

Chapter 1891-in contrast, not one person had visited Tiffany, apart from the assigned nurse, even after she was admitted to the ward.

Though spacious, her ward was desolate. It was so quiet that dripping liquid could be heard.

The next day...

Tiffany's bleary eyes parted as the sky brightened.

She looked at the blurry image in front of her and felt confused.

Was she dead?

What about that vulgar woman, Charmine? Was she dead as well?

Her eyelids jolted open at the thought.

Coincidentally, the door to her ward opened, and a nurse came in to change the IV liquid for her.

When she woke up, the nurse asked, albeit rather hostilely, "Do you feel unwell?"

The nurse knew this woman was evil, that she had done every evil deed that existed in the world...yet an evil woman like her managed to survive.

God must have been blind!

Tiffany met her disgusted look and asked coldly, "What about that b\*tch Charmine? Is she dead?" "You mean Ms. Jordan?" The nurse then spoke, intentionally choosing her words, "She's absolutely fine." i "What do you mean?"

Tiffany stared at her incredulously. "Charmine is fine!?"

How could that be?

She had detonated the bomb in hopes of ending her life with her!

Tiffany clenched her fists, and just thinking of this made the bitterness in her surge.

In her anger, she had unconsciously moved her lower half and leg, and she felt immense pain shooting throughout her body.

Wait...

Tiffany sensed something at that moment. Her bitter gaze slowly shifted to look downward at her lower half...and her eyes widened in utter disbelief.

Her right leg was gone!

All that was left was only a wrapped-up thigh in place of her missing leg!

Her face turned pale as she became disoriented. She shakily reached out and touched her thigh. 2 She lost a leg...

She lost a leg!

She was left with one leg! She was disabled!

“Aaah! How can this be? How?! Argh!” howled Tiffany, utterly devastated at the fate that befell her.

Amid her impending meltdown, she felt pain searing her face as her facial muscles scrunched in her distress.

She caressed her face and felt the bandage that wrapped around her head.

Tiffany glared at the nurse, her gaze filled with unadulterated fury. “What happened to my face? You, tell me! What happened to my face!?”

The nurse mocked coldly, “You’re disfigured.”

Tiffany heard a loud buzz in her head.

She...was disfigured apart from losing one leg?

“No way... No way...”

Tiffany began chanting this like a deranged woman as she unplugged the IV off of her arms. She did not even put on her shoes as she scrambled out of the bed...only for her to fall onto the floor with a thud, due to having lost her balance. 1 This instigated her wound, and the white bandage that wrapped her thigh instantly reddened.

All that, and Tiffany seemed to feel nothing.

She supported herself with her hands as she went into the washroom with her bleeding thigh, but blood stained the white floor in the process.

“You’re crazy!” The nurse looked at her before she walked over, wanting to help her up. “Do you even want to live?!” “Take your hands off of me!” growled Tiffany as she continued to crawl toward the washroom, i “She’s gone mad!”

The nurse, no longer able to put up with Tiffany, walked out of the ward to find her supervisor.

Tiffany, meanwhile, determinedly made her way into the washroom, brought herself up as she grabbed at the walls and sink, and stared before the mirror.

Looking at her heavily bandaged face, she reached out and pulled at the bandage quickly.

When she saw her bloodied face covered with wounds and completely smudged, her pupils dilated.

“Aaaah! Aaargh!”

Groans and howls of pain were heard coming from the washroom.

Chapter 1892-Tiffany caressed her bloody face and shivered vigorously.

No way...

This was not her!

She was an exalted heiress, known for her delicate face that every man would go crazy for! 1 This horrible, ugly face in the mirror was not hers!

Crash!

Tiffany furiously smashed the mirror with the washing liquid, causing the perfect mirror to shatter.

However, the broken mirror still reflected her bloodied, imperfect face.

Tiffany went ballistic upon seeing her reflection. She shut her eyes and growled out loud, 'This isn't me! This isn't me!'

At that moment, a group of nurses rushed into Tiffany's ward, and the supervisor rushed into the washroom.

"Ms. Jordan, please calm down!"

Tiffany turned over, scaring the nurses with her horrendous face that they stepped backward instinctively.

Tiffany's dark eyes stood out from her face full of blood. 1 She looked at the crowd and could not hear a word they were saying. She could, however, see their mouths moving.

Their expressions were filled with abhorrence.

Tiffany laughed coldly, and her twitching bloody face became an even more appalling sight.

She fixed her eyes on a woman and saw the bag in her hand.

She did not hesitate to crawl over.

The nurses backed away in horror as Tiffany crawled toward them, and the woman with the bag was so scared that she was petrified on the spot. She dared not move. 1 Tiffany snatched the bag away from her like a snake. She was in so much pain that she felt entirely numb, and she managed to rush toward the balcony in this state. 2 The nurses then sprang into action and attempted to rein her back, but Tiffany had already locked the door from the inside.

No matter how harshly they banged on the door, Tiffany ignored them and sat on the balcony.

Her hair fluttered with the breeze that blew by.

She looked horrible and lonely.

Tiffany opened the bag and noticed a big stack of cash along with all kinds of jewelry.

None of these things mattered to her anymore.

Tiffany merely took out the makeup products from the bag and used them on her face, albeit with wounded hands. 2 She even lathered some foundation onto her bloody face. 1 The people outside the door saw this shocking sight through the glass window, and their eyes widened in horror.

This woman had gone completely mad! That would only irritate her wounds!

However, Tiffany seemed to feel no pain as she continued to layer her face with more foundation. 1 She only stopped when she no longer saw any blood or disfiguration on her face. She then took out the lipstick to paint her lips with.

After finishing her makeup, she fished out the mirror proudly. When she saw her face as delicate and sexy as it used to be, her red lips curled up a smile.

This was her-Tiffany.

She had always been beautiful!

She tossed the makeup products aside and sat on the balcony. Her cold eyes looked out faraway...

The world was large, but there was not one place she belonged to.

It was then and there that flashbacks of past memories ran through her mind.

The heiress of the Jordan family; the spoiled and well-loved classy lady.

The Princess D'Cruz of Kansas: the well-looked-up, glorious, and stunning.

At this hour...

Her reputation was ruined, she was frowned upon, and everyone wanted her dead.

She worked hard all her life to fight for what she wanted, whether it was family, love, or career.

None of these succeeded.

She lost completely every time...

Worse still, her face was disfigured and her leg, gone...

No!

No way!

She was already in bad shape, and she must not allow anyone to see how horrible she looked!

She, Tiffany Jordan, was born elegant. She was not born to be looked down upon, and she would not allow anyone to point their fingers at her! 1 She would rather die with honor than to survive in disgrace! 2 With that, Tiffany's lips twisted into a bitter, yet beautiful smile.

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1893-Instantly, Tiffany tilted ...and fell off the hospital's balcony, plummeting to the ground.

"Aaaahh!"

Passersby fell into utter chaos as they shrieked in horror.

Doctors, meanwhile, rushed down and saw the gruelly bloodied Tiffany, lying among the grass. Her blood had seeped into the ground, painting the grass and flowers around her in red.

Tiffany had met her demise at last, all with her eyes widely opened...

Instantly, news about Tiffany taking her own life spread like wildfire across the hospital.

Inside another ward, at that moment...

Senior Jordan was racked with a wave of intermingled feelings.

Although Tiffany was not his granddaughter and that he despised Tiffany, she did grow up under his roof and was treated like family for quite a long while.

It was a pity that she died at such a young age...

"An evil woman like her deserves to be dead!" Lily suddenly declared.

Amelia pulled her back. "Mom, stop talking!"

Charmine, meanwhile, felt just as conflicted.

She had one less despicable enemy already? Tiffany was dead, just like that? i What a shame.

Senior Jordan remained quiet for a long while before looking up at Charmine.

"Charmine, I'll ask my men to retrieve her body."

No one would retrieve her body otherwise.

Charmine pursed her lips and said, "Okay."

Following that, the Jordans had a simple ceremony to bury her body. Nobody came to visit her.

Her tomb was placed in the corner of the cemetery, and no flowers were brought to her even then. 2 At the Houston family's mansion, inside a luxurious room...

McKenzie, like the high-above princess she was, leaned on the sofa. Her fair, slim hand held onto her phone as she read the news.

Tiffany was actually dead?

She raised a brow at this, and her eyes seemed to dull slightly in disappointment.

One of her pawns was gone, just like that!

It seemed that she had to do the rest personally.

Her lips curled into a smile as she leaned on the sofa with her eyes shut. Her mind reeled back the memory of what had happened yesterday...

Anthony, even as he arrived at her family's mansion yesterday, seemed absent-minded. He repeatedly checked his phone, and he did not even respond to their questions a few times.

When he received a call from Robert, he rushed out like a madman.

McKenzie knew he was going to look for Charmine.

She could also tell from his look that he had genuine feelings for this woman, that he was a man in love, i Charmine did not deserve a perfect man like him! Only she, McKenzie Houston, deserved him! 1

Therefore, she had to make Anthony stop loving Charmine! 1 McKenzie's eyelids parted, revealing a pair of ruthless eyes as she, with an idea in mind, picked up her phone to make a phone call.

"Prepare me a special gift."

At the Jordans' mansion.

After the original mansion had been damaged by the explosion, Charmine quickly had Kay set up another mansion for Senior Jordan and the rest to move in.

Robert was eventually discharged, and he recuperated healthily.

All the important moguls of the business industries came over to send their regards. To return the gesture, the Jordans hosted a simple dinner party.

There were hundreds of people in their spacious backyard. The sounds of conversation and clinking glasses filled the air.

Grandma Bailey came as well, along with Susan and Annabel.

During the conversation, someone brought up the topic as they saw the slight bump on Annabel's tummy.

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1894-"Sigh! Although Ms. Annabel doesn't come from a wealthy family, she's still bearing Anthony's child. She should get more recognition." "Although she's moved into the Bailey mansion, she doesn't have any title. Without anyone's support, will her time there be difficult?" "Ms. Annabel, you have to be cautious.

You're having Anthony's child, so be very wary of possible acts of sabotage..."

Everyone could not help looking at Charmine as they spoke. 1 In other words, they wanted Annabel to be careful of Charmine, that she might attack her or inflict harm on her.

When Susan heard this, she put her arm over Annabel's shoulder and said,"

Don't worry; Annabel is treated as Mrs. Bailey at home. I treat her as my daughter-in-law. I won't go easy on anyone who bullies her."

With that said, she nonchalantly threw a warning look at Charmine.

Charmine remained unperturbed as if she heard nothing, carrying on with her conversation with Robert.

She had been backing away from Susan because she did not want to make it hard for Anthony.

Annabel looked at Charmine cautiously and then kindly explained to everyone else, "Oh, please don't misunderstand Ms. Jordan-she treats me very well. She always cares about me and sends me gifts. We're on good terms."

With that said, as though worried that nobody would believe her, she looked at Charmine with an admirable look. "Ms. Jordan is the friendliest and toughest person I've ever met in my life. Without her support, I wouldn't be here today."

The moguls were all surprised and shocked.

Charmine was genuinely getting along with Annabel? She was so generous toward the woman who had a child with her husband?

They had to get on her good side!

The crowd looked at Charmine with a newfound sense of admiration.

A few of them could not help walking toward her and handed her their name cards.

“Ms. Jordan, I’m the President of Crowne Group. Let’s have a meal when you have time.” “Ms. Jordan, I’m the President of Ocean Group, and this is my card.

Feel free to contact me if you ever need anything.”

Charmine reached out her fair hand to accept them, all while she kept her composure. “Okay.”

The presidents were all very happy. It would be their honor to be able to work for Charmine!

When Susan saw this, her face stiffened.

She wanted to introduce everyone to Annabel, yet Charmine managed to steal the show again. Worse still, Annabel had no desire to win at all! How ridiculous!

Robert, meanwhile, ignored everyone else. He looked up to Charmine and said to her, “Sis, I want to work at your company. I’ll just start from the bottom.”

“Alright, then.” Charmine looked at him with admiration. “I’ll let my staff know.

You may ask me if you have any questions.”

Robert nodded gently.

Meanwhile, the bell rang from the front of the mansion, and the butler made his way to open the gate.

Ms. McKenzie?

Dressed in a fancy white dress, a high-priced bag adorned her hand as her hair was tied up. No doubt, she looked elegant and expensive.

Her assistant, Miranda, was by her side, holding a nicely wrapped gift as long as herself.

The butler took quite a while to react as he gazed at this elegant lady. “Ms.

McKenzie.”

McKenzie looked at the butler and said, “I came to visit Senior Jordan.” “But of course! Please, come in.”

McKenzie walked in her heels and her extremely sexy but flawless skin. She walked past the front yard to the back garden of the mansion.

When everyone saw this elegant Ms. McKenzie, they were shocked for a few seconds.

“Ms. McKenzie.” Senior Jordan was the first to react.

McKenzie curled up a calm smile, “Senior Jordan, I came here on behalf of my father.”

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1895-“Thank you. Please, come on in!” McKenzie was in no hurry to be seated as her beautiful eyes looked at Charmine. “Ms. Jordan, congratulations for winning the competition. Now that Poulenc is well-known all over the world, you’re incredibly established.”

Charmine looked up to meet her eyes. “Thanks,” came her aloof, simple response.

“You’re very welcome. I prepared you a very special gift.” McKenzie then made a gesture.

Miranda unwrapped the high-end leather-made wrapper, revealing...

A harp!

The wood of the instrument seemed high-end and had been exquisitely carved.

There was a beautiful flower carved on it, giving the harp a beautiful and exquisite look to it.

The strings, on the other hand, looked strong and vibrant.

The harp looked very expensive with just a look!

Everyone present was baffled.

This harp was the last batch of harps made in the last century. It was already so valuable in the present date, and it was hard to come by.

Was McKenzie that close to Charmine?

Charmine looked at the expensive harp in front of her and had a vague smile on her lips.

She knew what McKenzie was up to.

“Thank you, Ms. McKenzie,” uttered Charmine coldly.

Susan, at that very moment, thought of something and said, “Charmine, since McKenzie had been so kind, why don’t you play us something?”

Annabel looked at Charmine warily; she had never seen Charmine playing the harp. Could she play it?

Charmine looked at Susan coldly.

She knew what Susan was thinking of.

When the crowd saw the complicated look on Charmine’s face, they knew she could not play such an insightful instrument.

Thus, began the attendees’ crows of mockery.

“That’s right! Ms. McKenzie is so kind, so why don’t you play us a song?” “I’ve never seen this. Enlighten us!” “There are so many of us here present, Ms.

Charmine. Play us something.”



They spoke with admiration and anticipation, but the truth was that they looked forward to seeing how Charmine would react.

Charmine was so high-above and succeeded in anything. She had taken business opportunities from them, too! 2 She had shown them no respect at all!

This was why they wanted her to embarrass herself.

Charmine could not even say the name of this instrument, and she probably did not know how to play it!

Charmine squinted at the harp.

Ha! A gift? More like a challenge.

Noticing Charmine not making a move, Susan could not help saying, "Can it be, Charmine, that you can't play the harp?"

With that said, those who did not like Charmine chimed in.

"Gosh! That's impossible!" "Charmine grew up with the Jordans. She's considered a wealthy heiress."

"You're all mistaken. The Jordans are rich now, but they were hardly in the top twenty last time. They're rich, but not wealthy."

"Indeed; she's not a wealthy heiress at all. No wonder she doesn't know this insightful instrument."

"Sigh! She's not well-cultured at all. How did she get into the Bailey family?"

A group of them mocked Charmine as though she was way out of her league, getting into the Bailey family. 1 Charmine had no intention of speaking, but hearing such words, her red lips curled up suddenly.

"What century are we in? Do women need to be well-cultured? Who made the law that all women must be well-cultured? Can modern men write poems and go to wars now? What double standards these are!" spoke Charmine, articulating every word she had said and meaning every single one of them.

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1896-Nial and Rochelle, throughout the entire exchange, sat in their respective corners. They were never ones to like crowded occasions, anyway.

When they heard what Charmine said, they looked up and applauded her.

"Boss Jordan is right! Women now are independent and into corporate work!" "I support you, Charmine! Those times are over!"

The moment their words overlapped, they exchanged glances.

Rochelle frowned. "Why did this man clap, too? What an eerie coincidence!"

Nial raised an eyebrow at her, thinking to himself, 'Who's that woman?

Why's she looking at me like that?' McKenzie's delicate face stiffened.

D\*mn it!

Charmine came up with such a weak excuse instead of admitting she could not play the harp!

Even in the 21st century, learning music had nothing to do with these cultures.

She wanted to embarrass Charmine, yet that woman managed to steer the conversation into something else!

McKenzie looked at Charmine with an unnoticeable disgust, and those who mocked her before had the same look on their faces.

Charmine could have admitted her ignorance, yet she pulled an excuse!

What a pity that they could not see her getting embarrassed!

Charmine turned to McKenzie and mocked, "Ms. McKenzie, instead of playing the harp, why don't we discuss technology? I've been working on the thirteenth generation processor. With the ER chip, it can work smoothly even when running large-sized games and software. It's forecasted to work three hundred percent faster than currently existing computers. It has built-in location tracking, too. Even if the computer is stolen, it can be found anytime!"

This astounded everyone. All eyes stared at Charmine in shock.

They took a while to react.

"Any processor on the market now is only in the tenth generation!" "Ms. Jordan is working on the thirteenth generation?" "The tenth generation is already very powerful, yet she could make it three hundred percent faster?" "This technology is unreal!" "Ms. Charmine is indeed a tech mogul!"

Everyone could not help looking at Charmine with admiration.

McKenzie stared at Charmine.

Not only did she not play the harp, but she even changed the topic and directed the challenge back at her?

McKenzie would not let Charmine get away so easily!

She smiled and said elegantly, "I don't have the interest to work on this for now.

Even if I do, I won't discuss it any further on this occasion. After all, this is a casual party tonight, isn't it?"

What McKenzie implied was that Charmine was careless in choosing topics at given occasions.

They both had smiles on their faces. However, their gaze toward one another was filled with hostility.

McKenzie's assistant thought of something and said, "Madam, since Ms.

Charmine doesn't play the harp and the guests would like to hear it, we shouldn't waste this expensive instrument. Why don't you play us something for everyone to enjoy?"

The assistant made it seem as if everyone wanted to hear the sound of the harp.

However, anyone could tell that she was mocking Charmine for not being able to play.

Everyone had their eyes fixed on McKenzie. Some were anticipating, and some were waiting for the drama to unfold.

Charmine did not know how to play, but McKenzie did.

The crowd thus began to say excitedly...

"Ms. McKenzie, play us something. Enlighten us!" "Yeah. I've lived for fifty years, and I haven't heard someone playing the harp before." "Enlighten us. I can't wait!" "A beautiful woman, and an elegant instrument. I'm about to see it and hear it-it's the pleasure of my life! Ms. McKenzie, fulfill our dreams!"

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1897-McKenzie frowned and plastered a wary facade on her face before saying elegantly, "If everyone insists, I'll play something for you. Even if Charmine can't play it, we can't let this beautiful instrument go to waste."

Her tone was cold and forced. She made it seem as if she was forced to play them something.

"Great!" someone called out. Instantly, applause filled the air.

McKenzie, adorned with her elegant long dress, sat herself on the sofa elegantly.

Like a dearly adored princess of bygone times, her fair arms positioned themselves on the harp. She was so otherworldly that she was like a well-cared-for white lily.

McKenzie raised her eyes to throw a look of challenge at Charmine.

Charmine was speechless at this, and in the back of her mind, she so badly wanted to sing a song named "Actor" for her.

McKenzie's fingers, with nails painted a faint lavender color, then stretched out and gently plucked at the strings.

Instantly, a gentle sound was heard across the living room.

The sounds of the harp were as crisp as its strings, and so strong were the instrument's strings that it sounded soothing and clean from noises.

Everyone looked at McKenzie in astoundment.

Even a simple pluck from her made such a nice melody!

She had to be good...unlike Charmine.

She probably did not even know what this was called!

What an exciting drama!

When McKenzie saw how everyone stared at her with praise and amazement, her red lips curved into a smile as her fingers seemingly danced across the strings. They brought up the pace around the strings.

The crisp sound of the strings seemed to be able to wash away one's impurities, and it made everyone feel more relaxed.

The pleasant melody would shift in its tempo: sometimes picking up the pace, and sometimes slowing and winding down. They came in waves, so gently and relaxing.

The crowd did not know what piece this was, but it was indeed music to their ears.

This felt like a refreshing breeze on a hot summer's day, and it made one feel relaxed and refreshed.

They suddenly understood why the wealthiest people liked going to the operas; so there was a pleasure in itself.

The moment McKenzie ended the piece, everyone took a while to react as if they were still lingering in the music.

Following that, a loud applause rang across the room.

"Bravo! Well played!" "This piece is so emotional. It pulled me in, and I feel unusually melancholic." "Ms. McKenzie is indeed well-cultured. You're good at everything, and you're the role model to the next generations." 2 "You're indeed the Goddess of Burlington! You deserve the title!"

McKenzie smiled gracefully at their praises. "Thank you."

No matter what she did, even when all she did was go out of her mansion, countless people would praise and admire her.

She had grown bored of these praises. She felt nothing.

She played this piece merely to embarrass Charmine! She wanted Charmine to feel that she was not good enough for Anthony! 1 Among the praises, someone asked, "Did Ms. McKenzie play the Mermaid's Wish?"

McKenzie looked at him with surprise. "Oh, you could recognize it? I just learned it, and it's nowhere perfect."

Her tone was so humble, but she exuded excellency all over.

She wanted everyone to praise her for sounding so nice, even when she said no.

As expected...

Everyone exalted her even more.

"Ms. McKenzie, you're too humble! This piece is very difficult, especially on a harp, but each note you played was so accurate with the right amount of touch.

You wouldn't sound so great if you haven't mastered the skills." "Yeah! You played so well yet are still so humble. You look so good as well! I'd be so proud if I had a daughter like you!" "This Mermaid's Wish hasn't been played since the last century, yet Ms. McKenzie was able to perform it so skilfully. How stellar!" "I don't think there are more than three people in the country who could play this!"

"It's my pleasure to be able to hear Ms. McKenzie play. I don't have any regrets now!"

As everyone was praising McKenzie, Charmine smiled calmly. She looked at McKenzie and said, "The last few chord progressions were incorrect; you missed the notes."

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1898-The praises for McKenzie paused at that moment, and all eyes landed on Charmine.

Their gazes were filled with detest and speechlessness.

What did Charmine know, anyway? She did not even know what this instrument was called, let alone know how to play it, yet she could boldly criticize such a beautifully played piece?

The entire piece sounded so heart-tugging and smooth. Where did McKenzie miss the notes?

“Charmine is obviously jealous!” “We’ve always known that she’s arrogant, but we see it with our own eyes today. Not only is she arrogant, but she’s also fake and self-conceited!”

McKenzie saw how everyone looked at Charmine with disgust and smirked at this, but she nonetheless kept her composure. “Are you perhaps joking? If you can’t play it, how do you know I missed the last few notes?” “Charmine, you don’t know this at all,” Susan suddenly chimed in. “If you can’t play the harp, just don’t play it, and nobody would say anything.

McKenzie played so well, so just don’t cause a scene, will you?”

Susan sounded as if she wanted the best for Charmine, but it was apparent that she was embarrassed by what Charmine did.

Charmine, however, merely smirked with her ruby lips as she then got up from the sofa nonchalantly.

Hundreds of people watched as Charmine walked toward the harp. She nonchalantly placed her slim fingers on the strings and gently stroked them.

A pleasing melody was heard, and it sounded crisp and emotional.

In the final phrase, the tip of Charmine’s fingers pulled the strings harder.

The sound resonated so much that the flowers on the table flew in the air.

The pink petals swirled in the air before falling downward.

Charmine’s final notes drew a perfect cadence on the imperfectly ended piece played by McKenzie earlier.

Everyone looked at Charmine in shock, genuinely flabbergasted.

Did she not know how to play? Why did they feel that even the few carefree notes she played were way beyond McKenzie’s ten-or-so minutes worth of music?

McKenzie could have gotten away with it without the comparison, but after Charmine played her version, they could tell.

Charmine played the right notes. Each note sounded as if she was telling the story of the mermaid’s tail, and it was more indulging and emotional.

Furthermore, the flower petals even swirled in the air! She was so skilled that the resonance was so powerful, so much so that things around her were affected!

Everyone looked at Charmine in shock and could not help the praises that escaped their lips.

“So Charmine can play after all! And, she plays better than McKenzie!” “Goodness! So she really does know!” “And she managed to precisely tell which notes Ms. McKenzie missed! She corrected them!” “Ms. Charmine is truly humble! She plays so well and is so ethereal. It’s such an enjoyment!” “Ms.

Jordan, can you play more for us? We want more!”

The crowd looked at Charmine with surprise and admiration, just like Senior Jordan did.

Charmine had never once disappointed him even from a young age.

Joey, meanwhile, looked at her daughter with delight and bitterness.

Charmine was such a good child. Why did she have to treat her so cruelly before?

Rochelle glanced at McKenzie coldly and stood up to say, “My Boss Jordan knows this instrument well, but she’s just not interested in soft- sounding instruments like this. This instrument is meant to be admired, not a weapon to show off!”

Of course, Rochelle had a double meaning to her words.

Everyone looked at McKenzie cautiously.

McKenzie’s face stiffened at this. Nonetheless, her delicate, fair face remained elegant and high-above. She looked up at Charmine and scoffed at her, saying, “Charmine Jordan, there will be something that you’re not as good as I am. Just wait for it.”

When everyone heard this, they were ready to see the exchanges between the two.

Was Ms. McKenzie humiliated and angered? Had she just openly challenged Charmine?

Charmine was not intimidated at all as she met McKenzie’s gaze. “Why wait? If you have doubts, do it now!”

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1899-Charmine smirked. “Ms. McKenzie, I know you like Anthony, and everyone thinks that you both would make the perfect couple even when you were both young-very compatible. They all said that I’m not good enough for Anthony, that he’s out of my league! Well then, I’ll allow you to challenge me, and you have the honor of choosing said challenge. We have three rounds. If you win any of the rounds, I lose. If I lose, I’ll divorce Anthony!”

She looked at McKenzie with a challenging look as she spoke clearly, “If you lose, you’ll leave the country to study for three years!” McKenzie’s eyes darkened as she looked at Charmine in confusion.

Charmine was this chaotic to have challenged her? Ridiculously rude~ i Everyone else was just as shocked.

Charmine was so daring to have challenged McKenzie, and McKenzie only had to win one round out of three? How confident!

McKenzie was the No.1 wealthy heiress in Burlington. How could she take this?

The theatrics had just gotten more interesting, and everyone present watched on with excitement and curiosity!

Anthony, who sat beside Charmine, had heard Charmine's declaration, and his cold face could not hide the hint of unpleasantness. Her words felt like a sharp dagger that embedded itself into him.

Did she just use him as a bargaining chip? Would she truly divorce him if she lost this bet?

Anthony's expression grew bitter as he turned to look at her.

Before he could speak, Charmine's small hand reached out to grab onto his large palm. "Don't worry, my dear; I never bet on things I'm not confident about. I won't lose."

The endearing pet name Charmine called him had soothed Anthony's raging worries. Thus, he looked at her and said gently, "Okay."

McKenzie saw how loving the two of them were and loathed the sight.

D\*mn it!

Charmine embarrassed her in front of so many people and even posed a challenge?

She even said how she knew McKenzie liked Anthony a moment ago, yet she would even publicly flirt with Anthony? Was she doing this on purpose?! 1 McKenzie's lips curled into an alluring smirk, and her eyes gleamed with confidence. "I accept your challenge, Charmine! Let's meet at the top of Light Plaza tomorrow at ten. If anyone shows up a minute late, she will lose!"

Charmine actually challenged her. She was too ignorant and daring!

McKenzie had to use this opportunity to defeat Charmine and ruin her reputation!

Charmine took up the challenge boldly. "Alright, then! Everyone can be a witness here. If anyone breaks the rule, she'll lose!"

Both women shared a stare-down, their eyes seemingly burning with hostility as they did. 1 "Alright!"

Everyone applauded and cheered, all too excited for what would go down.

Charmine actually challenged the No.1 Heiress in Burlington?

The all-rounded tech mogul, versus the high-above all-rounded heiress...

Who would win?

The competition was already so thrilling! It would be a good show!

Nial was the first to stand and support Charmine, saying "Charmine is incredibly capable that she's allowing Ms. McKenzie to select the options! How impressive!" "Sis, we believe in you!" cheered Robert. "We'll be there to support you tomorrow!"

Rochelle, meanwhile, seemed visibly sympathetic. "What a pity that you can't compete playing the harp. Ms. Jordan would've won a round already!"

While Rochelle sounded helpless, she was also rubbing salt to the wound, and this evoked a reaction from McKenzie, her face turning pale upon hearing Rochelle's words.

McKenzie clenched her fists and then acted as if she did not care. Her exquisite face put on an elegant smile as she parted with Senior Jordan elegantly, "Senior Jordan, I shall leave now. I will visit you another time."

Senior Jordan nodded. "Goodbye, Ms. McKenzie."

A moment later, he said in a low voice, "Butler, send her out."

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1900-With that, McKenzie haughtily strutted away to leave, with her heels clicking beneath her. Miranda followed after her in a hurry, all while she continued to fan her master.

When they got to the car, Miranda opened the car door for McKenzie as they reached the car. McKenzie then got in and sat down, her delicate expression slowly souring once she did.

D\*mn that Charmine! She embarrassed her and even challenged her for three rounds?!

Heh! How ignorant.

She wanted Charmine to regret that she had challenged her tomorrow!

McKenzie looked up coldly at Miranda, who was driving, and instructed," No matter what happens tomorrow, do not let Charmine arrive at the venue!

"Yes, Madam!" answered her assistant dutifully.

McKenzie leaned on the sofa, her elegant face frosty as she observed her fair fingers nonchalantly.

Charmine Jordan... If she could not even arrive at the venue, how could she win?

Charmine would lose tomorrow! 1 At the Baileys' mansion.

Charmine came out of the shower and saw Anthony smoking on the balcony.

His tall figure seemed rather desolate under the dim light.

Charmine walked out to his side and saw his usually elegant face looking unpleasant. She then smiled.

"You genuinely don't mind about my bet, right?"

Anthony turned over and looked at her. "Have you thought about what to do if you lose?"

Yes, he trusted her, but what if something wrong happened in between? It was not easy for him to finally marry her. What if she had to divorce him after all this?

Charmine met his worrying eyes, and her delicate face remained calm.

She reached out to hold his hand and said, her tone reflecting just how confident and bold she was, "Anthony, why don't you trust your wife? It's just McKenzie; I'm not even intimidated!"

She looked at him coldly and said, "I only want to win peace for the rest of our married life!"



Anthony's heart fluttered at this, and his cold expression slowly eased off.

Charmine was right.

If Charmine won, McKenzie would never show up in their world and try to break them up again! 2  
Still...how could she be so certain that she would win?

Charmine met his concern-filled gaze and smiled nonchalantly. She reached out to hold his chin, saying with queen-like pride, "Are you afraid of me losing? Why don't you show me some support?" 1 She then stood on her toes to kiss Anthony's inviting lips, causing Anthony to stiffen at the sudden softness he felt.

He knew what 'support' meant to her; it was the act they had not performed since their wedding.

However...

He must not touch her until she could forgive what happened five years ago. 1 He knew he should turn her away, that he should pull any excuse to push her away, but...

He felt her kisses, and it took every fiber of his being to resist his urges.

Anthony hesitated for a moment before he reached out to pull her into his arms.

He deepened the kiss...

As the kiss grew fervent and passionate, however, Anthony stopped.

He let go of Charmine and looked at the flushed woman before him. His husky voice rang out lowly, "My darling, why don't you rest early tonight to prepare for tomorrow's competition?"

His voice oozed so much pent-up frustration that it sounded incredibly seductive.

Charmine, on the other hand, was baffled at the sudden stop and eyed Anthony warily.

She could feel that he wanted it, but why did he stop it?