the situation, only Charmine could cure him!

Chris looked at Charmine and asked, "Mommy, Daddy is severely sick.

What can we do? Can you help him?"

Charmine looked at Anthony and narrowed her eyes.

Help him, huh?

She was the one who left, and Zoe had a chance to drug him...but that did not mean she had to help him!

Charmine looked at Chris and answered, "I can't help him, dear." Chris turned to look at Anthony, and his tiny face scrunched with worry as he began to sob anxiously.

"Mommy, please help Daddy, okay? His suffering will only prolong at this rate!

Momo doesn't want to lose a Daddy..." Chris' sobs turned into soft wails.

"Mommy, please help Daddy."

He cried sadly as if Anthony was terminally ill.

Charmine, on the other hand, remained apathetic.

He had cut her off long ago. Would she, all of a sudden, help him?

Nope.

Charmine turned to Chris, wanting to comfort him by telling him Anthony would be well enough after a shower.

Before she could say anything, the crying Chris began to tremble as his seizure kicked in, his adorable face scrunching into a pained expression as he did.

"Momo!" The sight terrified Charmine as she bent to hug him. "Don't panic, it's not that severe. Your Daddy will be fine!"

Chris' tiny body fell into her arms, yet his form convulsed even more deliriously as he sobbed breathlessly, "Mommy...help...help Daddy... Help...

Help...Daddy..."

Sheer worry was etched onto Charmine's face. She was about to console Chris when things escalated.

Chris fell onto the ground as white foam began to spill through his lips, his eyes rolling to the back of his head as he did.

Chapter 1662-Charmine's expression faltered.

Chris was supposed to be free from his seizures. Why was it back again?

He was not acting, though-he was genuinely foaming at the mouth!

Was he having a seizure again?

Charmine then recalled how ill Chris once was and how he was once bedridden in the ICU, almost not making it out safely.

Charmine pursed her lips. She, ultimately, did not want him to suffer.

Glancing at Anthony, she then hoisted Chris into his arms and rubbed his back, muttering, "Okay, I promise you."

This instantly made Chris inwardly perk up.

Alright! Mission succeeded!

Of course, his tiny form continued to shiver, and he eventually ceased to as Charmine patted him.

His tiny body would spasm sporadically, and he even reached out his tiny hand to wipe off the foam from his lips.

With his head facing away from Charmine, however, he winked at the worried Chloe who stood by the door.

Standing outside, Chloe sighed in relief as she noticed Chris was alright, shooting him a smile.

Noticing Chris's convulsions had ceased, Charmine pulled him up and said, "Don't worry. When you face troubles in the future, you must stay calm. Don't scare Mommy every time, okay?"

He would always have a seizure every time he panicked, but his tiny body should not be subjected to such torture.

Sniffing, he hoarsely insisted, "Mommy, hurry and save Daddy!" Charmine was speechless.

"Bring Chloe home, then. I'll stay here for now."

Chris looked around and muttered, "But what if you don't-" "Don't worry,"

Charmine reassured him. "I've promised you, and I'll see it through. You can't stay here." "Alright, then..."

Chris looked at Anthony worriedly and said, "Daddy, don't die. Mommy is about to save you!"

The sight, of course, baffled Charmine.

It was as if Chris was behaving like an adult as he gently patted Anthony's hand, then said to Charmine, "Chloe and I will head back home now, Mommy. I'll leave Daddy to you. You must save him!" "Okay." Charmine then bade them farewell, advising, "Go on, and stay safe."

Walking out, Chris held Chloe's hand and left.

Charmine leaned on the sofa and watched as both children faded from view before shutting the door and texted Kay, "Prepare a doll, and give it to me from the back window. Don't let Chris see it."

After sending the text, she took another look at Anthony.

He seemed to be more agonized than before. His face contorted into a grimace, and he kept fidgeting in the bed.

Charmine did not have to touch him to know that his body was burning like fire.

Kay would not make it here as quick. If this went on, Anthony's head might be damaged from the heat!

After a moment of hesitation, she prepared a bowl of cold water and a towel, bringing it to the bedside.

Squeezing the excess water off of the towel, she wiped his head, neck, and palms that were beaded with sweat.

Anthony, whose temperature was flaring, looked restless, but when he felt a cold touch, it felt like the cooling breeze on a summer's day.

It brought him comfort, and he gently opened his eyes. Despite his blurry vision, he saw a familiar figure before him.

She had a towel in hand and she was wiping his palms. Her movement was gentle, but her demeanor was far from kind. She looked hostile, even.

He tried to focus on her face.

Charmine...?

Anthony paused.

Why was she here?

It was only a moment later did he feel it; a strange sensation tingling his entire body. He could sense, at that moment, that he had been drugged.

Charmine was taking care of him?

Warmth surged within him.

She cared about him after all, did she not? So much so that she, knowing what happened to him, was willing to stay by his side?

Chapter 1663-Antony had that thought in his mind as he gradually opened his eyes. His emotions visibly got the best of him as he hoarsely blurted, unable to hold himself back, "Charmine..."

Charmine paused the moment she heard his voice. His voice sounded so loving just like the past, back when he was so in love with her.

Did he not dump her long ago? Was his head damaged or something? 1 All of a sudden, Charmine was mentally pulled back to the moment he spat out those harsh words to her, and chills ran through her body.

Heh. He called out to her so affectionately, only because he needed her body, was it not?

He did not need her; he just needed a woman.

Charmine's aloofness never once wavered as she acted like she did not hear Anthony.

Out of the blue, gentle knocks were heard at the window. Charmine glanced at Anthony and walked to open the window, revealing Kay with a nicely wrapped box in his hands.

He handed it to Charmine dutifully. "Boss Jordan, what's this for, anyway?"

Charmine looked at him coldly. "Don't ask too much."

Bam! Charmine slammed the window shut roughly, startling Anthony so much that he sobered up a little.

He looked over to see Charmine unwrapping the box, revealing a...

Human-sized doll?

Charmine inspected the doll, looking to be of her size and with good curves, and she nodded with satisfaction.

This doll should meet his needs, no? 1 She took up the sex doll and tossed it at Anthony. "Use it."

Anthony sobered up completely as he stared at the item thrown at him.

His handsome face darkened as he glared at Charmine angrily. "What's the meaning of this?"

Was she trying to humiliate him with this?

Just moments ago, he thought she still had affection for him and was willing to help him with it, yet Charmine seemed so standoffish.

"It's obvious," said Charmine. "Don't you get it?"

Anthony glowered, evident from his dark gaze and frown.

Did she just use this doll to humiliate him?!

He was severely poisoned, yet not only did she not want to help him, but she even belittled him like this?

How deep was her hatred for him, exactly?

"Even if you don't want to help me, you don't have to do this to me."

What did she take him for?

Charmine remained unperturbed. "What else do you want? Should I call Waverly for you?" "Charmine Jordan." Anthony glared at her.

His handsome face darkened like the clouds before a storm.

"Use it if you want, and throw it away if you don't," responded Charmine curtly.

"If it wasn't for Momo, I wouldn't have looked after you like this."

Anthony's gaze turned darker.

She...stayed to take care of him just because of Chris?

Did this mean that whoever it was laying in her, even if he was a stranger, she would stay if Chris asked her to?

Did she not stay...because it was him, Anthony?

Anthony's lips contorted into a self-deprecating smirk as he glared at the doll in his lap before tossing it away.

He made his way to the bathroom and cranked up the temperature setting to the coldest before twisting the knob, allowing freezing cold droplets to wash over his scalding-hot body.

Charmine pursed her lips as she listened to the sound of the shower turned on.

That meant he was fine, right?

Charmine intended to leave that instant, and she made her way to the door before she stopped. She instantly recalled that if she left, Chris would suffer from his seizures again.

Exasperated yet helpless, she went back to sit on the sofa. No matter, she would have Anthony stay in bed after his shower.

This might as well be her returning the favor of him shielding her from the blazing prop that fell onto them from the recent festivity.

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Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1664-Charmine placed her arms behind her head. Since she was used to sleeping early and waking up early, tiredness gnawed at her.

Not wanting to trouble herself anymore, she shut her eyes and gently fell asleep.

A long while later, late at night...

It was quiet when the bathroom door slowly opened.

Anthony had bathed in ice-cold water for a few hours before he managed to repress his carnal urges, and only then did he exit the bathroom.

He spotted Charmine, who had fallen asleep on the sofa, and frowned.

She actually fell asleep?

He endured the harsh, bone-shaking ice-cold water of a shower, while she laid here as if nothing was happening?

She looked so comfortable, just dozing off like that!

Did she not care for him...at all?

Anthony felt his anger rising in his chest, but as he watched how unbothered Charmine was, his heart sank, 1 What right did he have to blame her? He was the one who pushed her away, and it was he who broke her heart so cold-bloodedly, i He was the reason why she was so ruthless.

At least she did not leave him alone in the house. Looking at it this way, it was not bad.

She must have harbored fondness for him still, regardless of how faint they were, did she not?

Why else would she stay?

Touched at the thought, his gaze turned murky with his emotions whirling together.

His body, despite being racked with coldness, grew warmer, and he unconsciously made his way toward Charmine. Reaching her side at the sofa, he gulped as he studied her delicate, perfect face.

Even though he had deep desires for her, he knew Charmine.

With lips pursed into a tight line, Anthony stretched out his arms, enduring the pain that tormented one of his arms, and carefully took her into his arms. He brought her into the room and placed her in bed, draping the blanket over her form.

Luckily, Charmine was asleep the whole time, unaware of what had happened.

Anthony stood by the bed and gazed at Charmine fondly and affectionately.

Perhaps this was the only time when he could show his true feelings for her.

After watching her for a very long time, he could not help bending down to place a gentle peck on her cheek.

Following that, he looked at her deeply and then gently walked out of the room to rest on the sofa.

Chris and Chloe woke up early the following morning and made chicken soup.

They then went back to the small house and knocked on the door.

Anthony, who was on the sofa, jolted awake at the knocks before standing up, albeit listlessly so. It felt like he was walking on clouds.

Following that, he felt a severe headache, and his breathing was labored.

Frowning, he felt his forehead...and realized it was burning hot.

He bathed in ice-cold water for a few hours last night and slept on the sofa, not keeping warm the whole night.

Did he catch a cold?

Anthony did not bother, however. He withstood the pain and walked to open the door, revealing a starry-eyed Chris.

"Daddy, how was last night?" Anthony looked at him coldly and answered hoarsely, "You're a kid. Why ask so much?"

Chris squinted at Anthony's voice.

Why did he sound like this?

Meeting the boy's gaze, a thought occurred to Anthony. "Speak softer; your Mommy is resting in the bedroom. She must be tired from last night."

Chris was stunned.

Did his father just imply that he and Charmine got back together?

Hehehe!

Chris finally let out a sigh of relief and walked in with Chloe.

Meanwhile...

Charmine, inside the bedroom, could hear murmurs and footsteps outside and woke up before frowning in confusion at her surroundings.

Was she not sleeping on the sofa? Since when did she come into the bedroom?

Did Anthony carry her here?

Goodness. His wounded arm would hurt even more if he slept on the sofa last night!

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Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1665-Charmine felt a wave of uncertainty at how her emotions battled one another inside of her. Frowning, she decided to ignore said feelings and walked out of the bedroom.

“Good morning, Mommy!”

When Chris saw Charmine walking out of the bedroom, his eyes sparkled. “

Mommy, did you rest well? Chloe and I made chicken soup for you.” Charmine was speechless.

Why would a five-year-old boy know so much? Furthermore, nothing happened between her and Anthony last night! 1 Anthony, who was by the side, said, “Okay. Let your Mommy nourish her body.”

Charmine widened her eyes and looked at Anthony with disbelief. “What are you saying?”

Anthony pretended as if he did not understand her and continued, “You took care of me last night. What’s wrong with my son making chicken soup for you?”

Charmine was speechless.

This was not true at all!

It was as if Anthony was deliberately misleading Chris to tell him that something happened between them!

Charmine looked at Chris, wanting to explain the truth before she saw it- those expectant eyes. She stopped herself.

He seemed so excited and happy.

If she told him otherwise, if he panicked and had another seizure, it would be troublesome.

Furthermore, all that truly mattered was that she knew nothing of that sort happened.

As for Chris, if he wanted to think so, let him be.

Charmine pursed her lips and said nothing.



Chris, noticing how Charmine remained silent, took it as her nod to what had happened. The thought made him even giddier.

Hehe! His plan went well!

Chris instantly brought the chicken soup and placed it on the table.

“Mommy, hurry and have some food. Chloe and I made this ourselves.” “Okay.”

Charmine did not have the heart to turn him down and thus walked to sit at the table, much to Chris’ joy.

When he turned to Anthony, however, he noticed just how hurt he seemed.

Why did he look as if he was in pain?

Was it the water he made Anthony drink last night? Was the side-effect that severe?

Chris could not help asking, “Daddy, what’s wrong?”

If the effects were not over yet, he would leave with Chloe right away to give them more alone time!

Anthony glanced at him and said, “Nothing much; just a cold.”

Charmine instinctively turned to look at Anthony upon hearing his response.

A cold? Was it from the cold bath last night, or was it from sleeping on the sofa throughout the night?

Instantly, her gaze turned steely.

Whether he had a cold or not, it did not matter to her.

He asked for it!

She even brought him a sex doll, and he refused it. Who, then, was to blame?

Chris narrowed his eyes. “Daddy, why did you catch a cold?”

Anthony shot him a fierce stare. “You’re a kid. Stop asking so much.”

Anthony made it sound as if they were having such an intense session last night that he caught a cold by accident.

When Chris caught on to that, he looked at Anthony meaningfully, looking as if he understood.

The four of them walked out of the room, with Anthony walking ahead of them.

Since his cold had hit him hard, he felt listless as if he was walking on clouds.

He looked unstable from the way he carried himself.

Chris watched his back and pursed his lips.

Anthony and Charmine were warming up to one another. He had to make them get along faster! 1 He turned to Chloe and whispered into her ear.

Chloe nodded. "Okay, Chris, let's do it."

Chris smiled and walked toward Anthony, grabbing his hand before pulling his hand back in shock.

"Daddy..." Chris looked horrified at Anthony. "Why is your hand so hot?"

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1666-Anthony's cold only worsened, and he even looked unsteady in the way he walked. "Didn't you say that I caught a cold?" said Anthony to Chris hoarsely, gazing down at the boy.

Chris said worriedly, "Touch your forehead, Daddy. You're not only having a cold-you have a fever! You burnt my hand!" Anthony felt his head. "It is rather hot." "You're ill, Uncle Anthony," stated Chloe, "and you should get some medicine!" "Yeah." Chris nodded. "Daddy, you'll suffer from brain damage if your temperature keeps rising." Chloe thoughtfully added, "Uncle Anthony, there's a type of fennel on top of the mountain, and it's good for treating colds. You and Auntie Charmine can go up to pick it."

Charmine was baffled.

Why did she have to tag along?

Charmine looked at the three of them and declared, "He can go on his own; I have other things to do."

Anthony paused.

She really did not want to spend time with him?

Chris grew antsy at her stubbornness and walked up to her. "Mommy, go with Daddy, please!"

He solemnly continued, "Daddy is having a bad cold, and he can't even walk straight. If he goes up on his own and falls, nobody will save him. Isn't that tragic?" Chris began to whimper at this stage. "Momo doesn't want Daddy to die! Mommy, could you please go with Daddy?"

Anthony looked at Chris exasperatedly. Yes, he knew Chris was trying to help, but could he not put his words more...nicely?

He thought he would die if he fell?

Charmine looked at all three of them: Chris, Chloe, and Anthony. She knew Chris and Chloe were trying to put her and Anthony together, but given this situation...

Anthony was indeed severely hurt, and Chris was ill.

It was better to prevent any trouble.

Furthermore, she was the reason why Anthony caught a cold anyway.

"Fine," she begrudgingly agreed.

"Haha!" Chris smiled and pulled Anthony to Charmine, saying, "Daddy, go with Mommy!"

Anthony felt lightheaded. He glanced at Charmine and nodded.

"I'll leave Daddy to you then, Mommy!"

With that, Chris grabbed Chloe's hand, and the children both left.

Charmine stood still as she shot Anthony a cold glance. Wordlessly, she turned to walk up the mountain.

Anthony massaged his temples to sober himself up before he followed after Charmine.

He walked up to her side, but she ignored him as if he was transparent. She continued to walk off on her own.

Anthony pursed his lips as he gazed at her, trying to find a topic that could get a conversation going. "How's the development of the village getting on?"

Charmine's expression remained stone-cold, not once faltering, and neither did she bother to reply.

Anthony was helpless, but he still followed behind her closely.

Both of them traversed through the tall grasses. Worried that the thorns would wound Charmine, Anthony proceeded to walk in front of her and began clearing the path.

Like a tall, well-built bodyguard dressed in black, he cleared the thorns and grass for Charmine to walk forward.

This, however, did not even stir the icy, frigid Charmine as she continued to walk aloofly.

Although Anthony felt weak, listless, and lightheaded, he was not emotionally drained. He continued to walk before her and cleared up the path for her.

Meanwhile...

Dior and Harry were at the peak of the mountain, where they spent a wonderful evening.

Although each of them had their own tent and Harry seemed visibly disgruntled...being able to stay by his side and watch the clear moon crowned by the beautiful stars satisfied Dior.

Him agreeing to come up here was, to Dior, a first big step in their relationship!

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1667-Slowly, she would win Harry's heart.

Early the next day, while Harry was asleep, Dior was so excited that she could not sleep. She prepared the cutlery and started making breakfast outside the tent.

However, within half an hour, Harry's phone by his side rang urgently, jolting him awake from his slumber as he then glanced at his phone.

His assistant was calling.

Harry looked around and spotted Dior outside.

Dior, upon hearing the phone ringing, was worried it would wake Harry, thus she quickly put down everything at hand and entered his tent, only to realize he was already awake.

She halted and saw him holding his phone. "Why don't you answer it?" she asked.

Harry declined the call. "Just a scam call." "Oh." Dior shrugged it off and stared at Harry, her alluring lips curving into a smile. "We did spend the night together,"

she shyly muttered, "so you better be responsible to me."

Her words made Harry flabbergasted, and he shot her a warning look. "You think too much into it."

Dior did not give up, however; she liked to play with him. "Wait for a while," she added, "breakfast will be ready soon. This is my first time making breakfast for a man. Don't we look like a married couple?"

Harry's steely expression remained plastered on his face, and just as he was about to refute her statement, Dior proudly continued, "Just stay here. I'll let you know when it's ready."

Dior did not give Harry a chance to say a word before she got out of his tent.

Harry's phone rang again afterward, and without a choice, he answered, "What is it?" "President Cogen, the annual shareholder meeting will start at two in the afternoon, sharp. We're signing the deal with S&M's President at seven."

Harry pursed his lips and looked at the time. "Okay," he responded.

"We'll wait for you to come back."

Harry nodded and hung up the call.

After tidying up, he walked out from the tent and said to Dior, "I've got things to do. I need to go back to Burlington." "What!?" Dior was dumbfounded. "You're leaving now?" "Yes."

Harry then noticed she was preparing breakfast. "Take your time. Go back when you're done."

With that said, he turned away to leave.

Dior quickly walked up to him and grabbed at his shirt. She blinked her alluring eyes and put on an innocent face. "How could you be so cruel, Harry!? I came here because of you, and now you're leaving me alone. Furthermore, this place is so secluded, and there are wild animals. I'm just a weak, helpless girl! What am I supposed to do if anything happens to me?"

Harry looked at her and pursed his lips.

He knew she said all that on purpose, but there might truly be wild animals that would show up. It was quite dangerous to leave her alone up here.

Even though she was a stranger, he must not treat her this way.

Noticing his expression faltering, Dior removed her hold from his wrist and grabbed his arm instead as she pleaded, "If you want to go back, take me with you. I even made breakfast! Eat some before you go, alright?"

Harry looked at the cooked noodles and then into her eyes.

The sight stirred his emotions.

He agreed to watch the stars with her last night, but it was not because of her.

He saw Sonia posting on her feed that she was watching stars, which was why he got up here with Dior.  
1 He did use her, after all.

Harry felt guilty. She did nothing wrong, yet he was about to leave her alone up here after using her...

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Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1668-There was a vague gleam of guilt in Harry's eyes as he pursed his lips and agreed to Dior. "Let's go down after breakfast."

Dior paused, not once expecting Harry to agree to her so quickly, yet she smiled nonetheless. "Okay!"

In the past two days, he had been treating her better.

He bought her clothes, brought her to his grandmother's house, and even went up the mountain to see the stars with her. All she needed was to act innocent, and he would give in!

Eventually, Dior's charms slowly got to Harry. He had started to care about her and somehow had a place for her in his heart.

The elated Dior held onto Harry's arms as she brought him to eat their breakfast, and they ate together as they sat down.

It was early in the morning, and the sun was rising. The mountain was quiet, save for the chirping of different birds.

Dior could feel the breeze in the mountain. She watched as the warm sun rose with the person she loved beside her. She was very grateful.

How nice would it be if this moment would last longer? She would willingly stay up here if she had to!

Alas...

When she thought of how they were going back soon and she would not be able to see him anymore, her heart sank.

She had the plan ready but had not executed it.

Watching stars with her was far from enough!

Dior looked at Harry and bit her lip. She searched her brain for an idea, anything, that could stop him from returning to the city.

She looked at the noodles in the bowl and instantly lost her appetite.

She refused to let go of such a good opportunity!

Dior ate her noodles slowly, so slowly that she spent almost half an hour to finish.

Harry only took a few mouthfuls before putting down the fork. Sitting by the side, he was talking to someone on the phone.

When he kept his phone and turned to look at Dior, asking, "You're not done yet?"

The reluctant Dior could only put down the bowl and muttered, "Let's go."

Harry nodded and stood up to leave while Dior followed behind him, her eyes wandering around.

What if she twisted her ankle? What if she fell really hard? i He would not leave her behind, would he?

All these thoughts whirled in her mind as she gazed at the path ahead, formulating a plan.

Although she knew it would hurt, anything was worth it to keep this handsome, apathetic man.

Thinking of how they spent the night together last night, she felt good again.

Things would be perfect for sure if she, despite being hurt, would be taken care of by Harry.

While she would suffer at present, it was for the sake of her future happiness.

Dior trotted toward Harry's side in heels. "Do you have an important matter to deal with?" she asked.

Harry glanced at her coldly. "Work stuff."

Dior was speechless.

He was joking, right?

With his job, how much money could he earn per day? Also, he was leaving so urgently. So what if he quit his job? 2 Dior thought it through. It did not matter since it was work-related.

They started to make their way down the hill. Biting her ruby lips, Dior, still in her heels, intentionally twisted her ankle.

"Argh!" Her face instantly went pale as she cried out in pain.

However, her intention of twisting her ankle did not go as planned.

She lost her balance and failed to react in time after the initial pang of pain. Still on the path, her entire body wobbled as she was about to fall on her side...and right next to her was a large slope.

When Dior was about to fall, she instinctively reached out to hold Harry's hand.

Harry, still caught up with his work mentally, did not realize what had happened.

Dior's tug sent him wobbling after her, and they both lost their balance.

Instantly, the two of them fell to the side of the path.

Thomp!

Dior and Harry fell on their sides on the path, sending them rolling down the slope.

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1669-Both Harry and Dior rolled down a few meters down the slope before they were hit with another surprise.

There was a big, deep pit below!

Harry quickly reached out in an attempt to grab something, but he could not see anything. Only a scratch mark was left in his attempt.

With that, the two of them fell into the deep pit, with Harry slammed on the ground before Dior fell on top of him heavily, and this evoked a groan from Harry.

Other than her twisted ankle, Dior was fine.

Harry, on the other hand, was flat on his back with fists clenched. His prepossessing face was beaded with cold sweat.

Dior scrambled off of him and shook his hand. "Harry, are you alive?"

Harry was speechless.

He parted his eyelids to shoot Dior a pointed stare. "I might just die if you keep shaking me like that."

Dior instantly let go and frowned at him. "Which part of you are hurt?"

She recalled how she had fallen on his legs when she fell.

Harry sat up with difficulty. He tried to move his legs, but he was in too much pain to move them.

Dior looked at him and panicked. "Is your leg broken?" she whimpered.

"Probably fractured." Harry looked at her darkly and said with an angered tone, "Do you want my leg to be broken?"

Dior was not in the mood to joke around. "I was joking. Don't get angry, okay? I didn't do it on purpose."

Harry silently stared at her before he averted his gaze to inspect their surroundings.

The pit was about three to four meters tall. There was nothing for them to climb back up with. Furthermore, his legs were hurting so much that he could no longer feel them.

He had an important matter to sort out today, but it looked like Dior was about to ruin it. 1 Dior instantly took out her phone to call Charmine. However, there was no signal on the mountain, let alone inside a pit.

Harry seemed to have guessed this, thus he did not even bother to take out his phone.

Dior looked at his darkened face and realized that she had made a huge mistake.

She did not expect herself to lose balance. She did not want this to happen anyway!

Dior pulled a pitiable expression, ignoring the sharp pain that tormented her ankle as she reached out to help Harry up, sitting by the side once done.

Looking at his bruised ankle with blood showing, she did not know how he got hurt, but it looked rather severe.

She reached out to grab his belt, but- "What are you doing?"

Harry shot her a warning glare just as Dior's hand grazed his belt, and he pushed her hand away.

"You're hurt," said Dior earnestly, and it was even evident in her expression, "I'm trying to help." "No need." Harry pushed her hand away. "Just sit there."

He seemed to be in genuine pain as he leaned on the wall and shut his eyes wordlessly.

Dior saw the cold sweat on his face. She tried to wipe the sweat off his face with her sleeve, but when she touched him, he opened his eyes to glare at her coldly. "Please behave."

Dior bit her lip and thought he was angry at his leg for suffering from sequela.

An idea came to her at that moment, and her eyes twinkled. She turned to look at Harry and said, "Don't worry. If anything happens to you, I'll be responsible for it. If your legs are broken, I'll take care of you forever."

Harry looked at her, utterly baffled.

Thinking she did not sound sincere enough, Dior added, "If you're worried about not finding an ideal wife in the future, I'll marry you. You're handicapped because of me, but I'll treat you very well."

Harry scoffed at her coldly. "I'm not handicapped yet!"

Dior remained serious. "You're so severely wounded now, but I'll make it up to you. Why don't I...make you a baby? We have such good genes; our baby will be adorable."

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1670-Shut up!"

Harry could no longer hold in his anger at that point and shot her a vicious glare.

"The best way you can make it up to me now is to shut up!"

Dior saw the impatience in his eyes, and she finally stopped joking around."

Alright, get some rest...but I can't stay quiet." Noticing his frown, Dior quickly explained, "We can't stay here forever, although I'd quite like that. You're hurt now, and there are probably some villagers around at this hour. I need to call for help!"

Harry leaned on the wall and had no more energy to deal with her. He looked so done with the situation as he closed his eyes.

Dior's heart sank at the sight of an injured Harry, and she prayed nothing would happen to him. Otherwise, she would not forgive herself.

Biting back the pain that stabbed at her ankle, she staggered toward the middle of the pit, placing her hands around her mouth as she yelled, "Help! Is anyone there? Someone's inside the pit! Help!"

Meanwhile...

Anthony was helping Charmine clear the path, and they were halfway up the mountain.

Charmine ignored him entirely as she walked ahead of him. It looked like they were very much strangers.

When he saw that there was no grass ahead, he endured his headache to look back at her.

Suddenly...

He spotted a few-meter-long black snake hanging on a tree branch, and he knew what it was: a poisonous cobra.



It was aiming at Charmine's fair neck, jaws parted widely and fangs revealed, looking as though it was about to strike at Charmine.

Anthony's heart clenched, and his expression contorted. "Be careful!"

He moved swiftly like the wind, reached Charmine's side, engulfing her in his arms with his back to the cobra.

The cobra's line of sight shifted with another human in sight. Startled at Anthony's abrupt presence, it struck him instead.

It was aiming at Charmine's neck, but with Anthony protecting her, it bit his shoulder.

Anthony's body stiffened as he felt a stinging pain akin to two sharp needles embedded in his shoulders with no prior warning, 1 Charmine saw the black cobra on his shoulder and finally reacted. She instinctively reached out to grab its tail. Before the cobra reacted, she quickly smacked it against the ground harshly.

Thomp! Thomp! Thomp!

Before the cobra could react, its entire head was broken, and blood pooled at the ground in the aftermath.

Charmine tossed the cobra away and looked at Anthony.

His already pale face grew even paler.

He did not seem well at all, and it looked like he could pass out at any given moment.

Meeting Charmine's eyes, Anthony squeezed out a smile. "I'm fine, don't worry."

Of course, Charmine was not foolish enough to believe that he was fine.

It was a cobra, and it was poisonous. If the person's immunity was not strong enough, the person could die within an hour!

Charmine looked at him and felt tormented. Yes, she hated him, but if he died saving her...

This man could disappear from her world. She might not see him for the rest of her life!

Her heart felt inexplicably hurt at the thought. She felt her throat tighten, and her breathing grew labored.

She pursed her lips and urged, "Let's go back and get you treated."

Luckily, they were only halfway up, and it would not take too long to get down.

They should still have time.

Knowing very well that it was a poisonous cobra that struck at him, Anthony listlessly agreed, "Okay." His amnesia was finally getting better, and he did not want to lose his life because of this.

He still wanted to heal Charmine. He did not want her to live in this way. 1 Anthony clenched his fists and forced himself to endure the multitude of pain that plagued his body. He continued to walk ahead, albeit with a heavy head.

Charmine stood behind him, watching as his tall figure staggered and wobbled as though he would collapse.

She pursed her lips, and her hands by her sides twitched.

He got hurt after trying to save her. It should be fine for her to support him, no?