

My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful

Chapter 591-600

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 591- Charmine's eyelids jumped. These reporters were all gossipers- professional gossipers.

She was done for if they knew her relationship with Anthony.

Meanwhile, another reporter asked, "Ms. Jordan, President Bailey, why did you come to

this deal? Is there something between the two of you?"

Seeing how Anthony was about to answer, she lowered her head and took the chance to

answer, "Please don't speculate nonsense. President Bailey and I are purely business

partners."

Business partners?

A flash of unnoticeable darkness appeared in Anthony's eyes.

Purely business partners?

Was Charmine that eager to wash herself clean from him?

Someone then asked, "How did Ms. Jordan seal this deal with President Bailey? Isn't it

impossible for most people to meet President Bailey?"

"I went to the Bailey Corporation to discuss the deal," Charmine cleverly replied, "and

President Bailey was merely impressed by the Jordan Group's proposal. That's it."

Her tone was professional and business-like, not even sparing Anthony a glance as she

answered.

Anthony's eyes narrowed. 'That's it'? How embarrassed was this woman of their

relationship?

Was he such an embarrassment to her? 1

A bunch of reporters asked, some even directed the questions at Anthony.

"President Bailey, is that true about what Ms. Jordan said? Were you merely

impressed by their proposal? Why did you come to this small press conference

in person?"

Charmine's heart thumped rapidly. If Anthony said anything that he should not be saying, it would be over.

Reluctantly, she eyed Anthony as she weakly kicked his leg below the table.

The drapery covering the table perfectly concealed the small act beneath the table.

Anthony's gaze sharpened as he felt Charmine kicking his leg. He said to the reporters, "Ms. Jordan and I..."

With that, he paused intentionally.

Charmine was terrified by this, maintaining a faint smile as she pinched

Anthony's thigh.

It was hard for people to not assume things if he kept pausing for a dramatic

effect!

Anthony felt a stinging pain on his thigh.

His eyes darkened again. How dare Charmine pinched his thigh!?

Did she not know that one should not simply pinch a man's thigh?

Despite the sharp pain on his thigh, Anthony's face remained cold and unchanged, stoic as he was. "Ms. Jordan and I are purely business partners," he finally answered through the microphone.

A man and a woman partnering for business.

With that said, he continued, "The Bailey family will fully support the Jordan family from now on. Whoever goes against the Jordans will be going against the

Baileys. Please be warned."

After that, he pushed the microphone away, making it apparent that he was unwilling to answer any more questions.

He then stood up and reached out his hand to Charmine. "Ms. Jordan, looking forward to

working with you."

Charmine felt her heart thrashing around as she eyed his large hand, yet she had to put

on a calm and unperturbed face as she stuck out her own.

"Looking forward to working with you."

The reporters captured their handshake, and the photo of them both became viral all

over the business world and internet.

From on onward, the Jordan Group would get back on its feet. Those who tried to stay

away from the Jordans began hoping to establish, or reestablish, their connections again.

The losing Jordan group had regained their glory!

Inside the office...

Charmine asked everyone to leave and asked Anthony to stay back under the guise of

signing the contract.

Looking at Anthony who was sitting on the sofa, she asked, "Why did you come in

person?"

"Why? Am I not welcomed?" Anthony asked, raising an eyebrow.

Charmine squinted at him. Of course he was not welcomed.

It was strange for someone like him to show up on such a small occasion. It would be

suspicious.

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reached out and grabbed her wrists, pulling her toward him.

Charmine, not fast enough to register Anthony's tug, fell to his lap as their bodies grazed

one another.

She struggled to get up, but Anthony tightened his grip around her waist.

"What? We haven't met for two days, and we're strangers now?"

His husky voice felt suffocating as his frosty aura hit her in the face.

Charmine's heartbeats fastened, but she composed herself and warningly growled, 'This

is an office, and there are people outside. Let go of me!"

"Does that mean I won't have to let you go if this isn't an office and there's no one

outside?" asked Anthony. 1

That stumped Charmine.

How ridiculous. Would anyone even expect that President Bailey would say such things?

She had no choice but to bring out her ultimate weapon. "Anthony, don't you forget about our promise. If you break the promise today, the countdown restarts."

Restart? Back to the start again?

Anthony's eyes turned murky at the thought. "Ms. Jordan, I'm here as the President of Bailey Corporation, merely to sign the contract."

"Oh? Merely came for the contract, you say? This is the so-called 'merely'?"

Charmine eyes sized him up.

Anthony was about to let go, but thinking of her words, his large hands halted.

"If Ms. Jordan is about to restart the countdown, won't it be a loss for me if I don't do something today?" 1

Tensing in fear, Charmine hastily said, "You let go of me now. If you let go now,

you don't have to restart!"

“Really?” Anthony took a strand of Charmine’s hair and toyed with it.

Charmine nodded without hesitation. “Of course! If you don’t let me go, I’ll not only restart the countdown, but it’ll be changed to twenty days!”

20 days...?

Anthony’s hand that toyed with her hair halted as his face morphed into displeasure. “Charmine, do you have to resist me so much from touching you?”

His tone was hoarse and low, laced with displeasure and agitation. It was as if something plucked the string in the deep end of the heart, somehow emotional.

1

Charmine fell silent, feeling as if she had hurt him, wronged him.

She explained, ‘This is a testing period. We can’t have bodily contact within ten days.’”

If not, what would happen if Anthony was addicted to Charmine’s sexy form?

1

By then, she would not be able to tell if Anthony liked her body or her personality.

Anthony’s eyes narrowed. “In seven days, we’re getting married and intimate.”

That sounded more of an assured statement than a question.

After a moment of hesitation, Charmine nodded. “Right.”

If Anthony could settle everything regarding Annabel, she would marry him and have his

babies.

Anthony gave a small smirk as he released her.

Charmine hastily stood up and sat on a sofa one meter away.

Anthony noted that and thought of her business-like response on stage earlier. She was

always so impatient to dissociate herself from him.

However, there was no hurry. In seven days, he would declare to the world that she was

his wife.

Once Charmine organized some documents and made sure that everything was set, she

said to him, "President Bailey may leave now."

Anthony's eyes remained on her, unmoving. "I can leave, but you can't reject my video

calls." 1

What?

Charmine wanted to refuse when Anthony continued, "If you decline again, I can't

guarantee I won't show up like this every day."

Show up like this every day?

As in, he would show up in all kinds of public venues every day?

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Anthony then stood up and walked to the door, turning to her before he walked out. "I

really had no choice but to carry Annabel. If my lady minds it, I won't do it again."

With that, he left.

He knew clearly why Charmine declined his video-calls-it was Annabel.

Charmine did not expect him to make such a promise. Her uncertain heart from the

morning had become somewhat calmer.

Anthony came to the conference in-person to meet her... Perhaps she really had thought

too lowly of his feelings for her. 1

She hoped everything would stay perfect for the next seven days.

Charmine did not realize how her usually smart and dominating self became so small in

terms of relationships. She felt as if she was on a rollercoaster throughout.

On that same day, the photo of Anthony and Charmine shaking hands made headlines in

all business news outlets and went viral.

In the lab, McKenzie looked at a video clip of the press conference, and her elegant eyes darkened.

Huh! Merely business partners? 'Merely'? Those two were that good at acting.

Annabel was already hurt, yet Anthony still came to meet Charmine? Was

Charmine so much more important, more so than Annabel? 1

Everything might spiral out of control in the next seven days if McKenzie did nothing on this.

Thinking of something, she took out her phone to text, [You've not made any progress? Do you want the Walker gang to exist at all?]

Concurrently, at the Jordan Group...

The Jordan Group steadily grew better due to their newfound partnership with Bailey Corporation. Several matters were easily fixed, and Charmine was finally

able to go home early.

Just as she walked out of her office, however, she bumped into a man.

The man had a high pile of boxes and a handful of things. Their collision scattered everything.

Thomp!

A stack of boxes fell on the floor as slices of pizzas laid everywhere.

Drinks like Sprite were spilled all over Charmine.

Charmine looked up to see that the person she bumped into was Tristan.

She asked suspiciously, "Why are you here?"

'What a coincidence!' Tristan looked surprised. After a moment of shock, he explained, "I have a music shop down there, and I bought these for my friends.

Seems like you've knocked down their food."

Charmine looked at the pizzas on the ground and the Muse Club down the road.

"You own Muse Club?" She frowned.

It was not far from the Jordan Group, so Charmine had heard about it.

The 'Muse' from Muse Club meant music, and the club was the most professional

auditory club in Burlington. They had all kinds of instruments including the guitar, harp,

flute, saxophone, drums, piano, and the likes.

Anyone could hear any instrument and music in that club...for a price, of course.

Rumors had it that the rooms were equipped with 3D surround sound, coupled with 3D

real screen special effect. Even the lowest grade entrance ticket would cost 99,000 each.

Tristan asked, 'What? You're interested in Muse Club?'

"I'm quite curious. Do you have children's songs in there?" asked Charmine.

"Children's song?" Tristan's lips twitched. Someone would go to Muse Club just for some

children's song?

Charmine nodded. She had parted with Chris for ten days-he must have missed her

dearly. She also felt especially guilty toward him. 2

Charmine, in ten more days, would bring Chris to Muse Club once they reunited.

Noticing Charmine's determined expression, the perplexed Tristan replied," Children's

songs aren't impossible. I'll ask someone to arrange it right away! Do you want to check

out the effects?"

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out the effects?”

[My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 594](#)

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 594- Charmine checked the time on her phone-only 5pm. She had time to spare, so she

nodded. “Yes, but...”

She needed fresh clothes, considering she was doused in sprite and covered with the

pizzas’ oily stains.

“Muse Bar has new women’s clothing, and I can give them to you for free,” offered

Tristan. “You don’t have to pay for the pizzas as well.” 1

Charmine rolled her eyes at him. He was hilarious, for sure. Her clothes cost over 10,000

bucks, yet she was nice enough to not ask him to pay up.

Alas, the nearest mall from her was a few kilometers away. Charmine could not be

bothered to get to the mall, thus she followed Tristan to Muse Club straight away.

Upon entering Muse Club, a line of servers lowered their heads and greeted, "President

Walker."

Tristan ordered, "Get a set of clothing to Room One." 1

"Yes, Sir!" answered a server before leaving to do as tasked.

Tristan and Charmine entered the room.

The room had a minimalist design, its walls painted snowy white. The windows

had dark curtains with children's beanbags in the room. 1

It was as if walking into a private space.

Charmine found the room rather empty and clean, free from embellishments. Of

course, only a clear room like this would be better for 3D projections.

Charmine kept silent as someone came in with her new clothes.

It was a set of simple but elegant clothing. It was a white blouse with a black pencil skirt. It was the costume for some of Muse Club's servers, but it was a well-known brand.

Taking the clothes, Charmine then said to Tristan, “Go out. I’ll call you when I’m done.”

“No need; I need to get changed as well. I’ll get into the washroom, but you can lock it from the outside.” 1

As he spoke, he picked a set of clothing and walked into the washroom, closing the door from the inside.

There was a metal lock on the washroom door. For safety purposes, Charmine walked over and locked it from the outside.

With that, Tristan would not be able to barge in on her even if he wanted to open from the inside.

Once that was done, Charmine hastily got changed out of her white suit.

Around three minutes later, she unlocked the door.

Tristan walked out while fixing his burgundy suit. He winked at Charmine.”

Sweetie, you locked me for so long. Do you think I need so much time?” 1

“Don’t call me that, I don’t know you. Call me Ms. Jordan,” Charmine reiterated.

Tristan frowned as he eyed her, hurt at her tone. “As they say, first meeting as strangers; second meeting as pals. We’re meeting for the third time! Are we not friends?”

'The number of meetings don't determine how close we are. Whatever, I can't be

bothered to reason with you. So, this is your 3D music hall?" Charmine glanced

around the room.

Mentioning this, Tristan's lips curled up. "Of course. Enjoy!"

As he spoke, he turned off the lights.

The room fell pitch-black instantly, so dark that nothing was visible.

Just as Charmine was about to frown, joyful music rang in the room.

'There is a frog in the happy pond. It jumped as if a Prince was dancing. Its cool eyes

were more beautiful than any other frogs..."

Along with the childish tune of the children's song, the four walls of the

room turned into a 3D world with trees, a pond, lotuses, and many frogs jumping around.

This was not a simple projection-it was a 3D live projection. The frogs were rather life-like

as though they were genuinely there. One could even feel the gentle breeze in the air.

It all felt too realistic as if one could touch the frog by reaching out.

Immersed in this world, Charmine's red lips turned into a smile. This would surely make

Chris happy.

However... Did this not seem rather childish and simple?

In the midst of her thoughts, however...

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Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 595-A frog jumped onto Charmine's feet. As Charmine wore open-toe heels, she felt a cold

sensation on her toe as the frog landed on her feet.

When she lowered her head to have a closer look, the frog happily jumped away.

Tristan asked, "What? Does the touch feel real?"

Charmine frowned suspiciously. "What technology makes such a realistic effect?"

"3D combined with the human body heat induction system. For example, if the temperature is high while we're playing music relating to snow, the temperature of the

room would lower down, and there'll be snowflakes as well!

"As for the children's song, well, the project has just started. We're thinking of ways to

combine children's songs with games. Along with a designated heat induction system,

getting the targeted amount of frogs or other small animals within the time of one song

would earn a surprise gift," Tristan introduced.

Charmine had seen all sorts of high-technology, and they were superior to all else. She

did not expect the lower-level technology could actually combine the technology with

entertainment.

She spent some time inside the room, even giving suggestions for improvement before

leaving the room with Tristan.

She said to him, "Reserve a room, and plan as I said. On the night of the seventh day, I'll come here with a child."

"A child? Who's child is so lucky?" Tristan asked suspiciously.

Charmine's red lips curled up. "Mine."

With that, she strutted away in her heels.

Tristan looked at Charmine and frowned. Her own child? Charmine had a child?

Impossible...

Tristan and Charmine, however, did not notice the lenses in the dark, taking photos of them. 2

At Southern Village.

Opening her eyes, Annabel was surprised to see Nial sitting beside her." Mr. Nial Bailey..."

'Your thigh is wounded, so you'll need to lay back for three days to recover.

Don't move around. Just tell me if you need anything," Nial reminded her.

Annabel lowered her head. "I'm fine, I really am. I can manage it myself. Why don't Mr. Nial go back first..."

"If I leave now, Anthony won't have time to take care of you either. It'd be difficult

for you. Don't worry. I'm a doctor, I'll leave once you're slightly better. I've got a

lot on my plate as well,” said Nial, seemingly stressed out.

The truth was that he was no good at getting along with another woman. He only treated Annabel as his patient.

After hearing what he said, Annabel could only thank him, “Thank you Mr. Nial for your kindness. Thank you.”

“No worries, just get some rest and don’t get off the bed. I’ll go out and get some

air,” spoke Nial.

He was worried that Annabel would wake up after he left. It would only worsen the wound

if she got down from the bed, thus he waited in the room.

Since Annabel was awake, he could leave the room after advising her on her injury.

Annabel looked at his back with a slightly flushed face, guilty and distressed.

Anthony had helped her so much in improving her living conditions and work, yet she got

hurt so easily. She even dragged him down by having him arrange for someone else to

take care of her.

Why was she so useless...? 1

With a brush at hand, Chris sat on a bamboo chair as he painted outside in the yard.

It was a vaguely painted oil painting. There was a green-colored mountain and a quiet

paddy field with three figures walking together.

The painting showed two adults and a child in front of them. The middle figure was a

woman, and the figure at the back was a tall man.

Nial could tell right away who those figures were. Chris was the one walking in front,

Charmine in the middle, and Anthony at the back.

He frowned suspiciously. "Momo, do you really like Charmine?"

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 596-"Of course I like her! She's my Mommy!" Chris' eyes twinkled like the stars in a night sky

when Nial mentioned Charmine.

He picked up the brush and painted a skirt on Charmine's figure, wanting to beautify her.

It was apparent that out of the three figures, only Charmine was delicately painted. Even

her fingernails were carefully painted.

"What about Ms. Annabel?" asked Nial. "What do you feel about her?"

"Oh, she's just a plain person. I don't like her, I don't love her-I don't feel anything,"

answered Chris in a more serious tone. 1

Nial frowned. Logically speaking, Chris was related to Annabel, and the sixth sense of a

child was always accurate. Chris should have favored Annabel over Charmine. 1

Why was he so cold to Annabel and, instead, liked Charmine more?

Chris continued, "Uncle Nial, you have to take good care of Auntie Annabel."

“Huh?” There it was at last; he sounded more like a son already!

However, Chris continued, “Daddy won’t have to interact with Auntie Annabel once she’s recovered, you see. Only when Annabel lives well will she not disrupt

Daddy spending time with Mommy.” 1

He spoke coherently with a serious face.

Nial was baffled.

Damn. This kid only had a soft spot for Charmine!

Chris had met numerous people since he was born five years ago, yet he only liked Chamine. 1

Nial was perplexed.

At that moment, Anthony walked toward them from outside.

When Chris saw him, he ran toward him with the painting in his hands.”
Daddy,

these are the three of us, and I want the three of us to keep living this way! I’m
warning you: If we’re separated, I’ll cry! I will bite you! I’ll smash things! I’ll
be

angry! I’ll destroy your company!” 3

His childlike voice was full of threat.

Anthony glanced at the painting. There was no anger in him as his eyes
seemingly gleamed with love.

“Don’t worry, we won’t be separated. Ill ask someone to frame this up.”

“Yay! The frame has to be pretty, yeah? Then we post this to Mommy!” Chris

clapped with his chubby hands.

Anthony handed this to Luke who was behind him. "Do as you heard."

'Yes, Sir!' Luke took the painting and left.

Anthony sat down in the yard and asked Nial, "How's it going?"

It was the fifth day Nial and his medical team researched on the antidote. They should

have made some progress.

Nial merely frowned. "It's quite challenging. There are more than a hundred types of

poisons in it, and we're unable to break down the list completely yet. Perhaps we should

get it from McKenzie directly." 1

"No," said Anthony flatly.

Once they confronted McKenzie, knowing her personality, she would most likely bring

everyone down all at once. If Annabel was hurt and had any side effects because of this,

he would be held accountable for it. This would completely ruin his relationship with

Charmine.

Furthermore, if McKenzie could do this once, she could do it twice.

The best solution was to completely analyze whatever poison she induced on Annabel.

This was so that McKenzie would not threaten them again.

Anthony had only seven days left; he did not want anything to get out of hand.

He had to solve the matters regarding Annabel, and only then could he marry Charmine

and deal with McKenzie and the Houston family.

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 597-Nial saw through Anthony, and he sighed.

The once precise man changed into a completely different man after falling in love. No

wonder the elders always said it was better to find a wife to look after the man, and Nial

never believed that until Charmine happened.

As the sun fell to slumber, the sky turned dark.

“Dinner’s ready!” a female’s voice called out from the inside.

Nial frowned. He turned over to see Annabel walking to the dining table with her walking

stick. She had a dish in her hand.

He instantly walked over. “Didn’t I ask you to lay down and not move? Why did you get

up?”

“I’m fine, I didn’t put weight on my leg. I’m supported by the walking stick,” assured

Annabel as she raised her leg for him to see.

Her wound did not break open, still perfectly sealed.

Annabel reassured them, “Don’t worry, I’m not a weak woman. I can take care of

myself. Don’t waste too much time on me, Mr. Nial, it’s okay to get back to your

work.”

Nial looked at Anthony. It seemed that Annabel did not need to be taken care of.

As Annabel had always managed the farm, she had endured hardships since young having been through a lot, nothing like city women. She was able to make dinner even on her walking crane.

It seemed as though there was not much Nial could do even if he stayed.

Anthony said, “Stay. Leave in at least three days.”

Annabel frowned. “Mr. Bailey...”

“Don’t misunderstand me. Your wound needs to be taken care of on a daily basis, so Nial must stay,” insisted Anthony monotonously, his voice deep and emotionless as ever.

He would not take care of her wound, and he did not want to take care of her either. 1

Things would be much easier if Nial was around.

In other words, he insisted Nial stay not because he cared for her, but because

he did not want to interact with her.

Nial sensed the atmosphere growing tense, thus he changed the topic, “Let’s eat, let’s eat. I’m hungry.”

“I’m hungry, too! Daddy, let’s eat. We’ve got something to sort out after dinner!”

Chris pulled on Anthony to the dining table.

He wanted to discuss the antidote with Anthony, hoping to detoxify Annabel as soon as

possible!

Everyone sat before the dining table with a few common dishes including chicken, beef,

duck, fish, and steamed pork. 1

Normally, Annabel and her family would not eat rather lavishly, but ever since Anthony

moved in and given them a lot of money, they spent some time on preparing each meal.

Annabel's mother, at that moment, saw the bandage on Annabel. With her appetite lost,

she walked to Anthony and knelt on the floor.

Thuck!

"President Bailey, I beg you. I beg you to do me a favor, please...!"

Anthony frowned.

Before she could continue, Annabel already rushed toward her with her walking stick and

grabbed her mother. "Mom, what are you doing? Get up!"

"Let me be, Annabel, let me say it...!" Her mother pushed her hand away as she gazed at

Anthony. "President Bailey, you've helped my daughter a lot in the past few days, and

we're forever indebted to you. Annabel had never lived such a good life ever since her

birth and had never once lived in such a good house

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 598-“Had she... Had she not gotten pregnant and given birth out of wedlock five years ago,

we'd be extremely grateful now, unable to pay back to your kindness...

“But... Only Annabel knows how much pain she had endured in the past few years!” She

paused and sobbed silently, her voice hoarse as she did.

“People would ridicule her no matter where she went, scorning her behind her back.

They called her dirty, unchaste, cheap, and easy...

“We've tried to introduce her to people for the past five years, but they'd all look at her

disdainfully when they found out that she had given birth before.

The entire Southern Village knew about her ruined reputation, no one wanted to even

befriend her. Wherever we went, we couldn't raise our heads, and every relative had cut

US out. The hurt we've endured isn't something money can fix!”

“Mom, stop talking. Get up, please,” warned Annabel with eyes reddened.

She did not like her mother relaying their story, especially in front of Anthony.

Anthony had already helped her so much; she did not want to tie him down with

a moral dilemma...

However, her mother remained on her knees, unwilling to get up as she said in

a tormented voice, “I didn't allow myself to think of these, but seeing Annabel

hurt, I had to! Her father and I won't live on for long-we're getting older every day. With Annabel's father being blind and I'm disabled, it's not convenient for US to do many things. We won't be able to take care of her for long.

"Annabel will age eventually, and she'll get older. We hope to see her getting married, hoping to see someone who loves her, takes care of her, spoils her... We'd get to die in peace if that comes true...! 1

With that, she started sobbing, "I know Annabel isn't good enough for you, but she's simple, kind, and very hardworking. Please, President Bailey, please marry her since she had given birth to Momo! Annabel is Momo's mother, and you two had a history together! The two of you should be together-mmph!" 1

Annabel quickly covered her mouth before her mother could finish.

"Mom, stop saying this! Really, stop talking!" So embarrassed was Annabel that

she wanted to dig a deep hole and hide in it.

How could someone like her ever marry someone like Anthony? How could one

think of the impossible?

How could her mother say such things to Anthony? How would she be able to explain?

Guilt-ridden Annabel looked at Anthony. "Sorry, I'm really sorry. My mother shouldn't have said that, please don't hold it against her."

Anthony's face remained passive and stoic.

Annabel called upon her father and pulled her mother out together.

Her mother never stopped, however, even as she was pulled away.” President Bailey, please think this through...! The three of you are a real family! Momo needs a mother, and Annabel needs you! Can you bear to watch her alone for the rest of her life? To be looked down on for the rest of her life? 1

“Only you could give her back her reputation, to make up for the pain she had endured in the past five years!”

Her words resonated in the room, even though she was dragged out.

Chris instantly looked at Anthony. “I don’t need a mother, I only need Mommy Charmine,

other than Mommy, I don’t want anyone else!”

Anthony reached out to ruffle his hair-he wished for the same as well.

He did not really care about what her mother just said.

However, Nial said, “Annabel’s mother is saying the truth, though. I think this is what

Charmine meant when she asked you to sort matters regarding Annabel. Money can

provide for their material needs, but there are many more deeper problems that money

can’t fix. She was ridiculed for a whole five years just because she bore a child out of

wedlock.”

She had to leave the village due to this, ultimately leaving the country. If Anthony was

unable to pay up these debts, he would forever owe it to Annabel.

Whenever a human owed something to another human, the matter instantly became

complicated...

Of course Anthony understood this. Charmine said this to him on multiple occasions:

there were many things money could not fix...

In this situation, perhaps only...

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 599- Anthony turned his gaze to Nial and instructed, "Put up a list of trusted names, and

arrange some blind dates for Annabel."

"Arrange some blind dates? Bro? Are you serious...?" Nial's lips twitched.

Why the rush?

Would Annabel even agree?

Anthony's lips curled up. "Of course I'm serious. Find someone trustworthy who doesn't

mind her past. You'll be fully in charge of this." 1

"How do I arrange such a thing? How will I know if they care about her past or not? What

if they pretend it doesn't bother them? Annabel will be the one suffering once they're

married..." Nial reminded him.

Meanwhile, Annabel walked toward with her walking stick.

"It's okay, I'm willing to go on blind dates. As long as someone is willing to marry me, it's

okay if they mind about my past. I'm okay to be wronged." Her voice was determined and

serious.

Nial frowned, while Chris eyed Annabel strangely.

Logically speaking, was she not supposed to hold Anthony accountable for this?

Why was she so understanding? 1

Annabel said to them, "My mother has a point, still, if I don't get married, they won't be able to die in peace. They've worked hard for years, all their life, and I

don't want them to die in regret. Also, if I get married, Ms. Jordan wouldn't mind

my history with President Bailey, and everything would be solved. Therefore, I'm

willing to get married."

Her words were so kind and generous.

Anthony felt a sense of guilt arousing in him as he gazed at Annabel. "Don't worry, Nial will find someone who'd be able to take great care of you."

'Thank you.'" Annabel bowed a ninety-degree bow, genuinely grateful from within.

However, Nial felt a headache due to the pressure. On top of his medical research, he was tasked to arrange blind dates all of a sudden? 1

It seemed that he would not have time to rest anymore... 1

At the Jordan mansion.

Upon her return home, Charmine could not wait to log on to watch the monitor.

She did not want to see Anthony, however-she wanted to see Chris.

God knew how much she wished Chris was there with her at Muse Club when the frogs leaped from one spot to another. She even imagined how Chris would

jump around her trying to catch the frogs.

Chris would look so cute. He would be able to catch so many frogs and earn the

mysterious prize!

Missing Chris dearly, she logged onto the monitoring website.

Little did she expect to watch what happened after Annabel brought the dishes

to the dining table with her walking stick.

She saw how tough Annabel was and how her mother pleaded bitterly. It was a

plea from a humble mother.

Her ears kept on ringing with what her mother said... "Annabel is Memo's mother, and you two had a history together! The two of you should be together!"

"The three of you are a real family! Momo needs a mother, and Annabel needs you! Can

you bear to watch her alone for the rest of her life? To be looked down on for the rest of

her life?

“Only you could give her back her reputation, to make up for the pain she had endured in

the past five years!” 2

Charmine’s eyes darkened, and her fists tightened.

True, Annabel was Chris’ mother, and she had a history with Anthony. They were meant

to be an actual family; they should be together...

They should be together...

They should be...

Charmine leaned back on her chair, closing her worn-out eyes.

The sky was extraordinarily dark and heavy.

Charmine was unable to fall asleep. Rarely, she turned and shifted.

When she fell asleep, she was haunted by many, many dreams, and all of them took her

back to the night five years ago, when she allowed everyone to harm her without fighting

back.

□

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 600-All of a sudden, Charmine’s bedroom door was pushed open as people rushed in, glaring

at her distastefully.

“A cheap woman like you want to marry Anthony? In your dreams!”

“You have a tarnished reputation and had a stillbirth, yet you want to marry upto a man

like him?”

Charmine hastily shook her head and tried to explain she was the wronged party, that the

person who harmed her was the ‘cheap’ one, not her.

That person should have been the one facing the consequences, not her!

Before she could even explain herself, however, three figures walked in as they held

hands.

They were Anthony, Annabel, and Chris, each wearing grins on their faces.

The people that barged into her room surrounded Charmine as they threw rubbish, rotten

eggs, and vegetables at her.

“Anthony...!” Charmine cried out. “Anthony...!”

No one heard her nor came to her aid. Anthony held Annabel by the waist, his eyes filled

with love.

No!

“Anthony!”

Charmine cried out and shot up on her bed. The sky was already bright as sunlight peeked in through the window.

She wiped off the beads of sweat on her. It was morning already...

What a peculiar dream that was...

How could she dream of such a haunting dream? In the dream, she actually cared for Anthony, that she wanted to get Anthony.

It should not be this way. Love should only be an icing on the cake to her- it should not be her main concern.

A man should not affect her; she was no weak and over-sensitive woman. 1

Charmine got out of bed and washed up in the washroom, splashing her face with cold water. 3

When she was about to leave the room, she saw her laptop.

Once she keyed in the password, she would be able to see how Anthony was getting along with Annabel. After halting for a second, she chose to turn and leave. She dismissed the thought.

There was nothing to see.

Six more days. Anthony should be able to solve everything out by then.

Otherwise, well... She could live on without love.

Despite her thoughts, her heart still felt somewhat upset, heavy, and repressed.

She had to force herself to get out of this feeling.

Joey had prepared a table full of dishes early in the morning. Everyone was waiting around the dining table.

They only started eating after Charmine arrived.

After learning that Charmine liked beef steak, Joey made all kinds of beef dishes, along

with some fermented and spiced cabbage.

Amelia eyed Charmine and lowered her head to resume her meal. She had a lot going

on in her head.

Julian texted her the other day and asked her to tell him everything about Charmine, and

he told her he was serious about getting back with

Charmine. Amelia did not hesitate to tell him everything she knew about Charmine and

Anthony.