

Read The Hidden billionaire heiress novel chapter 1001 online free

Chapter 1001 Anthony, I really hurt

Mavis was so frightened that her face turned pale, and she struggled desperately.

“Anthony, don’t be like this. Please don’t do this...”

She was scared. She was really scared.

Anthony shackled her wrist with one hand, pinched her jaw with the other, and the corners of his lips curled coldly.

“You’re scared now? Helping a strange man send your husband to the police. Mavis, you’re really very capable. Did I always treat you so well that you thought I’m a nice person?”

She shook her head with red eyes. “I’m sorry. I never thought that domestic violence crimes are so serious in Delta Union’s law. I’m really sorry.”

Anthony smiled indifferently.

“It’s okay, anyway, after tonight, you can still sue me for domestic violence. Remember to leave evidence.”

He released her chin, and his fingertips lightly touched her abdomen. “I can help you deal with this bastard. How about it?”

“No!”

She shook her head crazily, with tears in her eyes. “The baby is already very big, and it will be due in a few months, so it can only be born. Let us go, okay?”

“It’s okay to let it go, but not you. I don’t agree to divorce. Perish that thought.”

Tears slid down her cheeks in disappointment, and Mavis gradually collapsed emotionally.

“Why do you have to treat me like this? At the beginning you chose Jaqueline and wanted to divorce, and I agreed, but as soon as I walk away, you catch up again. What do you want from me?!”

Anthony frowned. With a cold face, he pinched her jaw again, with a little force.

“Mavis, what do you want from me? When the marriage relationship still exists, you found another man and got pregnant. I don’t care about these. I patiently worked for you some time ago to ease your burden. I even thought about raising this bastard for you. It’s enough for me as a husband to do it. Are you satisfied?”

His face was gloomy, and his tone turned cold. “You’re the one who want to piss me off and make things come to this point. It seems that I need to let you know the price of making mistakes.”

The man’s slender fingertips explored into her nightdress...

In an instant, like a frightened bird, she frantically moved to the side, “No, I don’t want it.”

Anthony glared at her sarcastically and sneered, “Didn’t you just want me to sleep with you before? Now I take the initiative to fulfill you, but you want to play hard to get? Why didn’t I find out that you have so many tricks before?”

She didn’t want to play hard to get but she really and truly refused it.

No matter how scheming Anthony thought she was now, she didn’t care anymore, because all she wanted was the baby’s safety.

“Anthony, I have a baby. You can’t!”

A sneer slowly floated in the air.

“I’ve asked, when it’s five to six months, your body is basically stable, and you can have sex.”

Just be careful not to hurt the baby in her belly.

“As a wife, you should fulfill your duties.”

After saying that, he leaned over and kissed her lips with his body full of cold air.

There was no tenderness, only punishment.

Anthony sucked her lips hard, and there was no pity.

“Hiss...”

A shallow cry of pain interrupted Anthony’s movements.

He straightened up. His lips were burning with pain, and his fingertips were stained with blood.

His lips were bitten by Mavis.

“Mavis!” Gritting his teeth, he held his right hand high, with a frightening aura.

Mavis shrank her shoulders subconsciously, closed her eyes and waited.

Tears welled up in her eyes, and even though she closed her eyes, the tears rolled down her pale cheeks uncontrollably.

Under the reflection of the table lamp, she looked pitiful and helpless with tears in her eyes.

Anthony was stunned. The hand he raised gradually clenched into a fist, and there was still a trace of reason in his heart, so he was not willing to slap Mavis in the face.

“Boring. Your body is as stiff as a piece of wood, and you don’t love yourself. You just grabbed a man on the street and had sex. Won’t you be afraid of being dragged into a black market and having your liver or kidney sold?”

He sneered coldly, and angrily let go of all the shackles on her. “Don’t cry. It’s too dirty for me to give it to me for nothing.”

Restraining the panic in his blue eyes, he turned his eyes away, not looking at Mavis who was crying pitifully.

Once Mavis was free, she shrank to the other side of the bed, far away from him, staring at him vigilantly, as if he was some kind of scourge.

The more he watched, the more upset he was, so he got up and left.

As soon as he reached the door, Mavis cried out in pain from behind.

The fingertips that were twisting the doorknob stopped. Anthony didn't look back, but said in a cold tone, "Don't pretend. I didn't touch you at all just now."

"It hurts. It hurts..."

Mavis clutched her stomach and curled up like a ball, dripping with cold sweat and trembling all over. She didn't pretend.

"Anthony, I really hurt. My stomach hurts..."

Anthony immediately sensed something was wrong and ran back to check on her.

The quilt was lifted, and a little bit of blood could be seen under the nightdress.

Mavis bled??

Obviously, he just scared her. Why did she bleed??

Anthony's hands trembled at a loss, and his blue eyes showed a rare panic.

He immediately called an ambulance, bent down and carried up Mavis horizontally, "Be patient, I'll take you to the hospital."

Kane was waiting down the building, and he could hear Anthony's footsteps running downstairs from a distance.

"My God! What's wrong with Mrs. Callahan?"

Anthony didn't care to say more but just ordered, "The ambulance can't enter the prairie path. Drive the car quickly."

"Okay, I'll go now."

The ambulance came quickly, and Mavis was sent to the nearest hospital in less than ten minutes.

When she was being pushed into the operating room, she grabbed Anthony's clothes and complained with red eyes, "If something happens to my baby, I won't let you go, and I won't let you go even if I die."

Anthony gave her a reassuring look. "I won't run away but wait for you to take revenge on me."

Her waxy hands finally loosened the corners of his clothes, and the door of the operating room closed slowly, blocking his sight.

He looked at his hands. His fingertips were stained with a little blood from Mavis' skirt, and his heart trembled violently.

Tonight he was really... just trying to scare her.

With mixed feelings in his heart, Anthony sat down outside the operating room. He was flustered and his hands were shaking.

Half an hour later, Lyra and Malcolm, who had just fallen asleep, came to the hospital belatedly.

"Is Mavis out? Is she okay?" Lyra asked.

Anthony lowered his head. His hoarse voice sounded a little lost, "Not yet, she just went in for a while."

Lyra got angry when she saw him like this. She stepped forward, grabbed his collar, raised her hand and slapped him.

Snap—!

The crisp slap sound was very harsh in the empty corridor of the hospital.

It was already late at night.

Only a few nurses on duty passed by, and they were familiar with the situation in front of the operating room. They stepped forward to remind them to keep their voices down, and then left.

Anthony endured Lyra's anger without any resentment, the tip of his tongue pressed against the soft flesh of his mouth, and there were conspicuous red marks on his handsome face.

“Anthony, do you know how hard it is for a woman to conceive a baby? But you have never been by her side to take care of her in the past few months, and you have not fulfilled your responsibilities as her husband. Mavis is suffering from all kinds of pregnancy reactions by herself, but you make her in the hospital. Are you human? Has your heart been eroded?”

He didn't answer and let Lyra scold him.

“If something goes wrong to Mavis and the baby, I won't forgive you, and I won't let you go. You'd better stay away from Mavis and stop trying to hurt her.”

He raised his eyes, and shook his head without a trace of hostility in front of Lyra, “No, I will pay attention to propriety and take care of her emotions.”

[Read The Hidden billionaire heiress novel chapter 1002 online free](#)

Chapter 1002 Take care of my wife myself

After all, this was a family matter, and it was not convenient for Lyra to say more.

What was more, Anthony admitted his mistake, and she beat him.

Without complaining, Lyra sat on the waiting chair opposite.

Malcolm followed and sat next to his wife naturally.

He took his wife's hand that just slapped Anthony, and felt sorry for her. “Your hand is red. You're too impulsive.”

She should let him beat him because Anthony was infuriating anyway.

Although he was dissatisfied with his wife's beating behavior, Malcolm didn't say much. He helped her rub her palm, took out a wet tissue, and helped her wipe it clean. Finally, he bent down and kissed Lyra's palm several times.

Lyra felt it sweet, squeezed Malcolm's face gently as if rewarding him, and smiled at him.

However, the better Malcolm treated her, the more she felt sorry for Mavis. Falling in love with a paranoid man like Anthony who had no brain was a kind of sadness in itself.

However, as a bystander, she had no better way.

Their kids were almost six years old, and they were still in love as ever, like a young couple in a passionate love period, being intimate as if no one else existed.

Anthony's eyes were sore. He looked away silently, not thinking about Lyra

and Malcolm.

The outside of operating room fell silent like this, and no one spoke again.

Another twenty minutes passed.

The red light in the operating room finally went dark.

A nurse opened the door first.

Lyra, Malcolm and Anthony all got up and followed to the door of the operating room.

“Who is the family?” said the nurse.

Anthony took another step forward and replied, “I’m her husband.”

The nurse glanced at Anthony, and wrote something in a medical record. “She was severely stimulated, which induced uterine contraction, causing a small blood vessel between the uterus and the fetal membrane to rupture, so bleeding occurred...”

This sounded serious, and Lyra squeezed Malcolm’s hand, tense.

Anthony frowned, listening without saying a word.

“However, fortunately, she was delivered in time, and there was not much bleeding, so the problem is not serious. She’ll be fine after staying in the hospital for observation for a few days. You must let her rest well. And there is no major problem.”

The last few words seemed to give reassurance to the three people in front of the operating room.

Anthony lowered his eyebrows, showing no emotion, “As long as she’s fine.”

The nurse was still glancing at him. Her expression under the mask was not very good.

This man was handsome, but how could he do such a bastard thing, and even drive his wife into the hospital? And his wife almost had a miscarriage.

“Sir, because of the physical condition when pregnant, she’s inherently sensitive and prone to have prenatal depression. As her husband, you should accompany her more and take care of her emotions. Don’t let her think wildly, let alone stimulate her.”

Anthony nodded again and again, looking very understanding, “Yes, it’s because I didn’t do well enough.”

When she saw that he didn’t shirk his responsibility, the nurse’s face softened a little.

This man knew that he was at fault, so he was not hopeless.

She instructed again, “Don’t stimulate her any more. She’s already thin due to malnutrition during pregnancy. If she suffers a few more times, the baby will really be lost, and the mother’s damage will be very serious. It’s recommended that you should cook some nutritious food, and usually tell her to rest more.”

Anthony nodded again, “Got it.”

Mavis was fine and was quickly transferred out of the emergency room and into a general ward.

Lyra stood by Mavis's side, bringing warm water to help Mavis wipe her face and hands.

As soon as she wrung out the towel, she turned around and saw Anthony standing beside him like a log.

He seemed to be a guest, standing a little awkwardly.

Lyra was very upset. "Even Malcolm knows to go to the hotel next door to help Mavis order nutritious porridge for tomorrow's morning, but you, a genuine husband, just stand by and watch. Anthony, I really don't understand you more and more."

He was scolded again.

Anthony was not angry at all, but replied in a kindly manner, "It's my problem. Rara, go back to rest with Malcolm earlier. Mavis will be taken care of by me."

Lyra gave him a cold look.

Indeed, he should be allowed to do everything. Otherwise he would be worse than an outsider.

Thinking back to when she was pregnant, Malcolm was so distressed that he did everything by himself. If the Lloyd family didn't have a bunch of messy things about the illegitimate daughter at that time, she would have given birth smoothly.

Even when she was in European Swye back then, Anthony cared for her in every possible way when she was pregnant and did everything.

She sighed, thinking that Anthony still didn't love Mavis enough.

"Anthony, your wife must be taken care of by yourself. If you lose Mavis forever in the future, you'll definitely regret it."

She threw the towel back into the basin. "Life is short, so don't do a few things you regret. After all, you have no turning back."

Anthony's face turned pale, and the hands under his sleeves were clenched tightly, in that Lyra's words caused turbulent emotions.

Lyra didn't have time to pay attention to his mood, but she got up and left.

Anthony and Mavis, who was sleeping, were soon left in the entire VIP ward.

He sat by the head of the bed. His long eyelashes were trembling slightly, and he was trying his best to suppress his emotions.

"Yes, if I hadn't entered the Security Agency training camp back then, the person standing side by side with you now should be me."

He sneered and murmured softly.

"It's really my life of failure, always missing and regretting."

The dark blue pupils slowly lifted up, and his eyes fixed on Mavis's sleeping face.

Over the past few days, she seemed to have worn down a lot.

Unable to bear it, Anthony took the initiative to twist the towel left by Lyra, and wiped Mavis's face and hands gently.

...

The next day, Mavis was woken up by the harsh sunlight coming in from the window.

She looked around and she was the only one in the white ward.

There was an indescribable sense of loneliness.

She caressed her swollen belly, and secretly persuaded herself to bear with it that everything will be fine when the baby was born.

The door of the ward was opened, and Anthony came in with a nutritious porridge made by a chef in a hotel.

"You're awake. Is there any pain in your body?"

He came over, put down the nutritious porridge, and sat on the chair beside the bed.

Mavis sat up with her heavy body, leaned against the head of the bed, and asked, "Is my baby okay?"

"It's fine. The doctor said you were overly frightened. Pay attention to controlling your emotions and don't be too happy or sad."

The tone of the narrative was calm, and there was no emotion.

Mavis was a little uncomfortable and turned her head to glance at the sunlight outside the window, "Can you please close the curtains for me?"

She spoke very politely, not at all like ordering her husband.

The sunlight was so harsh that it made her eyes uncomfortable. Her body was still weak. Otherwise she would never have asked Anthony to close the curtains for her.

Anthony was holding the porridge, stirring it with a spoon to let it cool. He only glanced at the window when he received Mavis' request, but he didn't agree.

[Read The Hidden billionaire heiress novel chapter 1003 online free](#)

Chapter 1003 Protection or Surveillance

"The doctor said you should bask more. It's good for your health."

The corner of Mavis's mouth twitched. "The ultraviolet light is too strong. It's not good for the baby." She will melt if she was exposed to the sun.

In the end, Anthony put down the porridge and patiently went to help her draw the curtains.

After finishing this, he walked back, picked up the porridge bowl again, and helped Mavis cool it down.

After entering the hospital, Anthony suddenly seemed to have a huge change.

Like a good husband, he was so careful that she was in a trance for a moment.

However, she quickly noticed that there was no special emotion on his face. Although his movements were gentle, his eyes were not gentle, as if he was performing his duties and numbly taking care of her.

The more she looked at him, the more she felt a sense of disbelief, and she chose to turn her face away and stop looking at him.

“Come on, have some breakfast. Be careful. It’s hot.”

When the spoon containing the porridge was brought to her mouth, she closed her lips tightly and turned her head to avoid it.

“I won’t bother you to do this kind of hard work. I can eat it myself.”

Anthony’s hand holding the spoon paused, his eyes were dark for a moment, and he quickly suppressed it back.

He still coaxed patiently, “I’m your husband, a legally recognized husband. You can absolutely order me to do these things. You don’t need to use a begging tone, and don’t take trouble.”

“But I don’t want to eat it now.”

Anthony retracted the spoon and put down the porridge bowl. “Okay, tell me when you want to eat, and I’ll heat it up for you.”

He was patient, but not much.

Mavis sneered inwardly.

“Anthony, are you saving your face? You are afraid that others will say that you treat your wife harshly, so you pretend to be nice to me and live with a mask. Aren’t you tired?”

Anthony frowned handsomely, looked at her, and remained silent.

“Do you ... really love me?”

His response was still silence.

The tip of her nose was slightly sore. There was no answer, which was the best answer Anthony gave her.

“You don’t actually love me. It’s just because I used to be obedient, and believed ‘love is all’. So you chose me when you were forced to marry by your elders, right?”

He really thought so at the beginning.

Faced with Mavis’ questioning, he was speechless and chose to remain silent. Mavis looked up at the ceiling, forcing back the tears in her eyes. “The marriage is agreed for one year, I propose a divorce on my own initiative, and the divorce agreement is signed decisively by me. You suddenly realize that I’m no longer under your control, you panic, and you desperately want to save your face, want to persuade me to go back.”

“You’re just unwilling and apologetic to me. You drove me away because of Jaqueline and you suspected that I’m the spy in the company. So you feel

indebted.”

“But Anthony, I don’t need you to make up for it now, let alone being nice.”

If he didn’t love her, it was what it was. A marriage with debts and compensations will not be happy after all.

Anthony’s face turned cold, and he was not feeling well, “Yes, I owed you a lot of things back then, but you were not wrong at all?”

Mavis looked at him firmly, “I didn’t do anything wrong to you. Perhaps the biggest mistake is that I should not have fallen in love with you in the first place.”

Anthony snorted and glanced at her stomach, “Are you sure? What’s the origin of this child?”

She paled.

Because of this accident, Anthony had taken advantage of the lie she told before, and she can’t argue with it.

As if he saw the unnaturalness in her expression, Anthony’s expression became more sarcastic.

“Did you not tell Rara and Malcolm about the origin of this child? They all think this bastard belongs to me, but you cheat on me and I couldn’t explain it. You don’t feel sorry for me at all?”

Mavis pinched the quilt with both hands and bit her low lip, “Don’t call it a bastard. It’s my baby.”

She covered her belly with a quilt, and when she looked at Anthony, she looked visibly wary.

Anthony sighed, remembering the instructions of doctors, nurses and Lyra. It was rare that he didn’t get angry.

He picked up the porridge again and stirred it. His tone was calm.

“I don’t haggle over this child with you. Don’t make trouble anymore. Go back with me to nourish the fetus.”

His face darkened a little, his eyes were lowered, his blue eyes were deep, and she couldn’t see any emotion.

After a few minutes of silence, he continued, “I’ll raise him as my own child, give her or him the best education and the best life, and no one will know who the child’s father is.”

That sounded extremely sarcastic for Mavis.

As long as he was willing to investigate carefully, he will find out how long her pregnancy was, find out the baby’s real father, and find out that she lied deliberately to anger him.

However, due to poor nutrition during pregnancy, she was thinner and her belly looked much smaller than normal.

But Anthony, who didn’t care about her at all, firmly believed that the child was not his.

She was heartbroken.

Knowing that she should not ask for anything extravagantly, she was still a little sad.

“Anthony, do you think that you’re great by saying this? In order to keep me, you’re willing to accept a child you don’t like. Do you feel like a holy father?”

Anthony stared at her calmly, without speaking.

She smiled, “The most correct thing for you to do is to agree to divorce and draw a clear line with me. In the future, this child and I will have nothing to do with you. Don’t disturb my life anymore, and you won’t feel disgusting anymore.”

Anthony’s eyes were cold, and he didn’t think about it at all, “Impossible.”

He got up to go.

Mavis hurriedly grabbed his wrist and asked, “How the hell are you gonna let me go? It’s all my fault. I shouldn’t have provoked you at the beginning. I just treated those five years of chasing you as a waste of time. I’m very regretful now. Can you not be too hard on me this time!?”

He frowned when he heard it, feeling very unhappy.

“You are too emotional now. The doctor said that it is not good for the baby. You should calm down.”

Breaking free from Mavis’s hand, he walked without looking back.

“Anthony, I really hate you more and more now.”

The figure of the man who walked to the door paused, then he opened the door without any response and left.

All the mania, under his indifferent attitude, looked like rage because of his ability to do nothing.

Mavis adjusted his breathing, not wanting to affect the baby, so she could only restrain herself from thinking about Anthony the asshole.

The sunshine in the morning was not very hot, and the ultraviolet rays were not very strong.

Thinking of the need to move more during pregnancy, she slowly got out of bed, planning to go around the hospital garden.

However, when she opened the door of the ward, she saw two tall men standing in the corridor outside.

She knew them who were the bodyguards of the Callahan family.

When the bodyguards saw her coming out, they immediately stepped forward.

“Mrs. Callahan, Mr. Callahan said that you need to rest well. Please go back to the ward.”

What they said was very polite. Mavis sneered, “Is he protecting or monitoring me?”

The bodyguards lowered their heads and looked embarrassed. “We are only following Mr. Callahan’s order. He’s going to deal with things and should come

to see you before noon. You should go back and rest.”

Mavis looked at the two of them and knew that their intention to stop her and not let her go out, which was obvious.

She changed her mind and asked, “It seems that Anthony has taken my mobile phone away. Can you borrow me mobile phone? I want to call Lyra and Ella.”

The two bodyguards looked at each other. “Mrs. Callahan, don’t make things difficult for us. We can’t decide. it”

Mavis was a little angry. “What does he mean? To imprison me in this ward? I can’t even make a phone call?”

[Read The Hidden billionaire heiress novel chapter 1004 online free](#)

Chapter 1004 She has to find a way to save herself

The bodyguards looked at each other and sighed. “Mr. Callahan should be back at noon. You can tell him then.”

They just follow orders and did what they were told, so Mavis knew that it was useless to talk to them.

With a bang, she closed the door of the ward angrily, and walked to the window to bask in the sun.

At noon, Anthony really came again.

As soon as he opened the door, he saw Mavis standing by the window. He didn’t know how long she stood there, and walked over slowly to help her.

“You said that the ultraviolet rays are strong. Too much sun exposure is not good, and standing for a long time is not good. Go to bed and lie down.”

Mavis was limp and weak, and he was still pulling her to lie on the hospital bed.

The porridge on the bedside table was completely cold, but Mavis didn’t eat a bite of it.

Anthony looked a little annoyed. “You keep saying you care about the baby, but you don’t even eat breakfast. Why bother your body? If you’re unhappy, you can vent your anger on me.”

He took the cold porridge away, sent it outside the door, and asked the bodyguard to take it to the hospital cafeteria to help heat it up before bringing it back.

Mavis sat on the edge of the bed and looked at him coldly. “Where’s my phone?”

“I took it.”

She stretched out her hand. “Give it back to me.”

Anthony was indifferent. "Before you give birth safely, it's better to use less your mobile phone. It has radiation, which is not good for the baby."

Mavis knew he was making excuses, but was even more surprised by the meaning of his words.

"Anthony, do you want to lock me up in this ward until I give birth? Why do you restrict my freedom?"

His expression was very calm. "This is for your own good. You're malnourished during pregnancy and you often do physical work in the manor. Now that you're months away from giving birth, you must rest well."

"Then why do you confiscate my mobile phone and cut off my contact with the outside world? What is the difference between this and imprisonment!?"

Being emotional, she pinched the back of Anthony's hand tightly. Her fingernails dug into his flesh, and there were bloodstains from her pinch.

Anthony didn't seem to feel the pain, but just let her pinch.

"If you want to understand it this way, it's not impossible."

Covering the guilt in his dark blue eyes, he continued, "This is... a small punishment for running away from home a while ago. I'll send a nursing worker to take care of you 24 hours a day. If you want to see me, tell the bodyguards. I'll come over as soon as possible."

Mavis' eyes were red with anger.

"Why do you? Why do you do this to me?!"

"Since I'm your legal husband, I'm only considering your physical condition to make the most suitable pregnancy plan for you."

"Imprisonment is imprisonment, but you say it in a grand way!"

Anthony averted his eyes, and retracted the back of his hand, which was covered in bloodstains. "If you insist on accusing me maliciously, I have nothing to say. In short, I have a clear conscience."

Knock Knock Knock—

The bodyguard was carrying hot porridge and knocked on the door.

Anthony got up to take the porridge himself.

The temperature was just right, very palatable. He scooped up a spoonful of it, and coaxed in a soft tone, "Be good. Eat at least half a bowl. You can't be short of nutrition."

Mavis stared at him bitterly, pursed her lips tightly, and refused to open her mouth.

Anthony gradually turned cold and impatient. "If you don't eat, I'll take the baby away when the baby is born, and quietly give the baby to someone else to raise, so that you'll never see your baby."

"Anthony! Don't go too far!"

She gritted her teeth again, on the verge of emotional breakdown.

Anthony sighed, and brought the porridge spoon to her lips. "Open your mouth

and eat.”

Facing the coercion, she could only open her mouth and obediently ate the porridge that Anthony gave her.

After she had more than half of a bowl of porridge, Anthony’s expression eased a lot. “From now on, you must eat obediently like this. I’ll arrange a special nutritionist to make pregnancy meals for you. Take care of your body, so that you’ll have strength when you give birth in the future. And it will be smoother.”

Although she knew that he was caring about her, she found it difficult to accept this coercive way.

After clearing away the porridge bowl, he gently instructed, “Take care. Call me if you need anything, and I’ll do my best to meet it.”

“I just want to be free.”

Anthony was silent for a while before answering, “I’ll give you back your freedom, but only after you give birth.”

“After giving birth, I have to go back to Callahan Residence with you. This is not the freedom I want.”

Anthony stopped answering and left with the porridge bowl.

Mavis picked up the pillow and threw it at his back.

“I hate you, Anthony. I really hate you.”

He stopped and turned his head blankly. “Just hate me. There’s no hate without love. Whether you want to mock me or take revenge on me, you have to take care of your body first.”

After speaking, he strode away.

She was the only one left in the cold ward.

Even the air was filled with a sense of helplessness.

But Mavis didn’t lose her mind because of this, and she quickly realized that she was now tightly restrained by Anthony.

There were no relatives around to rely on, only Lyra and Ella.

She had to find a way to break through.

Putting her hands on her belly, she only thought for less than a second before rejecting her first thought.

Absolutely she must not confess the child’s true identity to Anthony!

Once he knew that the child was his, she couldn’t leave, and she would never be able to get rid of him.

She didn’t love him anymore, and she didn’t want to love him anymore.

She was so tired, and all she wanted to do now was to run away so Anthony can never find them.

What should she do to break through the current passive situation?

...

Coming out of the ward, Anthony went to the smoking room of the hospital.

Lighting a cigarette, he was exhaling and inhaling. Even the air was silent. His azure blue pupils were like a bottomless pool. Although people can't know what he was thinking, they can feel that he was in a bad mood.

Standing by the door of the smoking room, Kane cautiously advised, "Mr. Callahan, Mrs. Callahan and the baby cannot smoke second-hand smoke. It will affect them. Do you want to... quit smoking for a few months?"

Anthony paused with his fingertips as he sipped his cigarette, and stubbed it out in the ashtray expressionlessly.

"Yes, she is not in good health. Pregnant women cannot smell alcohol and tobacco."

He sniffed his collar, and it seemed that he had a bit of tobacco smell.

"Go and drive. Go back to my residence first."

He needed to take a shower, change into clean clothes and go to see Mavis. In the evening, Anthony came to the ward again with dinner.

He blew the nutritional soup to cool down, and fed it into Mavis's mouth by himself.

Mavis didn't resist and didn't mock, but obeyed like a marionette. But when she looked at Anthony, the light in her eyes was missing.

Anthony hadn't seen her behave so well for a long time, and he gently stroked her head.

"It would be nice if you're always so obedient."

Mavis's face was cold, her hands under the quilt were clenched tightly, and her heart was chilling to the bone.

He really... just needed an obedient and well-behaved accessory.

Anthony didn't know what she was thinking, and took a tissue to help her wipe her mouth, like a good husband who cared for everything.

"What do you want to eat tomorrow? I'll ask the nutritionist to make it for you."

"Whatever."

"If you don't have any ideas, I'll ask the nutritionist to follow a week of healthy recipes and make them for you in different ways."

"Um."

She responded indifferently but alienated.

One sat by the head of the bed and the other sat on the edge of the bed.

The distance was obviously very close, but they seemed to be separated by a gap as deep as the sea.

Anthony knew that she was unhappy, so he said to her directly, "I hope you'll trust me once that letting you nourish the fetus in the hospital is for your own good. I've said I'll forget about what happened to you, and I'll raise this child well, and I will."

Mavis snorted coldly.

She didn't want to mock him at first, but she couldn't help but want to do that.

“Are you almost moved by your high-sounding words? But don’t say them in the future. I feel disgusted now.”

[Read The Hidden billionaire heiress novel chapter 1005 online free](#)

Chapter 1005 My wife is my treasure

Anthony’s face froze.

The atmosphere in the ward became colder.

Mavis drank more than half a bowl of nutritional soup. Seeing Anthony handing over another spoonful of soup, she looked away. “I’m full. I don’t want to eat.”

Anthony didn’t persuade, and was ready to go out with the soup bowl.

Mavis called him. “I want to see Ella. I feel uncomfortable in the ward, can I?”

He stopped, but didn’t look back, and didn’t agree. “I’ll consider whether to let you go out of the hospital when your body recovers better, and then you can see Ella anytime you want.”

“Consider” was an uncertain factor, but there was such a possibility.

Mavis deeply felt that Anthony just gave her a false hope and put her in prison, keeping her under strict supervision.

This feeling was very depressing. If she really waited until after giving birth, she may be driven crazy.

She had to find a way to save herself and get out of here.

She couldn’t always be passive. She had to hit Anthony back once.

The desire to resist became more and more intense in her heart, and she pinched the quilt tightly with both hands, forcing herself to calm down.

...

After leaving the hospital, Lyra had been in the building of Lloyd’s International Branch for the past few days. The small accident last time had almost been handled well, and the charges that should be filed had been made, and the people that should be sent to the police station had been sent there.

It seemed that the high-level shareholders had been alerted and they had been quieter recently.

At weekend, Lyra and Malcolm went to school to pick up Spencer, and took him to the militarized management school to visit Molly.

Only after more than half a month, Molly lost a lot of immaturity, and suddenly seemed to become a lot more sensible.

When Lyra and Malcolm arrived, they happened to catch up with the school’s wrestling match.

The match was unisex, and the one who can stand at the end was the

champion.

At this moment, there were children standing around the sandy ground, all cheering.

Lyra and Malcolm took Spencer by the hand, and when they arrived, they saw Molly's small figure in the racing sand.

Opposite her was a much taller, chubby little boy.

From the physical point of view, Molly was particularly petite, not dominant.

But more than half of the children at the scene were almost cheering for Molly.

Obviously, Molly had only been here for half a month but had become the stunner of this school. She always had a way to get along well among the children.

Lyra sighed and was pleasantly surprised.

She had a social butterfly daughter who was so similar to her when she was a child.

"Come on, Molly!"

"Molly, take him down!"

The children shouted one after another.

Molly, who was in the sand, was encouraged. She rushed forward with a brisk stride, used Taekwondo movements, and easily did a shoulder throw, bringing down the fat little boy opposite.

The teacher who acted as the referee silently stepped forward to count the time.

Within five seconds, the little fat boy failed to get up, sat on the ground in frustration and cried loudly.

Molly made a face at him, sticking out her tongue in a playful way. "You're a man but cry after losing the game. Are you ashamed?"

The little fat boy was even more saddened by her ridicule, and cried harder.

The teacher immediately went into the sand, carried up the boy, and took him to the side to comfort him.

The next kid went into the sand and soon started another round of wrestling with Molly.

Lyra and Malcolm watched silently from the periphery of the crowd, and could feel that their little girl was very adaptable after studying in this kind of military-style school.

It was comforting.

In addition to them, Spencer also watched his sister's wrestling match attentively.

He had been weak since he was a child, and he can fall down when pushed by others. He'll never be able to participate in this kind of large-scale sports competition that consumed energy.

Although Malcolm was watching the game, he glanced at his son out of the

corner of the eye. Noticing a trace of longing in Spencer's eyes, he slowly squatted down and looked at Spencer.

"Do you also want to participate in this kind of interesting competition?"

Spencer shook his head and snorted softly, very arrogantly, "I don't want to. It's so violent. My body will be covered with sand. It's so dirty. I still prefer brain games."

Malcolm couldn't help laughing, rubbed his little head, and hugged him with bent arms so that he could watch his sister's game clearly.

After half an hour, the wrestling match finally ended.

Molly only took second place and looked very unhappy.

But she soon saw Lyra, Malcolm and Spencer in the crowd, and smiled again, "Daddy, mother, brother! I miss you so much~"

She couldn't see Lyra, Malcolm and Spencer for more than half a month, and couldn't eat and sleep well. Seeing them suddenly, she was so happy that she forgot she was on the prize-awarding platform and ran towards Lyra.

When her baby girl came over, Lyra squatted down and hugged her.

"Mommy, I miss you so much~"

Lyra stroked the little girl's furry head, and said softly, "We miss you very much, too."

When the other children saw Molly meeting her parents, they showed envious expressions.

To avoid unnecessary trouble, the teachers organized the children to return to the classroom one after another, and invited Lyra, Malcolm and the two kids to the meeting room of the school alone.

It was quiet there, perfect for chatting.

On the way to the meeting room, Molly clung to Lyra's arms, wanting to be hugged. Moaning and yelling that she was tired, she refused to walk on the ground by herself.

When she saw her parents, she was like a clingy person, completely different from the sassy and mature little girl in the competition just now.

Spencer complained unceremoniously. "Molly, you're covered in sand and stain mommy's clothes."

Molly let go of her arms and looked at her mother's neck.

It did get dirt on her.

She didn't have time to say anything. A tall figure came over, forcibly took her away, hugged her to the ground and let her walk by herself.

"My wife specially wore new clothes today. Be careful. You're six years old. It's time to walk properly."

As Malcolm said, he took out a tissue and carefully cleaned up the sand on Lyra's body.

When he found that Lyra's neck was a little red, he felt distressed, "Are you a

little allergic to sand? It's all red."

Lyra felt it warm, and suppressed a smile. "Momo hasn't seen me for a long time. She just held me too tightly."

When Malcolm heard this, he turned around and accused their baby girl who was still angry. "Be careful. Don't hurt my wife again."

Molly put her hands on her hips. "Daddy, you're too much. Your wife is a like treasure, and your daughter is like nothing."

She snorted heavily, and said generously, "But it's okay. I know you're just like this. I'll let you go."

Being reprimanded by their daughter, Malcolm was not angry at all, but concentrated on helping Lyra clean up the sand on her body.

The teacher followed behind. Seeing the extremely harmonious and happy family atmosphere, she was very impressed.

After entering the meeting room, Molly immediately practiced a set of military boxing.

Her fists were so cute when she waved them.

Lyra thought she was so cute by her serious appearance.

After finishing a set of military boxing, Molly happily ran over to ask for praise. "How about it, Mommy? I'll continue to learn martial arts in the future, and beat Daddy to the ground!"

Lyra was surprised to hear that. "Then, Momo, you have to work harder. Your daddy is Crana's one of the best. Whether it's fighting or shooting, he has few opponents."

[Read The Hidden billionaire heiress novel chapter 1006 online free](#)

Chapter 1006 Her breakthrough is Lyra

Molly wowed, and her admiration for her daddy rose to another level.

"I don't care. I'll definitely defeat Daddy in the future! Down with Daddy!"

Malcolm smiled helplessly and didn't want to pay attention to Molly's rebellious behavior like a unfilial daughter.

The family of four chatted for a long time in the meeting room.

At this time, Molly had completely forgotten about the second place in the wrestling match, and quickly remembered the other two important people.

"Mommy, what are godmother and godfather doing lately? I haven't seen them for a long time."

"I want to go skiing on Sakura Mountain with them~"

Lyra's expression froze.

Anthony and Mavis were still at odds with each other, she hadn't told the two

kids about it so she could only explain it with an excuse.

“Did you forget that Mavis is pregnant with a baby, and she wants to take care of the baby with peace of mind, so she can’t do dangerous activities like skiing.”

Molly was surprised. “Does it take so long?”

“Of course, my wife worked very hard to give birth to you two.” Malcolm, who had always been quiet, interjected.

Molly approached Lyra in a sensible way, and kissed her cheek. “It takes long to give birth to me and my brother. Mommy, you must have worked hard.”

Lyra was satisfied. Having two smart and cute kids didn’t make her feel bitter at all.

However, Molly’s words reminded her of something else.

A few days ago, Mavis went to the hospital with bleeding during pregnancy.

After receiving the news that Mavis was safely transferred to the general ward, she and Malcolm left. There had been no news of Mavis in the past few days.

With Mavis’ temperament, she will call her when she woke up no matter what. This time it was very weird.

Anthony didn’t talk to her either.

Lyra always felt that they were weird.

Because of this, she had been in a daze and a little worried about the situation on Mavis’ side.

Malcolm noticed something wrong with her expression sharply, but didn’t ask anything in front of the kids.

It wasn’t until they said bye bye to Molly and saw her being dragged away by the teacher crying because of reluctance, that Malcolm approached Lyra’s ear in a low voice and asked, “You seem to have something on your mind. What are you thinking?”

After all, Spencer was still nearby, so Lyra said very tactfully, “I don’t know how Mavis is doing now. I want to go and see her.”

Malcolm understood very well. “Then send Spencer back to school first. We’ll go and have a look tomorrow morning.”

Lyra nodded. It felt really good to have Malcolm’s unconditional support no matter what decision she made.

They held hands, and Spencer followed behind them arrogantly and silently, resolutely not seeing his parents displaying their affection in front of him.

...

For a few days, Mavis could only stay in the ward without a mobile phone.

Apart from eating and sleeping all day, Mavis could only be in a daze and meditate.

This kind of life was meaningless. She felt like a pet in Anthony’s captivity,

without self.

When Anthony was happy, he coaxed her to eat and talked softly.

If he was not happy, he will kiss her fiercely as punishment, or threaten her to send the baby away in the future so that she will never see the baby.

Mavis couldn't find a breakthrough, and was almost driven crazy by this situation.

But soon, her breakthrough came.

Lyra and Malcolm took the initiative to come to the hospital to see her.

Anthony imprisoned her in the ward, not allowing Lyra and Malcolm to notice that she was not allowed to go out, so he could only agree with Lyra to come to see Mavis.

The moment she saw Lyra, Mavis burst into tears. If it weren't for the pregnancy and her big belly, she would have hugged her at this moment.

Lyra squeezed her hand gently to comfort her, "How's the fetus going? Did Anthony bully you? Tell me, I'll let Malcolm beat him up."

Mavis looked serious, her eyes were redder with tears, and she looked at Anthony with a complicated expression.

Anthony was staring at her.

Those serious blue eyes seemed to be warning her not to talk nonsense in front of Lyra.

He hoped that she would have sense of propriety when it came to the private matters between husband and wife.

Mavis knew exactly what he wanted to do now, and said to Lyra with a smile, "It's been good recently, because I don't move around very often. I gain a lot of weight. Anthony is very considerate. He didn't bully me, and he even hired a nutritionist, and I have a lot of different food everyday."

Lyra sharply picked the point.

"You don't move around often? How can this work? The closer you are about to deliver, the more you need to do proper exercise. Then you can have a smooth delivery. If you just lie on the bed now, it will be painful when you enter the delivery room."

As a person who had experienced it, Lyra knew better how to raise a baby during pregnancy the best way.

She offered to propose, "Anyway, I sneak here this morning. The sunshine is nice outside, and the ultraviolet rays are not strong in the morning. Shall we go out for a walk?"

Mavis looked at Anthony who was standing by the end of the bed in embarrassment, "Lyra, this is not good..."

"What's wrong?"

Lyra followed her gaze and looked at Anthony behind her, vaguely aware that there was something tricky between the two, and repaired it calmly.

“Anthony, this is your dereliction of duty. Your wife is pregnant and you don’t learn more about pregnancy. Mavis is already thin. She should increase the amount of exercise in order to improve her sleep quality and appetite, so the baby will grow better.”

Anthony nodded, very teachable. “Rara, you’re right. I didn’t do well enough. I must make it up the other day.”

Lyra raised her eyebrows. “In this regard, Malcolm has done a good job, and after the baby is born, you have to learn how to be a daddy and help take care of the baby. You can learn from Malcolm in these things.”

In front of the former “rival in love”, Malcolm was praised by his wife.

Malcolm was very proud. He put his hands into his trousers pockets, raised his chin slightly, and began to teach with earnestness.

“Anthony, power and money are nothing. The man who loves his wife is the most capable person.”

Anthony followed with a smile. “Malcolm, you’re right. I still have a lot to learn from you in the future.”

They chatted for a while. Lyra helped Mavis get out of bed, and changed the subject, “Let’s go to the small garden under the inpatient building of the hospital.”

The sun was warm on the body, but not very hot.

Mavis was led by Lyra, looking around with great interest, as if she hadn’t seen the outside world for a long time.

Lyra noticed it, felt a little strange, but didn’t say anything.

The two walked side by side, followed by Malcolm and Anthony silently, without speaking the whole time.

After walking for ten minutes, Anthony suddenly stopped Mavis. “You haven’t exercised for a long time. Don’t walk too much at once. It won’t be good if you are tired. Go back to the ward.”

Mavis did not agree, and said in a soft tone, “Anthony, I seem to be a little hungry, and I really want to eat freshly baked corn cakes outside the hospital. Can you buy them for me?”

Anthony frowned, and refused without thinking. “The street stalls outside are full of junk food. It’s not suitable to eat this kind of snacks during pregnancy. We’ll go back to drink nutritious soup later.”

Mavis stopped talking. Her lowered eyebrows looked slightly depressed.

Lyra noticed it and helped saying, “It’s really not good to eat those food, but if you tell the hawkers, they can make freshly baked cakes that pregnant women can eat. This kind of thing is not eaten every day. It has little effect.”

She smiled and continued, “Not only Mavis is hungry, but I am also hungry. I want to eat too. Why don’t you two go buy it together?”

Anthony stopped talking.

Malcolm agreed decisively. "The freshly baked cake is indeed fragrant. It's delicious. We'll be back soon. Don't go far, Rara."

Lyra said, "We won't continue walking, just sit on the bench for a while and wait for you to come back."

Anthony had nothing to do, and it was hard to say anything, so Malcolm led him to the hospital gate together.

Lyra and Mavis now had time to be alone.

But Mavis knew that the bodyguards of the Callahan family were watching in the dark, so she didn't let down her vigilance, but pulled Lyra to the bench to sit down.

Like her close friend, she was holding Lyra's arm and leaning on her shoulder. Lyra had already guessed her intention, and directly pointed it out, "You deliberately send Anthony away, because you want to say something to me alone?"

[Read The Hidden billionaire heiress novel chapter 1007 online free](#)

Chapter 1007 Antenatal Depression

She took Lyra's wrist, leaned close to Lyra's ear, and whispered pretending to be unintentional, "Anthony takes away all the communication equipment around me, locks me in the ward, and often threatens to send the baby away. I..."

Even Lyra, who had experienced all kinds of ups and downs, was shocked to hear it.

"Is Anthony crazy? How could he treat you like this?"

Mavis was already pregnant, but Anthony didn't take good care of her and comfort her, and even engaged in various behaviors that restricted Mavis's freedom.

If things went on like this, Mavis was prone to psychological problems because she was already sensitive and fragile during pregnancy.

But Lyra suddenly remembered Anthony who was going to marry her in European Swye, and suddenly understood his behavior.

Anthony was crazy and paranoid. Because of the misfortune as an illegitimate child in his childhood, he had always had a dark side in his heart.

After taking back the Callahan family to power these years, he never showed his original paranoid temperament and hid it well.

Now, it was all exposed on Mavis.

Lyra asked back, "Do you often say in private that you want a divorce and you want to separate?"

Mavis froze for a moment and nodded, "Yes."

Lyra instantly understood. "Anthony has this kind of character. The more people or things he can't grasp, he will hold on to them at all costs. Even if he uses schemes or coercion, he will spare no effort."

He was afraid that Mavis would leave secretly again, and that he would lose Mavis' love for him.

Plus, Mavis lied to him that the baby wasn't his.

In this case, he may do any extreme behavior.

The reason for this personality defect was that Anthony had childhood trauma, and was bullied badly by Caitlin when he was a child.

In his eyes, what he wanted must be fought for and snatched by himself.

Lyra knew Anthony well, but she also knew how difficult it was for Mavis to go all the way for him.

Now that Mavis didn't want to entangle with Anthony any more, she wanted to cut off the love and leave simply, and she can understand it.

"There are quite a few problems and conflicts between the two of you..."

It was tricky, and as a bystander, Lyra can only help so much.

But what she said made Mavis more determined to stay away. "Lyra, the love has long been burned out. Now I ... really don't love him that much, and I don't have the determination to be with him."

Her heart, already in a year of marriage, was hurt by Anthony and was riddled with holes.

All she wanted was to escape so that Anthony would never find her.

Perhaps this was also the best revenge for Anthony.

She clenched Lyra's hand tightly, and her tone was almost begging. "I'm really scared of him. I'm locked up in the ward every day. After giving birth, I have to go back to Callahan Residence with him, and continue to be Mrs. Callahan in name. There is no hope, really. It's terrible. I have insomnia every night. I don't know what to do..."

Her voice was choked and broken, and she was on the verge of a desperate collapse.

"Lyra, can you help me? If even you can't rescue me from the cage this time, then I'd rather die in this cage."

Lyra touched her face distressedly, and soon discovered that there was something wrong with her psychology.

During pregnancy, her body's hormones and progesterone were too high, it was easy for her to think wildly, and she was sensitive and suspicious.

In any case, Mavis's subjective wishes must come first.

Anthony's paranoid and coercive behaviors will only push her further and further away.

"Mavis, calm down and don't say that you want to give up your life. After all,

you still have a baby. Even if you don't do it for yourself, you have to do it for the baby.”

Lyra helped her wipe the tears from the corners of her eyes. “I'll figure it out. Give me some time and let me... think about it.”

...

When Anthony and Malcolm came back from buying cakes, they saw Mavis leaning on Lyra's shoulder, already tired and fell asleep.

Having not been out for activities for a long time, Mavis was physically overwhelmed and was extremely tired.

Malcolm was not jealous, which was rare.

Instead, Anthony stepped forward, carefully took Mavis out of Lyra's arms, let her lean into his arms, and carried her up to the inpatient building.

Lyra and Malcolm followed.

Mavis was placed back on the hospital bed and lay down. After many days of frustration, she was finally able to sleep peacefully.

They all moved lightly, so as not to disturb her, and Lyra even made some sign language gestures to Anthony.

[Come out. I have something to tell you.]

Anthony understood her sign language, followed her out of the ward, and Malcolm followed his wife silently.

It was only when Anthony walked to the empty corridor that he asked, “What do you want to ask?”

Lyra looked dignified and spoke earnestly, “I came here today, and I found that Mavis's mood is not too high. There is always a hint of melancholy between her brows. She seems to have something in her heart.”

Anthony frowned, “Did she tell you something just now?”

Lyra shook her head without changing her expression. “She didn't say anything, but I was once pregnant and worried. She can't hide her true emotions from me.”

This reason was quite real, so Anthony didn't say much.

Lyra continued, “I think you should ask the doctor to give her a psychological examination, and pay more attention to taking her out for a walk, and let her meet friends more, so as to make her mood better. Don't wait for her to really get sick and do any aggressive behavior before you regret it.”

Anthony listened to what she said.

“I understand and I will. Rara, rest assured.”

Lyra gave him a cold look.

It was because of him that she was worried about it.

Even though there were a lot of critical words in her heart, she didn't say it, but pulled Malcolm away. “Remember what I said. We will come to see Mavis again in a few days, and I hope to see her smile happily next time.”

Anthony nodded.

The next day, Anthony actually took Mavis for a psychological examination. He listened to the diagnosis records alone in the doctor's office. The doctor handed him the conclusion sheet and said, "Sir, your wife has already suffered from prenatal depression. This situation is quite dangerous, and it is very harmful to her and the baby."

Anthony's heart tightened, and his eyes fell on the medical certificate, which wrote [Severe Antenatal Depression].

Those words were particularly glaring.

He asked in a heavy tone, "How can this situation be improved? Can she take medicine?"

The doctor shook his head. "She is malnourished during pregnancy, and she will give birth in months. It is not recommended to take medicine, but to do psychological counseling first. You can take her out for a walk more often to make her mood better."

"In addition, don't let her stay alone in the room for a long time. She can easily think wildly. It is best to have someone around her at all times. If you're busy and cannot accompany her at all times, you can ask her parents, or a very good friend over. Let them stay with her, and share more happy things with her..."

On the way back to the ward, Anthony kept thinking about the doctor's words. It was the same as what Lyra said.

Antenatal depression?

Was it caused because he locked her up?

With a complicated look in his blue eyes, he walked back to the ward absently.

As soon as he opened the door of the ward, he saw that the person who should have been sitting on the bed was standing in front of the table, holding a small fruit knife and gesturing for the position of the wrist artery.

He was startled and rushed over immediately.

"Mavis!"

[Read The Hidden billionaire heiress novel chapter 1008 online free](#)

Chapter 1008 Seeing her long-lost smile

The sudden shout made Mavis jump, and the knife on her wrist almost cut through her delicate skin.

Anthony grabbed the knife quickly, and threw it far away from the door.

The bodyguards heard the movement and cautiously looked around.

Anthony ordered sharply, "From now on, no sharp knives are allowed in Mrs. Callahan's ward."

"Yes."

The bodyguard quickly picked up the knife on the ground.

Mavis didn't say a word, but looked down at Anthony's palm, because Anthony's hand was scratched by the blade with a shallow blood mark when he rushed up to grab it just now.

Anthony turned his attention back to her and asked gently, "Why did you take the knife just now? What do you want to do?"

She deliberately said, "It's boring to be alone. Just play casually. It has something to do with you."

"As your legal husband, of course I have the right to know your every move."

Mavis replied very bluntly, "Yes, you have the right to know, but you can't use this reason to restrict my freedom and confiscate my mobile phone."

In this matter, Anthony was wrong.

"I just want you to have a baby with peace of mind, and it won't harm you."

Mavis gave him a cold look, didn't bother to talk to him, but turned and went back to the bed.

Anthony glanced at the knife wound on his palm, held his palm indifferently, covered it, and then sat down beside Mavis' bed.

Lyra's words from yesterday seemed to still be echoing in his ears, and the doctor's diagnosis of prenatal depression was also lingering in his mind.

Anthony was guilty.

He restrained the unnaturalness on his handsome face, and asked Mavis something nonchalantly.

"Never heard you mention your family. Are they... okay?"

Mavis was expressionless and her answer was concise, "Very good."

"When we married, in order to get the needed materials, I investigated your family and sent people to Teflayria. Do you remember?"

Mavis couldn't figure out what he wanted to say, so she didn't talk to him.

He continued on his own. "You have a younger brother. Your father looks up to men and down on women and is an alcoholic. Whether he is drunk or not, whenever he encounters troubles, he likes to beat your mother. She's in dire straits..."

"What are you trying to explain?" Mavis interrupted him with a cold face when the old scars and such an ugly childhood experience were uncovered.

Obviously, she was a little unhappy.

"I want to say, if you are also worried about your mother, why don't I find a way to divorce them and bring her to Crana, and she can take care of you."

"Don't bother."

She refused flatly.

It was not that she didn't feel sorry for her mother, but that she didn't want to owe Anthony favors.

Her father and younger brother were blood-sucking moths. Once Anthony meddled in her family affairs, he will definitely be blackmailed by his father and younger brother and pay a lot of money.

Moreover, Anthony offered to send her mother here, and Mavis always felt that he had a conspiracy.

Now he can lock her up and threaten her by saying that he will send the baby away, then when her mother came, he can also hide her mother, so as to restrain her and threaten her to continue to obey.

Her mother just jumped from one fire pit to another.

Anthony was puzzled. "Why don't you want to? You have been in Crana for five or six years, and you don't miss her?"

"She has her own life, and she is already old and has never been abroad. She may get sick when she comes here, so don't torture her."

"I don't mean to torture her. I mean..."

Mavis didn't want to hear it, so she lifted the quilt, lay down on the bed, and turned her back on it.

With an indifferent face, she looked like she rejected him thousands of miles away.

However, Anthony suddenly mentioned her parents, which made her pay attention to this again.

Definitely gotta get her mother out of that fire pit.

Anthony was unreliable, but Lyra was not...

She was thinking about it, and Anthony was still saying, "The doctor suggested that you must have someone around you to take care of you 24 hours a day. I will arrange for Kane to come over, or find you a female nursing worker, so that she can talk to you every day, go out relaxing and exercising?"

Mavis's tone became colder, "Isn't it enough to watch me by the two bodyguards outside? You need to find someone to follow me, and follow me when I go to the bathroom?"

"Mavis, that's not what I meant."

"That's what I understand."

Anthony was speechless for a while. Thinking about her depression, he continued to say softly, "I am doing it for your own good, so I must arrange someone to accompany you."

"Well, as a Valentine's Day gift in a few days, if you don't like Kane or nursing workers, I'll let you choose. Who do you want to accompany you?"

Mavis's eyes finally brightened, "I can choose anyone?"

Anthony emphasized, "Except for male friends, as long as you really want, you can choose anyone. I will find a way to get you."

“Then I choose... Ella.”

Ella was the daughter of the owner of the manor. Her family was fairly wealthy, and she was a native of Delta Union.

If he could really let her come over, then she would have another helper in her plan to leave, and Anthony would not dare to do anything to Ella in Delta Union.

The thought in her heart became more and more firm, and there was a trace of hope in her eyes.

Anthony saw that she was very excited, and nodded in agreement, “Okay, I will call her over within three days, and ask her to take care of you at three times the nursing worker’s salary until you give birth.”

This was the best news she had heard in days, and Mavis was dying of joy. “Thanks.”

With a simple word, Anthony was stunned.

It had been a long time since Mavis thanked him in such a peaceful tone.

Not only that, Mavis also smiled, and the happiness in her eyes couldn’t be hidden.

Anthony’s heart skipped a beat.

He leaned over slowly and kissed her forehead lightly, “You rest for a while. I’ll deal with this matter now.”

She nodded and watched Anthony leave the ward.

When the door of the ward was closed again, she immediately sat up and looked towards the door. Her whole heart was jumping for joy.

Lyra asked her to pretend to be depressed, and no matter what questions the psychiatrist asked, she had to answer negatively.

Unexpectedly, because of the diagnosis of depression, Ella could be brought here.

Her admiration for Lyra rose to another level.

...

Anthony’s work efficiency was very fast. When Ella heard that she was going to take care of Mavis who was hospitalized due to illness, she didn’t hesitate at all. She wished she could put a rocket on her back and fly to Mavis immediately.

The next morning, as soon as Mavis woke up, she saw Ella crying.

“My miserable Mavis, you’ve been haggard a lot recently, and your eyes don’t look bright. I feel so distressed!”

Ella touched Mavis’s face, full of melancholy.

Mavis followed with red eyes, “How are you recently?”

“I’m fine. I’m just worried about you, but I don’t know which hospital you are in, so I can’t find any news about you after searching everywhere. I’m really anxious to death.”

The two seemed to be reunited after a long absence, chatting very excitedly. Anthony stood by the door not far away and listened to their chat for a while. He saw Mavis's smile again.

This feeling was very comfortable.

He tactfully turned around and left, leaving the two girls to chat alone for a while.

As soon as he left, Mavis immediately asked Ella for a cell phone.

Fearing that there would be monitors in the ward, she could only type in the memo on Ella's mobile phone to show to Ella.

[Ella, I need you, help me.]

[Read The Hidden billionaire heiress novel chapter 1009 online free](#)

When she was accompanied by a caring friend, Mavis's mood had improved a lot during this period, and her appetite had also improved.

Anthony was busy with some difficult business affairs of the group, and only visited her two or three times a week.

But usually he just sat and left and can't say a few words with Mavis.

A month passed quickly, and Mavis' belly got bigger.

"Listen, Ella, the baby kicked me again. A really strong baby."

Ella put her ear against Mavis's abdomen, feeling the baby's movement seriously, "If you are so naughty, you must be a lively and active fat boy in the future!"

Mavis disagreed, "Who says it must be a son when the baby is lively and active? Look at Lyra's Molly. She is very lively, but Spencer is quiet and mature."

"That's true."

The two laughed.

Ella was sitting aside, helping Mavis peel apples and counting the days on her fingers.

"Let me figure it out. Is there still at most two months before your due date?"

Mavis leaned against the pillow and nodded lazily, "It should be."

Ella was still counting the time with her fingers, "Anthony hasn't been here for a few days. He leaves his wife in the hospital and leaves you to the nursing workers, nutritionists, bodyguards and me to take care of you. He is happy to be at leisure."

Thinking about it made her a little angry for Mavis.

The smile on Mavis's face gradually disappeared, and she stopped talking.

She wasn't very happy when Anthony was mentioned.

"Mavis, now I finally understand why you want to leave him. Such a husband is really not good. You've worked so hard to conceive a baby for him, but he only comes to see you every now and then."

In this matter, Mavis no longer cared so much.

"It doesn't matter. It's better if he doesn't come. I don't want to see him anyway."

Moreover, Anthony didn't know that the baby was his, so he didn't care so much, and on the contrary, it relieved some psychological pressure on her.

Ella took her hand distressedly and said firmly, "Mavis, don't worry. I will always be with you. No matter what you decide, I will support you."

...

At the same time, on an unknown island.

A young fisherman found several beautiful shells by the sea, and waved to a gentle girl not far away.

"Abbigail, I found something good. Come and have a look."

The girl he called "Abbigail" was exquisite and beautiful, with beautiful eyes shining like stars. She ran towards the man, Blaze, with a smile.

"Do you like it?" Blaze put the small shells on her palm, "I'll make these shells into bracelets tonight, and also as our wedding token. How about it?"

In the small island with backward technology, there were basically poor people who relied on fishing for a living. They had never seen diamonds in their lives.

Since Blaze found Abbigail, the two had been in a relationship for several months, and their relationship was getting better every day.

Abbigail was silent and didn't answer right away.

Her beautiful eyes stared at the small white shells in the palm of her hand. They were beautiful, but wasn't it a bit too sloppy and cheap to use it as a token of their marriage?

But she still agreed, "It's all up to you. Anyway, the token is just a form, and I'm okay with everything."

As she spoke, she took out an old newspaper from her pocket.

This was the colorful old newspaper she accidentally found at the neighbor's two days ago. The newspaper's publication date had been a few years old, and the headline was a news reporting about Crana's new richest person.

She pointed to the woman with great temperament in the newspaper, and asked Blaze, "Do you think I look a bit like her?"

Especially the eyebrows and eyes, even she herself felt that they were at least 50 or 60% similar.

But the biggest difference between her and this richest lady was their temperaments, and her aura was even more incomparable.

Blaze took the newspaper and looked at it carefully, "It does."

She was very happy. "Do you think it is possible that I am the younger sister of the richest lady before I lost my memory? If it is true, she is so rich, so we can enjoy the happiness along with her?"

She was yearning, but Blaze was worried.

Blaze had never read a book and could not read, so he could only point to the newspaper photo and ask, "Is her name written in it?"

"It's written. Her name is Lyra Lloyd."

Blaze's expression changed drastically.

He had never heard of this name, but he was alerted, and immediately crumpled up the newspaper she brought and stuffed it into his pocket.

"Don't read these newspapers anymore. It's not a good thing. Now that you're here, live your life steadily and don't worry about the past, okay?"

Abbigail could guess what he was worried about. "I know you're worried about me. If I'm really the daughter of the richest family, how could I end up on such a deserted island?"

"It's been so many months, and no one has come to find me. I have many old scars from knife and welts. My life must not have been very good."

Blaze didn't hide it, "Yes, I'm afraid this Lyra is a bad woman. What if she finds out you're here and brings someone to hurt you?"

To be the richest woman in Crana, this woman was absolutely extraordinary and must be very powerful.

He was afraid that the residents of the entire small island would not be enough to resist.

Abbigail retorted, "Have you ever thought about why I look like her? Maybe I'm the illegitimate daughter of the the Lloyd family?"

"Is an illegitimate daughter that important?"

"It's about who I am, what I've been through, and of course it's important."

Blaze's tanned hands gently grabbed her shoulders in a comforting gesture, "You said that you can't remember the past. If you think about it seriously, you will get a headache, so why bother?"

"Also, didn't you promise me before that you would stop worrying about the past and only think about the present and the future?"

Abbigail fell silent.

He softened his tone, "I didn't mean to be mad at you, let alone surround you and restrict you. We're going to get married soon. I'm afraid that something will happen to you."

Abbigail didn't say any more, but nodded obediently, "I know, I won't bring up the past again, and I will cherish every day I spend with you."

Blaze was very moved when he heard that, and hugged her tightly.

The setting sun reflected the sea surface red, casting a soft and beautiful halo

on the silhouette of the two embracing each other.
The waves rose and something washed ashore.
Abbigail caught it out of the corner of her eye, and took a closer look. A ... person?
She exclaimed, "Look, Blaze, is that a corpse?"
The two stepped forward to check together.
It was a woman, still breathing. She was not dead, just choked on water.
Despite being unconscious, she clutched a gun tightly in her hand.
Blaze was busy giving the woman first aid for drowning, but Abbigail's attention was on the gun.
She took the woman's gun and looked at it carefully.
There were still bullets on it, unloaded.
She was startled that she seemed... very familiar with this weapon. It was a muscle memory.
The suspicion in her heart only increased, and while Blaze was busy saving this woman, she silently put the gun in her pocket.
With a puff, the woman choked on a big mouthful of water and woke up with the sound of coughing.
Both Blaze and Abbigail looked around at her, asking, "Hey, how are you?"
The woman's blurry gaze fell on Abbigail's face.
After gradually seeing her face clearly, she was extremely frightened, as if she had seen a ghost.
"Jaqueline Buckner???"

[Read The Hidden billionaire heiress novel chapter 1010 online free](#)

After the woman finished speaking, she fainted from exhaustion.
Blaze and Abbigail looked confused.
Abbigail pointed at herself even more, "She called Jaqueline Buckner just now. Did she call me? Could it be that my name is Jaqueline Buckner ?"
The woman's reaction was so strange, as if she knew her.
Jaqueline Buckner ...
Abbigail was inexplicably disappointed.
If she was really called that name, her surname was Buckner instead of Lloyd, which meant that she was probably not the daughter of the Lloyd family.
The dream of getting rich seemed to be really a dream.
At this time, she didn't remember anything, and she didn't know what would happen after saving this woman.

There was no dream to be a rich, only nightmares.

Beside, Blaze replied, "She was not awake at all just now, so she may have misidentified you. When she wakes up, we will ask her again."

"Okay."

Abbigail helped carried the unconscious woman up, planning to bring her home first.

...

The woman was in a coma for two days and two nights before waking up.

When she woke up again, Blaze was sitting next to her, expressionless.

"You finally woke up. Are you feeling unwell? We have poor medical conditions here, so you can only make do with it."

The woman looked around at the simple tile-roofed hut, and her eyes fell on Blaze again.

This man had healthy and tanned skin after years of fishing. And it was slightly dry. His facial features were okay, and his figure was thin and tall, like a bamboo pole.

This man had no temperament, and looked like a native-born farmer by the sea.

Immediately, her gaze fell not far away again.

A young woman was making medicine. Her fair skin was delicate, her eyebrows were exquisite and beautiful, and she was not harmed by the ultraviolet rays of the sea at all.

Every gesture was elegant.

Even when she was casually touching the hairs around her ears, the movements can have a unique aesthetic feeling.

The difference between these two people was too great. Obviously they were not from the same world.

Blaze noticed that the woman's eyes had been staring at Abbigail, moved his position to block her gaze, and introduced again enthusiastically.

"My name is Blaze, a native fisherman here. Her name is Abbigail, and she is my soon-to-be wife."

Speaking of this, Blaze turned his head and smiled at Abbigail.

It can be seen that the relationship between the two was very good.

The woman sensed the tacit understanding between them again and again, and couldn't help but sneered, feeling a little ridiculous.

But she didn't say what was ridiculous about it.

"Abbigail, this name really suits you. It's very beautiful."

She said nice things calmly and cottoned up with them.

"My name is Zaria Bentley. I work in the black market in Crana, but don't be afraid. I will never bite the hand that feeds me and will not hurt you."

Beneath the smiling expression was a pale but beautiful face.

Both Blaze and Abbigail responded with smiles, polite and friendly. But Blaze did not relax his vigilance towards this woman named Zaria because of this, “The island is humid all the year round, and the place we live in is small. I can see you’re a rich and wealthy girl. I guess you’re not used to living here. When the injury heals, I will let the island leader arrange a boat to take you home.”

Zaria shook her head and refused, “I’m very weak now. I’m afraid I’ll have to take care of my body for a while, which will cause you trouble. But don’t worry. I won’t eat and live for nothing, but I’ll come back again when I recover completely and bring you rewards.”

She said so, and Blaze had to agree.

Moreover, he and Abbigail were getting married, and the wedding needed money.

When eating at noon, Abbigail brought a meal herself, entered the small room, and handed it to Zaria’s bedside.

“This is cooked by Blaze himself. Some herbs that improve your body are added to it, which will help you recover quickly.”

The two dishes were just bland, which looked like pig food. Zaria had no appetite at all, but she couldn’t show it too clearly.

“Thank you. You two are really good people, and I will definitely repay you well in the future.”

She thought about it, and then asked tentatively, “Abbigail, your skin is fine, but that Blaze’s whole face is so dry and tanned, and you have a unique temperament. You are not a permanent resident of this island, are you?”

Blaze was not there, so Abbigail said honestly, “I am a person who fell into the sea just like you. Blaze is kind. He saved me, and gave me a second life.”

With her words, Zaria believed in her own judgment even more. “Have you ever thought that he is lying to you? He just wants a wife. He thinks you are suitable, so he tricks you here and keeps you on this deserted island to accompany him.”

She didn’t want to speak ill of Blaze, so she avoided the topic, and asked again, “Two days ago, when we rescued you, you called me Jaqueline and what? Do you know me?”

There was a strong smile on the corners of Zaria’s lips. “Of course we know each other. We used to be Mr. Alford’s subordinates, and we have a good relationship. And you have Mr. Alford’s trust the most. However, I’m not sure if I’m mistaken.”

Abbigail was lost in thought.

After going through the information Zaria said in her mind, she continued to ask, “Is this Mr. Alford a big boss in a gray area? Is he very rich? Very powerful?”

“Yes, he has black money and black power. He specializes in some underground transactions. He has a tyrannical personality and is cruel and ruthless. However, he used to be very good to you, and he almost raised you like a daughter.”

Zaria smiled and added, “No, to be precise, he is very kind to the owner of your face. After all, you have no memory, so I can’t confirm your identity.”

After the communication, Abbigail basically understood everything.

“You can eat first. Blaze is waiting for me outside. It’s time for me to eat too.”

Abbigail turned and left, leaving Zaria to eat alone in the room.

“If you are really the Jaqueline I am talking about, but you just lost your memories, then you can come to me again. I will definitely help you get your memories back.”

Zaria was still talking until Abbigail left the room.

Abbigail heard it, but didn’t answer, and closed the door silently.

She didn’t believe everything Zaria said.

Zaria said that Mr. Alford loved her the most and raised her as a daughter, but all the scars and wounds on her body were old.

If this Mr. Alford was really good to her, how could he abuse her like this, let alone make her seriously injured and fall into the sea, and even accidentally lost her memory?

Zaria was not an ordinary person.

...

It was two months that passed by in a hurry.

During this period of time, Zaria behaved herself, without any airs from the city, and even went to work and fish with Blaze and Abbigail.

The days were so pleasant that she got carried away.

But such a comfortable life can’t last long, and Zaria had to go.

Before leaving, she said directly to Abbigail in front of Blaze, “Would you like to come with me? I’ll accompany you to the places you used to stay. Maybe you will remember something.”

Blaze looked at Abbigail nervously.

Abbigail just smiled lightly and shook her head. “No, just let the past go, and such an ordinary life in the future will be fine.”

Zaria didn’t persuade much, and there was an imperceptible sneer at the corner of her mouth.

“Aren’t you going? I bet you will regret it before long!”