

Chapter 1721-Anthony's eyes dulled upon receiving Cabbage's email, and he could practically feel his heart sinking.

'Side effects'? 'More severe'?

Why did this happen?

He had just grown hopeful, anticipating how he would rekindle his relationship with Charmine once he recovered.

Alas, it seemed that there was no chance to be with her.

Charmine had just started walking out of the negative impact he had inflicted.

What harm would he cause her if he left her again? Anthony's gaze darkened with bitterness as he recalled how Charmine had once cut him off before.

Amid his thoughts, Anthony's phone rang. Lowering his gaze, he noticed that it was Nial calling.

"What is it?" he spoke upon answering the call.

"Bro, my research with the international professors finally has results!" came Nial's excited response on the other end. "We have a daring proposal, I don't know if you're willing to try it." i "Is that so?" replied Anthony, his interest piqued. 'Tell me!"

He would not give up on any chance of recovery.

Nial said, "Amnesia is caused by damage inflicted upon the hippocampus. If we have a craniotomy and insert a high- tech man-made hippocampus, your complication may be treated. Nonetheless, this is a very risky surgery, and the chances of failure are as high as eighty percent. If we succeed, the effect will last forever. If we fail, you may end up paralyzed...or even dead."

Anthony clenched his phone tightly and narrowed his eyes.

A failure rate as high as 80-percent, was it?

There was a 20-percent chance of success, regardless.

Anthony looked out the window and at the beautiful bamboo house. He seemed to have made a decision as he answered, "Have it prepared, then. I'll go tomorrow."

Forget 20-percent; he would still undergo the operation even if the success rate was just one-percent!

Nial nodded. 'Til wait for you then, Bro!"

Anthony hung up and leaned on the sofa with his eyes shut. His face was solemn.

He had no idea if he could return upon leaving this time. If he could not...

Anthony's heart sank. He opened his darkened eyes and looked ahead.

If he could not make it back, how would Charmine face the rest of her long life?

However, given the situation, he had to leave.

This was his only chance, and he would gamble his life for Charmine.

Anthony's head began throbbing in pain once more, and he pressed on his temples, attempting to relieve the pain. It worked after a long while, and the pain subsided.

Seeing that Charmine would be returning soon, he endured the pain and quickly went into the kitchen to make dinner.

The sun began to set that evening, blanketing the entire village with its remaining glow. Cooking smoke rose from the houses below the mountain.

At this time, Charmine made her way home from the site. When she walked past the bamboo bridge, she could smell the fragrance of food cooked in a pot.

Pot food?

Her eyes lit up as she instinctively recalled her first meal with Anthony. They had pot food.

Charmine felt somehow pleasant. When she got home and opened the door, the fragrance intensified.

"Mommy!"

Chris was on the swing in the front yard. When Charmine came home, he chirped, "Daddy made dinner tonight! It's pot food!"

Charmine was shocked. "Why is he cooking?"

Was he implying that she came home too late, or that the food she cooked was not up to his standards?

Chris shook his head. "I don't know. You should go in and ask Daddy."

"Oh." Charmine thus went inside and saw Anthony's tall figure standing before the kitchen counter, cutting and chopping away with unwavering focus.

She frowned in confusion.

Anthony was preparing dinner?

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1722-Anthony turned around when he heard footsteps behind him.

Upon seeing it was Charmine, his gaze softened. "Ah, you're back. Are you tired?"

"No." Charmine walked over and saw the nicely plated dish. The sight tingled her with warmth.

Beef, duck, mushroom, and noodles—all her favorites.

"Get some rest," said Anthony, "it'll be ready soon."

Gazing at his handsome side-profile, Charmine asked, "Why did you cook?"

Did she not promise him she would cook for him for three days?

Anthony turned to look at her, and his expression softened." You had a long day.

Why would I want you to cook after coming home?"

Meeting his sweet-tempered gaze, Charmine paused. The feeling she had at that moment felt warm and cozy.

She repressed her emotions, however, and asked, her expression distant, "Is there something I can help with?"

"No," said Anthony, "you may go out and get some rest."

Charmine did not insist on the matter as she turned and walked out.

She accompanied Chris and rested in the front yard for a moment before Anthony came out with the pot and dishes. "Dinner's ready."

Chris grabbed Charmine's hand. "Mommy, the food is ready!"

"Okay."

The night breeze was calming, and the clear moon hung on the clear night skies.

Outside the bamboo house, the flow of the stream chorused with the occasional sound of crickets.

At the yard of the bamboo house, the family of three sat under the tree. Warmth and affection filled the atmosphere.

Anthony placed raw ingredients into the pot they had brought out. Once the water began to boil, he took them out and placed them into Charmine's bowl.

"Have more."

Charmine frowned. Why did she feel that Anthony was behaving like a completely different person?

Ever since she came back home, he acted oddly as though hiding something. It was almost as if he had many things to say to her but was holding back, including when she entered the kitchen when she got home, i She clearly noticed the longingness in his eyes.

Charmine looked at him suspiciously, unable to fend off the gnawing question from spilling through her lips, "Is there something you'd like to say? You can tell me; I won't bite."

Anthony felt exposed from that sole question. His pupils dilated in shock.

Instantly, he mentally quelled the shock in his eyes and masked it with a gentle gaze instead, replying, "No, I just don't want you to overwork."

Charmine frowned. Was that it?

This was just a casual remark. Why would he act as if he was holding back so much?

Charmine looked at him suspiciously, but just as she was about to speak, she quickly realized that she was caring too much about his feelings.

That was how a couple would act, which they were definitely not.

Charmine pursed her lips and said nothing else, resuming her meal, all while Anthony continued to put more vegetables on her plate.

Chris watched as Anthony put food into Charmine's bowl. Thinking of how Anthony ignored him when he asked him to scoop him some food, Chris did not bother asking this time and reached out to get some meat.

All of a sudden, Anthony caringly placed some meat on Chris ' plate for him as he caringly advised, "Don't just eat meat; have some vegetables."

Chris looked at him innocently. He just got himself a smaller slice of meat, but Anthony gave him a large chunk of meat.

It was a rare occasion for Anthony to get him food!

The giddy Chris happily ate away.

After Anthony had picked some meat for Chris, he then put some vegetables and mushrooms into Chris' bowl.

Charmine watched him as her suspicion grew.

What changed him? He was never this gentle toward Chris...

Anthony turned to put more vegetables into her bowl. "Is it yummy?" he asked.

Charmine snapped out of her thoughts. "Not bad."

Anthony looked at her intensely. Unable to hold back, he allowed himself to ramble, "Don't wear yourself out; rest when you need to. Sleep early at night, and don't stay up too late. Don't overthink, too. Remember to have three meals every day. You must take good care of yourself."

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1723-Charmine stared at Anthony dubiously. "Are you taking me as a three-year-old?"

Was she not taking good care of herself?

"I'm just worried you'll end up neglecting your wellbeing in your busy schedule, is all," replied Anthony.

Charmine glanced at him coldly. "You're thinking too much. As you can see now, I'll take good care of myself."

Anthony nodded. 'That's good.'

He looked all the more strange as Charmine stared at him. Apart from his behavior, she could see he had a lot of things in mind.

What happened to him?

Instantly, Charmine was reminded of their status. She asked him nothing else and continued eating in silence.

After dinner, Anthony took the initiative to clean and wash the dishes.

Charmine brought Chris to enjoy the night breeze and moon at the pavilion.

After a moment, she asked, unable to refrain herself, "Dear, did anything happen to your father this afternoon?" Chris' eyes narrowed at the question and instantly recalled how pained Anthony looked when he was inside the room.

A twinge of sadness flashed across Chris' eyes, but as he recalled that Anthony had told him not to tell Charmine, he replied, "Nothing happened. Daddy was working all afternoon while I played with Chloe."

"Oh." Charmine turned around.

Seeing Anthony's tall figure standing in the kitchen, he looked just fine.

Charmine pursed her lips. Was she over-analyzing things?

Probably.

Charmine did not dwell on this matter as she entertained Chris for a while before returning to the room.

tiredness looming over her. Knowing she had to wake up early the next morning to help out at the site, she laid in bed and fell asleep not long after.

The night darkened.

The lamp remained lit inside Anthony's room.

Under the soft moonlight, his tall figure stood before the wooden door as his implacable gaze fixed itself at the bamboo house where Charmine resided.

Deep longingness whirled in his pupils. 1 Anthony had no idea when he would see her again.

He prayed she would...take care of herself.

Anthony stood still with his hands behind him for a very long while. Finally, he left a letter on the table before leaving.

Inside the bamboo house, Charmine was deeply asleep.

She had a dream, one where she was on a luxurious cruise. Anthony wore the suit that she had designed for him, a sprightly bouquet of flowers at hand as he approached her.

"Charmine, will you marry me?"

Charmine, dressed in a white gown and lips painted in red, answered, "I do."

Even the air was filled with love.

The scene then changed, and the setting was in a villa.

Charmine, with a swollen belly, was admiring the flowers with Anthony, who watched over her constantly, caringly.

Chris, meanwhile, stood next to them. They were a happy family of three.

The birds were chirping outside the window.

Charmine jolted awake in shock. As her eyelids parted, it then dawned on her that it was all a dream.

She looked up at the ceiling and could not help recalling the scenes from her dream: She got married to Anthony, and they then had a baby.

The sunset in her dream was so beautiful.

An idea lit up Charmine's mind as she sprang to action.

She gazed out of the window and at the misty sky outside before turning to Chris who was beside her. "Momo," she gently spoke.

Chris instantly woke up and rubbed his eyes as he did. "Good morning, Mommy."

Charmine gazed at him fondly, much like a mother would to her son, and said, "Dear, why don't you wake your Daddy so we can watch the sunrise together?"

"Watch the sunrise?" Chris' eyes widened with delight as he happily answered, "Okay, Mommy! Can I bring Chloe along?"

Charmine smiled. "Yes, you may." Chris instantly sprinted out of the house, raced toward Anthony's house, and went inside.

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Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1724-Hehe! He would call for his Daddy first and let Chloe sleep for a little longer.

"Daddy!" Chris sangsonged as he pushed the door open.

However, all that he saw was an empty room...and Anthony was nowhere to be seen. Chris paused at the sight.

Thinking Anthony was still somewhere in the house, he called out louder, "Daddy? Daddy?"

The only response he got was the rooster's crow that came from the village chief's house.

Chris frowned. Had Anthony gone out so early in the morning for a run?

Sighing, the boy turned to head home, intending to call Anthony. Just as he was about to leave, however, he saw a letter left on the table.

Pausing, he walked toward the letter and noticed words written on the surface.

[To: Charmine Jordan.] Chris' eyes widened as a thought intruded him, and his gaze darted around the house worriedly.

His tiny hands clenched on the letter as he turned to run home.

"Mommy!" Charmine just got changed at that point, replying to Chris gently, "Have you called Chloe as well, dear?"

Chris shook his head. "I didn't."

“Hmm?” Charmine looked at him. Just as she was about to speak, Chris handed the letter to her. “I went to look for Daddy in his house and only saw this left on the table.”

Reading the words written on the envelope, Charmine’s heart sank as she took the letter from Chris and opened it.

The letter, upon being unfolded, revealed a messily written content.

[Charmine, I have an urgent matter to deal with back in Burlington. Do take care of yourself. Once I sort it out, I’ll come back for you when I can.

[Don’t let your thoughts trouble you. Take care, and don’t miss me.

[Anthony.] Charmine could feel how her heart hollowed at the words she had read.

Anthony left, and without telling her in person?

This...did not surprise her as much.

This explained his strange behavior last night, then.

Anthony had a longing look in his eyes and looked almost restrained. He was so caring toward her and said strange things.

Were these tell-tale signs of his eventual departure, after all? What made him leave so abruptly?

According to what she knew, there was nothing urgent coming up from Bailey Corporation lately.

Who did he think she was, that he could come and go as he pleased?

He left after seeing she was opening herself to him once more, knowing he had won her heart again?

What a twist, this was.

Charmine felt inexplicably crestfallen, frustrated. In the next instance, however, she tore the letter into pieces and binned them, all while Chris stood next to her, uneasy.

His father was utterly unreliable.

Just when Charmine was slowly starting to accept him again, just when she was starting to have faith in love again, he left her behind.

What was he thinking?

Worried that Charmine would revert to her old, unforgiving self again, Chris grabbed her hand with his own, pudgy hand, persuading her, “Mommy, Daddy probably has some urgent matters that he had to leave in the middle of the night. He didn’t tell us in person because we were sleeping.”

“No,” replied Charmine resolutely, sure of herself, “he didn’t leave abruptly.”

If he had to leave abruptly, he would not have behaved that way last night.

It was apparent that he was prepared to leave.

How laughable.

If he would leave as he pleased, why did he bother to act as if he did not want to leave?

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Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1725-“It’s fine; he can leave whenever he wants to,” answered Charmine to Chris, her response audibly aloof. “It has nothing to do with me. I’ll make breakfast.”

With that, Charmine walked into the room and changed out of the dress she put on for watching the sunrise. She slipped on a simpler dress and went to the kitchen to prepare breakfast.

Chris stood still, silently, seemingly lonely as he stared at the torn letter.

The plan of watching the sunrise with his parents and Chloe was canceled.

What a heartbreak, this was.

Plopping himself to sit on the sofa angrily, he mumbled furiously, “What a douche-dad. He always leaves when it’s important! If Mommy goes back to her extreme mindset like before, I won’t call him Daddy anymore!

“He left as he wanted to without even telling us. He didn’t even ask if Mommy wants to go back with him! What a douche-dad!”

Inside the kitchen.

Charmine remained calm as she tried giving herself the pep- talk, that Anthony had his free will to leave and that it would not affect her.

Still, she could not help herself from spacing out.

She forgot to add salt to the porridge, and she even forgot to add condiments to the dishes.

The entire kitchen was in a mess. It took her over an hour to finally complete making the breakfast.

Bringing out the food to the front yard, she only brought out Chris’ bowl, saying, “Momo, come out for breakfast.”

“Coming!”

Not wanting to sully Charmine’s mood, Chris tried his best to act normal. Taking up his bowl, he then noticed that only one bowl was left.

“Mommy, you forgot to get yourself a bowl,” Chris pointed out.

“It’s alright.” Charmine looked at him calmly. “Mommy isn’t hungry. Carry on with breakfast.”

Pausing for a moment, Chris blurted, “Mommy, are you upset because Daddy left?”

This made Charmine pause before replying, “No, it has nothing to do with him.

I’m used to drinking warm water in the morning.”

"Alright, then." Anthony did leave all of a sudden, after all. Charmine must have been affected, but he did not know how to comfort her.

What Anthony did was too mean. Chris wanted to help him out but did not know where to start.

Chris was similarly affected and did not have an appetite as well. He only had a few bites before he placed his spoon down. "Mommy, I'm full," he said.

"Alright, then." Charmine stood up and cleaned up before saying, "Mommy will go and help out at the site later. Go play with Chloe." i Charmine sounded calm and unperturbed, as though Anthony's departure had nothing to do with her.

"Alright, then." Chris nodded.

Charmine tidied the house and sent Chris to the village chief's house before she headed to the construction site.

Sporting a white shirt and a black blazer on top, she paired her outfit with high-waist suit pants, showing her lean, long legs.

At the site, Charmine was a sight to behold: haughty yet professional.

She donned the safety helmet and focused on work.

She professionally instructed the workers on what tasks to focus on and what needed to be worked on.

When she noticed that they did not have enough staff, she went and helped out in carrying and lifting things.

As Charmine bent to place down what she was carrying, she unconsciously noticed a tall figure standing not too far away and halted.

Her mind instantly brought up one person-Anthony.

She even thought that he had come back.

When she turned to focus on the individual, she realized that he was just a worker at the site.

Charmine looked away and smiled self-deprecatingly before she placed down everything at hand. Noticing that there were bricks needed to be moved, she went over to help out, too.

She tried to rid Anthony off of her brain, but ever since his name crossed her mind, it was like an unrelenting tidal wave, one that swept her off her feet and overtook her.

Thunk!

As Charmine was stacking up the bricks, she did not retrieve her ring finger in time, causing her finger to be stuck under a heavy brick.

"Argh!" Charmine cried out in pain and quickly retrieved her finger.

Her pale finger instantly turned purple, and blood oozed out of her nail folds.

Charmine furrowed her brows in pain as she felt that sharp, stinging pain coming from the tip of her finger. The pain stretched out to her heart, so much so that even her heart was in agony

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1726-Workers at the site quickly rushed toward Charmine upon noticing what had happened. Seeing her bloodied finger, one of them said worriedly, "President Jordan, is it severe? Can I send you to the hospital?" "It's nothing." Charmine narrowed her eyes, conflicted. She simply shook her finger, shaking the blood off. She did not seem to care and continued to move.

Seeing how stubborn she was, the workers, though worried, gazed at her admiringly, still.

Compared to those who had to rest a few days after being mildly injured, President Jordan was a great leader.

One of the workers was still uneasy. After a moment of thought, he went to get plasters for her at a shop, rushing back afterward to find Charmine.

She was nowhere to be seen.

He halted and looked around suspiciously. Finally, he saw Charmine sitting on a large excavator, taking the vehicle by the wheel.

Handsome and dashing, pride graced her delicate face.

Charmine professionally handled the excavator and scooped stones of a few hundred kilograms before piling them up.

The workers watched on, and their admiration for her only grew. Even the men had difficulties working the excavator, while Charmine handled it so effortlessly.

Was there anything else she could do that none of them knew?

After Charmine sorted out the section, she got off the excavator coolly and modishly.

It was as if she did not want herself to rest as she headed toward a group of workers seemingly short-handed.

When the head of staff saw this, he quickly rushed over to give Charmine the plaster.

"President Jordan, please clean your wound first."

Charmine looked down to glance at her ring finger. It seemed bruised, but it no longer bled.

She looked at the staff and said, "It's nothing. I don't need this."

With that said, she continued to lift the bricks.

It was early evening when Charmine told the workers to go home while she stayed to pack up before going home.

She noticed the house opposite hers as she walked past the bamboo bridge, and her heart sank.

Although she had been telling herself that Anthony was nothing, that she could pretend that he never came, she could not help recalling the beautiful times they had in this house, sadly vacant at this moment, when she went home.

Charmine sat inside the pavilion. She fell silent for a moment as she took a deep breath, shrugged everything off as though nothing happened, and headed into the kitchen to prepare dinner.

Recalling how she spaced out this very morning, she willed herself not to fall victim to the same trance again. She prepared the ingredients and only had to cook them accordingly.

Try as she did, her head was just not in the present. The fire was set, and something smelled like it was burnt.

By the time she snapped out of her thoughts, she recalled that she was frying a dish.

Charmine quickly scooped it up, only to find that the green leaves had turned black.

She bit her lip and felt stupefied.

This was a simple task. How could she have messed it up?

She could not believe she could make a nice meal!

Charmine walked to the side and started all over again in selecting the vegetables, but a moment later, smoke rose from the pot.

By the time Charmine walked over, the pot was burnt red.

It turned out that the fire was roaring, so much so that after she took out the vegetables, she forgot to add water.

Charmine quickly added water into the pot and watched as it sizzled, boiling the water instantly.

Charmine was infuriated at what happened.

She did not like herself acting this way. i Anthony left as he pleased. Why would she lose her mind because of him? 1 Even when he was not around, she did not care!

“Mommy!”

Amid Charmine’s frustration, Chris appeared by the kitchen’s door, asking,”

What do we have for lunch?”

Charmine was brought out of her thoughts and acted as though nothing happened. “It’s your favorite dish!” she replied.

“Wow!” Chris was visibly elated. “I’m excited!”

Charmine nodded. “It’ll be ready soon.” “Alrighty!” Chris walked over before spotting the burnt dish instantly.

He recalled the tasteless porridge and overly salty dish in the morning, and he sighed hopelessly when a thought came to him. Sitting next to the logs, he said, "Mommy, I don't have anything to do. I'll help you make some fire."

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1727-"Okay."

With Chris' help, Charmine no longer blundered in preparing their meal, and everything was finished in no time.

Charmine and Chris sat in the front yard, but while this was how they would usually go about in their meals, it felt as if something was missing this time.

Charmine tried to ignore this feeling; she treated Chris as if Anthony had never come. "Do you enjoy my cooking, dear?" "Yes, it's very yummy!" said Chris as he ate. "Mommy's cooking is the best in the world."

Charmine smiled and scooped more vegetables for him. "Eat more-you're still growing." "Okay."

Perhaps he was hungry, or perhaps he did not want to tell Charmine just how upset he was, but Chris ate happily nonetheless.

Charmine, meanwhile, did not have an appetite and merely took a few bites of the food before placing down the bowl, much to Chris' disappointment.

He knew Charmine was upset, but he did not want to mention that douchebag.

All he could do was act like nothing was wrong and continued to eat.

Charmine put Chris to sleep after dinner. When she thought of work, she went back to the site.

She could only busy herself with work, to numb her nerves.

Burlington. Bailey Mansion.

Waverly was inside the wedding preparation room. When she received a text from her assistant about Anthony's return, her lips curved into a satisfied smirk.

Oh, Charmine!

So what if Anthony had spent a few days with her? He still had to come home and marry her. He was hers, forever.

All Charmine could do was take the backseat and be a sore loser.

Waverly arrogantly took up the phone and made a phone call. "Bribe the TV channels. Live stream the news that Anthony and I are about to get married!"

Within ten minutes, every channel was live streaming that the heir of the Bailey family, Anthony Bailey was about to marry Waverly D'Cruz. News of this spread like rapid wildfire, inciting mayhem as everyone heard about it.

With Anthony's popularity, this made it to the hot search list within a few minutes, and comments instantly emerged regarding the situation.

[The man is a talented individual, and the woman is beautiful. God bless.] [After all that, they got back together.] [Waverly waited for him for so long with a sincere heart, and it finally touched President Bailey. What an admirable love.] [Is this true love?] 2 With Anthony's and Waverly's popularity, news of their wedding skyrocketed to international news, making the entire world aware of their relationship.

The Bailey mansion's door almost fell over as numerous people came to congratulate the couple, including various top-notch reporters, coming to interview them.

Suddenly, television channels, the internet, and headlines were all about Anthony and Waverly getting married. Even late-night channels tried to increase their views by sharing this news.

Within a day, the entire world knew about it.

Back at Mount Village...

Charmine brought Chris to the living room after their dinner.

All of a sudden, as she turned on the television, she saw the replay of this shocking news coming from Burlington.

The host, sitting before the screen, reported, 'The heir of the Bailey family and the heiress of the D'Cruz family are finally getting married at the end of the month! The MCT TV Channel sincerely wishes them a happy marriage.'

The screen then displayed various photos of Waverly and Anthony that pushed the notion of their love

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1728-Charmine's cold eyes stared at the screen, not once blinking, and her hand that held the remote clenched tightly.

Was the urgent matter Anthony referring to was him marrying Waverly?

How laughable!

When Chris noticed Charmine's expression, he blurted, "I don't want to watch this, Mommy. I want to watch cartoon shows."

Charmine snapped out of her thoughts. Not wanting to subject Chris to watching this horrible news, she switched to a different channel...only to find that it was streaming the same news.

They were all reporting about Waverly and Anthony.

Charmine watched on with a cold smile on her lips.

Who did he think she was? He hurt her, caressed her, and then left her!

All that, and he had the audacity to share this news throughout the entire globe?

Chris, seeing what Charmine saw, was rendered speechless.

"Mommy, I don't want to watch anymore," muttered Chris. 'TH go to sleep.'

With that said, he angrily grabbed the controller and shut the television before casting his glance at Charmine sullenly, lips pursed.

He wanted to coax her, but what his douche-dad did was too much. Even he was angry at him, let alone Charmine.

Charmine snapped out of her thoughts and turned to look at Chris, acting as though she was unbothered. "Alright. Rest well."

After Chris went to the bedroom, Charmine leaned on the sofa. Her gentle look gradually stiffened. She looked cold.

She unconsciously picked up the remote once more, wanting to watch the news.

However, she did not want to wake Chris up.

Moreover, what good would it do to her if she watched? Could she stop them?

It would only hurt her even more.

Charmine got up from the sofa. She opened the fridge, brought out a dozen beers to the front yard, and started drinking alone.

Inside the bedroom...

Chris' tiny figure leaned toward the window and watched Charmine, who was in the front yard.

Charmine must be so upset. Her figure seemed so desolate, so defeated.

Aggrieved, Chris' tiny fists clenched tightly. He went back to bed and picked up his phone to text Anthony.

[You big meanie! I don't want a Daddy like you!] [From now on, I only have Mommy and no Daddy!]
[Just be with your new wife, then. Don't you ever show yourself in front of me and Mommy again!
Otherwise, I'll let my dogs bite you!] At the front yard.

Charmine was drinking alone when the door abruptly opened. She could not help the gleam of hope that crossed her eyes, could not help but wish that Anthony had returned.

Did he come back to explain everything to her, that the news was fake?

Charmine thus turned toward the door, only to be met with Dior.

Her bright eyes dulled.

Dior acted as if she just saw a family member when she saw Charmine. Her nose became itchy, and she broke.

She sobbed as she walked toward Charmine. Upon noticing the bottles of beer, she picked one up and started drinking away.

Charmine narrowed her eyes. When she saw just how swollen Dior's eyes were, she asked, "What happened? Did the handsome man wrong you?" "Don't mention that douche!" Dior put down the bottle heavily and wiped off her tears.

“He dumped me!” she exclaimed nasally, her sobs hindering her sentences in between her words. “Most frustrating of all, he never loved me. He treated me well, only to use me!”

Charmine frowned and said nothing for a moment. She picked up the bottle and clinked it with hers. “He’s just a man, but there are plenty on earth. Don’t get too upset.”

Dior clinked her bottle with Charmine’s, whining, “But I can’t accept it! The evil woman joined forces with the other man to lie to this douchebag, yet he blatantly believed her instead!”

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1729-Dior only grew irate the more she thought of what went down with Harry and Sonia. She gripped the beer bottle and drank mouthfuls of the content.

Dior, with a face stained with tears, made a pitiable sight, and Charmine accompanied her in silence.

Charmine admired Dior.

Dior, at least, could cry out her heartbreak and vent everything out. Her heartbreak, on the other hand, was silent.

Dior cried, drank, and cursed the ‘douche’ the entire night.

A few bottles in, Dior clenched her fists and laid her head on the table, facedown. Her eyes were shut, but her mouth remained open as she mumbled,”

Jerk. I’ll be waiting for the day you cry!”

Charmine was half-drunk, but she was relatively sober regardless. Hearing Dior’s small rants, her red lips curled into a chilling smile.

She leaned on the chair as she cast her intoxicated gaze toward the moon, squinting as she did. She lifted her bottle and raised a toast to the moon before she continued to drink.

A long while later, she was almost drunk. She bit open the last bottle and emptied it.

She squinted her eyes at Dior. With her last sense of sobriety, she helped her inside before laying on the sofa, falling asleep at last.

As the sky brightened the next morning, Charmine woke up with a migraine.

Upon noticing Dior before her, she recalled what happened last night.

Face plastered with an impassive expression, she massaged her temples and stretched her arms as if nothing happened. She walked out of the house and washed her face to sober up.

After that, she went to the kitchen and made breakfast, which aroused Dior from her slumber with the scent.

When she sat up, however, her head buzzed loudly and felt as if it would explode.

D*mn it...and her pillow even fell off!

Dior sat up from the sofa with a stiff neck and walked out of the house to the yard, noticing Charmine making breakfast in the kitchen.

She reeled back. Charmine recovered that quickly?

She, on the other hand, felt no interest in anything whatsoever; all she wanted to do was vent out her frustration.

Dior walked into the kitchen dubiously.

Hearing footsteps behind her, she turned to ask, "Ah, you're awake?"

Dior walked up to her and said, "Charmine, Anthony is marrying another woman.

Don't you feel upset?" It was as if Charmine did not mind at all as she said calmly, "Falling out of love is nothing-don't need to take it so seriously. Isn't being on your own giving you more freedom?"

Dior fell silent for a few seconds before she instantly nodded. "Yeah, men are nothing. I'll have a better life without him!"

Charmine nodded. "Freshen up, then. Get ready for breakfast." "Alright."

After Dior had gone out, Charmine squinted and got back to work on breakfast.

All she wanted was to busy herself; she did not want to stop.

Only through this method would she have no time to think of upsetting things, and she would feel less bad.

After breakfast, Charmine thought of something and said to Dior, "Ms. Granger, would you like to cut trees for some logs up the mountain?"

Dior thought for a while and agreed, saying, "Okay, let's go."

Dior, already feeling hollow and at a loss, would follow Charmine around.

Charmine was the last straw of sanity she could cling on to.

Both of them went up the mountain.

Charmine had a blade that she used professionally. She managed to cut off a tree branch as thick as a leg with one swing.

She enjoyed this. It was as if she could lash out the sadness in her.

She did not have to think of anything if she was busy. She would feel less worse, too.

After Charmine cut off the tree branches, Dior also picked up a knife to cut them into halves.

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1730-Dior turned to Charmine and commented, 'This feels nice, Charmine. I find myself not thinking about that jerk when I'm busy.'

Charmine smiled. "Good. Carry on, then."

This was only half of her plan.

"Alright." Dior nodded. Every stick and branch was treated like they were Harry, to which Dior lashed out on as she halved them.

Jerk! Idiot! Dummy!

That malignant woman got to Harry's brain, just like that. What a fool!

Dior no longer wanted to love him-she refused to love a nitwit.

She cut the sticks and branches mercilessly. One slash, two slashes...

Charmine and Dior cut out wood for the entire day. The feeling of letting go and focusing on something made Dior feel less horrible.

After dinner...

Chris was fast asleep while Charmine and Dior were in the front yard.

The moon looked rather hazy that night, and the surroundings were tranquil, save for the gentle night breeze that blew.

Dior brought out a few beers as they both sat opposite one another, resuming their drinking session.

Dior took one bottle for herself and clinked it with Charmine's-it felt like they were a team. "I'll follow you around from now on, Charmine," she declared. "If you want to start any business, count me in. I'll have your back, and you, mine.

We won't get married, and we'll live just fine this way!"

She no longer loved Harry, that tool. She did not fall out of love, and no, she was not upset!

Charmine clinked her bottle with Dior's and softly responded, "Okay."

Dior tried to put a smile on her face. "Deal. We won't get married, and we'll focus on making money!"

She wanted to make so much money that she would drown out herself, forgetting Harry in the process.

"That's right," harrumphed Charmine. "No marriage; just purely making money!"

Dior picked up the bottle and took a mouthful. She put it down and put on gloves to start eating chicken claws.

"Men are useless," scoffed Dior as she ate. "Steer clear from us, boys!" "You got that right," Charmine chimed in. "We need no man in our world!"

The both of them drank, unknowingly prolonging their session to the middle of the night.

When Charmine walked inside to get more beer, the phone on the table rang abruptly. Frowning, she walked up to the phone and picked it up, only to find out William was calling.

Charmine accepted the call nonetheless. "Mr. Peterson, is something the matter?"

William had not seen Charmine for a long while. Hearing her voice once more stirred his feelings within him.

He said gently, "Ms. Jordan, Roskow has a major project looking for partners.

They do construction work, and I think it suits you. However, this project is quite complex, and it'll take two to three years to complete. I'm heading over there tomorrow. Would you like to join?"

Charmine held onto the phone tightly. She narrowed her eyes.

Complex? That sounded like a challenge.

Furthermore, two to three years?

She could take this as a retreat!

Charmine took a moment to think about it before answering, "I can do it.

Count me in."

With that said, she then noticed Dior in the yard and added, "Mr. Peterson, I'd like to bring another person with me." "Alright, then," answered William, "I'll pick you up now." "Hmm? You'll pick me up?" Charmine frowned.

"Yes," said William. "I happened to be on a work trip near Mount Village, and I'm only about ten kilometers away."

The truth was, since Charmine had gone to Mount Village on her own, he followed her.

He was the one who sent her the flowers and necessities, and he kept a close eye on her, worried about her.

It was only when Anthony showed up did he go to a nearby town.

"Alright, then," replied Charmine, "you may come now."