

Chapter 1671-After all, Charmine did not want to owe Anthony too much.

Then...

Just as her hand stretched out to grab Anthony, she heard a muffled yell coming from the top that went, "Help...! Help...!"

Charmine halted. That voice...

"Help! Can someone help us...?! We fell into the pit!"

The cry for help was repetitive.

Anthony also heard this. He stopped and turned back.

This voice sounded familiar.

Charmine, meanwhile, had recognized the voice already. It was Dior's, and Charmine knew this for a fact because Dior had told her she was going uphill to see the stars last night.

Charmine looked over to search where the voice was coming from...and realized it was coming from the top.

Judging how urgent the voice sounded, the two of them must have fallen into a pit and got hurt.

Charmine looked at Anthony and said, "You head down now."

Dior was her only close friend, and she had to save her.

Anthony pursed his lips and did not want her to go up alone. "I'll come with you,"

he replied.

Charmine frowned at his response. Scrutinizing the state he was in, she refuted, "No, you must get down and treat your wound."

Anthony insisted, "They fell into a pit. Can you save them on your own?"

Charmine paused at that.

Thinking of how Maurice and her fell into the pit the other day, just one person could not save them both.

It would be futile if she went to save Dior on her own, yes.

Having Anthony around would give her a helping hand, but he had to get his wound treated soon.

No matter what, even if she hated him so much that she wanted him dead, she would not want him to die because of her.

Charmine still refused Anthony's insistence. "I'll know what to do. You don't have to worry."

She did not even wait for Anthony's reply before she marched up the mountain quickly.

However, after taking a few steps, she heard a voice behind her, stopping her in her tracks as she looked back.

She saw Anthony following behind her, with no intention of leaving.

Looking at his pale face, Charmine got angry. "Can you head down? Stop following me!"

Hearing her snapping at him, Anthony could not tell if it was just his imagination, but it sounded like she still cared for him despite the roughness in her tone.

Was she worried about his wound and not wanting to be hurt? Was that why she wanted him to descend the mountain?

Anthony looked at her and said, "I'm fine. If you're worried about me, you can use the needle to stop the poison from spreading. I'll be fine." "What makes you think I'm worried about you?" replied Charmine instinctively. "I just don't want you to die. Momo will get upset if you do."

Anthony decided not to expose Charmine for it and nodded gently instead.

"It's okay, just use a needle on me."

He instantly removed his jacket.

Charmine hesitated for a moment before she took out a needle and walked upto Anthony.

If he insisted on going with her, she was not bothered to argue her point and waste her time.

Dior must be panicking on the other end, too.

The needle could stop the poison from spreading throughout Anthony's body, stopping its flow effectively.

Anthony removed his white shirt, revealing his muscular back and two fang marks on his shoulders, blood oozing from them. They were stained with blood and were swollen, too.

The poison had spread a few centimeters, evident by how the skin around the wound looked bruise-like black.

Charmine felt a pang in her chest. She felt her heart at her throat as she gazed at Anthony's back.

She narrowed her eyes and pricked Anthony's skin with the needle.

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1672-Anthony's body jolted as Charmine's needle pricked into his skin, and he felt a numbing pain on his shoulder.

He bit his lip and clenched his fists.

A moment later, the poison that was advancing from the fang marks stopped and gathered to the mid-section.

What was once a big patch of bruise seemingly reverted to the fang marks.

Anthony felt his head that felt lightheaded the whole time sobered up afterward, and his vision was no longer as blurry.

He looked at Charmine with a newfound sense of proudness and admiration.

His woman was always so impressive. She could do anything with her needle!

Due to this, he must not leave her alone here, living on her own in secrecy.

Once she finished, Charmine shot him a dull stare as she wordlessly got back up on her feet and walked forward.

Anthony followed behind her and comforted her as he looked at her aloof figure.

“Don’t worry, I’m fine now.”

Charmine scoffed. Who was worried about him?

She did not bother to speak to him and continued walking uphill.

Anthony, in a better state, caught up to her quickly.

The two of them walked up the mountain and noticed that Dior’s voice grew louder, closer.

Charmine followed the sound and arrived at the side path.

She could see right away that there were some marks down the slope, and it seemed that they had fallen here.

Charmine walked down carefully.

Anthony realized just how steep the slope was, and he followed after Charmine, reaching out to support her.

Just as he did, however, Charmine instinctively pushed him away and glared at him coldly. “Just watch yourself!”

Anthony’s gaze faltered at that. Although he was no longer supporting her, he followed closely behind her to protect her.

Charmine continued to walk down and finally saw the deep pit, where Dior’s resounding yells could be heard.

“Help! Is anyone there? Help us!”

Charmine cried out, “Stop shouting, we’re here!”

Dior paused when she heard that familiar voice.

Instantly, her eyes sparkled as she cried out gratefully, “Charmine, you came to save us! Oh, thank goodness!”

She had been yelling for so long, only to be met with silence. She genuinely thought she would die in this pit with Harry.

He was already severely wounded, and things could take a turn for the worse if nothing changed.

Lucky for them, Charmine had come to their aid!

Harry heard the response from above, too, and gradually opened his darkened eyes.

“Don’t worry, Harry.” Dior looked at him excitedly. “My friend is about to save us.

You’ll be fine.”

Harry nodded.

Charmine and Anthony got to the pit’s entrance and looked down-it was pitch-black inside.

Dior was standing right below the entrance. When she saw the figures above, she excitedly called out, “Charmine, we both can’t walk. You’ll have to bring us up with a stretcher.”

Charmine frowned. There was no such thing here.

In the next moment, Harry’s voice was heard, saying, “If you walk a few more meters, you’ll find a tent and a stretcher in it.” “Okay.”

Charmine was about to take it when Anthony stopped her. “Let me do it.” “No need, I’ll go.”

Charmine merely shot him a glance before walking past him, treading across the uneven path easily and quickly.

Standing still, Anthony gazed at Charmine’s apathetic figure and felt a pang in his heart.

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1673-However strong Charmine was, she was still a young lady in her early twenties.

How horrible was he to have ruined someone like her?

Anthony’s eyes were filled with pain, and his breaths grew uneven as the guilt and hurt racked his body.

Charmine quickly returned with the stretcher. She tied a rope around one end before tossing it into the pit.

Despite the pain she felt around her ankle, she endured it and staggered toward Harry, wanting to help him up on his feet before he shot her a cold stare. “You go first.”

Dior frowned. “You can’t move your legs now. Why are you getting up alone? If you fall again, I won’t be able to live with myself!” It was apparent how much she adored Harry by the look she had on her face.

Harry then thought of how it would be difficult for him to go up on his own.

Noticing that he was convinced, Dior reached out to help him. “You go first.

Don’t worry about me; I’ll be right behind you.”

Harry could only concede at this point.

After taking a few steps, however, Harry felt his fractured legs caving in and lost balance, falling to his side.

Dior’s heart throbbed at the sight she reached out to hold him tightly but- “Argh!”

Dior felt as if her arms were torn when she stretched out her arms.

Instantly, the smell of blood wafted in the pit. She paled at the scent, and after she managed to pull Harry back up, she looked down at her arm.

There was a deep gash on her arm, one that she never noticed was present, and it only widened when she pulled Harry up with all her strength.

It felt like pure torture, one that felt like a sharp knife cutting her flesh open.

It was then Dior recalled that there was a pile of sharp bamboos that scratched her arm when they tumbled down the slope. ¹ She did not have the time to care about this, however.

Yes, she did feel pain and could make out the scent of iron in the air after their fall. Too busy worrying over Harry, Dior had assumed it was just a small cut, that the scent of blood was from Harry.

She had no inkling just how severely wounded she was, but upon noticing the wound...she realized she was just as hurt, too.

D*mn it.

Harry, at that moment, turned to look at Dior. With the faint light that shone from outside the pit, he noticed just how bloodied her arm was with a deep gash. It was mortifying.

Harry frowned. "Are you hurt?" "I'm fine," replied Dior listlessly, her face losing its color, "you go up first."

Harry looked at her darkly and countered, "No, you go first." "But you can't move your legs! Who's going to get you onto the stretcher?"

Harry pursed his lips.

Her arm was wounded. How could he leave her here alone? This was not something a man should do!

Despite the searing pain she endured, an idea occurred to Dior when she looked at the stretcher. She bit her lower lip and offered, "Why don't you hug me, and we both go up at the same time?"

Harry was speechless.

How could she even think of this at such an urgent moment?

Dior saw how speechless he was and felt rather proud of herself.

Since this had already happened, she must make the most out of this opportunity!

Dior's eyes narrowed as she stressed, her agony evident on her face, "Let's go up together, Harry. Even if you go first, I'll be anxious on my own here. But, if I go first, you won't manage on your own. If your leg injuries worsen, I'll have to take care of you for the rest of your life."

Harry narrowed his eyes.

True, he could not stand on his own for the time being, and if his leg injuries worsened, he would not be able to look up in front of Sonia.

As for this woman...

There was no denying that her tug sent them tumbling down the slope and into this pit, but she would not even be here and endure so much pain if he did not use her for his gain.

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1674-Harry debated with himself over the decision before he looked at Dior." Fine."

The elated Dior ignored her wounds and went to support Harry onto the stretcher. "You can't move, so you'll need to lay down."

Harry did not insist; the result would be the same anyway.

With Dior's support, he laid on the stretcher while Dior fastened the buckles on him.

Seeing how he laid on the stretcher so attractively and how she would be in his arms on the same stretcher, Dior felt like everything was worth it.

Turning to look up, Dior called out, 'Thank you, Charmine! I got a deep gash on my arm and Harry's legs are fractured. We can't move freely, so we'll have to come up together."

Charmine, who was outside the pit, was flabbergasted. Dior was allowed to chase after her man, but she did not have to drag her into her mess!

Seeing that this was the only option, Charmine could only agree, "Alright."

Dior made sure everything was secured before turning her gaze to look at the man on the stretcher, her heart skipping a beat when she did.

She mentally beat herself up afterward, though. She just had to lay next to him!

Why was she all giddy?

She slowly laid beside Harry and caught a whiff of his masculine scent. Just like that, everything else no longer mattered to Dior, and the entire world was gone with just her and Harry left.

How she wished for this moment to last forever.

The stretcher was big enough to be a small bed.

Harry remained apathetic the whole time, eyes closed as he laid down quietly.

Dior, all googly eyes at Harry, yelled, "Charmine, we're ready!" "Ready!"

Just as Charmine was about to pull at the rope, however, another pair of hands grabbed the rope.

Charmine turned to see Anthony's tall figure standing right behind her, dangerously close as his strong arms wound around her frame to grab at the rope. It was as if her tiny body was in his arms, so much so that his masculine scent enveloped her entirely.

Charmine stopped instantly and shot him a cold glare, to which Anthony responded before she could shut him down, "Even if you're powerful enough, you can't lift both of them with your small hands. You might get hurt! If you're hurt, will you still be able to use your needles?"

Charmine pursed her lips. She did try to tug at the rope, and it did feel rather heavy.

Furthermore, Dior and Harry were severely injured. She could even smell a tinge of iron from outside the pit, and she could not afford to waste a single second.

This was not the time to decline Anthony's help.

Charmine turned away to look ahead, not saying anything as she allowed Anthony's hands to remain on the rope.

Anthony practically beamed ardently at her. His magnetic voice resonated in her ear as he advised, "Don't use too much strength. Don't hurt your hands."

Charmine remained distant as ever. "Cut the nonsense. Start pulling now."

Anthony said nothing else after that as his big, powerful hands grabbed the rope right next to Charmine's two fair hands.

With that, they both pulled.

Inside the pit...

When the stretcher started to get lifted, Dior yelped and buried herself into Harry's form, placing her hands on his waist.

Harry looked at her and said, "Let go." "I'm not letting go." Dior, visibly terrified, held him tighter.

"I'm scared that this rope might break. What do we do if we fall from here and die? If I'm going to die, I'd rather die with you!"

Harry felt conflicted upon hearing this.

He looked at her arms on his chest and said with a low voice, "Still, you don't have to get so close."

She clung to his upper body much like an octopus.

Dior insisted on hugging him. "I don't care, I'm hugging you."

Helpless, Harry just could not bother arguing about it anymore.

It was then he was struck with an ominous feeling, and he turned to look darkly at the pit's entrance.

What a surprise! It was Anthony.

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1675-Harry would not forgive Anthony, even if he saved him this time.

Outside the pit...

Anthony was focused on keeping balance, so much so that he accidentally held Charmine's hands.

Charmine jolted at the contact, but none of them let go as they were pulling up the stretcher.

His powerful hands held onto her fair hands tightly, and she felt like...a feather.

She felt so gentle and light, and she did not know how to fall.

Feeling the softness in his hands, Anthony's heartstrings were tugged as his entire heart skipped a beat.

The two of them spontaneously exchanged glances, but the moment she met Anthony's gaze, Charmine looked away as if nothing happened. They continued to pull the rope up.

Anthony said nothing, too. He mustered every bit of his strength and made sure Charmine did not overexert herself. It did not take long before the stretcher was lifted from the pit.

Dior was like a weak little girl, cuddled in Harry's arms, much to Charmine's bewilderment.

Since when was Dior so weak?

When Dior came back up and saw Charmine, she felt as if she was home. "I was so close to dying, Charmine...!" she whimpered, almost crying. "Waa...!"

Charmine glanced at her coldly and had to play along. "Don't worry," she assured her, "you're fine now."

She reached out to help Dior get up from the stretcher.

Before Dior could hug Charmine, Dior turned around to help Harry get up.

Following that, she hooked her hands around his neck and excitedly chirped, "We survived... We're safe!"

Harry's response, however, came in a silent, cold stare as he pulled her hands off of him, which earned a pout from Dior.

Harry then looked up at Anthony darkly, to which Anthony kept his stare.

There was a strong exchange of hatred between their eyes.

Charmine noticed the hatred but seemed unconcerned about it. Instead, she looked at Dior's bloodied shoulder and exclaimed, "This looks so bad!"

Dior took a glance and said, "This is nothing. He's in even more pain."

Charmine was speechless but nonetheless walked to support Dior.

Dior turned to look at Harry, who was unable to move on the spot. She turned to Anthony and said, "President Bailey, do you mind helping Harry? Thank you."

Anthony glanced at Harry coldly and walked toward him, saying, "You're Charmine's friends, so that makes you my friends in return. I should be helping."

That baffled Charmine. Since when was she associated with him?

She wordlessly looked at Anthony before she continued to assist Dior.

Anthony then walked up to Harry, his lips twisting into an ironic smirk when he did. "I don't know what to say, Mr. Cogen. You went up the mountain to see the stars and ended up breaking your leg."

Harry's expression seemed dark, but he nonetheless allowed Anthony to prop him up, though not without sneering at him. "If you want to pull something, now's your time to shine." "Don't worry, I'm not petty. I won't do anything when you're in such a feeble state."

Harry's condition rendered him pale, suffering so much that he broke out into cold sweat, unable to muster proper sentences.

With that, all four of them descended the mountain, pair by pair, one at the back and the other walking ahead. With much difficulty, they finally made it down and arrived home.

At that point, Anthony already had a fever, and his condition only worsened due to the cobra's poisonous bite.

Of course, Luke had called for a doctor from the city to treat him.

Charmine wanted to watch over Dior, but Chris was worried about Anthony, and he wanted to check on him.

He even pulled her and pestered, "Mommy, Mommy! Go and check up on Daddy! Daddy is severely injured! He's dying!" 1 Charmine, left without a choice, went with Chris.

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1676-Entering the room, Charmine and Chris spotted Anthony laying in bed. The usually powerful, enigmatic Anthony was left in a weak state, face lost of its color.

The doctor, meanwhile, was treating his snake-bite wound left by the cobra.

Anthony's right arm was affected as well.

His arm hung loosely by the side with tubes inserted to extract the poisoned blood out of his system.

His dark-red blood that oozed out into the tubes looked like they were dripping from a small tap. The extracted blood was contained in a bowl.

Charmine felt her heart aching at the sight.

Chris was horrified at the sight, and his tiny heart sank. He walked to Anthony's side and sobbed worriedly, "Daddy, are you going to die?"

Anthony looked up at him darkly and listlessly muttered, "I'm not."

When the bowl was filled up, the doctor pressed on the wound and reported, his relief palpable, "Luckily, the poisoned blood was contained just in time after he was bitten. He's alright now. I'll prescribe some medicines for the blood. Just take care, and you'll recover with time."

Charmine felt more reassured, somewhat.

Luke felt thankful. "Thank you, doctor." "You're welcome." The doctor gave them the medication Anthony needed, and Luke then walked him out.

That left only Charmine, Chris, and Anthony inside this small house.

Anthony looked up at Charmine and fixed his eyes on Chris.

Chris instantly understood and said to Charmine, "Mommy, Daddy lost so much blood. I'll go and ask Chloe if there's any herb to help him replenish his blood."

Charmine ruffled his hair. "Go on," she relented, "but be careful." "Okay."

After Chris left, Anthony looked at Charmine and said reassuringly, "Don't worry, I'm fine."

Charmine said nothing at that, merely standing by the side as she studied his listless body. "Thank you," she uttered.

Anthony frowned. Why was she so polite?

It was his duty to protect her!

No matter when and where, he would never want her hurt as long as he was around, 1 Anthony was going to brush it off, but his eyes slightly darkened. He had a thought and said, "I don't like verbal thank you's."

Charmine pursed her lips and asked, "How do you want me to repay you?"

She did not want to owe him anything. She would do him a favor or two to make them even.

Anthony said, "If you wish to thank me, you'll have to let me eat in your house for three days."

Charmine instantly frowned, and Anthony did not miss this reaction. His heart sank at her frown.

His request was something so simple, yet she was that hesitant?

If she turned him down, he would be out of ideas. At this point, he could only agree to whatever she asked.

Anthony pursed his lips and explained, "Don't get me wrong; this is purely because Luke doesn't cook well. You know I have a stomach problem, and I only want to have full meals. I'll go back to Burlington after three days."

That seemed enough to persuade Charmine.

Although she did not want to spend time with him, she did not want to owe him so much either. Furthermore, they would only be in the same space during meals. It was not like they had to spend the days together.

After three days, he would leave this village. That would be good.

"Alright, then," Charmine agreed to his request, to which Anthony's dull eyes glimmered faintly.

"I'm hungry," he said right after.

Charmine looked at him with disbelief. Did he just ask her to cook right away?

Alas, she did give her consent to it, and she could not go down on her word.

Wordlessly, Charmine got up and left.

Anthony watched as she angrily left, and his lips curled up into an unnoticeable loving smile.

She would get mad at him, but this showed that she still cared about him.

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1677-Charmine's behavior toward Anthony would slowly change.

Meanwhile...

Dior and Harry were getting treated in one room.

The two of them were laying in beds opposite one another, and they both had a cast on their leg.

Dior tilted her head to look at Harry's handsome face. She thought of how secure she felt when he hugged her, and her eyes gleamed nostalgically.

With their bond growing better, he would be hers entirely in no time!

When that day would come, she would be able to sleep by his side officially, able to place her arms around his muscular, sexy torso.

She no longer had to sneakily touch his chest to feel good about it.

Excited at the thought, Dior completely forgot about her wound and continued to look at Harry, seemingly starstruck as she looked right into him. "Harry, does your leg still hurt?" she asked.

"Can you keep quiet?" he snapped.

Dior halted, she pouted, "Can't you be kinder? Yes, I dragged you down that slope, but as I said, I'll be responsible for it, don't worry. I'll pay for your medical expenses, your work, and your effort. I'll pay them all!"

Harry acted as if he did not hear her, shutting his eyes as he laid still in bed.

Dior looked at how worn-out Harry seemed and decided to leave him be.

After about ten minutes of silence, Harry's breaths grew stable.

Thinking he had to be asleep, Charmine could not help coming down from her bed. 4 With one of her legs covered with a cast and a thick bandage that wrapped around one of her arms, she wobbled toward Harry's bedside and pulled the intravenous stick with her. She stood by his side and gazed at his pale face and was overwhelmed with guilt.

She felt bad for him-truly awful.

He was a prepossessing man and was loyal too, yet a superficial woman dumped him.

Because of that, he was crushed.

Why did he have to go through so much pain in his life?

She wanted to protect him, never once allowing him to be hurt. She did not want him to lose his dignity for money.

All that, and he did not accept her kindness. He was too stubborn.

Dior looked at him and sighed helplessly. She then took a blanket from the side and draped it over him gently.

When she was supposed to leave, she remained standing at his bedside instead and watched over him for a long while.

Unable to hold herself back, she lowered her head and left a gentle peck on his cheek. It was as if she had gained the most precious thing in the world, and it satisfied her greatly.

She happily grazed her lips and acted as if nothing had happened, returning to her bed afterward.

What she did not know was that Harry was awake the whole time!

He clenched his fists tightly when she draped the blanket over, and when her soft lips landed on his cheek, his entire being grew taut.

Despite that, he did not move and kept his eyes closed.

Truthfully, he knew she was an innocent lady. Perhaps she came from a well-off background, but she was not superficial.

Every time he felt her caring for him, he felt guiltier.

He had been reminding himself to stop using this innocent lady, to stop treating her this way...but he just could not turn her away.

He just kept her around to trigger Sonia. Moreover, he did not want his grandmother to keep introducing women to him, which was why he brought her to the village.

However, that was it. He did not feel anything else.

With the act coming to a close, it was time to ask her to leave.

He feared things would get out of hand if this continued.

He would not let his plan go sidetracked again.

With that in mind, Harry parted his eyelids, revealing his dark eyes, and looked over.

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1678-Harry turned to look at Dior as she got to her bed, but at that very moment, she was staring at him, too.

Her eyes were clear like stars in the sky, twinkling with admiration and adoration.

His eyes darkened.

He should ask a lady like her to leave.

Dior jolted as she noticed him looking at her. It was pure coincidence, see, as she had been gazing at him so lovingly when he turned.

She took a while to react before she asked, "You're awake?"

Gazing at her, Harry opened his mouth to speak when his phone next to him rang. With just a glance, he noticed the caller ID stated that it was Sonia.

Harry squinted his phone but could not help hovering his finger above the 'answer' option. Instantly, however, he recalled how she got into the luxury call of another man.

His eyes clouded with silent fury, Harry moved his finger and pressed the reject button instead before tossing his phone away.

Dior looked at him and asked, "Why didn't you answer?"

Harry looked at her darkly and said, "It's a promotional call." "Oh." Dior believed him and said caringly, "You can just block them."

He halted and nodded.

A second later, his phone rang with a text.

Harry remained silent for a moment. Unable to contain himself, he took back his phone and opened the text.

Sonia wrote, [Harry, I passed by the village and saw Grandma's house. I'm buying some stuff for her at the village store. I'll pay her a visit later. Do you have anything for me to pass on to Grandma? Don't worry, I'll give her some living expenses.] Harry's eyes grew dull.

She acted as if she was above him. What was that for? Who would want her money?

Face contorting darkly, Harry replied, [No need.] However, she did not reply.

Harry knew her well enough to tell that she would come if she did not reply.

After a moment of thought, he looked at Dior who was opposite him.

He would use her...one last time.

Harry pursed his thin lips and said, "Can you come here?" "Huh?" Dior jolted upon hearing his hoarse, magnetic voice. She did not even question him as she instantly agreed, "Alright, hold on."

She supported her plastered leg and bandaged arm. Her other hand pulled the intravenous stick with her as she slowly made her way to him.

Harry narrowed his eyes as he watched her. She...seemed to genuinely care about him.

Somehow, he did not want to treat her this way anymore. She should be finding a man who treated her well.

Harry narrowed his eyes, but the words were stuck in his throat. Right then, he could clearly make out the sound of high heels from the window.

He swallowed in his words somehow.

Dior came to his bedside and asked, "What is it?"

He looked at her and said, "My head hurts. Can you massage it for me?"

Dior paused.

He actually asked her to perform such an intimate act?

Did he finally care about her?

Hehe!

Dior would not turn him down. She sat by his bed and unfurled her fair fingers to massage his temple, though she could feel Harry tensing upon contact.

She pressed on his temples gently and asked playfully, "Do you have to be so nervous? I didn't do anything. I'm only massaging you." "I just have a headache," came Harry's apathetic response.

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Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1679-Alright, alright, I'll massage your temples." Dior was fully focused. "Hold on."

Meanwhile...

Sonia, finally able to leave her boyfriend's side for a while, had been around the area for a few days and had time to visit Harry's grandmother.

With two bags of expensive things at hand, she knocked on the door." Grandma, are you home?"

The village chief inside the house walked toward the door and opened it, pausing as she was met with Sonia. "Sonia? You came, too?"

That stunned Sonia. "Too?" "Yeah, Harry is home." "What!?" Sonia's expression changed. "Harry is inside?"

What was he doing in Mount Village?

Was it because he knew she was coming, and he was chasing after her?

Was he still so stubborn and in love with her?

This somehow pleased Sonia.

Heh. She knew he was just acting with that arrogant woman in front of her.

"Yeah. Are you not here looking for him?" asked the village chief, stunned.

If Harry had not broken up with Sonia, why would he come with Dior?

If Dior and Harry were just friends, why did they spend a night up the mountain and did not come home?

"I'm going in to find him, Grandma." Sonia pushed the bags into the village chief's hands and walked past her. 1 Although she knew she could not be with him, she still had to comfort him. She did not want him to be too upset.

Sonia walked past the front yard and straight into the living room. She looked into his room and saw...

Harry was indeed inside, but that arrogant woman was right beside him!

He was even that close and all cozied up with that woman! Did he just allow her to massage him?

In her fury, Sonia did not notice the injuries on Harry and Dior. All she could see was him being so intimate with another woman!

Inside the room...

Dior, not hearing what was happening outside, continued to massage Harry while he laid still, listening to the outside commotion.

He could clearly hear her footsteps stopping outside his room.

His gaze depicted just how conflicted he was, but he retrieved the coldness in his eyes, softening his gaze as he reached out his hand to hold Dior's hand. "I feel much better." "Is it that good?" asked Dior.

She had only massaged him for two minutes.

Of course, she did not question him beyond that, fully focused on the warmth coming from his palm.

She could feel his callous-riddled palms, with veins going to the back of his arm and going all the way to his heart...

Dior's delicate face instantly flushed red. "Harry..." she muttered.

He had a gentle look on his face as he tucked a strand of her hair behind her ear, saying, 'Thank you. Go and get some rest.'

Dior looked at him in shock. She could not believe that Harry would treat her this well!

Had he fallen for her?

A wide smile spread across her face, but just as she was about to speak- "Harry Cogen!"

Sonia, unable to contain herself, burst into the room and barked, "What are you doing here?!"

Dior jolted and looked around to see Sonia walking in angrily.

Harry pretended as if he did not know she was here. "Why are you here?" he countered.

"You ignored my calls and texts because you're with this woman?"

Sonia pointed her finger at Dior, her eyes saucer-like wide as she glared at Harry angrily.

?

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1680-ior was instantly irritated. She glared at Sonia and sassily retorted, "Who are you to question him? What right do you have to question who Harry is with?"

Ma'am, don't forget that you broke up with Harry long ago! What now? Did your rich boyfriend dump you, and you now want to get back with him? I'm sorry, but my man doesn't like old shoes!"

Harry's eyes darkened at Dior's words.

“You-!” Sonia glared at Dior angrily. “Who are you? Since when do you have a say in the matter between Harry and I?” “Funny! I should be the one asking you the same question!” Dior scoffed at her. “Please look at yourself. I’m his girlfriend now! Who are you, pointing your finger at me?!”

Sonia was so triggered that her face turned pale.

She thought Harry was with this mean woman just to trigger her, yet even after Dior had dragged her to filth, he did not even speak for her stead?

In the past, he would have fought anyone who talked to her like this, but it seemed that...

Sonia looked at Harry incredulously. “Harry, is what she’s saying...true?” she questioned. “Are you not just making me jealous? Are you really seeing her now?”

Harry looked at her coldly. “I’ve answered this very question a long time ago.

You just haven’t accepted the fact.”

Sonia had tears in her eyes as she stumbled back weakly.

Was Harry in love with another woman? Had he...no feelings for her anymore? 2 Dior looked at her face and she cackled. “How shameless are you? You dumped him, and now you’re all emotional? How hilarious. If you can find another man, why can’t he move on? Is there any law saying that he has to stay and wait for you for the rest of his life?”

Sonia’s expression contorted coldly, sobbing and yelling at Dior as she did, “You’re just an outsider who has no right to speak in my matters with him-” “Shut up!”

Before Sonia could finish, Harry snapped at her, shutting her down. “And who are you? What gave you the right to scold my woman with that tone? You’re the outsider here!”

Dior halted and looked at him with disbelief.

What did he say?

Did she mishear him? Did he call her his woman!?

He did seem to treat her better for the past few days.

Had he fallen for her but kept it to himself all along?

Dior’s heart quivered.

Ahh! The moment had finally come! He finally admitted his feelings for her!

Her, Dior Granger, was Harry’s woman! 1 Dior gazed at Harry, wonderstruck and in bliss, i Sonia, meanwhile, was rooted on the spot as she looked on in disbelief.

Finally, her composure crumbled altogether as tears fell down her cheeks.

The pair looked so gentle to one another, akin to water, while Dior looked at him emotionally. He once said he would only love her, but at this moment, he yelled at her for another woman.

Sonia bit her red lip and felt so much pain that she could not breathe.

Still was she not the one who caused it all?

She left him for a luxurious life. She was the one who turned away this loyal man to another woman.

Even if he still felt something for her, what could she give him?

She had almost forgotten that she was pregnant, too.

Sonia's eyes turned dull. She looked at Dior, and then at Harry, before she hoarsely, nasally spoke, "I hope you're happy now, Harry, and not just finding another replacement to trigger me. I'll feel less guilty this way."

Dior was speechless.

Did Sonia not understand what they said?

Harry scoffed. "You don't have to feel guilty."

What he said next was enunciated, word by word, "You no longer existed in my heart!"