

Chapter 1711-“That’s right. Don’t trouble yourself with these thoughts; just recuperate,” coaxed Harry.

To this, there was a glint of pride in Sonia’s pupils.

She knew Harry still loved her deep down. Luckily, he was hers for the time being.

Although her life with Harry was not as luxurious as George’s, George did not love her at all, and he would not give her any promise.

A superficial love was only temporary.

It did not help that George was too much for her, while Harry was far more handsome than him.

Harry loved her sincerely and wholeheartedly.

As long as she could give birth to the baby, Sonia would reap the money for Harry to invest with. He would then invent something impressive, and they would live a better life!

Sonia reached out to hold onto Harry’s hand, to which Harry instinctively grabbed tightly, encasing her cold palms with his warm hand. “I’m sorry, Sonia...” he apologized earnestly. “I was useless and made you suffer so much on your own.”

A faint smile graced Sonia’s pale face as she muttered, “I don’t blame you, but...”

She weakly looked down at her abdomen. “I’m not going to keep this, Harry. I’ve told my decision to the doctor, and he’ll have the operation prepared for me.”

Harry pursed his lips and went silent for a good while before he then said, “Let’s talk about this when you feel better.” Sonia’s heart felt like it had frozen at that moment.

As expected, Harry did care about the baby in her being another man’s.

Sonia bit her lip and said with a ‘sincere’ tone, “I don’t want it now... He turned us this way.”

All of a sudden, she slammed her fists against her abdomen, covered by a blanket. “I’m disgusted by this thing! I want it out of me now!” she hissed vehemently.

Harry quickly reached out and grabbed Sonia’s hand, stopping her as he said, “You’re still weak right now, so don’t think about this. I don’t mind.”

Sonia then gazed at Harry, her eyes brimming with tears. “But I do... I let this happen, and I can’t let this baby keep you away. I don’t want to lose you again, and I don’t want this thing to keep us apart!”

Harry pursed his lips. Just as he was about to say something, knocks were heard on the door.

He placed her hand inside the blanket and instructed her gently, “Don’t move.”

Looking at how well-behaved she was, he then turned to the door and said, “Come in.” In came a doctor with a document at hand. Frowning, he swept a glance at both Sonia and Harry before his gaze shifted back to Sonia. “Ms. Sonia, your report is out.” “How is it?” asked Sonia. “Can I have the operation yet?”

Harry looked at her with a look of guilt and hurt.

She had always wanted a baby; she liked having a baby.

Would she really abort this baby to keep him with her?

This woman would do anything for him. How could he want her to do such a thing for him? Everything she did was for him, to protect him!

Harry's eyes were once again covered in guilt and gentleness.

If Sonia would undergo the abortion procedure, he vowed to take care of her.

If not...

As long as it was what she wanted, he would support her unconditionally.

The doctor handed the report to Sonia and said with a frown, "Ms. Sonia, your body isn't capable of going through an abortion."

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1712-Sonia's head buzzed. After a few seconds, she finally reacted as she looked at the doctor incredulously. "Why...? Why not? So what if I do it? I must get rid of this thing! I can't stand having another man's baby! I want to be with Harry.

Harry's going to be upset if the baby lives, and I... I won't be able to live with myself!"

The doctor remarked, "Ms. Sonia, you have a thin endometrium, and it's difficult for you to get pregnant. The chances of you getting pregnant are very slim! If you insist on getting rid of this baby, you won't be able to get pregnant again.

Furthermore, the risk of the operation is fatal, and you stand a chance of major blood loss." "What?" Sonia clenched the blanket tightly as she stared at the doctor in horror. "If I get rid of the baby, I ...won't ever get pregnant again?"

She turned to look at Harry. "Harry...what do I do? I want to have our own baby."

"Grimly, this isn't the main issue," continued the doctor, visibly sympathetic. "The main issue is that if you insist to undergo the abortion surgery, you're very likely to lose too much blood. We do not recommend that you undergo this surgery."

"W-What?" Sonia caressed her face helplessly as she whimpered. "I don't want this baby, but I don't want to die...!" i Grabbing Harry's arm, Sonia's tears streamed down her face as she sobbed, "I don't want to die, Harry. C-Can you stay with me, please? Can you hold it for a little longer? Once I give birth to this baby, I'll be able to have our own baby!

You're the man that I love, and I want to spend the rest of my life with you!

Please, don't leave me... I'm really scared. Other than you, I won't have anyone else!"

Sonia looked so feeble, so miserable with tears staining her cheeks.

Gazing at her, Harry contemplated everything she had been through. He placed a reassuring hand on her shoulder and said, "Just deliver the baby, then. Don't worry; I won't mind."

Sonia had been considerate of him all the while. How would he have the heart to subject her through the surgery with so much uncertainty?

Furthermore, even if she survived the surgery, Sonia would not be able to get pregnant again. Why would he want to render her into such a state?

Pausing, Sonia gazed into Harry's eyes with her own, red-rimmed. "Do you really not mind, Harry? Can you accept this?" "Yes," answered Harry as he reached out to wipe off Sonia's tears, "I don't mind. To me, your health is above anything." "Thank you, Harry...!" Sonia did not refuse him this time, sobbing even louder as she was touched. She hugged Harry, her body trembling amid her tears. "I'll treat you so well for the rest of my life," she sobbed. "I won't hurt you again, and I won't complain about you. I'll do anything for you without complaining!"

Feeling his heartstrings tugged, Harry reached out to tuck her messy hair behind her ear, gently teasing, "Silly."

With what she had said, he did not want her to go through any pain again. 1 "Don't think too much." He caressed her back. "Rest well." The doctor, standing at the side, piped in, "That's right, Ms. Sonia. Don't let your thoughts plague you. Your body is weak now, and if you're too emotional, you may suffer a miscarriage."

Sonia halted and said angrily, "I can't even do anything around here. If I die now, Harry won't have to trouble himself with any of this!"

She slammed her hands against her belly. "If this is going to make it difficult for Harry, I don't want to live! This baby might as well die!"

Harry's heart sank at her reaction. He quickly held onto her hand and frowned.

"Don't hurt yourself, Sonia. I said I don't mind it, and I won't mind it. Rest well, and just give birth to a healthy baby."

With eyes filled with adoration, she feebly muttered, "Are you sure, Harry? If it bothers you, then I... I'll get rid of this baby, even when it hurts."

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1713-"Don't do anything reckless." Harry shot Sonia a sincere gaze. "Give birth to the baby, I don't mind. This is your baby after all."

Hearing his response, Sonia felt as though everything was said and done, set in stone at last. Stirred by his affection, she held him in an embrace. "Thank you for being willing to treat me so well, Harry. I'll spend the rest of my life making it up to you!" "You did nothing wrong." Harry caressed her face. "You're not wrong, and the baby is innocent."

George was the only guilty party here.

Sonia tearfully smiled. "Alright, I understand. I'll listen to you."

Harry nodded gently and tucked her in bed, saying, "Get some rest. I'll go out and sort out a few things." "What?" Sonia looked visibly shaken. "Where are you going? Do you want to leave me secretly now?" "No," answered Harry softly.

"Just stay here, I'll be back soon." "Alright. Come back soon!" "Alright."

Harry waited until Sonia cooled down before he headed out of the ward. His lonely tall figure stood at the balcony, and his striking face was riddled with aloofness, eyes staring into the night sky. 1 He was conflicted.

Sonia had given up so much for him, and he should treasure her.

Still, Harry felt as if something was missing. Somehow, at the bottom of his heart, he felt empty...

Did he mind about the baby inside Sonia?

However, he clearly knew that he did not mind.

If so, then...

Harry lit up a cigarette and blew out smoke. His eyes looked far ahead as he fell into deep contemplation.

After Harry had left, George came out of the lift and walked into Sonia's ward.

No one noticed, however, that Dior walked out of the opposite lift with her walker the moment George got into the ward, and Dior slowly made her way to the ward's door.

She came to warn Harry that Sonia was more than what she portrayed herself to be, that everything she had cried about was not all truths.

Just as Dior was about to knock, however, she heard Sonia's voice coming from the inside, "What? Scared about your baby?"

Dior froze immediately, petrified before the door.

This tone sounded eerie.

Sonia never spoke with this tone in front of Harry!

Was Harry not inside, then?

Amid her confusion, George's voice was heard from inside the ward, saying, "Of course! Even though I've followed your plan, who knows if Harry, so in love with you, wants you to abort the baby!"

Dior halted.

Sonia's...plan?

Just as she expected. She knew it! She knew Sonia was not telling the truth!

Everything that happened tonight was part of Sonia's plan!

How despicable.

She was evil incarnate, yet the fool, Harry, believed her!

Dior scoffed. With a thought, she quietly took out her phone to record everything with her phone facing the gap between the door.

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1714-What?" George panicked. "You want to get rid of the baby?"

Sonia had a hint of impatience in her eyes. 'What? That's just part of my plan! I'll back away as a tactic to move forward. Didn't I tell you already? If I don't show him my sincerity, how could I soften him up? So soft, he won't mind about his woman being pregnant with another man's baby!"

George let out a sigh of relief. "You're a genius. This plan is seamless! My baby is safe, and you can reunite with him!"

Sonia's lips twisted into a smirk. "This is all because Harry loves me and cares about me. Otherwise, there's no point in me acting anyway."

George smiled with satisfaction. Instantly, he had another thought and asked worriedly, "You just lied to him though, Sonia. Aren't you scared of him finding out?"

Sonia shot him a confident stare. "Harry is powerless; he won't be able to find out. If you spend more money on shutting those people up, he won't find out for the rest of his life!"

Right outside the door, Dior heard it all, and she was so furious that she trembled.

Just as she expected, this evil woman planned everything.

Sonia was so cruel that she would lie to a man who sincerely loved her?

Dior thought of that fool of a Harry, and she felt angry and hurt.

She quickly saved the recording.

She had to expose this woman to Harry. She wanted him to see Sonia's true colors!

Dior kept her phone, but forgetting that she came with the walker, Dior's hand accidentally released the walker that clanged onto the floor loudly.

A loud sound abruptly resonated in the empty hallway.

Dior jolted.

The voices coming from the ward instantly went silent.

Knowing she was in danger, Dior braced herself for the pain in her ankle, picked up the walker, and attempted to leave...before the ward door was abruptly opened.

George stood before the door and looked at her cautiously.

Inside the ward, Sonia was glaring at her as well.

As they finally realized it was Dior, their expressions changed as they began to panic.

Dior? When did she come? Why was she outside the door?!

Their conversation...

Dior met their eyes, and she instantly tried to leave.

Glaring at Dior heatedly, Sonia instructed George, "Hurry, stop her and search her!"

The moment their conversation ended, the walker fell onto the ground.

Dior must have heard everything, and she might want to rat them out to Harry!

Having a similar train of thought, George ran after Dior.

Dior was seized with pain that shot up from her ankle, and it felt like she was walking on needles.

Despite that, she endured it. She bit her lip and forced herself to walk forward...and escape, she tried.

Dior's injured ankle hindered her movement greatly, so much so that just as she got to the lift, George caught up to her and pulled her by the wrist.

Dior was forced to stay on the spot. Emanating ferocity, she swung George's hand away and scoffed at him. "Go away! How dare you touch me? Do you know who I am? I'll report you for harassing me!"

George smirked. "Ha! Go on! Let's see if the police will believe you or me!"

At that point, Sonia had caught up to them. "Why bother talking to her? Search her!" she snapped. "Find if she's got a phone or recorder!"

George realized what Sonia meant. He held Dior's hand and was about to search her form.

Dior instinctively pressed on her pocket where her phone was. It was the only thing that could snap Harry out of this mess.

Sonia's eyes darkened. She noticed Dior's movement and went forward to snatch whatever she was hiding from her.

Dior's expression changed. "Go away! I'll report you all for robbing me!"

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1715-Dior scoffed at both Sonia and George, though pressing her pocket tightly as she did.

Noticing just how alarmed she was, Sonia was more certain that Dior had recorded their conversation.

Sonia tried grabbing at her pocket to reach for her phone, yet she was considerably weaker than Dior was. Despite struggling against her, she still could not move Dior's hand away from her pocket, much to her fury.

Smack! A slap landed on Dior's body.

"B*tch! Who do you think you are?" growled Sonia. "How dare you stick your nose into my plans? Move your hand away now!"

A stinging pain was left in the aftermath of Sonia's slap, and a red handprint was left on Dior's fair skin.

Oh, how Dior's eyes burned with flames of ferocity.

Not one soul had laid a hand on her from a young age. She was Dior Granger, princess of the Granger family!

Dior wanted to lift her hand and slap Sonia, but she knew that the moment she would lift her hand, George would try and fish out her phone.

Dior could only glare at Sonia. "Don't you dare! As long as I'm here, you won't be able to lie to Harry!" Sonia's smirk deepened into one of animosity as she sneered. "Aww, how sweet-I'm almost touched! Ah, but what's the point in doing all of this? You've done so much for Harry, but not only does he not care about you, he'd give up his life for me! All I have to do is be all soft and pretty. He even accepted the baby I had with another man! Isn't that something?"

Sonia's words stabbed Dior's heart like a sharp dagger.

Dior's face changed. She felt pain in her heart.

So what if this was true? Even though Harry did not like her, she would not allow him to be lied to by a woman like this!

Unbeknownst to her, however, Sonia had given George her signal, to which George sprang into action, reaching out and pulling Dior's hand away from her pocket.

Dior's expression morphed as she began to put up a fight. "Let go of me! Let go of me!"

She steeled herself from the pain in her ankle as she resisted.

Alas, apart from the constant pain in her ankle, nothing changed in her favor.

Furthermore, George, being the more powerful individual physically, had managed to lock Dior's hands behind her back and stood on her ankle with one foot.

Overwhelmed with excruciating pain, Dior's body went limp, and Sonia seized the opportunity to reach into Dior's pocket and fished out her phone.

Seeing what she had grabbed, Dior vehemently flailed as she snapped, "Give it back!"

Sonia happily tapped the phone awake and hovered in at Dior's face to unlock it.

She cleverly opened the recorder app and, just as expected, noticed a newly saved recording.

She haughtily clicked on the recording, having it replay the audio, and was instantly greeted with the recording of her conversation with George.

Sonia glared at Dior coldly. "You really are trying to win Harry back!" i "Give back the phone to me!" roared Dior as she tried worming her way out of George's hold.

"Alright." Sonia smirked and slowly brought the phone toward Dior "Sonia!"

squeaked George. "What are you doing?"

Dior glared at Sonia. Despite Sonia's supposed compliance with her demand, she knew she had to be on her guard.

If Sonia would return her phone, she would not have come all the way out to snatch it from her in the first place.

As expected...

Sonia held on the phone and reached out to her, but before Dior could touch it, Sonia tossed it away.

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1716-The phone drew a line in front of Dior. It flew past her and went out the window behind her.

Within a second, the sharp sound of something smashed onto something was heard as the phone plummeted from a height of ten meters above the ground.

Sonia crossed her arms and harrumphed proudly. "Why didn't you catch it? I gave it back to you." "You-!" Dior was so furious that her face turned pale.

How could this woman be so evil?

Upon realizing that the evidence was crushed, George released Dior from his hold and turned to look at Sonia with admiration. "What a clever woman you are, Sonia."

Sonia scoffed and glared at Dior, who was transfixed on the spot. "I'd advise you to stop doing useless things. However much you try for Harry, as long as I frown, you'll lose!"

George scoffed. "Don't be a busybody!"

Dior staggered toward the window after having been released from George's hold. She could see the phone by the side of the road...but only the screen was cracked.

There was hope, she cheered. As long as she brought the phone to a repair shop, she could still recover the recording!

Just as she thought of that, however, a car drove by and ran over the phone, obliterating the phone to pieces.

Dior felt a loud buzz in her head.

Agitated, she turned to glare at Sonia and, ignoring the agony she felt from her injured ankle, marched toward Sonia and grabbed her by the collar. "Let me tell you something: Even if you've crushed my phone, I heard your conversation clear as day. I'll tell Harry about everything you've planned.

"Also, my phone is a limited edition phone. You have to pay me back!"

Unexpectedly...

Sonia was no longer fierce like she was. In fact, she looked at her scared as if she was the victim. "I—I'm sorry, Ms. Granger. Please, don't be angry! You're the one who tossed it out; don't blame me...!" Dior noticed the sudden change in Sonia's expression and found it incredulous.

"What are you doing now?"

With that said, Sonia grabbed her hand, and—Sonia instantly staggered back weakly and knocked against the wall, a bump forming on her forehead. She then slumped onto the floor in pain, all while Dior stood still, baffled.

"Dior Granger!"

A familiar, yet enraged male voice was heard behind her.

She looked over to see Harry walking toward them, emanating cold fury with eyes glazed with hostility.

Dior, however, did not notice his anger, and she stared at him starry-eyed. “

Harry...”

However, Harry did not seem to have seen her. He walked past her and came before Sonia.

His face etched with rage instantly became gentle. He looked at her swollen forehead and asked, “Are you hurt?” “I-I’m fine, Harry.” Sonia looked at him, and then turned to look at Dior.” Don’t blame Ms. Granger; she didn’t intend to do it.”

“What do you mean? I saw her pushing you away!” George piped in. “She was intentional! Soni-Ms. Sonia, you must call the police!”

Harry’s eyes darkened as he glared at Dior. “Why would you do this to her? I used you, so you can take it out on me! If you ever touch her again, though, don’t blame me for being harsh on you!” “What?!” Dior remained transfixed on the ground. Her face was pale.

Since when did she hurt Sonia?

Sonia was the one bullying him and hurting her!

“Don’t be mad, Harry,” said Sonia feebly as though she was the victim. “I was just careless. It has nothing to do with her.”

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1717-Harry frowned. He looked at Sonia worriedly.

Sonia was still so considerate despite what happened.

He saw it with his eyes that Dior was the one pushing her away, yet Sonia still vouched for Dior!

“I didn’t hurt her, Harry!”

Dior met his cold, disappointed eyes and explained, “Sonia lied to you! She intentionally jumped into the river to put on an act! Everything was part of her plan to fool you!”

George, who was standing by the side, jolted and stiffened.

“Ms. Granger, what are you talking about? Why would you bully me and then accuse me of such a thing? Do you have to...harass me this way, just because Harry chose to be with me?”

Dior scoffed at her, “I truly do admire your acting skill!”

Sonia, however, remained innocent. “I don’t know what you’re talking about ...

but I won’t allow you to hurt my Harry’s heart!”

Dior scoffed.

She was the one hurting and cheating on Harry!

Dior was not bothered to argue with this woman. She could only look at Harry again.

She had to gamble on this situation, one last time. Harry should also know her at this point after having been with her for a while.

Dior then carefully explained earnestly, "I didn't lie to you, Harry-honest. These two were talking about how her plan was to lie to you. I used my phone to record it, but they found out. They chased me out and tossed out my phone. If you don't believe me, you may check the CCTV!"

With that said, Sonia and George looked visibly alarmed.

However, Sonia calmed down after a moment and said in disbelief, "Ms.

Granger, please stop twisting things around. What did George and I say? He thought I had a miscarriage and was sad about the baby, so he came to check on me and asked about the baby. I've been keeping my distance from him.

"You, on the other hand, came to the hospital looking for Harry but dropped your phone in your hurry. I bought it out for you, and you didn't take it from me. It fell, but now you're blaming me for that! You accused me of dropping your phone and called me poor for not being able to pay you back. The phone was fine on the floor, but you picked it up and tossed it out the window. You were shaming me for being poor!"

George, meanwhile, was using his phone to tell the hospital to delete the video footage while the three of them were talking.

With that, he chimed in to Sonia's defense, "What Sonia said is true, and I'll get hit with lightning if I'm lying. Sonia's wrongly accused right now; she's shamed and hurt! Now, this woman is even trying to break the two of you up!"

With that said, George looked at Harry. "Harry, if you don't believe me, you may go and check the CCTV!" "You're bluffing!" Dior glared at Sonia and George.

"Nothing they're saying is true! Swear to God if you dare! I can swear to God if anything I say isn't true, I—" "Enough!" Harry cut her off.

He remembered clearly that when he arrived by the staircase, he heard Dior asking Sonia to pay for her phone.

Dior then pushed Sonia, who even kindly defended her. How could she have done something malicious?

Furthermore, he knew what Dior was like.

She was a spoiled heiress who, whenever upset, would act out just like this.

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Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1718-Harry shot Dior a fierce, ruthless stare and snapped, "I'll pay for your phone on Sonia's behalf. Do not show up in front of me from now on!"

With that, he gently lifted Sonia into his arms and walked past her coldly.

Sonia nestled herself in Harry's arms, seemingly weak and gentle, yet her face that was turned away from Harry showed a different story.

Pale as she was, her expression morphed into one of triumph, topped off with a prideful grin.

Dior remained rooted on the ground and watched as they both left.

Harry chose to believe Sonia instead of her?

How could he be so blind? Why was he such a fool?

D*mn it. She refused to believe she could not take down that phony woman!

Dior scanned her surroundings when she then noticed cameras at the front and back.

That would work.

As long as she showed Harry the video footage, she could prove that Sonia and George snatched her phone. Harry would believe her this way!

Dior took up the walker once more and made her way downstairs to the counter, where she then requested, "Find me the video footage of the sixth floor ward inside half an hour ago." "Alright." The nurse looked at her and started going through the surveillance footage. However, when the nurse managed to rewind the video footage of the sixth floor, everything went black and was unavailable.

The nurse frowned and said, "I'm sorry, madam. The cameras on the sixth floor aren't working." "What?" Dior was shocked. "All of them? The ones at the front and back?" "Yes, madam." The nurse even moved the computer screen for Dior to see.

"Look, it's not showing. I'm terribly sorry, but I just recalled that the cameras were broken a few days ago. Someone's coming over to repair them soon."

Staring at the black screen, Dior then thought of something and smiled bitterly.

She had wondered why Sonia and George would want Harry to see the cameras in their confrontation- they had it all covered!

Dior felt as if chills were coming up her feet.

Sonia was too evil, too meticulous. She not only twisted the truth, but she even managed to clean up the evidence in such short notice!

How could she fight against a woman like her? With Harry not believing her one bit and without evidence, what could she do?

Dior looked out of the hospital window and noticed that the sky was turning bright. Tiredness and hopelessness overwhelmed her entire being.

Still, she refused to give in.

She did not want to accept that all of her dreams were shattered within one night, that Harry left her just like that.

Furthermore, he dumped her for a vile woman!

Dior bit her lip. After a moment of thought, she went back to the lift to go upstairs.

She had to tell Harry about Sonia's plan. Whether he believed her or not, she had to tell him!

Dior arrived before Sonia's ward and looked in through the window.

George was no longer there; only Harry was left with Sonia.

Sitting at the bedside, his handsome face was graced with gentleness as he carefully cleaned the bump on Sonia's forehead.

The mere sight of this felt like a stab to Dior's heart.

Harry had never been that gentle to her. Even when he was acting, never once did he look at her this way.

Did he love Sonia that much?

Even if she was bearing another man's baby, even if she hurt him so much, he still treated her so well.

The loving sight felt like a stab to Dior's eyes. Her eyes instantly turned red.

A long while later, Harry walked out from the ward, only to meet Dior, face stained with tears and more pooling in her eyes.

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Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1719-Dior's usually optimistic eyes brimmed with tears, and Harry could feel his heart sinking at the sight.

"Harry..."

Dior stared straight at him, her voice hoarse as she urgently reasoned, "Sonia really lied to you. This was her plan with George! Her body is fine, but she made this up to keep the baby. Also, her jumping into the river was all part of her grand scheme. She waited for you to look over before she jumped in... Her relationship with George isn't what she told you to be. She "Shut up!" Harry snapped, unable to continue listening to Dior.

Why would Dior do this?

Back in the ward, the amicable Sonia even coaxed him, telling him not to take it out on Dior. She even explained that it was not Dior's fault, that it was just a misunderstanding.

As for the baby, Sonia was so close to aborting it silently. She even hit her belly in front of him. Why would that be a lie?

Harry glared at Dior, not liking her behavior at all. She was full of lies, one to twist stories to her liking.

The small speck of guilt he had for her instantly vanished.

Harry's expression froze over as he glared at her frigidly. "Enough! I don't need you interfering in my matters with her!" "Harry..." The helpless Dior stared at Harry vulnerably. "What I say is true-" "Even if

it's true, does it matter?" Harry scoffed impatiently. "Even if she lied to me, I'm willing to let her do that. It has nothing to do with you!"

A thought occurred to him as he stared at her furiously. Fishing out a card, he tossed it at Dior. "Seeing as I have used you for my gain, I owe you a favor, and this sum of money is enough to make up for it. From now on, I don't owe you anything. Now, get lost!"

The card slapped Dior's face.

Dior's face lost all of its zest and color as her round eyes stared at him incredulously.

Did Harry just use money to humiliate her love for him? Was all the kindness she had shown to him, how she heralded him, placed him on a pedestal...equivalent to this card?

He humiliated her for this evil woman.

Harry noticed Dior's reddened eyes and could not help feeling rather conflicted.

Thinking of the lies she had spewed, however, he remained silent and shot her a steely gaze.

Worried that he might hurt Sonia again, he instructed the nurse by the side in front of Dior, "Arrange for a few securities over here to guard the ward. Without my permission, nobody can enter, especially her." "Understood." The nurse looked at Dior sympathetically and did as she was told.

Harry glared at Dior before he headed back into Sonia's ward, shutting the door behind him heartlessly.

Dior could only watch as the door slammed shut right in front of her, her being still frozen where she stood. Her heart was searing in pain as though it had been skewered.

'Not allowed to enter'? Harry was that certain she had hurt Sonia?

Was she such a person to him? 1 Nothing hurt more than this.

She wanted the best for Harry, yet he used money to humiliate her sincerity. He did this to her! 1 Dior's eyes reddened as tears fell from her eyes.

Her heart was never this hurt before; it felt like it was chainsawed.

She just could not breathe.

Love truly could hurt this much, huh?

Staring at both Harry and Sonia inside the ward, Dior's lips curled up a painful smile in despair. Reaching out to wipe off her tears, she then turned to leave.

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1720-Meanwhile...

The development project continued to progress rapidly in Mount Village, and it had gotten to a crucial stage; laying the foundation.

Charmine went to the site early in the morning to personally monitor the work.

Anthony thought of how tired she must have been, so he went to the bamboo house to prepare a pot of Charmine's favorite vegetables. Even though she had promised to cook him meals for three days, he did not want her to be as tired.

Anthony remembered that the first time he dined with Charmine was over pot food.

This was their beginning.

For the time being, Charmine was no longer as harsh and no longer turned him away. Anthony hoped she could continue for the better. 1 Moreover, with his complications slowly receding, and though he still had aches from time to time, it was not as frequent.

If his illness could become more stable...

With images of his future with Charmine running through his mind, Anthony's eyes softened sincerely and gently.

All of a sudden, the images shattered as a loud buzz overwhelmed Anthony's mind. His nerves jolted and he was in so much pain that his sight went black. He loosened his grip on the knife in his hand, placing it on the table, but his abrupt blackout caused the knife to fall to the floor audibly. 1 Chris and Chloe heard it, even from outside the door. Exchanging glances, they instantly made their way into the kitchen and saw Anthony, his handsome face pale and tense as cold sweat riddled his forehead.

Alarmed, Chris went to Anthony and helped prop him up, his eyes widening in worry as he did. "Daddy, what happened?"

Chloe, on the other hand, helped massage Anthony's temples as she squinted.

Was Anthony's complication having an outburst?

How could that have happened?

She had been feeding medicine to him, albeit secretly, and he was taking them on time. He should be getting better, so why did it seem to have worsened instead?

Anthony shook his head, and his blurry vision cleared. "It's nothing," he replied hoarsely, "just feeling dizzy."

Chris had no idea about Anthony's illness, merely thinking he just suffered from a cold, which was why he was not as worried. Both he and Chloe helped Anthony out of the house and sat him in the front yard.

Anthony felt a wave of sharp pain in his head; it felt as though needles were jammed into his skull incessantly. His entire body grew taut from the tension.

He looked at the two children with a worried look. "I'm fine. I'll go in and get some rest."

Standing up, Anthony then recalled something as he turned to look at Chris seriously. "Do not tell your Mommy about this."

Chris, not wanting to worry Charmine, nodded at Anthony. "Okay."

He quickly helped Anthony get up before turning to Chloe and said, "I'll go and take care of my father now, Chloe. I'll play with you another day." "Okay!"

Chloe stood up and watched as both father and son headed inside the house, frowning with pursed lips.

She went home and instantly went online to log into her account. The moment she did, she noticed an email sent to her from Anthony.

(Anthony: Cabbage, my illness was getting better a few days ago, but the pain has relapsed today, and it's more severe than before. What could this be?) [Cabbage: What kind of pain is it? Do you have any other symptoms?] [Anthony:

No.] Chloe frowned and instantly got to work, researching information online. A few minutes later, she saw the words on her screen, and her eyes darkened.

PHL contained HOR substance...and it was this substance that worsened Anthony's illness?

The medicine would not work if she could not use PHL. The four herbs must work together!

Chloe quickly went into her room and took out all the other herbs.

No matter how she mixed them, they did not have the effect of this medicine.

In other words, although the medicine could relieve the illness, the illness might come back with more severe side effects.

Chloe pursed her lips, and for a long while, she felt clueless and helpless.

Moments later, she returned to her computer and replied to Anthony's email.

[Cabbage: I'm sorry, the medicine has side effects which cause this. Stop ingesting the medicine for now.]