

Chapter 1701-“Harry, do you really have to be so cruel to me? My reasons were for your sake.

I had no choice but to do this, but now it’s my fault?”

Dior was bewildered as she stared at Sonia. How could this woman be so shameless?

Sonia was the one who dumped Harry, yet she could pull off this expression as though he owed her something!

There was a glint of conflict in Harry’s eyes, yet his handsome face was unwaveringly aloof. “Yes. We won’t stand a chance in this lifetime.”

Dior’s face that began to sink lightened up upon hearing Harry’s response, and she gazed at him endearingly.

Sonia, meanwhile, staggered backward as she took the blow. 1 In the back of Harry’s mind, he wanted so badly to go up to her and help her stand. His heart clenched at the sight of a pitiful Sonia, and he gripped his fists tightly.

Nonetheless, he remained seated on his bed.

Seeing just how stoic and unforgiving he was, Sonia bit her lip, seemingly defeated as she muttered, “Alright...I understand, Harry. If this is what you want, I won’t disturb you anymore.”

Turning her gaze to Dior and then to Harry, she forced a bitter smile on her face.

“I wish you happiness.” 1 With that, she turned and ran away while wiping tears from her face, all while Dior stared at her, utterly baffled.

Well, was she supposed to thank Sonia for being so ‘generous’? Why did she make it seem as if they were the ones hurting her?

Had she forgotten how she hurt Harry?

A person could never be defeated if they decided to be that shameless! 1 Dior walked into the room and realized something, however.

Harry’s eyes were fixed outside the window.

Dior waved in front of Harry and asked intentionally, “What now? Do you still miss her?”

What she expected was for Harry to say decisively, “No, I’ve long forgotten about her. You’re the only one that I care about.” Alarmingly...

He merely looked away and glanced at her. “It’s none of your business.” Dior jolted, and for a moment, she thought she was hallucinating.

What just happened? Why was he so...snappy toward her?

Did he not ask Sonia to leave and said that he did not want her to misunderstand, that he did not want to upset her?

Why were his tone and attitude so cold, just like how when they first met?

Did he not admit that she was his girlfriend?

This all looked so absurd to Dior.

She stood by the bed and glared at Harry, saying, "You should think things carefully!"

Her tone was obviously conveying her distaste, making it clear to Harry that she was angry and that he had to coax her.

One word of concern from him would instantly cheer her up.

Unfortunately...

Harry acted as if he heard nothing. He went back to bed and put his hands behind his head. He looked up at the ceiling as his emotions duked it out.

In his head, he kept recalling what Sonia said.

'I had no choice but to be with him. I broke up with you to protect you...

You're still the one that I love...' Although Sonia was pregnant with another man's baby, if everything she said was true, then she...

Harry then thought of how he had been using Dior to infuriate Sonia intentionally in the past two days.

She must have felt wronged-crushed, even.

Chapter 1702-Harry felt as though his heart had been pierced.

He dared not imagine how much of a douche he would have become if everything Sonia said was true.

He put her through so much.

Dior, meanwhile, laid in bed with her eyes fixed on Harry. When she saw how regretful he looked, she was dumbfounded.

Was he possibly regretting breaking up with Sonia? Was he-dare Dior say-regretting dating her?

D\*mn it!

What did the b\*tch say to him when she was out with Charmine?

Did Harry still have feelings for her? Why else would he be so apathetic whenever Sonia made her appearance?

Always an impatient character, Dior could not help asking, "Harry, what are you trying to do? You're always so cold to me whenever your ex shows up. Do you think this is fair to me?"

Harry snapped out of his thoughts and glanced at Dior dully.

Since Sonia had explained everything to him, there was no need for Harry to keep using Dior to trigger Sonia.

He wanted to tell Dior the truth, to tell her that he had merely been using her.

Try as he might, however, he just could not do it as he gazed into her hope-filled eyes. His thin lips moved but ended up saying nothing.

Before he figured out the truth, Harry must not make any rushed conclusion.

Harry looked at Dior and passively replied, "It's nothing. I'm thinking about something else." "Oh." Dior bit her lip. Although she knew he was lying to her, what else could she say?

Could she even get mad at him? Could she ask him to stop finding his ex?

No. That would only start an argument and benefit that b\*tch.

The b\*tch would want them to argue, and Harry would then go running after her.

What a despicable thing, this was.

Nonetheless, Dior recalled that Harry would typically behave in this way, moody and all, after Sonia got into his head. It would not take long before he would recover, though.

Perhaps when he wakes up tomorrow...he would treat her gently and care for her?

In the end, Dior did not hold it against him. Gazing at him, she said, "Rest early, then. Don't trouble yourself."

Harry nodded, though his eyes were still trained to the ceiling, much to Dior's annoyance.

She thus turned her back to him, not wanting to see him in such a state.

A while later, Harry still could not sleep. His brows were furrowed as he tossed and turned in bed.

Although he had been telling himself not to believe and care about Sonia, he still could not act as if he knew nothing.

He could not let Sonia face this on her own.

After a while, he finally got out of bed. He took his phone to the front yard and made a phone call. "Find out what's going on between Sonia and George Hadington. Give me an answer within two hours." "Yes, President Cogen," came a polite response.

Harry felt a sense of relief after making the phone call and hanging up. He was no longer so worried.

This was the last chance he would be taking, otherwise, he would regret it for the rest of his life  
Meanwhile...

Even after she had left the village chief's house, Sonia could not get over how emotional Harry looked.

Yes, he made her leave, but she knew him all too well: He was the type to act like nothing was happening but would investigate it silently.

Sonia squinted. How could she get away with this?

If Harry found out that everything she said was fake, they would never get back together!

Sonia clenched her fists as her eyes burned with determination.

This was her last shot-she had to give it all.

Of course, Sonia had no power nor status with her. No one would cover up for her!

Chapter 1703-All of a sudden, an overweight man's face popped up in Sonia's mind.

George was the only one she had.

Only he had the power to turn things around in a short time.

Sonia pursed her lips. With a thought, she quickly went home, where she noticed George packing up.

Upon noticing Sonia walking in, he said, "Ah, right on time, Sonia! I have some urgent things to deal with at my company, so I need to go back.

Enjoy your stay here; I'll come back when I'm free."

Sonia stared at George.

This would be her last gamble.

She took a deep breath and smiled coldly. "George, you can stop lying to me.

You're heading back to your wife, aren't you?"

George's eyes blew wide open as he gaped at her incredulously.

D\*mn it! How did she find out?

What about his baby?!

George's heart sank as a glint of panic emerged in his eyes. Just as he scrambled to explain himself, Sonia sneered. "I know your wife is infertile, and that you're using me to make yourself an heir. You lied to me about making me your Mrs. Hadington, bluffing that you'll give me your company shares and all! Lies!"

When George saw how agitated Sonia was, he panicked.

He could care less about how vexed she was, but he did not want the baby to get hurt.

Noticing the worry in his gaze, Sonia knew she was in control. She thus demanded, "I can give birth to your baby, but you'll need to tell Harry Cogen that you forced me, threatened me, used me, an unwilling participant." George frowned in bewilderment. "Why?"

Sonia shot him a heated glare. "How dare you ask me 'why'? You'd dump me after giving birth to your baby! Do you want me to die alone!?" George halted. "I..I'll pay you-" "Ha! Who needs your money! I want love and someone to spend the rest of my life with!"

Sonia then growled at George, seemingly deranged and dead-set, "I want to get back with Harry! I want love, not to be part of someone's plot!"

With that said, she glared at him. "If you don't agree with me now, I'll abort the baby. I'll also tell everyone about you and your wife!"

George was so terrified that he instantly jumped into coaxing her, "No, don't! We can negotiate-" "There's no room for negotiation, George Haddington!" snapped Sonia. "I hope I made it clear to you that your baby's life is in my hands. If you act along with me, I'll give birth to your baby and let this go. Once the baby is out, I can marry Harry and won't be bothering you. This is a win-win solution, so why not?"

George was worried.

He did not care who she wanted to be with, but he wanted his baby. He would not allow anyone to hurt his wife!

If he said yes to her, it would indeed be a win-win solution, but...

George looked at Sonia and asked, "If Harry finds out your baby is mine, would he let you give birth to it? Any man won't be able to accept his woman having another man's baby!"

When Sonia heard this, she knew George had given in. She scoffed. "I'll have my way around this. I won't hurt your baby, and I'll make sure you get your plump, healthy heir to take over the family business, keeping your wife safe.

However, if you refuse to cooperate with me, I can abort this baby anytime I want to!"

She glared at him mischievously. "A win-win solution or a sinking ship. Your pick!"

Hearing this, there was no way George would pick the latter. So long as he could keep the baby and his wife, he would do anything!

He could

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1704-Sonia smirked in satisfaction.

Wonderful. She could finally get back with Harry.

Harry would be hers once more!

George, on the other hand, was terrified by the look in Sonia's eyes.

Her eyes gleamed with deceit and malice. She was a far cry from the innocent woman he thought she was.

He would not have chosen such a malignant woman had he known this side of her sooner.

At this point, it was Sonia who had the upper hand!

No matter what he had to give up, George had to make sure that his plan went on smoothly.

It was late in the night, yet Harry was still troubled by his thoughts.

Even when he turned and closed his eyes, he would have flashbacks of how happy he and Sonia were.

To him, she had always been innocent and kind.

Before she explained her situation to him, Harry had no idea how someone as innocent as her would do such a horrible thing.

He finally understood, however-she had been threatened and used by the other man!

Although this was not verified yet and he did not know if this was true, his heart was beginning to believe it.

Harry's thoughts were all over the place.

A moment later, he resigned to his instinct. He got out of bed, tossed the walker aside, and endured the pain as he walked out of the room.

He exited the house to clear his head and to settle his thoughts.

The moment that the door closed, Dior, who was on the opposite bed, jolted awake and stared at Harry leaving.

What was the matter?

Why did things look so much more serious after he met Sonia this time?

He usually would get over it after brooding for a while, but on this night, Dior had lost count on how many times he turned around, how many times he sighed...

D\*mn it! What did Sonia say to him? Why did he act this way?

It was so late in the night! Why did he go out?

Dior frowned and felt unsettled.

Was Harry...going out to look for Sonia?

No way!

It was not easy for her to make Harry open up to her and fall in love with her!

How could she let him go back to Sonia?

Biting her lip, she got out of bed and donned a coat before she tailed after Harry in secret.

Harry continued to walk around after he got out of the house. Just as he walked past the bamboo bridge, however, he heard a male voice.

His attention steered his dark gaze toward a direction. All he saw was George standing under the tree, opposite the bridge.

Harry frowned. Just as he began to walk, wanting to go up to him, the male voice was heard again, "Oh, don't be upset, my dear wife. I'll come home tomorrow.

"Why would I like her? I did this for our baby!

"Don't worry. Once the baby is born, I'll ask her to leave. I won't have to see her ever again." Hearing all this, Harry's heart plummeted as he frowned.

Was Sonia telling the truth, after all? Was this poor excuse of a man truly using Sonia for his baby?

D\*mn it!

Unable to contain himself any longer, Harry made his way toward George with clenched fists, to which George, upon seeing Harry, shivered.

Be that as it was, he thought of his baby and of what Sonia asked him to do.

With that, he acted as if he was clueless and continued talking to his phone.

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1705-Yes, my darling. You're the one I truly love! Who'd like that kind of woman Thomp!

Harry swung his fist that slammed right into George's face, causing a loud thud.

"Argh!" George moaned in pain as he staggered back in fear. Losing balance, however, he fell to the ground.

Harry was not done. He walked up to the floored George and grabbed his collar, snarling, "Are you even a man? How could you do this to an innocent woman like her!?"

George's body was no match to Harry's. In this situation, he dared not fight back. He scrambled to hang up the call as he blurted, "What can I do? I don't have a choice! I love my wife, but she's forced to leave me if she's infertile! I won't be able to live with myself-" "Ha!" Harry laughed darkly, his handsome face ruthless as were his eyes." How romantic of you!"

George would not be able to carry on with his life, but Sonia could?

He had hurt her and used her, but had he considered her feelings?

Recalling how he treated Sonia after the breakup, he felt as though his heart had been stabbed.

He glared at the man before him and was overtaken with sheer fury. He exerted every bit of his anger as he landed punches on George's face, his other hand still on his collar.

"Argh! Stop punching me, stop punching! I'm sorry!"

The beaten-down George began begging for forgiveness.

"Since you've found out the truth, I'll give her back to you, so please stop hitting me!" whimpered George.

When Harry heard this, his punches only increased.

George whimpered as he attempted to plead for his case, groveling, " Please don't let her go because of me-you've always been the one she truly loves. She did this because I forced her to! She broke up with you not because she didn't love you nor was it for money. It was for your sake! She feared that I'd come for you, which was why she stayed with me.

"She begged me not to hurt you. For you, she had done all she could!"

Harry thought of how helpless and painful it must have been for Sonia, and it tormented her. He looked as if he had lost his soul, losing all energy to punch George. Still, he tossed him to the ground.

He looked up at the house that Sonia was in. Knowing just how much suffering she had gone through, he determinedly walked toward the house.

George struggled to get back up on his feet due to the acute pain he suffered from. Caressing his swollen face, he quickly texted Sonia.

[He's coming over for you now!] Following that, he quickly followed after him. Behaving as though Harry would lash out on Sonia, George quickly rambled, "Please don't get angry at her. She only pretends to be well off with me when we're in front of you. She said mean things to hurt you intentionally for you to not worry about her. When you're not around, she's all tears, moaning how she had wronged you.

"Because of how she hurt you, she felt so guilty every day and wanted to end her life forthat-" "Shut up!" Harry clenched his fists. The thought of Sonia sobbing made him want to kill this man instantly.

Harry could not take it anymore.

Every word and sentence George uttered was like a shapeless knife, stabbing right into him. The feeling suffocated him. 1 Despite that, George continued, "Please forgive Sonia. My wife and I only want a baby; I didn't mean to ruin your relationship. Once the baby is out, I'll give her back to you. At least her heart is still yours-" 1 George had no idea what part of his explanation triggered Harry, but the latter turned sharply toward him, shooting him a murderous glare. Grabbing George by his collar, he clenched his fists so tightly that his veins protruded.

He was so furious that he wanted to kill him right away, but...

"Aahh! Help! Help! Why are you doing this, young lady?!" A woman's sharp scream was heard coming from the river.

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1706-arry stopped for a moment before a thought intruded his brain, and he felt his heart sink. Tossing George aside, he ran as fast as he could-as much as his legs could take him, despite the sharp pain-and ran to the other side.

He ran so quickly that he could barely be spotted.

A moment later, Harry got to the river.

A woman nearby noticed that he was here and urgently pleaded, "Help! The young lady was standing by the river for a very long time before jumping in. I got scared. I can't swim, and I don't dare get in there!"

Harry looked over and saw Sonia, floating in the middle of the river, looking as though she had lost all hope in her.

D\*mn it!

What was she thinking?!

Harry's heart sank. Just as he was about to jump in, a small hand grabbed onto his wrist and pulled him back by force.

"Harry Cogen! I won't allow you to save her!"

Dior stared at Harry sternly, resolutely, having disposed of her happy-go-lucky disposition.

She instead looked dull and incredulous.



Dior had been following Harry and saw with her eyes how he punched George for Sonia...and she then understood why he had gotten so ruthless.

Sonia must have come to Harry, explaining her love for him never wavered, but she was forced into this relationship.

Was Harry convinced with that? What did he think Sonia was?

Was he so silly that he would fall for this!?

Dior glared at him, reminding him, "Harry, don't be silly. She made that up to lie to you! Whatever happens to her, her boyfriend will save her. She doesn't need your help!" "Shut up!"

Casting Sonia a worried glance, he then pushed Dior away harshly and glared at her. "From now on, I don't need you sticking your nose into my issues. Since you're here, let me tell you now: From the beginning, I was never in love with you! I treated you well for show! I've only been using you!"

Dior's head buzzed loudly, and her face went pale.

She staggered a few steps backward, stuttering in disbelief, "What...what did you say?"

Harry looked at the figure in the river and, no longer caring about Dior, pushed her away.

Splash! He jumped into the river without hesitation and swam toward Sonia.

Dior staggered a few more steps backward. She almost tripped and fell.

She remained on the spot with disbelief as she looked at the man in the river.

Was she hallucinating?

What did Harry just say to her?

He treated her so well just 'for show', only stringing her along all this while?

The way he treated her, the gentle words he said to her... Were they all fake?

What...?

She ignorantly thought that she had won the heart of a cold man. She even foolishly anticipated their future together as a married couple.

She even tried so hard to come up with a name for their baby.

Ironic.

How ironic.

Dior's heart hurt so much that she felt like she was suffocating. Her eyes lost the shine it always had as she stared at the river.

Harry neglected his own wound for Sonia. He did not care about himself nor the rapid current of the river.

Dior's heart plunged at that.

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1707-Dior seldom cried. Even when she was wronged, she never cried.

At this moment, however, tears brimmed her eyes.

She stood as she watched Harry save Sonia.

It was as if Harry could not see her, that all he cared about was Sonia. Rescuing her at last, he checked if she had wounds.

Once he was sure there were none, he snapped at her, 'What were you doing!?"

His tone was not full of hatred. In fact, it was full of concern.

Sonia laid on the ground listlessly. Her face was pale as she looked at Harry softly with a look of despair. "Harry...why did you save me?" she started to sob.

"Just let me die. You no longer want to be with me... What's the point of me living?" 'You'd give up on yourself for love? Since when has the Sonia I knew become so weak?" Harry looked at her with concern.

Sonia sobbed, "Because you're my everything. I thought you loved me a lot and would wait for me. Once I give birth to the baby, I'll explain to you, and we can start over, yet you... You fell for another woman...

'You're my world, and without you, I have no purpose to live. Let me die..."

Agitated, Sonia struggled to get up and tried to jump into the river again.

Harry frowned. Forcefully reeling her back and carrying her bridal-style, he snapped, "With me around, don't you dare die!"

It was as if everything else had vanished as Harry carried Sonia and left quickly.

2 Even as he walked past Dior, it was as if she did not exist. Since he left in a rush, he accidentally brushed against her shoulder.

He did not see her. All he cared about was Sonia. Lifting Sonia in his arms, he quickly walked.

Dior staggered back at the sudden push from colliding against Harry. She tripped over a stone, and?Crack!

She twisted her ankle.

Dior was in so much pain that she had to grab onto a tree to break her fall.

Once again, a sharp pain festered in her ankle.

The newly recovered wound was torn again...

Dior was in so much pain that she had no energy to moan. She could feel every cell in her body turning into thousands of needles that stabbed and pricked at her.

The pain was unimaginable.

She remained transfixed on the spot and watched as Harry left, his back slowly fading from view. Suddenly, she felt as if she would lose him forever once he left this time.

Dior clenched her fists.

She wanted to chase after Harry to speak some sense into him, but just as she moved, she felt just how incapacitated her ankle was. She could not even move it.

Defeat loomed her entire being.

Why did he tell her this? Why could he not lie to her forever?

'Harry Cogen... Can't you...stay?' However, his cold figure had already vanished into the darkness.

Dior looked down as hot tears streamed down her face.

When the woman-who bore witness to everything that had happened- saw how defeated Dior looked, she grew worried that Dior might do anything foolish.

Hence, she went up to her and coaxed her, saying, 'Young lady, don't cry. There are lots of good men around.'

Dior could not take it anymore. She could no longer hold back her tears rolling down like tap water, incessantly dripping.

There were many good men in the world, but she only loved Harry. 1 What a shame that she was never good enough for him.

The woman's heart sank as she heard Dior sobbing. She reached out to hold onto her and said, "Don't cry. Do home and get some rest. You'll feel better tomorrow."

Dior bit her lip. Enduring the pain, she allowed the woman to bring her back to the village chief's house.

She dragged her heavy body and walked one step at a time, moving forward.

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1708-Dior returned to the room alone and sat on the bed, staring at the empty bed opposite hers. She had flashbacks of the past two days spent with Harry, and her tears unceasingly dripped.

The more Dior thought about it, the harder it was for her to breathe.

It was too short.

She had only spent two days with Harry, yet their romance ended just as it started.

From the beginning, Harry had only wanted to use her.

She refused to believe it. She did not want to believe it.

Despite her denial, Harry had actually pushed her away. Every action of his, the way he carried Sonia and all, replayed in Dior's mind.

Based on everything he had done, she had to believe that this was reality.

Her romance with Harry had truly ended.

His love came and went, just like the wind.

Was that it between her and Harry?

However much Dior tried to think of it, she was unwilling to admit it.

The b\*tch was obviously lying to Harry. Why did he not run a background check before forgiving her?

He had always been rational. Why was he unable to tell real from fake?

Had he forgotten how the b\*tch hurt him?

Sonia was all smiles and superficial when she was with that boyfriend of hers!

How did she manage to spin this tale into her being so-called 'forced'?

Dior, on the other hand, treated Harry with nothing but sincerity. She had given him so much...only for him to manipulate her.

Dior clenched her fists and looked at the empty room. She felt as if her heart had been ripped out of her, and the pain just could not be put to words.

She pursed her lips.

After a moment, she had decided to find Harry.

Even though he did not care about her, she must not allow him to be played by that woman so foolishly.

He could be with anyone but that woman.

Dior got out of bed, although struggling to do so. She tried tiptoeing before a sharp pain shot through her ankle and throughout her entire body.

Biting her lip, she steeled herself from the pain as she walked to get Harry's walker and used all of her strength to slowly walk out of the house.

By the time she got to the end of the village, she was numbed by pain. Her delicate and fair face was riddled with sweat.

Still, she had to find Harry. She must!

Resolute, she got into the car in pain and moved her foot on the pedal. She drove to leave.

Meanwhile...

Harry was in a car as he rushed toward the hospital in town. Stomping on the gas pedal, the car shot out swiftly like the wind.

Sonia was completely drenched. She sat at the backseat, her face snow-like pale. Her breathing was weak and short. It was as if she would stop breathing any second.

"Don't sleep, Sonia. We're almost there!"

Harry frowned and looked at her, reassuring her.

Sonia, in a feebly weak state, said listlessly, her voice akin to a mosquito buzzing, "Harry, if I die, you must live on...don't feel guilty. I only want you to remember. I, Sonia, will only love you until my last breath..."

"You're not dying! You're not dying without my permission!" barked Harry, his tone forceful and arrogant.

Despite that, it was filled with concern and yearning.

He arrived at the hospital speedily. He parked the car and quickly lifted Sonia into his arms.

Ignoring his wounded leg that haunted him, he solely focused on Sonia as he ran into the hospital, crying out furiously, urgently, "Doctor! Doctor!"

The doctors on duty were startled by such an urgent-sounding voice.

They quickly went to check, only to be met with two adults—a man and a woman—drenched from head to toe, with the man shouting, "Hurry! Bring her to the E.R!"

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1709—When the nurses heard the urgent bell, they pushed out a stretcher to get Sonia onto it and wheeled her into the emergency room.

Harry, meanwhile, stood outside the emergency room as his steadfast gaze fixed on the shut door.

'Sonia, please be okay. Please stay safe!' Harry would never be able to forgive himself if anything happened to her.

D\*mn it!

How could he be so foolish? He knew Sonia was an innocent lady, and she had lived a hard life with him for a few years without complaining.

From the sudden change in attitude, her wanting to break up, and the harsh words she said...how could he not have thought about her reasons behind it all?

He even treated another woman well, in his own volition, and said mean things to hurt her!

Harry's tightly balled fists caused his veins to protrude, and his steely gaze was glazed with guilt.

As long as Sonia was fine, he would accept everything about her. Even if he had not received a definite answer, he had already chosen to believe her.

With that in mind, the phone in his pocket rang abruptly. Fishing out his phone to notice it was his assistant calling, he answered right away, "How did it go?"

With the documents he had gathered, the assistant reported, "President Cogen, Ms. Sonia seems to have been threatened by George Hadington after all.

Everything she did was forced! I also found out that George has a wife who's infertile, so he found Ms. Sonia for her looks and because she looks similar to his wife, all so things won't raise suspicion along the line."

Harry's eyes darkened murderously. He clutched his phone so tightly, his green veins surfacing to the skin and all, as though the phone would crumble under his might.

It was true, after all.

The innocent Sonia was framed by that douche!

"Keep everything a secret," he darkly ordered, "and keep an eye on the Hadington family."

They had harmed Sonia, and Harry wanted the entire Hadington family to pay dearly for their transgression!

"Yes, President Cogen!"

Harry hung up coldly and lifted his eyes to look at the shut door.

'Sonia, I'm sorry...' He had misunderstood her. She wanted the best for him, yet he only broke her.

As long as she could walk out safely, he would give her the life she wanted.

Harry looked at the pitch-black sky. Amid his prayer, the emergency room's door finally opened.

A doctor walked out and said gently, "The patient is safe now. She had taken in polluted water, but we washed it out in time. Nonetheless, her body is in a poor state, and she hasn't rested for a few days. She must stop staying up late and overthinking." 1 Harry let out a sigh of relief. When he heard the doctor's last phrase, however, he could not help frowning.

Sonia had not rested well in the past few days? Staying up late? Overthinking?

Harry felt as though thousands of needles were jammed into his heart, and it felt like hell on earth.

How did Sonia manage to live on her own?

Harry's eyes were filled with hurt.

He watched as Sonia was pushed out of the emergency room. Laying in bed, her pale face depicted as though she had a close brush with death, and she looked like she was hanging on a thin rope.

"Sonia..." He stood by her bedside and held on to her ice-cold small hand. His handsome face was full of worry and pain. His throat was burning and his voice hoarse as he muttered, "I'm sorry to have wronged you..."

Sonia met his guilty look and said innocently, "Don't feel bad, Harry.... I did this to myself; it's the price to pay for hurting you." "Don't say that!" Harry reached out to caress her pale face, fretting, "As long as you're fine, we still have time."

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1710-Sonia froze. Her eyes widened as she looked pleasantly surprised. "Harry, what did you say? You've forgiven me? But I'm pregnant..." "It's okay," Harry said gently, "I know you didn't want to."

As long as she was with him, the baby was nothing.

His love toward her was never as superficial.

Furthermore, she did not want this to happen either. She was forced. Why would she have to go through this on her own?

He should go through it all with her, come rain or shine.

Sonia merely wanted the best for him. If he hurt her again on this matter, he would no longer be a man.

Tears of relief welled in Sonia's eyes as she sobbed, "You're too kind, Harry. I'm not worthy to be with you." "Alright, stop talking."

Harry no longer wanted to talk about this. He gently helped her wipe off her tears and said to the nurse, "Push her into the ward." "What about you?"

Thinking he was leaving, Sonia quickly grabbed onto his hands larger than hers and feebly looked at him, tears and all, with every last bit of her strength. "Harry, are you leaving? Do you no longer want me?" "No," he answered sweetly as though he was talking to a child endearingly.

"I'm going to pay the bill, but I'll come back right away."

Sonia only then let go of his hand, listlessly saying, "Please hurry. I'm scared when you're not around." "Okay." Harry looked at the nurse who then pushed Sonia into the VIP ward.

After watching her going inside, Harry went downstairs to pay the bill.

Inside the ward...

Upon noticing the door closed shut, Sonia's innocent expression shifted coldly.

She glared at the doctor and said, "Have you received the order?" "Yes, Ms.

Sonia," the doctor answered politely.

Sonia then ordered, "Go back now. Bring out the report in half an hour's time.

Do as you're told and read it out to Harry." "Okay." The doctor did not question her; he was working for money after all. With that, he turned and left.

After the nurse had sorted and settled everything needed, she headed out as well, leaving Sonia in the ward on her own.

Her eyes were cold and dark.

She had to keep the baby to get the cash, all while keeping Harry at her side.

She must not give up on either of them!

When she heard the familiar footsteps coming from outside, she quickly wiped off the look in her eyes and replaced it with that feeble, helpless look. She turned over gradually.

When she saw Harry, her dull eyes sparkled. "Harry, you came back!"

Harry walked over to sit by the bed. When he saw her pale face, he could not help but worry about her. He felt sharp pain in his heart.

hoarsely answered, "Silly girl... Why did you go through so much on your own?"

Why didn't you tell me from the start?"

Sonia looked at him emotionally. "Why would I want to watch you going against the Hadington family with power and money on your own?"

It was as if she recalled a sad experience, and her eyes reddened with tears on it. "Harry, I'm sorry..." she cried. "Thank you for still having me in your heart, and for treating me so well. Since this has happened, there's no need to hide from it anymore: I'll abort the baby.

"If you'll have me, I'll love you and cherish you for the rest of my life. If you think this will be a thorn to your side, that you can't accept it, then we'll break up entirely. I won't keep disturbing you. You may live on with Dior and forget about me."

Harry's heart sank. "I don't have anything to do with Dior. I don't love her."

"Really?" Sonia's eyes had tears as she looked at him. "Your feelings didn't change? You didn't fall in love with another woman?"