

Chapter 1691-Charmine paused for a moment before nodding at Anthony.

With that, Anthony cut off the thorns and left Charmine with only smaller plants to deal with.

Meanwhile, Chris entered the kitchen and grinned at the thought of his plan.

Connecting a hose to the water source and turning it on, he then took it outside happily and started watering the plants.

"I'm watering the plants."

Charmine and Anthony had no idea of what Chris was up to.

As his gaze flickered to and fro, Chris swiftly shifted the hose in their direction, shooting them with water as he seriously exclaimed, "I need to water them, too!" The water assailed Anthony and Charmine like a heavy downpour.

"Agh!" Charmine cried out in shock.

Just like that, Charmine and Anthony's backs were drenched in water.

Anthony reacted and instinctively shielded Charmine from the water. He then turned to look at the water that only grew stronger, then at Chris darkly. "What are you doing?" "Watering the plants!" Chris answered as he cleverly moved the water and pointed it directly at Charmine, all while winking at Anthony as signals.

'Daddy, it's time for you to be a hero!' The water pelted against both of them, and Charmine was thoroughly wet.

Flipping her hair to the side, she helplessly yelled, all while moving away, "

Chris, turn down the water!"

However, Chris' eyes were fixed on them. "Mommy and Daddy can't run away!"

Charmine and Anthony were speechless.

Was this boy doing this on purpose?

However, seeing the innocent grin on Chris' face, they had no heart to chastise.

The only option left for them was to flee from the spouting water.

Chris' tiny figure gave chase as he intentionally directed the hose pipe at Charmine.

Floosh!

The water shot toward Charmine.

Just as Charmine attempted to dodge the water, Anthony's tall figure suddenly emerged, shielding her from the water entirely though drenching him in the process.

Charmine gazed at Anthony, all soaked, then at his wide shoulders, conflicted.

Despite water droplets raining down on them, Charmine was spared whenever Anthony protected her like this.

Charmine had always been self-reliant, not lacking any sense of security.

At this very moment, however, she felt it blanketing her warmly.

It truly felt for her that even if the sky fell, Anthony would safeguard her, still.

For that, Charmine was impassioned.

She watched as Anthony walked toward the water to get to Chris, yet even then, Anthony, at this moment, was surreal to her.

Charmine would have been the happiest woman on earth had nothing broken her heart.

Alas...something did.

Just like broken glass, no matter how one tried to glue the pieces back, they would not be the same.

Although Charmine chose to ease herself and let everything take its course, it did not mean that she had forgiven Anthony.

Anthony walked toward Chris, but Chris was still pointing the pipe at them both.

Knowing he could not stop Chris, Anthony walked back to Charmine.

Noticing how unkempt her hair was, Anthony instinctively reached out and tucked her hair behind her ears.

Charmine was rooted on the spot and forgot how to react as she stared at Anthony wide-eyed, allowing him to tuck her hair as he pleased.

This did not go unseen by Chris, too, and he stopped aiming the hose at them.

His gaze shifted around as he eyed them both.

Anthony should be kissing Charmine, right? 1 That was what Chris expected.

However...

Noticing that the water assault had stopped, Charmine reacted and flipped her hair back.

Anthony's hand hung mid-air before he put it down.

Looking at her drenched clothes, he said, "Go back and get changed. Don't catch a cold."

Charmine nodded coldly at that and swept a glance at his own clothes with water dripping down them. Pursing her lips, she said nothing and turned to walk into the house.

Anthony remained still and watched Charmine leave, his expression gentle as he turned to walk away.

Chapter 1692-Chris was speechless.

Was that it?

What happened? He was waiting for Anthony and Charmine to kiss!

Were they not getting all chummy already?

It seemed that they had not returned to the state they once were in. In that case, he just had to keep working on it!

Inside the room...

Having changed into a different outfit, Charmine sat by the bedside and looked out of the window, her eyes gleaming as she did.

It felt as though the best days from before never ended, that it continued still.

Anthony disregarded his fever as he kept her safe.

Chris, meanwhile, had not smiled so genuinely for a long time.

Truthfully, all of this was good.

However...

Charmine looked visibly discorded and willed herself to not trouble herself.

Inhaling deeply, she then headed out.

She went to the vegetable field and brought a handful of vegetables. By the time she went home, it was noon.

Anthony had already changed into a different outfit and was conversing with Chris inside the pavilion.

Charmine squinted at the sight. She went over, and as she was about to choose the vegetables, Anthony's tall figure walked toward her. "Let me do it."

Charmine did not refuse his help and walked into the kitchen to start the fire.

After Anthony had chosen the vegetables, he went inside as well.

Spotting Charmine rinsing the chicken, he walked toward her and offered, "Let me cut that. You wash the vegetables."

Charmine, once more, put up no resistance and washed the vegetables instead.

She then started to cut and prepare the ingredients as Anthony started the fire.

Anthony did all the heavy-lifting while Charmine wrapped up the lighter tasks.

The two of them worked together to prepare the meal while Chris played in the front yard. The atmosphere felt blissful as if they truly were a family of three.

That evening, at the village chief's house.

Dior's twisted ankle had completely recovered. Her arm was still bandaged, however, so she still could not move as freely.

Despite that, she did not seem to care about herself. In the past two days, she had stayed by Harry's side and taken good care of him, much to the village chief's pleasure.

She had heard of their conversation with Sonia, too.

Apparently, Sonia and Harry had broken up and found herself a rich boyfriend.

What Sonia did not know was Harry's actual asset...

Sigh.

She was just an old lady, and she should not meddle with the affairs of the young ones. Seeing how sincere Dior was, the village chief was at ease.

Dior had a genial disposition while Harry had a distant personality, courtesy of what had happened in his childhood.

The two of them complimented one another, so much so that everything would be amazing if they could stay together.

The village chief made dinner and got to their room. "Dior, Harry, dinner's ready."

"Coming!" replied Dior before she got to Harry's bedside and supported him with her free arm. 1 Harry looked visibly irked as he looked at Dior coldly, though conflicted in his right.

He wanted to let Dior leave, but when he thought of how Sonia was still around, he knew she would make a scene if she came over and saw him alone.

The so-called 'making-a-scene' was her 'comforting' him, asking him not to feel too bad.

He knew exactly what she was thinking.

She wanted him to mourn for his loss, to miss her so badly that he missed his meals. This way, she would feel satisfied.

Well, he would never show that to Sonia!

With that, Harry allowed Dior to help bring him to the table, and they sat opposite one another.

The village chief spooned some vegetables for Dior and said, "Have some more, Dior. Tell me what you want to eat tomorrow, and I'll make them for you."

Dior smiled. "I like anything you make, Grandma, especially this dish. I won't be able to find it in town-it's so yummy!"

The village chief smiled a blissful smile. "If you like it, bring some with you when you go back.

Chapter 1693-"Okay."

It was as though Dior was the village chief's granddaughter-in-law. She did not seem to mind that, however, and got along very well with the elderly lady and Chloe.

Harry looked at the three of them and continued eating.

Dior took up the fork with her bandaged hand, but as she turned to look at Harry, a light bulb was lit in her mind as she relaxed her fingers.

Clang! The fork fell onto the table, causing all heads to turn toward her.

Dior had a frown on her face as she feebly muttered, "My hand is hurting again."

Putting on the pretense of suffering, Dior bit her lip and lifted the fork again. She then looked at Harry and asked, "Harry, can you feed me?"

Harry turned and looked at Dior.

Was she not holding the fork before? Was she acting?

He pursed his lips. As he was about to refuse, Harry's gaze that inadvertently shifted to the window spotted a fair lady outside from the corner of his eyes.

Although it was a blurry silhouette, he could instantly tell that it was Sonia.

Harry refocused on Dior and softened his gaze toward her, worryingly asking, "Is your hand still hurting?" "Yeah." Dior blinked her doe eyes innocently.

Harry put on a helpless yet loving look. He put down his fork and took her knife to cut the food for her.

He then forked a nice bacon and lifted it to her lips. "Open your mouth."

Dior gazed at him, stupefied, yet her eyes gleamed.

He was actually feeding her?

She was just trying her luck. Did Harry not know she was acting? He looked serious and lovingly concerned.

Was he starting to care for her?

No, no, no-it was more than just him caring for her. Was he...in love with her already?

Dior practically beamed as she parted her lips and ate happily. "So yummy!" she spoke, still chewing. "This is the best bacon I've eaten in this world."

Harry looked at her gently. "Eat more if you like it. You're not going to find this in the city."

Dior said, "Grandma said I can bring some home. Are you okay with that?" "Of course," replied Harry. "I'll get you anything you want, so why won't I be okay with this?"

Harry sounded endearing in the way he spoke. It was as if he would spoil her with anything and would do anything for her.

Dior could hardly believe his response; it felt as though this was all just a dream.

2 Harry was changing so quickly that she was unable to react. Had she won over this man's heart?

Given his cold temperament, Harry must have been so in love with her.

Harry's cold shoulder was all he gave her before he let her into his heart, but once he did, he would spoil her with anything.

His gentleness would only be hers.

Dior looked at Harry and smiled lovingly. "I want the beans."

Harry instantly scooped some beans and brought them to Dior's lips. "Careful, they're hot."

Dior opened her mouth and welcomed the somewhat spicy beans into her mouth. They tasted sweet.

She relished in this feeling of bliss.

Sonia, who was outside the door, saw everything transpired. She clenched her fists as her eyes burned with jealousy.

D\*mn it!

Since when did Harry become so gentle?

Even when he was head over heels for her, he never treated her that sweetly before. All he would do was put food on her plate!

Chapter 1694-Was Harry actually feeding that arrogant woman? Was he that enamored with her?!

'I, Harry Cogen, will only love Sonia for the rest of my life. I will love her 'till my last breath. My wife will only be Sonia.' Were those not his words from before?

Ha...! Haha!

Oh, Harry Cogen!

Although she was the one who severed their relationship, it was solely because of financial reasons. She had to break things off with Harry because of that, yet he was still the man she loved.

What did Harry do?

Within a month after breaking up, he had fallen in love with another woman.

That meant the promise he made was nothing compared to money, and Sonia would not give in!

Sonia looked away and left angrily.

If Harry was so in love with that woman, she would show him how much better her new lover was. That new woman of his, in turn, would be inferior to her.

What was love?

In no time, the woman would find out that even though love was everything, reality would dampen everything...and Sonia did not believe that love could withstand it all.

Sonia scoffed and went home.

If Harry stopped caring for her, she would just marry George, then, i They would have a big wedding and make sure everyone in Burlington would hear about it. She wanted Harry to know that he would never be hers again.

If he could forget about her so easily, she would not make it easy for him, either!

Sonia clenched her fists and returned home, only to find the residence empty.

Where did George go?

Sonia frowned and took out her phone, trying to make a phone call, when she heard a gentle voice coming from the bedroom.

"I miss you, too..." 1 Sonia paused at that.

This was George's voice!

Who was he calling? Why did he sound so gentle?

Did he have a lover behind her back?

The audacity!

Sonia's gaze grew icily hostile as she marched toward the door. Just as she was about to push the door open and question him of what she had heard, his voice once more resonated from the room, "Don't be upset, my darling wife..." 3 Sonia was petrified on the spot, and for a moment, she even thought she was hallucinating.

'My darling wife'?

She was his darling! Who was he calling, darling wife?

Sonia's body became tense as she could not help herself from listening on.

"Don't be mad, my darling wife. I'm only here to accompany her for a few days.

I'll come home soon." "She's now pregnant, so I need to do it her way. If she gets angry, her baby might get affected. It's our family's heir!" 1 "No, no, why would I? Why would I fall for her? If it wasn't for her ideal genes, I wouldn't take another glance at this superficial woman!

"I don't blame you, my darling wife. You need to know that you're the one I love.

That's why I didn't tell my family about your infertility. Otherwise, if my parents find out, they'll force us to get a divorce.

"I'm staying with her for the sake of the baby in her stomach. Please, just bear for a while longer, alright? I've only touched her once. Once the baby is out, I'll make her leave!" 1 Sonia stood outside the door, her face pale like snow. She covered her lips in disbelief as her eyes became red-rimmed. 1 Was she dreaming?

The man, who spoiled her and would give her anything, had a wife?

He was only that kind to her for the sake of the baby, all because his wife was infertile?

That was why he wanted her to bear the child?

Moreover...he would make her leave after birthing the baby?

Was he just using her all this while?!

Sonia felt like an utter fool. 2 She felt like all her dreams were crushed at this instance.

??

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1695-Sonia's dream of becoming a rich wife, marrying into George's rich family, having a taste of his rich family business, had all vanished.

She still innocently believed that she could marry a rich man, despite herself coming from a humble background, and that life would change for her.

She dumped Harry for this goal. but she was the fool in the end. Quite the irony, this was. 2 Sonia clenched her fists.

No. She refused to go down this route. She was never one to be trampled on.

She would not let George get his way!

Sonia was so angry that she wanted to beat him up, but just as her hand reached for the doorknob, she became still.

Could she fight George?

Even if she interrogated him or beat him up, what could she get?

Only a warning, most likely.

George's family owned a big company in Burlington. If this incident went up the news, he could easily accuse her of seducing him.

By then, Sonia would have lost her reputation and had to hide from street to street. She would not be able to stay in Burlington.

Without a choice, Sonia forced her anger down her throat, her dark, cold eyes burning in regret as she did.

If George was merely using her to have his baby, then he better not accuse her of being heartless.

She could get over the dream of having a wedding with this overweight man...but she still had to get his money!

Once she took his money from him, she would then abort the baby. This man would never take the child from her!

George expected her baby to become his and his wife's?

Ha! He might as well dream about it!



Sonia scoffed and reached out to caress her flat belly. Acting as though nothing happened, she smirked darkly and walked out of the house.

As she swept a glance across the quiet surroundings, her eyes landed on the house opposite the stream, and she could not look away.

Harry...

A good man he was, and she devastated him.

Could she rekindle their relationship...?

Sonia could not help walking toward the house.

Just as she got under the tree, however, she suddenly remembered that he already had another woman. She would only get laughed at if she went inside at this point.

Sonia bit her lip, rooted where she stood as she gazed at the light that illuminated the house.

She recalled the times she and Harry had spent together, realizing then and there that only Harry treated her the best.

He had loved her and spoiled her... Although he could not give her the world, he gave her his entire world.

All that, and she turned a sincere man like him away for the sake of money.

She must not lose an earnest man like Harry.

Sonia went through everything mentally. If she explained to Harry and told him that she was a victim herself, that George had taken advantage of her and set her up from the start, Harry would forgive her.

By then, she could abort the baby and then knock out a chunk of cash from George to fund Harry. With Harry's intelligence, he would make something of his own.

They would then live happily ever after, no longer suffering from the lack of money!

Furthermore, Harry was dating a rich woman, and he probably got tired of living a frugal life as well.

Even if it was for the few millions Sonia would get from the baby, Harry would get back with her.

That woman, Dior, might as well get out of the way. Harry probably was in this relationship for the money!

Harry would only love her, Sonia, and no one else!

Dior's mood had elevated to a new level after having experienced Harry's soft side.

The sky was bright even after dinner. She asked Charmine out on a walk to the bamboo bridge. They enjoyed the night breeze and gazed at the night sky. i Noticing just how bright Dior seemed, Charmine could not help asking, " Ms.

Granger, any news to share?\*" "Hehe!" Dior looked at Charmine and exclaimed, all smiles and prideful, " Charmine, get ready-I'm getting married soon. You must come to my wedding!" "Huh?" Charmine raised an eyebrow at her. "You're getting married? With Harry?"

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1696-"Yeah." Dior could not mask the happiness in her eyes as she declared," I've gotten him now-hook, line, and sinker. He treated me so sweetly for the past two days. I just found out that a good-looking guy doesn't necessarily have to be a player. He can also be gentle and committed to a woman...and I'm this woman!"

Dior, hopelessly in love, added, "His ex came to look for him yesterday, but when she ran her mouth at me in front of him, he spoke up for me and asked her to leave. Furthermore, during the dinner, I pretended as if my hand was hurting and couldn't use the fork. He knew I was faking it but still hand-fed me.

How could I not fall in love with a gentleman like him?"

Charmine looked at how happy Dior seemed, and she was happy for her. Her alluring lips curled into a smile as she commented, "Well, you managed to melt a frigid man's heart." "Haha!" Dior was proud of this. "He's so reserved. I think he also liked me in the beginning but kept it to himself. Now that he's so much in love with me, he can't hide it anymore." "Yeah," said Charmine, "well, congratulations in advance."

At the thought that she would be marrying Harry soon and having him for good, the smile broadened on Dior's face.

With one hand supporting her chin, Dior began fantasizing about marriage life.

She then looked at Charmine and asked excitedly, "Charmine, what do you think I should name our children?"

Charmine was speechless.

Their...children?

Was it not too soon to think about this?

Charmine pursed her lips, and although she had some ideas, she did not want to impose her view on love on Dior. "What name would you like?" she asked.

"I can't think of one yet," she answered. "I want to have a name with meanings."

Charmine thought about it and said, "You don't even know if it's a boy or girl."

"Mmh!" Dior smiled giddily. "So might as well come up with both! I hope they're twins!"

Charmine could not help smiling. "It's still early; take your time."

Dior nodded and started thinking. "If her surname is Cogen, a baby girl will be named Flora Cogen. Flora could represent the flowers that bloom so independently. This name is meaningful! As for a baby boy..."

Dior continued, "A baby boy's name can be anything. Joe sounds good to me.

Charmine was speechless.

Was Dior serious?

Still, Flora did sound like a good name.

"The baby girl's name sounds good," Charmine pointed out, "and as for the baby boy..."

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Dior smiled proudly. "Haha! That's it, then! Our baby girl will be Flora, and our baby boy's name is yet to come!" i With that said, she turned to look at Charmine. "I want my baby Flora and Chris to marry when they grow up!"

Charmine's red lips curled into a smile as she reminded, "You may have to discuss this with Anthony. I can't make the final decision." i Although Chris had treated her like his actual mother, Anthony was still his actual father, and they would be a family with Waverly.

She had no say in this at all.

"Hmm?" Dior looked at her. "Why would you say that, Charmine? Didn't you rekindle your relationship with Anthony? I saw the three of you playing in the yard this afternoon. You guys look so happy." 1 Seeing them in the yard made Dior fantasize about herself and Harry playing with their future kids. They would be just as loving!

Charmine pursed her lips and looked at the stream below her feet. "We were just messing with Chris," she replied. "I and Anthony won't return to what we once were."

Even if she no longer held a grudge against him, she was only letting go for her own sake and did not want herself to be affected by the past.

Chapter 1697-"Yeah." Dior could not mask the happiness in her eyes as she declared, "I've gotten him now-hook, line, and sinker. He treated me so sweetly for the past two days. I just found out that a good-looking guy doesn't necessarily have to be a player. He can also be gentle and committed to a woman...and I'm this woman!"

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Even if she no longer held a grudge against him, she was only letting go for her own sake and did not want herself to be affected by the past.

Chapter 1700-With this thought, Sonia grabbed Harry's hand tightly and whimpered," Harry, I don't believe that you'd fall in love with another woman so quickly. You won't fall for someone like her. You went with her because of money, right? Harry...could you break up with her, please? I know you're sick of being poor, and it's okay— I'll give you money. I have George's baby in me, and although I know he framed me, I won't expose him. I want revenge!

"I'll knock a huge sum out of him, and once I get hold of the money, I'll abort the baby. You can then have this money to start a business or two. You're a bright individual, Harry, and you shouldn't bury your potential. You'll become successful one day!"

Harry squinted.

Although Sonia sounded as though she wanted the best for him, that she was forced to be with George to protect him from harm, and that she would break up with George, getting a large sum out of him...

Harry would never forget the happy look on her face when she first got together with George.

He would never forget when Sonia said that he would never be able to give her the life she wanted.

He could never forget, too, that she had another man's baby in her womb!

Even if Sonia told the truth, they would never rekindle their old relationship, and topping that off was the fact he had not verified everything Sonia had claimed.

Harry clenched his fists and seemed to be restraining himself from something.

His eyes turned cold as he scoffed, "My apologies, but I don't need that. As for the matter between you and your boyfriend, it's none of my concern. You don't have to explain these things to me!" "What!?" Sonia looked at him incredulously.

"Harry, what are you talking about? Can you not be so harsh? I've learned my mistake; I was forced! Why can't you forgive me? Didn't you say that I'm the only woman you'd marry in your life? How could you have changed into a different person within half a month? I won't believe that you fell out of love for me. You're with that woman for the sake of money, Harry... Tell me you still love me, please?"

Sonia looked at Harry with tears brimming in her eyes. "I'm still deeply in love with you. Harry, as long as you nod your head, I'll abort the baby. We'll have a beautiful future."

Harry listened until Sonia finished, remaining unperturbed all the while. "That's your fantasy. I'm living a happy life now, so please stop disturbing me so incessantly!"

Sonia felt a loud buzz in her head upon hearing Harry's response. She had just told such a perfect explanation, yet Harry was not moved?

Why was this so different from what she expected?

Was Harry not supposed to be touched by all this and forgive her in the end?

Had he truly fallen for another woman within such a short period?

This was absurd to Sonia. The man who was once head over heels for her became a ruthless individual.

She bit her lip as she stared at Harry. She wanted to continue her conviction, but the sound of heels clicking against the ground could be heard from outside.

Harry looked up and glared at Sonia. "Ms. Sonia, my girlfriend is back. I don't want to upset her for this, so please leave!"

Dior was just outside the door when she overheard Harry. Squinting, she quickly reacted as she walked into the room.

It was just as she expected.

Dior scoffed. "What? Don't you understand human language? Leave, or I'll toss you out!" What was this woman thinking?

Harry already made it so clear to her that he was no longer in love with him! 1 Why was she so shameless? How many times did she have to show up every day?

Sonia's face turned pale. Ignoring Dior's comment, she feebly turned to Harry and asked once more...