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Chapter 1021 His Spiritual Sustenance

Anthony, who came out of the conference room, returned to the top floor office with ease.

Through the glass door, the baby's cries could be faintly heard.

Anthony couldn't help stepping into the office.

Skillfully, he took out the milk maker, milk powder, and feeding bottle, and Anthony got it done in a few minutes.

Alis was crying loudly. Anthony carried him up and coaxed him. When he passed the bottle to the baby's mouth, the crying stopped.

The little baby closed his eyes and was suckling obediently. He was really cute.

Except Spencer and Molly, Anthony didn't like kids at first, but Alis was different, because he was his and Mavis' baby.

"Crying so loudly. You will definitely like to be mischievous in the future."

He must be taught well.

It would be the most worry-free for a boy to be like Spencer, with a super high IQ, but a quiet personality and not causing trouble.

...

Half an hour later.

Anthony returned to the meeting room on time and straightened the collar of his suit expressionlessly, "Continue the meeting."

Everyone looked at each other, curious about where he had been for half an hour.

They heard that he raised his son in the company. Could it be that he went to feed him?

...

When Alis was not around, Paloma was restless all day, for fear that something will happen to the baby.

Anthony didn't like to go back to Callahan Residence anymore, so she can only come to the company to see the baby in person.

Zack led Paloma upstairs himself.

Paloma asked, "How is Anthony's work status these two days? Has Alis suffered?"

Zack smiled, "Don't worry. Mr. Callahan is in good condition all day long with his son. Although he is as indifferent as always and it is the first time to take care of a baby, he is very attentive."

"How do you say that?"

Zack thought for a while, and began to give an example in a serious manner. "Mr. Callahan sets alarm clocks himself when Alis needs to have milk. Even if he is in an important meeting, he must pause to feed Alis."

Paloma breathed a sigh of relief.

Anthony was sensible and finally knew how to treat his son wholeheartedly. Zack continued, "Yesterday, the director of the business department went up to the top floor to find Mr. Callahan. As soon as he opened the door and walked in, Mr. Callahan quickly smelled the smell of cigarettes on him, and immediately asked him out, for fear if the baby smells it, it will affect his respiratory tract."

Paloma listened carefully and asked, "And then? He punished the director of the business department?"

"No, Mr. Callahan is not so harsh on the employees that they are not allowed to smoke. He asked him to explain the work to me first, and I will pass it on to him."

Paloma nodded, thinking that he was pretty good at handling official affairs, with a sense of propriety.

She asked again, "What about changing Alis' diapers? Did he forget because he was busy with work?"

Zack couldn't help laughing. "Mr. Callahan seems to be able to distinguish the difference between the cryings of Alis now. Every time Alis cries, he immediately goes to change the diaper. This is the first time that Mr. Callahan is so careful."

Paloma finally relaxed.

Not only that, she soon discovered that Anthony seemed to regard Alis as his spiritual sustenance.

And he was his only sustenance.

The death of Mavis had a huge impact on Anthony.

He regretted it, and the sense of guilt in his heart was very deep.

Only by raising Alis well can he have the courage to meet Mavis.

Thinking of this, Paloma let out a long sigh.

Just as she was about to reach the door of the office, Paloma turned to leave. She was stopped by Zack. "Mrs. Callahan, aren't you going to go in and see Alis?"

"Forget it. He has to take care of the baby, and also has to deal with the tedious affairs of the whole group. How can he have more energy to deal with me, a miserable old woman? I'd better not bother him during working hours."

Zack didn't say anything but said, "Then I'll take you to the garage. If you are still afraid of disturbing Mr. Callahan's work next time, you can come here in the evening."

"Okay." Paloma also felt that the evening time was more appropriate.

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Two days later, Lyra, Malcolm and their kids also returned to Crana. Lyra was almost done with the paperwork for the international division. Spencer's study was not affected. Because he did well in exams, he can be recommended to the best primary school as soon as he returned to Crana. Molly's militarized school experience was stopped immediately. Malcolm was thinking about sending her directly to the small training camp of the army, and when she grew up in the future, she will be sent directly to a military academy.

After they returned, the first thing Lyra did was to negotiate another cooperation with Callahan Group.

In terms of the cooperation, Lyra did not allow any employees to deal with it, but she personally worked on it, and went to the president's office of Callahan Group from time to time.

After all, little Alis was raised in Anthony's office. Every time Lyra went there, she would hug the little Alis who was raised healthy by Anthony. Then she would take a few photos and record videos.

When she was coaxing the little Alis, Anthony was either checking the cooperation terms or approving the project plan, which was clearly arranged by Lyra, and there was no time to wonder if Lyra was acting strangely.

What was more, Anthony himself will not have any defense against Lyra. The final draft of a certain project plan was finalized, and Anthony read it carefully three times before using a red ink pen to circle a few planning points that he disagreed with.

"Lyra, none of these points are suitable for the cooperation project between us. There are too many uncertainties, and the losses may only increase. Should we ask the department to approve it a few more times and choose the one that is the most suitable?"

Lyra glanced casually, just finished recording the video and put away the phone calmly.

"Okay, since you think it's not right, then I'll go back and let the employees of this group of project discuss it again. And I'll give you a new plan in two days." Anthony raised his eyebrows and chuckled, asking tentatively, "Based on the capabilities of the Lloyd's Corp, the employees are all overseas returnees or experienced professionals. They shouldn't have made so many mistakes in the proposal. What happened to you recently?"

Anthony was a little skeptical about the cooperation that couldn't be decided after so many days.

Lyra sighed without panic, "My problem may be that I have too many things to do recently. And I am a little powerless, so that group of employees are lazy. I will definitely scold them when I go back."

Anthony said, "What are you up to? If you need my help, feel free to ask." Although he spoke to her in the same soft tone as before, Lyra still felt that he had more sense of proportion than before.

This was good.

Making some random excuse, she left the top office of the Callahan Group. As soon as she entered the elevator, she immediately tapped phone and sent photos and videos of baby Alis to an unknown number.

The other side quickly replied: [Fatter, skin is also fairer.]

Lyra showed relief and replied:[I can see that he is very attentive, and he really loves this baby.]

After she sent this text message, there was a delay of two seconds before the other side replied: [Belated father's love. How long can he last? I don't know if it's too late.]

In this matter, Lyra was not the person involved after all, let alone predict what will happen in the future, so she can only try her best to persuade the woman on the phone who missed her baby so much.

A few minutes later, Lyra's cell phone received another text message, still from the familiar but unfamiliar number, but this time the subject was changed.

"Lyra, I've found my mother. Thank you for helping her get out of the marital misery. Just to be on the safe side, I'm going to take her to another place."

It was to not be found by someone.

Lyra was walking in the Callahan Group parking lot, and was about to type to reply to the message, when a familiar voice suddenly came from behind.

"Who are you talking to?"

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Chapter 1022 Birthday Banquet

Lyra quickly put away her phone, and when she turned her head, she saw Anthony walking towards her from the elevator.

She smiled slightly and said in a natural tone, "There is an employee of the Lloyd's Corp who just gave birth recently and encountered some family matters. She just came to ask some advice from me."

Anthony didn't see the specific content of the conversation on the screen of her mobile phone, and smiled casually, "Since a family is established, there are always conflicts."

Lyra nodded in agreement, "Yes, it's just being humble to each other so that we can live a good life. My employee's husband didn't love her at first, and he didn't even approve of her having a child because he has a very close female

friend. Now that the baby is born, her husband's attitude towards the child has gradually improved, but she has become disheartened, and she doesn't quite believe that her husband can insist on being good to the child."

For this matter, Anthony had his own ideas.

"Since her husband is not ready for a new life, she really should seriously consider whether to have a child. The man did something wrong about his close female friend, but since his husband has a conscience and decides to treat the family well in the future, she should give him a chance."

Even the law will give criminals who didn't deserve to die a chance to amend. Let alone a family.

Lyra was slightly taken aback. There was no absolute right or wrong in anything, but Anthony's thinking angle was indeed of reference value.

But... she was just a bystander, and only the person involved knew how much suffering there was.

She can't make any decisions for Mavis.

She smiled gently at Anthony, "You are right. I will consider talking to my employee, but why did you come down alone? Didn't you take care of Alis?"

Anthony took out a blue crystal earring from his pocket and handed it over, "You left it in my office just now. I just brought it for you."

Lyra touched the right earlobe, and it was indeed empty.

"I walked too fast just now, so I didn't feel that the earring fell off. Thank you.

In fact, you can give it to Zack to bring it to me, or keep it for me, and wait for the next time I come to discuss the project."

Anthony just laughed at this, "How can your stuff be handed over to others? I'm afraid you will be anxious if you can't find it, so I sent it here quickly."

Lyra took the blue crystal earring from his palm and put it on herself.

"You're considerate, but Alis' affairs come first. Don't leave him alone in the office for too long. Go back quickly."

Anthony nodded and turned back to the elevator.

Lyra looked at his back and touched the right earring again.

She didn't know what kind of feelings Anthony had for her now. All these years, he had always kept his duty to her, but there seemed to be some kind of fantasy that he shouldn't have.

During this period of time, she always went to Callahan Group, and Anthony was very polite every time, talking about business in a serious manner.

But because of an earring, he would leave his infant son and send it to her downstairs himself?

Was it because she thought too much?

Watching Anthony's back into the elevator and completely disappearing into the garage on the first floor, Lyra turned and left the Callahan Group.

Meanwhile, Anthony went back to the office.

Little Alis was quietly sleeping in the crib next to the desk. Anthony walked over and touched his soft cheek lightly, but his thoughts were lost.

“Alis, your Aunt Lyra seems to be hiding something.”

Lyra had something on her mind. Did Malcolm know it?

...

For one or two months in a row, Lyra came to Callahan Group almost every week to discuss the project plan with Anthony in person, and by the way, to see little Alis, coaxing and playing with him.

Except that she liked to take photos and videos of little Alis every day, there was no special difference.

Anthony beat about the bush a few times, but Lyra acted calmly and answered calmly. It seemed that it was just because she liked Alis so much?

There were too many business affairs and his son had to be taken care of.

Anthony quickly dispelled his doubts about Lyra and concentrated on going to work and raising the baby.

*

One year later.

On the day of little Alis's first birthday, all the employees of Callahan Group took a day off from work and Anthony took the child back to Callahan Residence.

Rebecca personally arranged a simple first birthday party for little Alis.

Those who came were relatives or friends who had a particularly good relationship with the Callahan family.

Lyra and Malcolm were also invited.

The Callahan family garden was very lively, with ribbons and balloons tied to the trees, childlike and beautiful.

Lyra held Molly, and Malcolm held Spencer. The two kids were already seven years old.

Although they were twins, their expressions were very different. Molly was full of curiosity about little Alis' birthday party, bouncing up and down all the way. Spencer, on the other hand, had a cold face and no good expression, as if he was tired of participating in this kind of occasion.

He had almost the same expression as Malcolm who was stable, like a small duplicate.

At one year old, little Alis can already walk stumbly.

When Lyra and Malcolm arrived, they saw Anthony taking little Alis to the Callahan family's ancestral hall.

One big and one small figures knelt on the soft futons, facing the tablets of the ancestors.

Anthony was kneeling straight and upright, while little Alis was kneeling and sitting unstably. He followed Anthony and bent slightly, wanting to kowtow.

As a result, his head sank into the soft futon and he couldn't get up.

"Wooooo! Ahhhh!"

The distraught little one tried to speak, calling for Anthony in his own language.

Anthony frowned slightly, lifted his back collar, pulled his upper body up, and reminded him softly, "Be upright. Try to follow me."

"Yeah..."

Little Alis danced and pointed at something. His pronunciation was very unclear, but he couldn't wait to speak, and wanted to let his father know what he thought.

Anthony couldn't understand what he wanted to express, so he just said lightly, "Quiet."

Little Alis pouted, a little frustrated.

Anthony kowtowed three times to the ancestral tablets, and little Alis imitated him, and nodded his head three times in a very non-standard way.

He knelt on the futon and moved around, pointing with his little fleshy finger at a tablet not far away and deliberately loudly attracting Anthony's attention.

"Mommy, mommy!"

Anthony followed the direction he pointed, and it happened to be Mavis' tablet. Paloma told little Alis several times, but unexpectedly the child really remembered.

Moreover, Alis spoke like a bird, but only the pronunciation to his mother was relatively clear.

Unable to tell how he felt, Anthony said softly, "Yes, that's your mommy. She's looking at you. Kowtow to her."

Little Alis understood, and bent down very carefully, and finally threw himself on the ground. His whole body was lying on the futon.

Anthony watched his antics, couldn't help laughing, and shook his head with a smile.

Outside the open door of the ancestral hall, Malcolm held Spencer by the hand, staring at the hall without saying a word.

Lyra took the opportunity to record a video of father-son harmony.

The light and shadow outside the door were blocked a lot. Anthony reached his long arms, and easily took his son into his arms with one hand, watching his son's short legs flopping.

"Let's go draw the lots."

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Chapter 1023 Love is all

Little Alis was subdued by his father with one hand, without any resistance. Anthony carried the kid and walked all the way to the entrance of the ancestral hall, just in time to meet the eyes of Lyra and Malcolm.

The two sides looked at each other and smiled, which was both polite and friendly.

Molly kept her eyes on little Alis and reached out to Anthony, "Can I hug Alis? He's so cute."

Anthony was always the gentlest to her, so he bent down slowly, and sent his son to Molly, "He is a little fat. If you feel him heavy, just hold him and let him walk by himself."

"Okay!"

Molly hugged Alis carefully. She was sent to the army by Malcolm for training, so Alis was as light as a piece of cake in her eyes.

"Alis, I'm your sister Molly."

With her immature voice, she taught Alis how to say her name, and she liked Alis' chubby, fair and tender face very much.

The main reason was that his blue pupils were exactly the same as Anthony's, big and round, like the sea of stars, so beautiful.

Little Alis stretched out his chubby hands, put his arms around Molly's neck, and cheered, "Si!"

"It's not si, it's sister. I'm your sister."

"Si... si..."

Molly was speechless. Why did it sound like a bird?

Beside, several adults laughed.

Lyra said, "Molly, Alis is already very good. When you were one year old, you were not as good at talking as he is."

Anthony answered, "It's nothing to be proud of. I guess he'll talk more when he grows up, chattering all day long. It'll hurt my ears."

"Be patient when bringing up your son. He just wants to express his thoughts to you. Alis has a lively temper, which is a good thing."

Anthony smiled. "You're right."

Malcolm said nothing, holding Spencer's hand by his side.

Compared with the harmony between Molly and little Alis, Spencer's secretly unhappy expression seemed a bit out of place.

He complained in a low voice, "Alis knows how to get close to little girls at such a young age, and takes advantages of little girls. He has a lot of

scheming, probably the same as you when you were young.”

Anthony’s face froze, and he turned to look at Alis in Molly’s arms.

Little Alis hugged Molly’s neck tightly, with his little head nestled in Molly’s neck, and he was bubbling with his immature voice.

He was expressing his love for Molly in his own way.

He had raised his son himself for a year, and this was the first time for Anthony to see Alis express his love to outsiders like this, just like when he first saw Lyra when he was a child, and he unconsciously wanted to get close to her and liked her.

He was really... similar to him, and he had similar preferences when he was a child.

Thinking of this, he subconsciously glanced at Malcolm at the side.

But he saw Malcolm frowning handsomely, as unhappy as Spencer.

Malcolm wanted to go forward to take his daughter back, but was stopped by Lyra, “Alis is only one year old. He doesn’t understand anything. He just likes Molly and won’t hide it, and Molly seems to like him very much. He’s just a child. Let them go.”

He was indeed too young.

Malcolm was not an unreasonable person, “Let them go.”

Lyra took Malcolm’s arm, smiled at him, and said to Molly, “Molly, if you can’t hold him anymore, don’t force yourself and let Alis fall down.”

Anthony lightly narrowed his eyes, walked up to Molly and squatted down, saying softly, “If you think Alis is heavy, give him to me. I don’t want to tire you.”

Both were caring for each other’s child.

Spencer silently rolled his arrogant and cold eyes, and said impatiently, “Isn’t it time for Alis to draw lots? Should he go or not?”

Several people then shifted positions and went to the front yard.

Molly hugged little Alis and didn’t want to put him down, “Why are you so light? You’re not as heavy as the props I use for training in the army.”

Little Alis rubbed his cheek against her neck, “Si~”

“You are as light as a piece of tofu, and as fair as a piece of tofu, then I will call you milk tofu from now on.”

The two little ones walked in front, and the three adults and Spencer followed behind.

When they arrived at the front yard of Callahan Residence, Paloma had already set up the scene.

A small red carpet was filled with all kinds of exquisite items, such as a book, pen and ink, calculator, coin, milk bottle, camera, etc., scattered around.

Under Lyra and Anthony’s instructions, Molly placed little Alis in the middle of the red carpet.

Little Alis grabbed the necklace around Molly's neck, accidentally tore it off, and it was pinched tightly by him.

Surrounded by relatives of the Callahan family, it was so lively that Molly didn't notice that the necklace around her neck was gone.

The activity began.

Rebecca, Timothy and Paloma squatted in the corner of the red carpet, attracting Alis' attention with small items on the red carpet.

Alis was lying on the red carpet, giggling and slowly crawling towards Paloma. Anthony noticed that Paloma was holding a calculator and couldn't help but be satisfied.

However, little Alis suddenly stopped halfway and there were many disturbing sounds around him. He blinked his blue eyes, and was dazed and confused. Facing everyone's gaze, he got up and sat down on the spot, without grabbing anything but happily playing with Molly's necklace.

As if noticing the gaze of his father next to him, he raised the necklace and waved it at Anthony.

The elders in the surrounding circle looked at each other and joked with a smile, "It seems that our little Alis has taken a fancy to the little necklace of the little princess of the Lloyd family."

Spencer laughed and discouraged them. "He is clearly choosing Molly. I remember that according to the rules of the lot, Molly should be regarded as a beauty. It seems that Alis will think 'love is all' or a pervert in the future."

Hmm...

The atmosphere at the scene was awkward for a while, and Anthony's complexion was not very good, and he was not very happy.

Spencer frowned, happy to see Anthony deflated in public.

In the awkward atmosphere, Lyra took the lead and said with a smile, "The first-year-old lot is just for fun. Alis is so young. He doesn't understand at all. Who knows what will happen when he grows up, and maybe Alis thinks Molly's necklace looks good."

Paloma echoed, "That's right. The necklace is really beautiful. Little Alis can't put it down just holding it."

He even lifted it up and waved it, showing off to Anthony.

On one knew if he was showing off the necklace or the person.

A farce was over. Anthony took the necklace from Alis' hand with a sullen face, and squatted down to help Molly put it on.

Molly didn't care. "Anthony, milk tofu likes this, so give it to him."

"No."

While helping her to fasten the necklace, Anthony explained, "Alis likes if so I can buy it for him, but what belongs to you is yours, and no one can take it away."

Molly was very happy, “So in your heart, when you have Alis, is there still a place for me?”

Anthony curled his lips and smiled, “Of course.”

“You’re so nice~”

Anthony gently touched her little cheek with his fingertips, and his eyes were full of tenderness.

Lyra saw it, and interrupted the harmonious atmosphere between them, “Little Alis is one year old, so I have prepared a special gift.”

She glanced at Malcolm.

Malcolm quickly took out a small gift box from his trousers pocket.

When it was opened, it was a small red rope with beautiful lines, on which there was a jade the size of a little finger, and its shape was like a bird.

The red rope was made by a very common material, but it was woven with great care, and the bird jade pendant was also very beautiful.

When he saw the jade pendant clearly, Anthony’s eyes trembled, and his face turned pale.

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Chapter 1024 Can’t bear to apologize to my son

Some guilt emotions that had been sealed for nearly a year surged up again, and he lowered his dark eyes, suppressing the turmoil in his heart.

Lyra’s eyes were not on him, but on little Alis.

She carefully put the jade pendant bracelet on Alis’ left wrist, and asked softly, “Do you remember what your mother’s name is?”

Alis didn’t know, but understood the word mother.

He shouted, “Mommy! Mommy!”

Lyra smiled with eyebrows and eyes crooked, “Yes, it’s mother. Your mother is Mavis.”

She pointed to the jade pendant again, “When you see this jade pendant, it’s like seeing your mother, you know? Your mother will always be with you, in a place where you can’t see, and pray for your health and happiness.”

Alis liked it very much, “Mommy~Aoah, mommy!”

He was trying to say “I love mommy”.

Lyra understood, and stroked his little head, “Your mother also loves you very much.”

The activity ended successfully, and other Callahans followed to give little Alis a gift, and he was still sitting on the red carpet, accepting the gifts in a daze.

Rebecca gave him a little white fur jacket, put it on little Alis, and he instantly

turned into a white dumpling.

Lyra looked at him for a while in relief, walked towards Anthony, and whispered, "Can you come with me alone? I have something private to tell you."

Anthony nodded in agreement.

The two left the front yard one after the other and went to a quiet place. Malcolm saw it clearly, his face was very dark, and he followed silently.

...

At the end of the quiet corridor, Anthony and Lyra stood opposite each other. Anthony said, "What are you trying to say?"

Lyra didn't hide it but got straight to the point, "I had a dream last night. I dreamed of Mavis. I don't know if it's because of Alis' birthday party, so she appeared in my dream and made a request."

Anthony's long eyelashes trembled slightly, his cheeks were pale, and it took a long time for him to lower his eyelashes, and asked steadily, "What did she tell you?"

"I told her that you named the baby Alis, but she said she doesn't like the name very much. It's too monotonous, and she wants to change it."

Anthony listened carefully, "Change to what?"

"Alistair."

Anthony thought about the word for a moment.

Anthony understood but he didn't answer Lyra's proposal.

After all, such a thing was too mysterious.

"Mavis... She never entered my dream this year, so she still refuses to forgive me."

Lyra saw his dejected face. Knowing that her tough attitude would be counterproductive, she changed the euphemism.

"After all, it's just my dream, and it can't be real. Whether you want to change his name or not is up to you to choose, but I think it's necessary to let you know. If Mavis really asked me to do so, give him a perfect name."

Anthony was still brooding, not speaking.

Alistair sounded nice, neither violating the meaning nor abrupt.

"I am very grateful to you for telling me this. I will think carefully about whether to add a few letters to his name."

Lyra didn't force him to nod now, "It's up to you to decide. I'll go out and see Spencer first."

She turned around and left, and saw Malcolm at the corner of the corridor without any surprise, then she gave him a displeased look with her beautiful eyes.

Malcolm obediently kept up with his wife's pace, and waited until he was completely away from Anthony's sight before stepping forward to grab his

wife's hand.

"Rara, don't be angry. I didn't distrust you." He obviously didn't trust Anthony the bastard.

Lyra tugged at his handsome face. "You're the director of NIB but you eavesdrop on the corner. I should punish you."

Instead of hiding, he leaned forward, "It's true that I haven't been punished by you for a long time. Tonight Molly will return to the youth team, and I will send Spencer to Chad's place. Let's rest assured and you punish me?"

Lyra poked his head hard, "Forget about it."

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On the way back to the garden of Callahan Residence, Anthony was still thinking about the baby's name.

"Oops!"

Not far away, Molly let out an exclamation and fell to the edge of the small red carpet.

When Anthony arrived, he happened to see Alis laying on top of Molly, chattering while Molly frowned and rubbed the back of her head, as if it hurt from a fall.

"Molly!" Anthony immediately ran forward, squatted down, hugged Alis away, and helped Molly to check the situation, "Let me see if there is any injury?"

Molly shook her head, pointing to little Alis, "I'm fine, milk tofu..."

Before she finished speaking, Anthony sullenly picked up his son's collar sternly, waved his big palm, and slapped that round little butt twice.

"Aww!"

Little Alis kicked and was too frightened by Anthony's sudden outburst, crying. Molly was also frightened, and immediately stretched out her hand to stop him, "What are you doing! Why are you hitting milk tofu!"

Anthony put down little Alis and let him stand by himself, "He caused you to fall. He should be beaten."

Molly hurriedly explained, "You misunderstood. It has nothing to do with him. I was holding him circling, and I accidentally slipped and fell. He looked at me as if I was in pain, and he made whirring movements, wanted to comfort me."

"Besides, he's only one year old. He's just a little kid. How could his strength make me fall down? Are you over nervous?"

Anthony froze.

Was he over nervous?

Next to Molly, little Alis stood obediently, pursing his mouth aggrievedly and rubbing the corners of his eyes with his little fat hands.

He had a pitiful face, but he was very strong and didn't cry.

Little tears were wrapped in his red eyes, and he still didn't know what he did wrong and why his father beat him.

When he looked at his son, Anthony's heart skipped a beat. After he calmed himself down, he turned to look at Molly and put his big palm on Molly's thin shoulder, "Molly, I'm sorry I did something wrong just now. And I did it without asking the reason clearly. I will not be so impulsive next time." Molly retorted solemnly, "Why did you apologize to me? The person who was beaten and wronged was not me, but milk tofu. You should apologize to him." Anthony lowered his eyes, and his eyes were slightly narrowed, "Alis won't be angry with me. I'll coax him later." He thought there was no reason for a father to apologize to his son. Molly disagreed, "He is not angry because he loves you, but in this matter, he is innocent. Coaxing would not be better than apologizing sincerely." She tilted her head, stared at Anthony suspiciously, and asked, "Do you feel that you can't save your face and apologize to him?" Anthony's jaw line froze, and he smiled slightly embarrassedly.

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Chapter 1025 Rename and she has an abnormal situation

Molly was still saying, "You're obviously not like this in the past. You would apologize to my brother, and you would also apologize to me. Why can't you apologize to milk tofu?"

"My daddy beats me up sometimes, but it must be because he gets angry. Most of the time, he just reasons with me. If daddy wrongs me, daddy would definitely apologize to me, and daddy would treat my brother the same."

Malcolm never felt that being a father would be embarrassing, and if he wronged his child, he would never let her or him feel wronged.

Anthony listened quietly, touched, "Molly, you're right."

He turned his head to look at Alis beside Molly, and stretched out his hands to pull the baby to him, "Does it hurt?"

Little Alis put his little hands behind his back and kept his mouth shut.

He was still wearing diapers, and his butt was thickly padded. Anthony didn't use much force at all just now. Knowing that it shouldn't hurt, he still rubbed Alis's little butt symbolically.

"I was wrong just now. I shouldn't have beaten you without asking about the situation. Can you forgive me?"

Alis' small mouth was so pouted, and he squeezed his fleshy fists, and hammered Anthony's chest twice.

It seemed like Anthony had spanked him twice just now.

Anthony couldn't help but laugh.

This kid was quite vengeful.

“I let you beat me back. Are you feeling better now? If you can forgive me, give me a hug.”

Anthony opened his hands, waiting for the baby to throw himself into his arms.

Alis laughed straight, opened his hands like him, and threw himself on his chest, rubbing his tender cheeks against the hem of his shirt.

The little boy who can hold grudges and take revenge at only one year old was very similar to him when he was a child.

Anthony rubbed the little boy’s furry head and laughed.

Suddenly, he remembered what Lyra said when she came here just now.

“Alis, your mother appeared in Aunt Lyra’s dream, and she wanted to add another letters to your name, so I will call you Alistair from now on. How about it?”

He repeated patiently, “Alistair Callahan.”

Alistair opened his mouth, but couldn’t speak clearly, and could only call out, “Mommy! Ooooh!”

His look was so cute. Anthony picked him up with one hand, and went to hold Molly next to him, “Are you hungry? Let’s eat cake together?”

“Okay.”

Molly let Anthony lead her, bouncing around.

Anthony agreed to change the name to Alistair.

On the night of Lyra’s return, she sent a message to the only social account in her phone without any signature.

[The baby looks very good on the pendant. He will definitely understand your intention in the future, and in addition, that person agreed to add letters to the baby’s name.]

After sending this message, Lyra put away the phone.

She, Malcolm, and Spencer had just returned to the White family garage.

After attending Alistair’s birthday party, Molly was sent back to the troops.

With his wife in one arm and his son in the other, Malcolm walked through the winding alleys of the White family.

But Malcolm didn’t go back to Lyre Spiti directly, but went to Chad and Keira’s villa.

Keira had been pregnant with a baby for six months, and she will give birth soon. During this period, Chad accompanied her to check up almost every day.

When the two learned that Malcolm was coming, they waited outside the door early.

Chad raised an eyebrow at Malcolm, “You don’t come to my place often. Do you want me to help take care of Spencer today? Are you and your wife ‘exercising’ too often?”

As soon as he finished speaking, Malcolm frowned and kicked him lightly, “You’re going to be a father but you still talk in a shameless way. Do you have to be punished to know how to be good?”

Chad suddenly restrained himself. “I’m wrong. I can’t stand the punishment. Please forgive me.”

When the two had a “friendly” exchange, Lyra was consoling Keira’s baby in a soft voice.

Spencer stood beside them silently for ten minutes with his little hands in his pockets.

Unable to understand the polite words between these adults, he interrupted the harmonious atmosphere with a loud voice, “Daddy, Mommy, be busy with business. I have homework at night, so don’t waste each other’s time.”

In front of a few adults, he put his hands in his pockets, his eyes were loose and cold, and he looked more like an adult than a real adult.

Keira sighed, “If only my baby is half as sensible and worry-free as Spencer in the future.”

Malcolm said, “If the baby’s temper is like yours, it’s possible. If it’s like Chad, the baby probably needs to be taught a lesson a few times before it can be subdued.”

Keira covered her mouth and snickered, and Chad looked embarrassed. Seeing that they were about to chat again, Spencer entered Chad’s villa courtyard impatiently.

The topic was interrupted, and the four separated.

Lyra and Malcolm went all the way back to Lyre Spiti.

On the way, Lyra complained, “Are you really going to ‘train’ tonight? Are you infuriating?”

Malcolm put his arms around her slender waist, pressed his thin lips against the tips of her ear, and said a word in a hoarse voice that only the two of them could hear.

Lyra heard clearly, pursed her lips and suppressed a smile, inexplicably feeling her ear itchy because of his teasing.

But he seemed not satisfied, and continued to say, “Do you want it to be in the bathroom, or the balcony? Or the garden is also fine. I will dismiss all the bodyguards in advance.”

Lyra was slightly stunned. “Are you serious? What if something unexpected happens? This is not a joke. Are you really infuriating and you want to provoke me on purpose?”

“I don’t dare.”

That being said, Malcolm seemed that he dared do so, only the fearlessness of being beaten up.

It’d been a long time since he found a chance when their kids were away from

home at the same time. Tonight was a good chance, so he had to cherish it. The two entered the bedroom, and Malcolm went to take a shower first to prepare for the evening's "exercise".

Lyra sat on the bed and looked at her phone.

She looked at the chat log with Mavis, and her expression was getting more and more serious.

Half an hour had passed since her last message to Mavis, but Mavis still hadn't replied to her.

In the past, she always replied within seconds, and it would take no more than five minutes to reply at most.

This was very wrong.

From a woman's sixth sense, Lyra immediately called Mavis.

The phone got through, but no one answered.

Mavis lived with her mother now. Even if she went out without her mobile phone, her mother should be able to answer the phone for her.

The call lasted for a minute before being automatically hung up.

All of a sudden, Mavis couldn't be contacted, so Lyra had a very bad premonition.

The foggy bathroom door was opened, and Malcolm was wrapped in water vapor. The water droplets slid down the delicate and perfect abdominal muscles, and the lines were crystal clear.

Lyra was not in the mood to appreciate his body, and her tone was serious, "Mavis suddenly didn't reply to my messages, and no one answered the phone. I suspect something happened to her. I have to go and see."

Malcolm was stunned, and lost most of his interest in sex in an instant.

"We are in Crana, which is far away from the country where she is. Besides, it is already very late today. Even if we take a private jet, it will be tomorrow at the earliest."

He put forward another way of thinking, "Maybe... just because of the time difference between the two countries, she has already rested and didn't hear your news or phone call."

Lyra shook her head firmly, "In the past, no matter how late I sent her a message, she would always reply, for fear of missing Alis' growth. Tonight is really suspicious."

Malcolm followed suit, "Don't worry. I'll contact the nearest police station in the country where Mavis is located and ask them to check the situation as soon as possible."

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Chapter 1026 Naught Kid

Late at night in Suham, the rain poured down.

The sound of the rain was extremely noisy, and it can make people feel depressed.

Anthony couldn't sleep, so he sat by the window to enjoy the rain.

The strong wind mixed with the rain directly wet the corners of his clothes and trousers. Although it was cold, he didn't seem to feel it at all and he lit a cigarette.

Anthony hadn't smoked in almost a year since he had Alistair by his side to take care of, and he could barely relax tonight without the kid.

Alistair's birthday was painful for him.

Mavis gave birth suddenly on a rainy night and failed to get out of the delivery room. Scenes flashed before his eyes.

It was a feeling of powerlessness and regret.

Colder than the rain, more biting than the wind.

Under the smog, Anthony's blue eyes were drooping, and his handsome face was clouded.

Knock Knock Knock—

There was a sudden knock on the door. It was a small knock.

Although the sound of rain was loud, Anthony still heard the knock on the door.

He subconsciously checked the time. It was half past one in the morning.

Who?

Knock Knock—

There were two more knocks on the door.

Anthony stubbed out his cigarette, got up and went to open the door.

The corridor was empty, with a draft blowing across his cheeks. Anthony looked down and saw a little kid standing in front of his door, looking at him timidly.

Baby Alistair was pinching his panda pillow and rubbing his loose eyes, with an aggrieved expression.

"Daddy... clatter!"

He was dancing and doing movements, trying to imitate the rain, so that Anthony could understand what he meant.

"Ah la la, wow, whoo—"

Under a bunch of onomatopoeia, what baby Alistair was doing was vivid, and his little hands kept dancing.

Anthony looked at him quietly, and was about to reach out to hug him, when he suddenly remembered that he had smoked a cigarette just now and his body was very smoky.

“Didn’t your grandma say that she would take care of you to sleep in person? Why did you come here?”

Alistair shook his head frantically, took another two steps forward, and tugged Anthony’s trouser leg aggrievedly.

“Dad, daddy... I’m afraid!”

He was afraid of the sound of the rain, and wanted to sleep next to his father, so that he would feel safe.

After all, he personally took care of him to one year old. Anthony quickly understood what he meant, and his complexion turned pale.

He was even afraid of the sound of rain. Was it because of the thunderstorm on the night when Mavis was delivering?

The more he thought about it, the more sour and unbearable emotions surged in his heart. Anthony resisted it, took a step back, and closed the door, leaving only one word: “Wait.”

Alistair was stunned.

Anthony made a strong noise, so Alistair didn’t hear what he said at all, but he could clearly see that Anthony’s expression was not good, and he shut him out.

Daddy... close the door? ?

His tears quickly stained his blue eyes. Thinking that his father didn’t want to sleep with him, Alistair was about to die of grievance.

But he was not reconciled, so he just sat down on the corridor, hugged his little panda pillow tightly, and was sad for a while alone.

Five minutes later.

Without making Alistair wait for too long, Anthony pushed open the door again, covered his mouth with his hand and let out a breath, then sniffed his collar to make sure there was no smell of smoke before bending over to hug the kid.

Alistair pouted, and stared at him with big watery eyes, very resentful.

Anthony couldn’t help laughing, and explained patiently, “I have a bad smell on my body. I am afraid that it would smell like smoke, so I change my clothes. Let’s go to sleep.”

Accustomed to taking care of him to sleep, Anthony, who suffered from insomnia, slept well. Alistair didn’t make any noise, and slept with him until dawn.

Paloma didn’t know the kid had sneaked off to find Anthony until the next morning.

At the dinner table, Paloma was unbelievable, “This kid is only one year old,

and he is really smart. The bed is higher than him, and he is not afraid of pain when he rolled over. He took the pillow and left.”

Anthony concentrated on mixing the milk for Alistair, measured the temperature of the water, and stuffed it into Alistair’s arms, allowing him to hold and drink milk by himself.

“The room is covered with thick cushions. He doesn’t hurt when he falls. Grandma, you don’t need to be too nervous. After all, he is a boy, and he will inevitably stumble when he grows up.”

Paloma disagreed, “It’s still different. I took care of your eldest brother before. He was so gentle. How nice it is.”

It was a pity that he died too early.

“As a result, when you came, I fell ill and was sent abroad to recuperate. Otherwise, I would take care of you just like I took care of your eldest brother, and I would never let you suffer so much.”

Anthony stopped drinking coffee, and some not so good childhood memories were brought back.

Paloma was full of regret.

Anthony closed his eyes deeply, and slightly curled his lips to respond, “Knowing that you care about me, that’s enough.”

After a pleasant meal, Anthony took Alistair to work in Callahan Group as usual.

...

Today was the time for Lyra to come to Callahan Group to discuss the progress of the cooperation project, but Anthony waited until noon, and Lyra did not show up.

Suspicious, he called Lyra.

The phone was off.

Anthony frowned, feeling weird.

When working, Lyra had always kept her mobile phone on for 24 hours.

He made another call.

Half an hour later, he received a call back. “Mr. Callahan, Ms. Lloyd left the country on the earliest flight today.”

Going abroad suddenly?

Anthony asked, “She’s alone? Didn’t Malcolm go with her?”

“No, just Ms. Lloyd herself.”

This was so weird. Lyra had been acting weird lately.

At the birthday party, most people gave his son golden or silver bracelets as the presents, but Lyra gave a jade pendant bracelet.

And she said that Mavis appeared in her dream that she wanted to change his son’s name...

Anthony always felt that something was wrong.

Just to be on the safe side, he asked again, "Can you find out which flight she took with her real name and which country she is going to?"

"Yes, but it will take a while."

"As soon as possible."

After giving the order, he raised his eyes and looked not far away. Baby Alistair was sitting on the carpet in front of the sofa, playing with a soft ball on the floor.

"Daddy!"

Alistair called out to him with his immature voice, "Boom-poo!"

Another onomatopoeia.

Anthony stopped what he was doing. Without raising his eyes, he walked directly around the desk towards Alistair, picked him up as soon as he bent down, and went into the office's built-in bathroom.

He pooped and needed to change the diaper.

Alistair was growing up every day, and when he changed diapers for him, he was becoming more and more troublesome.

When Anthony helped him wash his butt with warm water, he laughed and played with the water, splashing Anthony's trouser legs wet.

Anthony, who had run out of patience, turned his face coldly, and slapped him with two menacing slaps. Alistair began to moan, finally being well-behaved.

His son was too young to understand reasoning, and he was naughty, so he can only be obedient after being beaten.

But Alistair only calmed down for a few minutes. When Anthony was pouring water, he opened his small mouth, whimpered, and bit Anthony's arm.

Alistair, who was vengeful, will never suffer. If his father beat him up, he will have to pay it back if he had the chance.

Anthony was wearing a suit jacket, and it didn't hurt at all when he was bitten, but he still sighed helplessly.

He helped Alistair pull up his trousers, and took advantage of the opportunity to lightly slap his buttocks twice.

It took Anthony half an hour to change a diaper for his son, and he had to change another set of trousers.

After he finally dealt with the difficult task, the phone rang.

"Mr. Callahan, Ms. Lloyd's flight itinerary has been found."

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Chapter 1027 A face-to-face meeting

Anthony put his son back on the carpet and let him play with the ball himself. He turned on the speaker. "Ms. Lloyd went to Bostrain, which is far away from Crana, and should have gotten off the plane by now."

Bostrain?

Anthony frowned. "That country is remote, and it's not a place where the people are rich. What did she do there?"

"This... I don't know, Mr. Callahan. Except for Ms. Lloyd's flight, I can't find her itinerary in Bostrain."

"Oh, I see."

Hanging up the phone, Anthony was still thinking about Lyra's sudden departure abroad.

Obviously on today's itinerary, Lyra should come to Callahan Group to discuss cooperation project plan. If she can't come due to something, she should call or send a message in advance to let him know.

But she didn't.

She went abroad without telling him, and went to a remote and economically backward country like Bostrain.

And, as far as he knew, the Lloyd's Corp had no business in Bostrain.

The more he thought about it, the more something went wrong, so Anthony dialed the internal number between the office and the assistant's seat outside.

"Zack, come in."

Within a minute, there was a knock on the office door and Zack entered.

"Mr. Callahan, what can I do for you?"

Anthony lowered his head, held the pen to sign, and approved a business trip slip for him, "I need you to go abroad for me. Go to Bostrain, and find a way to contact Lyra as soon as possible when you get there."

Although Zack didn't understand the meaning of what he said, he obediently accepted the slip he handed over.

"When do you need me to leave?"

"Now."

"Huh?" So urgent?

Zack was in a daze.

Anthony continued, "I need to know where she went, what she did, who she met in Bostrain."

Zack was a little frightened. "You want to check Ms. Lloyd? If Mr. White finds out, I'm afraid he won't be happy."

"You don't need to worry about it."

He had always been so forceful that it cannot be commented on. "Book a ticket for this afternoon. Go back as soon as possible to pack a few pieces of luggage, and set off immediately."

"OK."

...

At four o'clock in the afternoon that day, Zack set off from Suham Airport to Bostrain.

Anthony worked until six o'clock in the afternoon before leaving Callahan Group with baby Alistair in his arms.

He went to the National Investigation Bureau.

Malcolm just came back from a mission. He was still wearing a dark green military uniform with a gun on his waist, and his handsome face was full of righteousness. Anthony stared at his military uniform for several times before stepping forward with Alistair in his arms.

"Mr. White."

Malcolm turned his head and glanced at him, "Why did you bring your child here?"

"Callahan Group has signed a new international contract. I may need to go abroad twice. I want to let Alistair stay in Lyre Spiti. Please let Lyra help me take care of my child for two days."

Malcolm looked at the soft baby in his arms, his handsome eyebrows were slightly frowned, and his expression was complicated for a moment.

If Lyra was in Suham and Anthony asked her to help take care of Alistair, she must be eager, so that she can video chat with Mavis every day and let Mavis see the child more.

But Lyra wasn't home...

When he didn't answer, Anthony read the expression on his face. "What's wrong? Is there something that is inconvenient to take care of Alistair?"

"No, Rara has gone abroad for business, and I'm afraid she won't be back in a few days, so I can't help you take care of the child." He suggested another way of thinking, "Doesn't Paloma like her great-grandson? You can leave him to her to take care of. It's just a few days. Wouldn't it be more convenient?"

Anthony said, "Grandma is old and her legs and feet are not good. Alistair is naughty. I'm afraid he'll tire her."

"Then take him with you when you go abroad. Anyway, you usually go to work with him, and the same goes for business trips."

Malcolm's tone was lazy, but it was the truth.

Anthony avoided the subject and asked, "What business is Lyra going to do? Did she go to Delta Union?"

Malcolm frowned deeply, "Do I need to tell you my wife's whereabouts?"

Anthony laughed, "Of course it's unnecessary. I'm just curious. No worries."

Malcolm gave him a cold look, smoothed the cuffs of his military uniform, turned around and left, ignoring him.

Anthony didn't linger, but hugged his son in his arms tightly, and went back to the car. While closing the car door, he confirmed one thing.

Lyra had secrets.

But whether Malcolm knew it or not, he didn't know.

*

After several hours of flight, Zack arrived at Bostrain's capital airport in a drowsy state. The economy of this place was backward, the people were generally poor, and the level of education was not high.

Coupled with the remote location, there were no natural resources such as ores and diamonds, so the whole country was still crowded with the earth tile houses which were like the ones in Crana's countryside.

There was no commercial value here, so business leaders from other countries will not come here to invest, and the tourism industry here will not work either.

The relatively wealthy people in Bostrain had basically gone abroad for development.

The whole land was large and the population was sparse.

Zack first booked a homestay here, and then through layers of connections, he got in touch with the underground trading boss here.

"On the flight from Crana to here this morning, there is a woman named Lyra Lloyd. Her phone is turned off. I can't reach her here. I just need you to tell me her location."

As he said, he was putting down a wad of money on the table.

Two hundred thousand.

This was already a huge sum of money for the country of Bostrain.

The dark-skinned man smiled meaningfully, took the money, and replied in unfamiliar and bad language, "With the money, there is no problem."

The efficiency of this group of people was really high.

At ten o'clock that night, Zack found a desolate and secluded mountain range according to the address.

There was only one family in a few miles around, so it was not difficult to find.

It was an adobe brick house.

The mountain road was black, and Zack searched for it with a flashlight all the way, and two red lanterns were lit outside the yard.

They were Crana-style paper red lanterns.

Zack felt it a little strange, and didn't understand why Lyra came to such a remote place.

The lights in the room had been turned off, and there was no movement. The people inside were probably asleep.

Zack knew it was impolite to disturb her at such a late hour, so he chose to set up a simple tent in the jungle not far from the yard, and barely had a night's rest.

Alas, the homestay was rented for nothing.

He sighed deeply, and inexplicably, his job changed from an assistant to a spy.

Never mind, it was still interesting.

The next morning, he was woken up by a crowing rooster.

In that tile-roofed house, the rising smoke could already be seen faintly, and everyone in the house got up.

Zack quickly put away the tent, put it in his backpack, and walked across the field path in a few steps, ready to go to the yard to knock on the door, complete the goal arranged by Anthony for this trip, and contact Lyra.

However, before he reached the gate of the small courtyard.

The wooden door of the tile-roofed house was pushed open, and a beautiful blonde woman walked out from inside.

Zack wiped his eyes and his breathing seemed to be constricted. He tried again and again to make sure it was a familiar face.

The woman didn't notice Zack's existence, but turned her head, and happened to have a long-distance eye contact with Zack outside the yard.
He panicked. "... Mrs. Callahan?!"

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Chapter 1028 Haunted

Mavis? Why would a person who had become a jar of ashes and was buried in the Callahan family cemetery appear here?

Zack was flustered, thinking for a while that he was wrong.

And Mavis opposite him was also flustered.

The mist in the mountains and forests was hazy, and it looked very dim in the absence of sunlight.

However, before Zack had time to take another look, a sap suddenly hit him hard on the back of the head.

He felt a sudden pain, his vision quickly went dark, and he fell to the ground.

Lyra was standing right behind him, knocking him unconscious with a stick she had picked up casually from the ground.

When Mavis saw her, it was like seeing a savior, and hurried over, "Lyra, what should I do now? Zack saw that I am still alive, and Anthony probably will know soon."

Anthony will definitely come after her. Once he knew that the incident in the delivery room that night on the thunderstorm night was all a hoax, he will definitely be very angry and make her have a bad life.

Lyra patted the back of her hand to reassure her, "Don't panic. We'll make preparations."

She nodded and looked at Lyra seriously, "Thank you Lyra. Now in this world, the only person I trust the most is you."

Lyra was honored to be her most trusted person.

But there were some things that Lyra still had to ask clearly in advance, "Mavis, if Anthony knows that you are still alive, do you have any plans?"

She froze and didn't speak.

Lyra continued, "Over the past year, I can see how much you miss the baby. You don't want to take the custody of the baby to yourself?"

Mavis remained silent.

Of course she would.

But the baby was still too young, and the difference in strength between her and the Callahan family was still too great. If they divorced, there was a high probability that she will not win the custody lawsuit.

"Wait a few more years when the baby can choose who to follow. I have thought about it this year, and I still have to become stronger before I can face Anthony in the future."

As long as she can figure it out, Lyra had always supported women's self-independence and self-improvement.

The two were chatting, and Mavis' mother came out of the room, "Why is there someone lying on the ground?"

She spoke the dialect of Teflayria, which Lyra could not understand.

Mavis reacted belatedly, and hurried to help Zack who was unconscious on the ground.

...

Zack slept for a few hours and woke up to find himself lying on a hard wooden bed. His head was pounding, and he tried to sit up, rubbing the back of his head with a groan.

Lyra walked in with a bowl of herbs. "You're awake," she said casually as she sat down

on the chair next to his bed. "How did you end up here? Did you faint?"

Faint? Zack's head was still foggy, but he remembered what happened before he passed out. "Ms. Lloyd, I saw Mrs. Callahan today! The real Mrs. Callahan!"

Lyra's face stiffened momentarily before returning to normal. "I think you have a fever and your mind is playing tricks on you," she said calmly. "Mavis has been dead for a year now, and her ashes are buried in the Callahan family cemetery in Suham of Crana."

"It's true! It really was Mrs. Callahan! She saw me too. I remember it clearly!" Zack insisted.

Lyra sighed and called out, "Come in."

Zack looked towards the door as another woman walked in carrying lunch.

She was slender with traces of age despite her makeup but it was clear that when she was young, she must have been beautiful too.

She also had golden hair and blue eyes with an exotic look just like Mavis'.

Zack froze as he began to doubt himself because this woman's features... were somewhat similar to Mavis'.

He pointed at her and asked, "Who is she...?"

Lyra answered, "She's Mavis' mother whom I helped divorce from her father last year. Now she's living alone here. Because I heard that she fell ill, I came over to check."

As Lyra spoke again, she added, "The woman you saw before fainting is her."

"How could that be..." Zack trailed off as his headache intensified while leaning against the edge of the bed, lost deep into thought.

Lyra remained calm. "Did you sleep outside in the tent last night?"

"Yes."

"That explains everything then. It gets colder at night especially deeper into mountains like these where dew accumulates heavily. So no wonder why you caught cold fever and mistook Mavis' mother for Mavis herself."

With his headache worsening by each passing moment, along with doubts creeping inside him about what happened earlier, he was even more blurry by seeing someone who resembled Mavis right beside him.

Zack became increasingly uncertain about everything around him including himself.

He glanced at the woman not far away again, and the face that was very similar to Mavis gradually blurred his coma memory.

"I fell asleep last night feeling cold, but I didn't expect to really torment myself with a cold. Maybe... maybe I really misunderstood."

Lyra breathed a sigh of relief, and signaled him to drink the bowl of herbs on the bedside table, "There are no people around here, and you have to go to the county to go to the hospital. Mavis's mother picked herbs for you and I asked Micah about the prescription. Drink it while it's hot."

Zack was still trying to recall what happened before he fell into a coma. For some reason, he touched the back of his head, and that position hurt even more, so painful that his brain was about to explode.

As if someone had just beaten him up.

But Lyra's slightly smiling expression made him feel that it was all an illusion.

After all, only Lyra and Mavis' mother lived here for miles around.

Lyra had no reason to hit him, and Mavis's mother was even less likely to be strong enough to beat him.

He suppressed the strange thoughts in his head, and started to talk seriously, "Ms. Lloyd, I came here on a special trip to find you. Yesterday was supposed to be the time for you to come to Callahan Group to discuss the project plan, but you didn't come. Mr. Callahan is worried about you, so let me come to you."

Lyra sneered, "He actually knew that I am in Bostrain. It seems that he investigated me."

"Don't worry too much. You can't get through on the phone and he is really worried about you, so he let me come over."

In this regard, Lyra just smiled casually, "Now you can see that I came here because Mavis' mother was unwell. The power resources in the mountains are limited, and my mobile phone is out of battery. I just recharged it this morning."

"It's okay that you're fine."

"You can see it now. There are not many rooms in this small rural house, and it can't accommodate you at night. When do you plan to return to Crana?"

This was a blatant order to evict him.

Zack immediately lifted the quilt and wanted to get out of bed, "Since your safety has been confirmed, then I can rest assured to tell him. I won't bother you any more, and I'll leave now."

"Shall you go after taking the medicine?"

"No, I'm fine. It's probably just a little cold. It's not a big problem."

He picked up the backpack on the side, and said before leaving, "Please don't turn off your phone. I believe Mr. White will be very anxious if he can't contact you."

Lyra smiled and stood up, "I know."

She watched as Zack disappeared down the mountain path, leaving the range behind.

Behind her, Mavis cautiously peeked over the backyard chicken coop wall to make sure Zack was gone before slipping back into the house.

Just in case, it looked like they would have to move again.

...

Zack didn't immediately return home after leaving the mountains.

He had no plane ticket and there weren't many one-way flights from Bostrain. So he went back to downtown and rented a guesthouse while also buying some cold medicine for himself.

In his guesthouse room, he held an electronic thermometer in his mouth while calling Anthony to report on his situation.

He told Anthony everything about Lyra coming to visit Mavis's mother and also shared his doubts with him.

"Mr. Callahan," Zack said without missing a beat. "I feel like my head hurts most at the back of my head as if someone knocked me out, but Ms. Lloyd says I have a fever and

fainted.”

“I might have been haunted or even Mrs. Callahan’s ghost...”

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Chapter 1029 She never mentioned me

“What do you mean?” asked Anthony who was inexplicably confused on the other end of the line.

Zack sighed heavily, “I don’t know if it was because of my cold last night that caused me visual hallucinations. I mistook Mrs. Callahan’s mother for Mrs. Callahan herself.”

Anthony’s eyes dimmed slightly at this news.

After all, Mavis’ mother wasn’t actually Mavis herself.

“She is buried in the Callahan family cemetery. Even if she has a ghostly presence here on earth somewhere, she should be haunting Suham instead of running all this way out here to Bostrain.”

Though Zack agreed with him that what he saw couldn’t be real, he still felt pain at his head’s back like someone hit him hard enough there.

This left Anthony speechless for quite some time.

After all these years working together with Zack who always had good health conditions except when catching common colds, it wouldn’t cause such weakness, leading up fainting spells easily.

This was very problematic indeed, especially considering Lyra’s abilities...

After thinking about it carefully for a moment or two more, Anthony spoke sternly, “Don’t rush home just yet. Wait until you can go see what happen without alarming anyone else in the household.”

“Understood,” replied Zack obediently.

“It’s better to do it right now,” added Anthony firmly before ending their call abruptly so that Zack could go investigate immediately without delay since time was crucial now!

“Ah?” Zack looked at the sky outside the window and then checked his watch.

“Mr. Callahan, it’s already dark here, and people in rural areas usually sleep early. By the time I get there, it’ll be late at night.”

Anthony had to compromise. “Then tomorrow morning, just make sure not to wake Lyra up.”

“Okay.”

That night, Anthony couldn’t sleep as he was weighed down by heavy thoughts.

Lyra was secretly helping Mavis’s mother.

Without any notice or explanation, Lyra left for Bostrain.

Zack went looking for her and stumbled upon a possible assault victim on his way there.

All these incidents hinted at one thing: Lyra had a secret that might be related to Mavis or even him.

The more he thought about it, the more uneasy Anthony felt.

He couldn't sleep all night.

Early next morning, Zack got up before dawn and headed back to the mountains.

After walking along the mountain road once again this time around, looking for her place of residence came naturally to him.

He hid behind a tree in the yard and gazed towards an adjacent house where there wasn't any movement inside yet – were they still asleep?

In no time though Zack saw Lyra carrying large bags out slowly from inside, while Mavis's mother carried neatly packed cardboard boxes outside into their yard – were they packing?

Zack was puzzled when suddenly Lyra spotted him hiding behind the tree.

"Zack? Why haven't you left yet? What are you doing standing behind that tree?" she asked from afar with sharp eyesight that could see him clearly enough.

He looked embarrassed with an awkward smile on his face as he replied, "Ms. Lloyd, please don't misunderstand me. I lost something yesterday so I came over this morning looking for it."

Lyra remained calm, "Did you find it?"

"Nope! It's just a card related to work but hard to find. Most likely lost somewhere," he quickly brushed off this topic before asking her again. "Ms. Lloyd, what are you guys doing here?"

Lyra answered naturally, "Mavis' mother can't get used to living in Bostrain anymore so she wants to move back home in Teflayria. I'm helping her move."

Zack immediately offered help, "Then let me help carry things since I have greater strength, plus my cold seems almost gone."

Lyra didn't refuse but instead smiled while handing over luggage, "Thanks."

Zack had been helping with the move until close to noon when Anthony called him.

"Mr. Callahan, when I arrived this morning, Ms. Lloyd happened to be helping Mrs. Callahan's mother move. I checked carefully and it really was Mrs. Callahan's mother with no other abnormal situations."

He emphasized before Anthony could respond, "I am very alert this time and pay special attention to details while moving the luggage. From start to finish, I didn't notice anything unusual. As for what I told you last night, it must have been my imagination."

Zack did wake up with a headache yesterday but didn't know whether it was from being knocked out. He had never experienced anything like that before and as time passed, his memory of fainting became more vague.

Furthermore, Lyra's reaction showed no signs of any issues.

Anthony remained silent on the phone for several minutes.

After a few minutes passed by in silence, Anthony calmly asked, "Why did they suddenly need to move?"

"I'm not entirely sure but Ms. Lloyd said she came over specifically to help Mrs. Callahan's mother handle things."

It seemed reasonable enough that she would come over just for help moving and handling things afterwards.

"Other than Mavis' mom and Lyra, there really isn't any problem? You're sure you went inside and checked? Just those two?"

"Yes, Mr. Callahan. Only Mrs. Callahan's mother and Ms. Lloyd are there. Nothing else."

Zack had been too busy carrying luggage outside so he hadn't gone inside or looked around much at all besides glancing around briefly from the doorway. Anthony fell silent again on the phone.

For some reason, he felt very disappointed – indescribably so – even though he knew better than anyone not to expect anything special in particular from this situation.

He would rather hear Lyra tell him that Mavis died during childbirth a year ago as punishment for his deception scheme, instead of hearing nothing at all about what happened here today...

His forehead started hurting slightly, so he rubbed his temples tiredly, saying, "Alright, then if everything is normal in Bostrain, return promptly back here."
"Okay."

That same night, Zack bought a plane ticket back home without knowing that shortly after leaving, their bags were moved back into their cabin by Lyra along with Mavis' mother.

Mavis borrowed some start-up capital from Lyra and planned to make a big splash in Bostrain, opening up a trade and economic route for this poor and backward country.

Two days later, Lyra returned home.

At the airport, besides Malcolm with his twin kids, there was only Anthony standing alone.

Lyra got off the plane and saw a family of three waiting for her at the VIP channel. She hurried over and gave the two little ones a hug.

The atmosphere was joyful as they all caught up. It wasn't until later that Lyra noticed Anthony and asked in surprise, "Why did you come to pick me up? Where's Alistair? Didn't he come with you?"

“I left Alistair with his grandmother. I came because I have something to ask you.”

Lyra understood immediately. “Then go ahead and ask.”

“When did you arrange for Mavis’ parents to divorce and send her mother away from Teflayria? Was it at Mavis’ request before she passed away?”

Lyra didn’t avoid his question but answered seriously, “I arranged for her parents’ divorce case one month before Mavis gave birth. And yes, your guess is correct. It was Mavis’ request. The only thing she couldn’t let go of was her mother.”

Anthony frowned slightly. “She cared about even her mother but never mentioned me?”

Lyra remained silent.

Before Anthony could ask anything else, his phone rang – it was a call from Callahan Residence.

“Mr. Callahan, Alistair has been feeling unwell since noon today. We just took his temperature which showed he has a fever now. Would you like to come back home to take care of him?”

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Chapter 1030 He is a stern father

Lyra and Malcolm also heard this news.

Everyone moved over to the Callahan family’s residence together.

Fortunately enough though, Alistair had just caught an ordinary cold which caused him fever- nothing serious or alarming.

After hearing the diagnosis results from pediatrician, Spencer, who was nonchalant, casually remarked, “He’s so lucky! Just an ordinary cold doesn’t require shots or medicine like I had when growing up. I’m soaked in medication jars all day long! Why didn’t your mistake back then bring retribution upon your son now, Anthony?”

Anthony turned pale on hearing those words, without being able uttering any response whatsoever.

“I’m sorry about your illness. I’ll try my best cooperating with laboratory researches, to develop low-dose antidotes suitable for your physique as soon as possible,”he said apologetically.

Spencer told it to Malcolm and Lyra behind Anthony’s back, feeling uneasy when seeing Anthony’s expression and his deeply-immersed self-blame.

He felt relieved when he concealed some of his dark thoughts and left without looking back when Malcolm and Lyra came to see Alistair.

Years passed by, season after season.

Anthony rarely mentioned his mother Mavis in front of Alistair.

In daily life, he played the role of a loving mother, taking care of Alistair's daily needs while also being a strict father figure who preached various teachings.

Four years flew by quickly, and Alistair turned five years old.

In the evening at Callahan Residence's study room, Anthony sat by his desk with a red ink pen in hand, correcting Alistair's homework personally – advanced math problems as preparation for elementary school.

The overhead light illuminated the room as he looked serious and meticulous while sitting at his desk.

Beside him was five-year-old Alistair standing with hands behind him.

His exquisite blue eyes blinked continuously due to nervousness that made him swallow saliva repeatedly.

From this angle, he couldn't see how many mistakes were corrected on his homework but could clearly feel the red ink pen in Anthony's hand drawing another circle on it.

Was this the sixth one his dad had circled?

Alistair whimpered inwardly that his dad's face looked so ugly which scared him!

On top of that was a small ruler lying on the table which often had intimate contact with him – causing worry lines to appear all over little Alistair's face as he bit down on his lower lip tightly.

He stood obediently with hands behind back but inside was already going crazy.

Oh no! Yesterday afternoon he only cared about playing with Molly instead of doing homework seriously.

However, there wasn't anything that escaped from Anthony when it came to educating his son.

He never compromised on such matters and thought boys shouldn't be too pampered or they'll ruin their future!

"There are twenty elementary math problems altogether. You got eight wrong answers including two questions you had do wrong last week. And you still got wrong again today! This is an attitude problem," said Anthony sternly.

Making little fists clench even tighter behind his back and listening to his father's stern reprimand, he pouted and avoided the attitude issue.

He muttered under his breath, "I'm not even in elementary school yet. Getting twelve questions right is already pretty good."

Anthony calmly looked at him with a hint of emotion in his eyes.

"When Spencer was your age, he could already solve middle school math problems. You can't even get at least 80% correct on elementary school math problems," he said.

Twenty questions and eight wrong answers – almost half of them were incorrect. Not to mention that there were two questions that he had gotten wrong last week and had to copy into his mistake notebook.

He should have gotten everything right – this was an issue with attitude.

Unexpectedly, Alistair responded gloomily, “Spencer is really amazing. He’s super intelligent and a genius boy. If you like Spencer so much, why didn’t you just have another Spencer instead of me?”

Anthony remained silent.

“Daddy, you always compare me with Spencer. Shouldn’t I compare you with Uncle Malcolm? Uncle Malcolm has such a high military rank while all you do is manage the company,” Alistair continued.

“Even though Uncle Malcolm manages such a large organization, he still finds time to spend more time with Aunt Lyra than you do with me every day.”

Furthermore, Spencer had a mother – Aunt Lyra was very beautiful – so why didn’t Alistair have one? Did Mom leave because she was angry by his father? As the childish voice spoke words that touched Anthony’s heartstrings, all he saw was an annoying brat who deserved punishment.

He replied, “If you want me to stop working and play with you every day instead of checking your math homework once per week like we used to do before, then it can be done as long as you’re willing! I’ll stay by your side tomorrow if that’s what it takes.”

“Waaah...” Alistair shook his head like a rattle drum, immediately changing tack, “I can’t take it anymore! Just kidding!”

Anthony looked serious as ever, “I’m talking about studying seriously here but somehow you find time for jokes! You’ll be going up into elementary school next year. If you don’t study hard now, then how will things turn out? You’re spoiling yourself!”

He counted the red circles again, and pronounced the sentence in a stern voice, “Eight mistakes, ten mistakes. Tie up the sleeve of the left hand and raise it higher.”

The small ruler was placed on the table. He picked it up, held it tightly in his palm, unbuttoned the cuff of his suit, took off his watch, and made preparations meticulously.

Alistair stared at him blankly, worried, and he kept rubbing his small hands behind his back.

He hadn’t been beaten yet, but he seemed to feel the pain already.

“Woo... I’m not convinced. Why is it ten not eight?”

His dad’s math was taught by the kindergarten teacher, right?

Anthony’s tone was cold, “Six basic mistakes, two repetitive mistake. Do you have any opinions?”

Humph, he had an opinion!

His dad was so fierce every time he checked his homework!

Alistair swallowed, but never stretched out his little hand. "I have to go to kindergarten tomorrow. Can you not beat my hand, or just butt?"

Otherwise, if he went to kindergarten, other children will laugh at him if they found the injury on his hand.

Anthony was picking off the wedding ring on his ring finger, carefully put it on the table, and sighed, "It's not impossible, but don't come and cry with me tomorrow, and complain that your butt hurts."

Alistair pursed his lips, "It really hurts. What if I can't sit on the stool tomorrow? How can you bear it? How about... let me go this time?"

Taking chances, he winked at Anthony.

Anthony's face became even more serious, and he stared at him quietly, "You made a mistake and cheated on me. It seems that you don't realize what your problem is at all. Add another five times."

His dad was too cruel!

Alistair pursed his small mouth, grievously covered his face, and tried to be well-behaved, "Daddy~"

Anthony was unmoved, "If you dare to play tricks on me, just add another five times, you try?"

The little boy stared at him resentfully, and shut up decisively.

His dad was really angry. If he went on, he can't stand out of the study room tonight...

With a calm face, Anthony wrote something in his small notebook with a red ink pen, and waited patiently, "Two minutes, hand or butt, the choice is up to you."