

## Read The Hidden billionaire heiress novel chapter 1031 online free

### Chapter 1031 Father and Son Showdown

Alistair pouted and pinched his small hand, struggling with himself.

If he hurt his hand, the other kids at kindergarten would see it...

He had no choice but to endure the pain on his butt.

He was full of bitterness and rubbed his little butt in sympathy for himself.

Anthony wasn't in a hurry and waited patiently for him to finish struggling with himself. "Have you decided?"

"Yes. I choose the butt."

Anthony put down his pen and picked up the plastic ruler again. "Lie on the sofa across from us."

Alistair didn't go to the sofa but instead walked over and grabbed onto

Anthony's suit pants leg with both hands. "Can I lie on your lap instead?"

He glanced at his son who always had a strong sense of revenge. Every time he got punished, he would find a way to get back at him.

What bad idea was Alistair holding back this time?

In the end, Anthony didn't refuse but bent down to lift Alistair onto his lap by supporting him under both arms.

"Daddy~" Alistair wanted to try hugging his neck but before he could say anything, Anthony flipped him over face-down onto his lap.

Waaah! Daddy was so cold-hearted!

He kicked his legs nervously as if trying not to let out any secrets from deep within.

The next second, Anthony easily pulled off Alistair's pants while holding down the squirming little waist with one hand.

"Don't move," he warned as he picked up the ruler again from where it lay on the table beside them.

With forceful precision, Anthony brought down one swift strike that made a crisp sound upon impact.

A shiver ran through Alistair's body as if hit by an electric shock. However there were no tears or cries coming out of him yet...

"Hiss..." It was actually Anthony who gasped first because while bringing down that strike earlier, both of Alistair's small hands were squeezing tightly around one of his legs while biting hard into it simultaneously – making it much more painful than what Anthony inflicted upon him just now!

Anthony frowned deeply, feeling increasingly breathless due to pain building up inside...

No wonder why Alistair wanted so badly for lying on top of his lap. It turned

out there was also some hidden motive behind wanting revenge too!  
The wind whistled sharply followed immediately by another crisp sound – smack!

“Aaah!” Suddenly, he raised up his head due to the intense pain caused by this. Even his tiny legs curled inwardly involuntarily which were unable touch ground anymore...

It seemed like Anthony hit him harder this time... but still not enough! He howled once more, using his own method and trying ease discomfort caused by spanking...

Bad daddy! Always bullying him... should suffer together with him too!

Anthony tightened his jaw and let out a hiss.

His leg was hurting.

The father and son were silently competing, looking like they were in it together, sharing the same hardships. Anthony didn't stop him or get angry at him for what he was doing.

He raised the ruler high in his hand, continuing to apply pressure as he evenly dropped it down. Each time, he had to make sure that he was calm enough not to really hurt his son. After about ten tries, Alistair's little butt behind him had been covered with a layer of redness and swelling.

Anthony stopped and asked in a deep voice, “How many is that?”

Alistair with teary eyes reluctantly loosened the grip on his dad's leg and said in a muffled voice, “I don't know.”

Anthony sighed helplessly and said, “Twelve.”

“Oh twelve.”

Anthony took advantage of this to ask another question, “Add eight more then subtract fifteen from that number. What do you get?”

Alistair's little brain had no choice but to start working again as he pondered for quite some time before hesitantly answering, “... five?”

Snap!

Another crisp sound of the ruler hitting.

“Thirteen plus eighteen, times two, times three, divided by six equals. How much?”

Alistair hummed for quite some time before finally giving an uncertain answer, “Thirty-one?”

Anthony furrowed his eyebrows, “Wrong! This one doesn't count.”

The ruler pressed against Alistair's hot little butt as another hit landed on it.

“Whenever there are addition, subtraction, multiplication, division present without parentheses around them, you should always perform multiplication and division first followed by addition and subtraction later on. You've forgotten all the basic rules! Have you just been playing around all week?”

“Waaahhh...”

Alistair couldn't come up with any excuses so he could only cry helplessly while biting down on his leg while and grinding his teeth together. He was too pitiful. His dad held onto his weakness tightly while spanking him! "Continue now... thirteen minus seven, plus nineteen, times two..."

"..."

In the study room came continuous sounds of the ruler hitting something hard. Because Alistair answered wrong multiple times earlier, he received four or five extra hits this time around.

"Waaahh this isn't fair! You cheat! You bully me!"

He complained loudly and was ready to explode into tears at any moment, because it felt like such an injustice towards him – especially since they agreed upon fifteen hits beforehand!

His poor little buttocks hurt so much!

"My head hurts so bad. I really can't answer anymore questions. Daddy ... you don't care about me at all...waaaahhh... I'm so miserable... if grandma knows you bully me, she would definitely seek justice for me... hmph..."

He mentioned Paloma directly, hoping to suppress Anthony.

Anthony put the ruler back on the table.

"The Callahan family is under my control, and even your great-grandmother has to listen to me. Besides, it's only natural for a father to teach his son. She can't help you."

Upon hearing this, Alistair burst into tears and wailed loudly, "Poor baby with a daddy like you!"

He cried so hard that his little nose twitched and he deliberately wiped his snot and tears all over Anthony's expensive pants.

Anthony sighed again and held onto Alistair's waist firmly as he calmly lectured him, "Alistair, I don't need Spencer to talk to you about this matter. When I was your age, I aced all my math tests in elementary school and ranked first in class since day one."

"And at that time, nobody in the Callahan family cared about me. I had nothing, not even exercise books. So I borrowed them from your Uncle Shane instead. I begged him for a copy of each page before returning them."

Alistair listened tearfully but obediently said, "Yes, Daddy, you're amazing! Only I'm stupid..."

"I'm not asking for high intelligence or thinking that you're dumb. However, if only you could take studying more seriously instead of always wanting to play around... Even if there are many mistakes in your math homework, despite trying hard on it honestly, I won't blame or punish you harshly, because what makes me angry is when you don't put effort into it but just try to get by with minimum effort while fooling around here."

"Waaahh..."

Alistair sobbed pitifully while his tears shone in his eyes,  
“I was wrong! I won’t do it again next time! Please forgive me...”

His chest heaved heavily as he choked up.

Anthony helped him pull up his pants, then handed him several tissues while patting his back gently until he calmed down after several minutes.

When Alistair seemed more stable emotionally than before crying hysterically earlier, Anthony let go of him slowly, then allowed him stand there sniffing away.

He handed over a small notebook filled with red circles and notes written with red ink.

“Except for two questions where mistakes were made due carelessness repetition errors, I have written an analysis of all other incorrect answers. They’re composed entirely of words that can be understood by yourself. If there are any parts that still confuse or puzzle you too much, just use an audio pen device. Before going bed tonight, recopy everything correctly.”

Alistair wiped off the remaining moisture from his face using one arm, then took the notebook offered by Anthony,

“Got it.”

“Good boy, now go back upstairs. I still have some work matters left tonight.”

Recently, the Callahan Group had developed new international trade and there was too much to handle. Alistair rubbed his sore little butt and said,

“Daddy, finish your work and go to bed early. I will leave first.”

He ran away while still lively and jumping.

But even after being beaten up just now, he still felt uncomfortable in his heart, so he left decisively.

Anthony watched the little brat leave the study room with a sigh before shaking his head helplessly.

His pants were soaked with snot, tears, saliva that Alistair intentionally retaliated with earlier. It was indescribably dirty. Although he was educating his son, Anthony’s situation was the worst.

This vengeful little brat really didn’t let him relax. He sighed heavily before choosing to take a shower and change into pajamas before starting work.

...

At midnight.

Alistair’s room was black with snoring sounds filling the air.

The little brat had already fallen asleep on the bed.

The door opened gently as a narrow sliver of light from the hallway shone through, followed by a slanting shadowy figure of light.

Anthony slowed down his footsteps as he closed the door behind him without turning on any lights.

With only a soft flashlight beam for illumination, he sat down quietly beside Alistair's bed.

[Read The Hidden billionaire heiress novel chapter 1032 online free](#)

Chapter 1032 The Stricter, the More Love

He lifted his son's blanket and removed his sleeping pants.

Using the light from his flashlight, he checked his injuries again.

Fortunately, there was still a faint red mark that hadn't faded completely, slightly swollen but not too serious.

He didn't hit him too hard tonight, so he wouldn't even need medicine and would be fully recovered by tomorrow.

It was better than the rows of bite marks Alistair left on his leg that were so deep they turned blue.

His son loved revenge and couldn't take any losses, which wasn't a good thing. He'd have to find a way to change his son's behavior sooner or later.

Anthony sighed as he took out a box of moisturizer from his robe pocket and applied it to Alistair's little butt with gentle movements. Even though he moved softly, Alistair still grumbled and twisted his butt.

"Daddy," he murmured in his sleep while moved his lips dreamily, "sleepy time... stay with me..."

"You're five years old but you still want someone to stay with you when you sleep? You've spoiled yourself."

Anthony joked as he dressed Alistair back up in pants, covered him with the blanket then turned around, ready to leave.

"Mommy..."

Alistair mumbled in his sleep, causing Anthony's footsteps to falter before slowly turning back around for one last glance at the sleeping child.

His eyes were complicated as he hesitated briefly before choosing another side of the bed instead.

Alistair's bed was small. It was only enough space for him to curl up while holding onto his son. Anthony had long legs that needed folding just so they could both fit under one blanket together.

At weekend.

In Callahan Residence, piano music echoed throughout the grand hallways.

The tune sounded inexperienced yet smooth enough for an amateur performer who played Horse Racing on piano keys.

Paloma clapped her hands happily upon hearing it finish.

"My dear Alistair is amazing! You played so well! What's this song called?"

Alistair felt flattered by her praise as he continued speaking.

"This piece is called Horse Racing," replied Alistair proudly.

"I learned it two weeks ago from my vocal teacher. He said other kids would take at least one month just learning half of it but I managed within two weeks."

Paloma gasped in surprise and then exaggeratedly exclaimed, "Wow!"

She sat beside him on the bench seat, picking up strawberries using a fruit fork. Before she handed them over towards Ailstar's mouth, she said, "You're truly my pride! Other kids can't even learn half within a month but you've already mastered this piece perfectly within two weeks! You're definitely an exceptional musical genius!"

She smiled widely, feeling proud of her great-grandson while sitting beside him. Enjoying every moment spent together with him, she was listening intently towards each note played beautifully by such young talent like him without missing any keynotes along its melody line.

"Come on, reward you with some strawberries. Do you want a toy too? How about I reward you with a four-wheel drive car? Let's go buy it this afternoon!"

Alistair's chubby face lit up with joy as he ate the strawberries and hugged Paloma tightly, "Thank you, grandma!"

As they stood in the stairwell, they heard steady footsteps approaching.

Anthony adjusted his suit and shirt collar before walking down slowly and suddenly said, "Why buy a four-wheel drive car when his room is already overflowing with toys? Don't spoil him too much."

Alistair immediately lowered his head in disappointment as if being discourage.

Paloma glared at Anthony and spoke softly but lovingly, "You don't understand anything! Alistair plays piano so well that he deserves to be praised for it. It's just a toy car. Don't exaggerate things like that! Every child has toys all over their room when they're young."

Anthony walked past them calmly without showing any emotion and said flatly, "I didn't have any toys when I was young."

Paloma's expression changed instantly, and she stopped talking.

"Alistair, great-grandma just said you've been doing well in your piano lessons lately. Play that piece again," he continued after an awkward silence.

Alistair swallowed hard as he felt his father standing next to him, and pressure mounted instantly within him.

His father never took homework lightly. There couldn't be any mistakes or else he would look down on him!

"Okay," he replied meekly before sitting on the piano bench and adjusting himself into position. Then he placed his small hands gently onto the keys.

The clear sound of music echoed through the hall once more. Paloma and

Anthony watched silently as Alistair played.

After he finished playing half of Horse Racing, Anthony looked sternly at him, "How come you only played half of it? How long have you been learning Horse Racing?"

"Half a month," replied Alistair sullenly while pouting.

"In just half a month, you can play this well? But even your scales are wrong. You're playing too slow. It sounds like donkeys trotting instead of horses racing."

Paloma gave Anthony an angry glare. "Anthony, speak nicely."

But even Alistair muttered discontentedly, "I can't do horse racing yet. If you say I'm trotting donkeys, then let's trot. Donkeys are stupid anyway. They're perfect for me."

"Alistair!" Anthony yelled.

And Paloma yelled too, "Alistair doesn't have piano lessons every day. He's only five years old and he's already doing great. Don't be too hard on him, you..."

"Grandma," he interrupted, "five is the best age to learn piano. Strict requirements will make him more outstanding in the future. You don't need to worry about it."

Paloma was angry and saw Alistair biting his lip from afar, feeling very depressed for him.

"It wasn't your time to check Alistair's piano lesson today. I just wanted him to play two songs for me and make me happy. What's your problem?"

Anthony asked back, "Can't I check his homework?"

"Okay, you can check it but can you also praise Alistair more? When you were his age, you didn't even know how to play the piano yet he is much better than you."

Anthony chuckled softly, "I didn't have a chance to learn when I was his age. With such good living conditions and educational opportunities now available for him, he should cherish them and study well."

When Anthony was five years old, Caitlin was still young with two sons of her own who she paid attention to, instead of Anthony.

Every time his father went out on business trips, Caitlin would take this opportunity to scold him.

At that time, the servants in the Callahan family knew that Caitlin did not like this illegitimate child, so they deliberately bullied him just to please her.

Not only could he not learn how to play the piano at that time, but when borrowing Shane's pen, it was considered stealing by Caitlin, which led her punishing Anthony severely in front of everyone else as an example.

If it weren't for enduring humiliation for many years, then having an opportunity entering into a secret investigation training camp, where he

worked hard climbing up high positions, there would be no chance of turning things around. And if Caitlin had continued tormenting him, it would lead towards death without any hope of getting out alive.

The memories from before were triggered, causing Paloma's face looking unwell.

"Forget about it. Discipline your own son yourself, since I cannot do anything about it."

She knew that Anthony had high expectations for Alistair because as strict as he may be towards his son showed how much love was in his heart towards his child.

She couldn't interfere with raising children anymore since she was old enough.

"My head hurts a bit and I'm not feeling well, so I'll go rest in my room. Talk yourself."

With her cane supporting herself while being helped by the butler, she left after speaking those words, leaving behind Alistair looking timid without anyone backing him up anymore.

Just moments ago, his posture in front of Paloma was so lazy, but now in front of Anthony, he was perfectly upright with his back straightened.

Anthony walked around the piano stool and sat next to his son. "Keep going, play it again."

## [Read The Hidden billionaire heiress novel chapter 1033 online free](#)

### Chapter 1033 Memories Triggered by Scenery

Alistair nervously squeezed his small hands and wiped his pants.

"Daddy, I don't want to play anymore. Can I finish learning the whole song before you check again?"

Anthony shook his head and repeated, "Play the first half of this song again."

"But... but Daddy, don't you have to go to work? Aren't you going to be late for your meeting?"

Anthony looked at his watch and said calmly, "I still have time. You can play it two more times."

Alistair felt like he was being forced into a corner and had no choice but to play. The piano notes sounded young and inexperienced with a deep sense of helplessness from the little boy's heart.

Before Paloma left, Anthony was like a statue sitting next to him. Now he felt overwhelmed!

As Alistair started playing the first row of scales on the sheet music, Anthony



reminded him in a low voice, "Pay attention to your hand position and wrist placement."

Alistair followed suit but got nervous when corrected by Anthony on posture, causing his little fingers tremble slightly.

Suddenly there was an abrupt high-pitched note that made Alistair hold his breath as he stared at Anthony with big blue eyes, saying, "Daddy..."

Oh no! He played wrong in front of his father!

Anthony remained calm, "Give me your hand."

Alistair pouted as he handed over his right hand which had just played wrong. His soft palm lay open while Anthony's large fingertips came together slightly. His hand tapped it lightly causing a burning sensation that made Alistair whimper softly...

He quickly withdrew his hand, rubbing it against each other and pitifully holding back his tears.

"Keep playing."

"If you're not focused enough, then try me!" His stern tone carried great authority, making Alistair sit up straighter and forcing him into full concentration mode.

After listening for another two minutes or so while checking time repeatedly on this watch, Anthony said, "It's better than before, but you'll continue with vocal lessons later this afternoon for the second half."

"What? Do I still have practice piano at home this afternoon? But Daddy, Momo has already planned something fun!"

Without waiting for an answer from Anthony, Alistair continued pleadingly, "I can't break my promise with Momo. Daddy, you don't want me to be bad, right?"

Anthony nodded confidently, "Then let Momo come over to our house and practice piano with you. She never had much of a musical talent growing up, so it'll be good for her to listen to some music."

Alistair remained silent.

"That's settled then. I'll talk to Momo about it and you can focus on practicing at home. Both the vocal teacher and she will come over," Anthony said reassuringly as he ruffled Alistair's soft and fluffy hair before leaving the Callahan family home.

After Anthony left, Alistair sat on the piano bench with his legs swinging back and forth without touching the ground.

His proper posture deflated in an instant like a punctured ball, listless.

Paloma checked that Anthony was gone by hiding beside the wall before hobbling towards Alistair with her cane.

"My dear baby boy, are you okay?"

She cooed lovingly while rubbing his hand that was hit by Anthony earlier. She

felt sorry for him.

“He’s such a bully,” she grumbled indignantly.

“Don’t worry though. When he comes back from work tonight, I will help you get even.”

When Alistair heard that she would help him seek justice, he smiled broadly saying, “Grandma, you’re always there for me!”

“Does it still hurt? Let me blow on it,” asked Paloma.

“It’s okay now. It doesn’t hurt anymore,” replied Alistair as he looked down at his palm where there were faint red marks left behind by Anthony’s attack.

Paloma breathed a sigh of relief after seeing no serious injuries, but worried about how far Anthony might go next time if not stopped in time.

A distracted look crossed over Alistair’s face as if lost in thought, before finally asking, “Grandma, did Daddy really not have any toys or learn how to play piano when he was little?”

Paloma sighed deeply, full of regretful memories. “Yes indeed! He had a tough childhood.”

As the illegitimate son, despite being acknowledged as part of the Callahans’ family tree and addressed respectfully by their servants most times, he didn’t enjoy all privileges entitled to legitimate heirs due to his status.

“I fell ill during those years and couldn’t protect him. This is something I regret till today,” continued Paloma who despite coming from an affluent background, didn’t hold any prejudice against illegitimate children. Since they were innocent, they shouldn’t suffer due their parents’ mistakes.

“So, Alistair, you need to be good and listen to him more, and don’t make him angry.”

“Okay,” Alistair pouted and generously said,

“Although Daddy can be too harsh sometimes, I won’t hold a grudge. When I get punished in the future, I’ll try not to retaliate against Daddy.”

Paloma couldn’t help but smile indulgently as she playfully tapped his little nose.

“Don’t act too foolishly now. If he scolds you, come find me instead. I can support you, but you can’t use your own methods to get back at him.”

“I know~” Alistair hugged Paloma and whined playfully, “Grandma, I don’t want to practice piano this afternoon. I want to go out and play with Momo. Can you help me?”

Paloma remained silent for a moment before speaking up again.

Anthony was now the head of the Callahan family after all. Even though she was an elder whom Anthony respected greatly, she cannot blatantly disobey his rules.

“Forget about going out. It’s not safe right now. When Momo comes over later on today, you two can stay at home and play games instead. But I have final

say: no piano lessons today.”

“Yay! Hooray for Grandma!” Alistair cheered with wild gestures.

In the afternoon not only did Molly come over but Lyra as well.

“Aunt Lyra came too! Is work not busy today?”

Lyra crouched down and smiled while patting Alistair’s head gently,

“Just taking a day off from work so that Momo could visit you.”

“Heheh Aunt Lyra, you’re really nice,” he said while praising her before turning around to hug Molly immediately afterwards.

Molly was already eleven years old by then – much taller than little dumpling – wearing military green long-sleeved pants and had her hair tied up high into a ponytail which made her look very heroic despite being so young.

It gave off an air of security around her personage.

“Milk Tofu (Alistair), has your dad been punishing you lately?”

“Yes,” he held out his palm towards Molly’s face, saying, “I just got spanked by my dad earlier this morning. It hurt like hell!”

He pouted adorably when saying this sentence which made him seem very childish yet cute at the same time!

When looking towards Molly, however there was nothing but admiration and fondness in his eyes, his sapphire blue pupils sparkled brightly like stars in space!

Molly took hold of his hand saying, “Come on, let’s go upstairs and play together! Recently I’ve been learning how to shoot guns. I’ll teach ya using toy guns okay?”

The two children ran inside together while Lyra stood outside watching their backs receding into distance.

Suddenly some youthful memories were stirred within her heart...

Her marksmanship skills as well as horseback riding were all taught by Anthony when they were still young... Now, her precious daughter was teaching Anthony’s son, as if they had swapped roles from back then.

Paloma slowly approached her and said, “Lyra, come in for a cup of tea?”

Lyra snapped out of her thoughts and smiled. “Sure thing, Paloma.”

On this fulfilling Sunday afternoon, Lyra chatted with Paloma while taking a few videos of Alistair to send to Mavis later.

Molly and Alistair were having so much fun that they completely forgot about his piano lessons.

Even his teacher joined in on playing hide-and-seek with the two kids.

That evening at the Callahan Residence dinner table...

Alistair sat obediently next to his father and used his fork to eat from his bowl.

Anthony put down his child-sized cutlery and picked up an adult fork instead but struggled with it still.

“Where do you place your index finger when holding your utensil? You won’t

be able to eat without assistance,” Anthony scolded him again. Alistair pouted quietly as he adjusted how he held his fork under his right hand upon being reprimanded by his father once more. Paloma sighed deeply before saying, “Alright now, Anthony, don’t keep nagging him all day long. He’ll learn eventually.” “I know,” Anthony nodded before putting a chicken leg onto Alistair’s plate and asking him what they did that afternoon instead, “What did you guys do this afternoon?” As soon as Alistair mentioned their activities from earlier that day – learning how to shoot balloons with Momo, playing hide-and-seek – he became extremely excited while talking non-stop about it all! However... Anthony frowned upon hearing that he didn’t practice piano that day!

[Read The Hidden billionaire heiress novel chapter 1034 online free](#)

#### Chapter 1034 Who Can Resist Him

Alistair froze, staring blankly for several seconds before blinking nervously and avoiding Anthony’s gaze. His guilt was written all over his face, and Anthony didn’t even need to ask.

“Didn’t I tell you this morning that you had to study the second half of ‘Horse Racing’ with your teacher in the afternoon? And yet, you played all day instead?” Anthony asked.

“Daddy, today it was because...” Alistair began to explain.

“Don’t worry about it. Finish your meal and come to my study. I’ll give you some time to come up with an excuse,” Anthony interrupted sternly.

Whimpering softly, Alistair hated going into his father’s study because he always got scolded or punished there. The good mood he had been enjoying all day disappeared as soon as he heard that he would have to go there tonight.

Paloma noticed Alistair’s nervousness and explained, “Anthony, this afternoon I told Alistair not to practice piano so that Momo could visit for a while longer and let the two play together without any distractions.”

Anthony looked at Paloma seriously and said, “This is indulgence on your part. It will only encourage him to be lazy.”

“A five-year-old child should be playing around at this age anyway,” Paloma replied calmly. “If Alistair likes studying, then let him do so. If he wants to play, then let him play.”

“If he keeps being lazy like this, only seeking pleasure without striving for

progress – what kind of help are you giving him by indulging his behavior?” He rattled off arguments one after another until Paloma couldn’t keep up anymore.

“As his great-grandmother who loves him dearly, how could I possibly harm him? As an elder relative, shouldn’t I have a say?” She retorted back with her own argumentative style.

He fell silent after that exchange of words between them but Paloma continued on, “Besides... it wasn’t such an important class anyway! It’s just one afternoon missed practice session! Don’t make such a big deal out of it.” After all, she was still an elder relative. Criticizing her too harshly in front of his son would not have been appropriate behavior from Anthony’s side anymore than hers either way. So instead of arguing further, he gave her some leeway by saying,

“Alistair, this time we’ll let it go, but next time, if any pre-arranged classes are skipped again, then consider yourself skipping class altogether.”

Alistair’s chubby face quickly turned pale as his small hands waved frantically while nodding along obediently. “Yes sir! Yes sir! I will listen carefully from now on!”

His father actually threatened him with truancy... He was so scared outta his wits now... Skipping class was a big problem that his father absolutely could not tolerate. He had experienced it once a few months ago, and the memory was still fresh in his mind.

During taekwondo class, he tried to be clever and used the excuse of going to the bathroom to sneak off and play with water. He got tired and fell asleep in the bathroom.

Later, all of the Callahan family’s servants searched for him for half an hour. When his father found out, he almost beat him. He was even dragged into the study and made to stand there reflecting on his actions for an hour.

He tearfully confessed his mistake and promised never to do it again before his father finally let him go.

He would never dare skip class again unless he wanted a sore butt.

“Eat.”

Anthony’s face remained calm as he quickly peeled an entire shrimp with his long, handsome hands before putting it in Alistair’s bowl. “Use your fork to eat. If you don’t use it properly, just take your time.”

“I know!”

Alistair picked up a fork with his small hands while staring at the shrimp in his bowl with shining eyes. He poked at it gently before saying, “Daddy, you forgot the sauce.”

The boiled shrimp tasted better dipped in sauce~

Anthony remained silent as he took away Alistair’s bowl of shrimp without any

expression on his face, so that he could dip it properly before returning it back into Alistair's bowl.

The tender meat of the shrimp tasted even better after being dipped in sauce. Alistair especially liked it. "I want more!"

Just as Anthony took another sip from soup spoon, he suddenly put down the soup by himself, then continued peeling shrimps for Alistair silently. Paloma watched from beside, "Anthony, you've been working hard all day. You haven't eaten much yourself. Let me peel some shrimps for Alistair instead"

"I'm fine, grandma. You don't have to worry about me."

Because he needed to keep track how many shrimps did Alistair eat, he insisted on peeling them himself

There were more and more shells piled up on front of him while Alistair ate happily with saucy lips

After peeling seven shrimps, Anthony stopped abruptly. His eyes signaled one servant who then removed half plate full leftover shrimps away from table.

Seeing those delicious-looking shrimps taken away, Alistair didn't understand what happened. "Daddy, I still want those!"

Anthony wiped off both hands slowly using wet wipes, "Shrimp is considered cold food. Your digestive system is still too weak, and you can't eat too much."

"But Daddy..."

"No buts. If you continue eating like this, you'll end up rolling around on your bed because your stomach hurts so badly. The doctor will have no choice but give you shots which will hurt very badly. Don't cry later blaming me."

In just moments, Alistair's face changed completely. He was most afraid of getting a shot in the butt. After getting the shot, he will be limping for two days and it hurt too much.

No way, absolutely not.

"Then I won't eat shrimp tonight. Can I have a chicken wing instead?"

"Sure." Anthony helped him pick up a piece of chicken wing and wiped off the sauce that was about to drip down his chin with a napkin.

Paloma watched silently from the side, feeling relieved to see how carefully Anthony took care of his son.

"You two should eat more. I'm full now, so I'll go take a walk in the yard to digest my food," said Paloma as she left the dining room with her cane and butler's assistance.

Meanwhile, at White family's dinner table...

Lyra asked, "Momo, what do you think of Alistair?"

Molly swallowed her delicious food and thought for a moment before answering, "Milk Tofu is silly but cute. Innocent yet clingy. Very lovely! Most importantly, he listens to me well when we play together."

Who could resist such an adorable little boy? Spencer chuckled, "You're just making excuses because you like his face and his eyes."

Being exposed by her brother didn't make Molly shy away from admitting it, "Yes! His eyes are really beautiful! And his face is so delicate that he will definitely become an extremely handsome guy when he grows up!"

Spencer remained expressionless as he retorted, "He's only five years old now. There's still quite high chance that he will grow up looking ugly or weirdly shaped later on in life... But one thing's for sure, being raised by Anthony means that he will definitely not turn out great."

"Spencer, I know you're biased against Anthony, and I get it. But milk tofu is milk tofu, and Anthony is Anthony y, and I think..." Molly protested while trying to defend Alistair.

Spencer frowned, feeling annoyed by all this noise around him. It was giving him headaches, so he coughed deliberately several times hoping she would stop talking.

Lyra immediately became concerned about Spencer's health status, saying, "Spencer, are you not feeling well? You haven't been checked this week yet..."

Tomorrow you'll take half-day off from school and we'll accompany you there" Malcolm also asked worriedly if everything was okay, saying, "Have you taken your medicine on time these past few days?"

Spencer replied nonchalantly, "I'm fine... It's just someone who talks louder than birds chirping who makes me feel irritated."

His words were direct enough which made Molly pout slightly before saying resignedly, "Okay then... I won't say anything anymore..."

The calm days always seemed to pass quickly.

One month hurriedly went by, and before they knew it, it was Alistair's fifth birthday.

For the past few years, Anthony had never missed his son's birthday dinner, and even Lyra would send Alistair a different birthday gift every year.

In the CEO's office, Anthony was examining the exquisite gift box in front of him. It was the custom-made four-wheel drive car he had prepared to give Alistair as a birthday present.

The other day when Paloma mentioned rewarding him with a new four-wheel drive car, Alistair was thrilled at the idea. Even though Anthony didn't agree with her suggestion, he still took note of it.

Confirming that the four-wheel drive car looked beautiful and exquisite as ever, Anthony closed up the gift box without changing anything and headed to the conference room for a meeting.

At three o'clock in the afternoon after an hour-and-a-half-long meeting just ended, Zack rushed in anxiously and walked over to Anthony whispering

softly, "Mr. Callahan," he said urgently, "Alistair's kindergarten teacher called just now, saying that something happened to him today at school."

## [Read The Hidden billionaire heiress novel chapter 1035 online free](#)

### Chapter 1035 The Legendary Callahan Family Rules

On the way to the kindergarten, Anthony looked serious as he gazed out of the window at the scenery that was constantly retreating.

He asked Zack in a low voice, "Does grandma know about Alistair's situation?"

"She took your sister out shopping and hasn't come back yet, so she probably doesn't know about Alistair," Zack replied.

If she did know, Paloma probably wouldn't have had the mood to go shopping. Anthony fell silent for a moment before instructing Zack, "Try not to let news of this get back to the Callahan family just yet. Let's inform the butler first and keep it from Paloma and Rebecca for now."

"Understood, Mr. Callahan," Zack nodded.

After more than ten minutes, Anthony arrived at the kindergarten and was directed by the principal into a teacher's office.

He saw little Alistair sitting by a chair against the wall and looking uneasy because he had been asked to invite his parent over. His small hands kept fidgeting with his pants legs.

As soon as Anthony entered, he noticed him right away and walked over to him in two steps before lowering his gaze down towards him.

Those familiar expensive shoes caught his attention immediately.

Alistair lifted up his head nervously and called out softly, "Daddy..."

Anthony squatted down next to him and noticed immediately that there was a red swelling on one side of his mouth. He touched it gently with his fingertips, asking, "Does it hurt? Where else are you injured?"

He shook his head, saying, "I'm okay."

Hearing how gentle Anthony sounded made all of Alistair's anxiety disappear instantly, instead feeling proud as if saying, "Don't worry Daddy! I didn't lose! I won!"

However, Anthony's eyebrows tightly furrowed and his complexion became darkened after he heard those words, which made everything quiet without any further conversation happening between them both for some time afterwards...

The principal walked up behind them, politely asking, "Mr. Callahan... the medical staff has already checked over Alistair. There is only minor skin



damage... would you mind talking to me?"

Anthony withdrew his hand from touching Alistair, standing up and following the principal into an adjacent office space nearby. Then everything around them suddenly became quiet once again...

"This fight incident happened because Alistair threw punches first. It ended up injuring a pair of twin brothers here at school." The principal explained, handing over two pieces of paper containing medical examination results and adding, "These are their test results if you want to take a look."

Anthony read through each result carefully twice, and was unable to believe what he had read. "Left leg fracture? Nasal collapse? Intracranial hematoma?! How could this be caused by my son fighting?"

The principal nodded, confirming, "Yes indeed... there is surveillance footage available within our campus grounds if you would like see."

A surveillance video was taken, and it happened to capture the movements of a few children in the corner. It was indeed Alistair who made the first move, punching the younger twin brother. The older brother saw his younger sibling get hit and immediately became unhappy, retaliating against Alistair.

Alistair had studied Taekwondo and executed a clean shoulder throw, but unfortunately slammed the older twin onto a hard rock with his left leg breaking as a result.

The fight lasted no more than five minutes during break time before the principal and teachers noticed what was happening and rushed out to stop it from escalating further.

With surveillance footage available, even if Anthony wanted to defend Alistair, he wouldn't have any arguments.

"This is my son's fault," said Anthony. "I will educate him properly when we get home. The Callahan family will take full responsibility for all medical expenses and compensation for those twins' injuries. They can make whatever demands they want."

Children's bones were still forming at such an early age so fractures like this could easily affect them for life. Anthony didn't argue about paying for everything on behalf of his wayward son.

The principal looked troubled as he sighed deeply before speaking again, "Mr. Callahan, I know that your family is one of Crana's three major wealthy families, so compensating them financially isn't an issue at all, but this incident goes beyond just money."

As the twins suffered serious injuries, their parents didn't come to kindergarten but stayed in hospital accompanying their children during check-ups. Before leaving, they had some suggestions given to him by them.

"Alistair is considered very dangerous here in school now due to this situation," continued the principal. "They hope that besides compensation fees

and medical expenses being paid off, you would also consider having Alistair withdraw from school.”

Anthony remained silent while Zack interjected, “It was just kids playing around after all. Nobody wants something like this happen unexpectedly! Mr. Callahan junior has always been well-behaved. He has never been involved in fights until now! We’ll make sure he learns his lesson when we go back home so nothing similar happens again... but withdrawing from school?...”

“I’ll consider withdrawal,” replied Anthony, taking over where Zack left off.

Putting away their examination papers on top of table, both men turned around walking out together without another word spoken between them.

Zack followed silently behind him as they passed by an office window where little Alistair sat leisurely swinging both legs back-and-forth and looking quite relaxed despite everything that had happened earlier today...

Anthony was furious that he had committed such a big mistake and yet still had the audacity to take credit for winning. He held back his anger and coldly instructed Zack, “Take Alistair to the hospital for a full body check-up before returning to the Callahan Residence.”

“Okay,” Zack replied obediently.

Anthony left without looking back. Meanwhile, Zack went into the office to find Alistair and said, “Alistair, let’s go.”

Alistair blinked his blue eyes in confusion and asked, “Where’s Daddy?”

“Mr. Callahan has some business at the company and left earlier. You should be able to see him when you get home later,” Zack explained calmly.

“Okay,” Alistair said as he hopped off his small chair with his short legs and allowed Zack to lead him out of the building.

Half an hour later, after finishing his medical examination at the hospital, Alistair returned home. As soon as they arrived at the gatehouse entrance of their estate, their butler personally opened up their car door for them.

“Alistair, Mr. Callahan wants you to go visit our ancestral hall,” said their butler.

“But it’s not a special day for any ceremonies or anything like that today. Why would Daddy want me there?” asked Alistair curiously.

The butler sighed heavily, knowing how naive young child can be sometimes before warning him gently, “Mr. Callahan came back half an hour ago with a very unhappy expression on his face, so please try your best not make things worse by saying something wrong.”

“I understand,” replied Alistair confidently. Even though he didn’t quite understand why Anthony was upset with him, he thought that winning two against one fight would make him proud of himself.

When they arrived at ancestral hall entranceway which had its own unique threshold design feature, little shivers ran down Alistair spine from feeling its

chilly atmosphere all around them.

The incense smoke rose from three sticks burning below Mavis' name plaque on one side of ancestor altar where Anthony stood silently, staring ahead.

"Daddy?" Alistair, who was confused, called out as he walked up behind him slowly, tilting head sideways and trying figure out what was going on.

Anthony turned around abruptly. His face was stern with anger and he commanded, "Kneel down."

A frightened look crossed over poor little Alistair's baby face. He quickly scanned around, looking for something soft like cushion or pillow so it wouldn't hurt too much if knelt down directly onto hard floor surface instead.

"Daddy... there are no cushions here..." Alistair protested softly, hoping Anthony might change mind about this punishment if given enough reasons why kneeling wasn't comfortable option right now.

Without showing any emotion whatsoever, Anthony repeated more forcefully this time, "Alistair, I won't say it again."

Feeling scared beyond belief now, little Alistair reluctantly dropped onto both knees while holding hands together tightly in front of the area.

"I'll just do it. Daddy, don't be angry..." he muttered softly, obediently kneeling on the ground.

Anthony reached into the nearby bucket and pulled out a vine whip, shaking off the water droplets from its tip with force.

With a few sharp swishes through the air, Alistair's entire small body trembled in response.

He had been so focused on his father earlier that he hadn't noticed the bucket next to him with two soaked vine whips lying inside. They looked terrifying.

The butler had once mentioned to him about the Callahan family's rules and regulations. So this was what they meant by "family rule"?

[Read The Hidden billionaire heiress novel chapter 1036 online free](#)

Chapter 1036 You Can't Stand Even One Second

"Scary," Alistair swallowed, "Are you going to... to punish me?"

Anthony's face turned cold as he looked down at him.

"The purpose of teaching you Taekwondo is to strengthen your body and self-defense, not for you to bully other children. Do you understand that?"

Anthony holding the whip was too scary. It was like he wanted to eat people.

Alistair's heart was pounding with fear but he still stubbornly shook his head with principles. "I didn't do anything wrong. I don't care. I just want to beat them up."

“Alistair!” Anthony was truly angry now.

He had only called him into the ancestral hall and picked up the whip as a scare tactic but he didn’t expect him to refuse admitting fault and even be proud of fighting and hurting others.

If he didn’t take serious action, Alistair would never be afraid.

The whip lightly tapped on Alistair’s shoulder as Anthony asked sternly, “Which hand hurt them? Show me.”

Alistair’s face turned pale as he stubbornly bit his lip while his bright blue eyes shone with tears.

He really didn’t want to get hit at all.

After hesitating for a while, he stretched out both hands while staring tearfully at Anthony.

Anthony frowned with a cold expression in his eyes that showed no mercy whatsoever.

With one swift motion of the whip... Swoosh! Crack!

The sound of wind passed by followed by Alistair screaming in pain before quickly retracting his hand while holding it tightly against himself.

Curling up on the ground, he was whimpering uncontrollably from pain...

It hurt so much. It felt like his hand was about to break off.

His small fingers trembled violently. Did his father really want to disable him?

Although getting beaten before also hurt badly enough, this time made him realize deeply that Anthony went too far this time – taking real action!

“Waaahhh...”

The more he thought about it, the sadder he became until finally curling up into a ball on the ground without getting back up again.

Anthony sighed silently, then suppressed any feelings of pity within himself before gently tapping Alistair’s shoulder tip with the end of his whip.

“Why did I beat you today?”

“Because... because I fought them...” He sobbed intermittently through choked-up words.

“If you know why, then why won’t you admit your mistake?”

“Why don’t you ask me what happened first?” Alistair asked back.

“No matter what the reason is, it’s not an excuse for you to fight and hurt others, Alistair. Those twin brothers are the same age as you. You broke the older brother’s left leg and caused the younger one to have a collapsed nose bridge and intracranial hemorrhage. They both had to be hospitalized. This is very serious and could affect them for life.” Anthony tightened his grip on the whip.

“You’re so young but already using such heavy-handed tactics. Where did you learn that from?”

“I... I didn’t mean it. I didn’t know they would get hurt so badly...” Alistair felt

guilty after hearing Anthony's words but still insisted, "But if I have to choose again, I would still beat them up."

His words sounded like stubborn resistance.

Anthony took a deep breath and patted his shoulder again, "Get up."

Alistair curled up in fear with his eyes fixed on him, shaking his head.

It hurt too much. His palms felt like they were on fire. He really didn't want another beating but also didn't want to admit he was wrong, even though hitting people was wrong. He felt justified because those brothers deserved it...

Tears fell down his cheeks like broken beads. Alistair was heartbroken, "Momo used to hit people before too. Why don't you or Uncle Malcolm punish her like this?"

Molly was a girl who needed different education than boys.

Anthony patiently explained, "Although Momo used to fight when she was young too, she never hit anyone hard enough that they ended up in hospital.

Alistair, I watched the surveillance video. You were the one who started it."

He was still so young. If something similar happened when he grew up, instead of Anthony teaching him a lesson, law will take over...

The consequences were unimaginable. Today he must make sure this kid stopped forever from ever doing anything similar again.

"Waaah..."

Alistair gradually realized that maybe he wasn't right after all...

"Get up," Anthony sternly reiterated, "Don't make me catch you."

The pain in his palm had eased somewhat now as Alistair knelt shakily on ice-cold ground, raising both hands tremblingly.

As cool breeze blew into their ears, another sharp strike landed squarely onto small palm, causing him scream out loud.

"I'm going die! Really gonna die!"

Alistair cried harder now with face pale as death lying curled-up. He was unable to stand up anymore while holding both hands close together tightly against chest...

Outside the ancestral hall, the butler Saul was listening and was startled by the two sharp sounds. He secretly ran to call for help from Paloma.

Inside the ancestral hall, Anthony's hand holding the rattan was shaking. He hid his hands behind his back to conceal it and stared sternly at Alistair.

Alistair's eyes were red from crying, and he couldn't bear to look at his father through his blurry vision.

Today's father... was so terrifying.

"Why... why does Uncle Malcolm not treat Momo and Spencer like this when they fight? Waaah..."

"Spencer never starts trouble. Even if Momo does start something, it's just

small fights. Alistair, don't you understand where you went wrong today?" Anthony said calmly.

He knew what had happened today. But his father didn't care about why he fought or how it started. He only cared about the result. Alistair found that hard to accept.

Anthony continued, "I've been through things ten times worse than what you're going through now when I was your age. Don't think that you're the most wronged person in this world right now. Admit your mistake and correct it."

But Alistair refused to listen. Tears kept falling down as he stubbornly asked, "So you want me to go through everything you have gone through again?"

Anthony sneered, "If that were really true, you wouldn't last a second."

Alistair felt so wronged – super wronged! Today's father was terrible – as if he didn't love him anymore! Waaah... His chest rose up and down as sobs wracked his body while curled up on the ground looking pitifully helpless. Ignoring him intentionally, Anthony swung his rattan a few times in air while taking deep breaths of air.

The sound of several whooshing winds filled with intimidation made Alistair tremble all over.

Anthony threatened him, "I know exactly how painful it feels when a soaked rattan hits your skin until broken into pieces! Do you want to try? I've been hit many times before until I learned my lesson!"

He took a deep breath with water vapor coming out of his nose tip while biting on thin lips without saying another word.

"Do you want us both deadlocked here forever?" Anthony glared at him coldly before swinging again with wrist strength alone, causing Alistair clutching onto himself tightly without daring to look up.

"Stop!"

The rattan did not fall but instead there came an admonishing voice outside of ancestral hall which stopped them both in their tracks.

[Read The Hidden billionaire heiress novel chapter 1037 online free](#)

Chapter 1037 He felt a tug in his heart

Paloma and Rebecca had returned. They had finished their shopping and were on their way back to the Callahan family's car when they received a call from the butler, Saul. They rushed back even faster, with the driver speeding all the way.

“Alistair!” Rebecca was the first to run towards him as soon as she entered the hall. She saw Alistair curled up in a small ball in the middle of the room and her heart went out to him.

She ran over and picked up Alistair, holding him tightly in her arms. When she noticed his swollen lip, she felt both heartbroken and angry.

“Anthony, are you crazy? How could you be so cruel? No matter what mistake Alistair made, you can’t hit him like that! Your own son is meant to be loved, not abused like this!”

Alistair’s tiny hands were writhing in pain as he clung tightly onto Rebecca’s neck while crying uncontrollably without explaining anything for Anthony.

Anthony didn’t bother explaining what happened to Alistair’s face but he didn’t expect Paloma who came later would walk briskly towards him with a cane in hand. Then she snatched away his whip and threw it heavily on ground.

“Anthony! He is only five years old with delicate skin! How could you do such a thing?” Paloma was furious as she swung her cane twice at Anthony’s back.

Anthony did not dodge but resisted silently bearing his grandmother’s anger. “Do you know what mistake he made today?”

“I know.” Paloma stomped her cane, “He got into a fight right? Which mischievous child doesn’t get into fights when they’re young? Can’t you reason with Alistair?”

“He won’t listen to reason,” Anthony sighed deeply, “The stick is more practical.”

Anthony glanced at Alistair held by Rebecca from afar. “It was Alistair who started hitting people first. He broke someone’s left leg bone while also causing nasal collapse and intracranial hematoma. It resulted them being hospitalized too... and grandma, you think it’s just minor?”

Paloma froze for several seconds upon hearing this news. “Is it really that serious?”

When she came back earlier, Saul only told her that there had been an incident at kindergarten where Alistair got into trouble by fighting someone, but didn’t explain any further details about it.

Anthony continued, “Grandma, you know the saying ‘spare the rod and spoil the child.’ The more you indulge him, the more harm he will do to himself.”

Paloma was speechless.

When she hesitated, Rebecca interjected with a firm tone, “I believe Alistair. Besides, he has only been learning taekwondo for two months. How could he have sent someone to the hospital? There must be some hidden reason behind this incident. Anthony, did you really investigate thoroughly?”

Anthony fell silent.

Paloma followed up by saying, “I also believe Alistair.”

She turned around and walked over to Rebecca and Alistair’s side before asking in a soft voice, “Alistair, don’t be afraid with me here. Tell me why you had to resort to violence.”

Alistair sobbed uncontrollably as tears wetted Rebecca’s clothes while she helped him wipe his tears and snot.

“They... they called my dad a criminal and me a bastard! They said I would end up in jail too! They even insulted my mom... it was all so hurtful... I just wanted them to shut up so I hit them but it wasn’t intentional... I didn’t know they would get hurt like that... I’m sorry...” He cried loudly as he recalled what happened earlier that afternoon, feeling wronged and helpless.

During the fight earlier on, he only focused on winning without considering if he would hurt or not. Now backing home and getting beaten by his father made every part of his body ache terribly.

He hugged Rebecca tightly around her neck as he continued crying with long eyelashes covered in water droplets which clumped together making his eyes red all over.

There was brief silence in the hall.

Anthony remained silent while furrowing his brows deeply.

Paloma swung her fists twice towards Anthony’s chest out of anger before shouting, “Did you hear him? My great-grandson won’t bully others!” Her fists lacked strength but Anthony still leaned away while looking down.



“Anthony, they are only five years old. They don’t know about our family affairs nor do they understand those harsh words such as ‘criminal’ or ‘bastard’. It is obvious that an adult taught them these things or maybe they heard it from their parents. You should investigate their family instead of punishing your own son right after coming back home.”

Anthony turned pale while stiffening up at her words.

Paloma’s eyes turned red. She wiped away her tears and said,, “I know you had a hard childhood and experienced a lot of life and death along the way. But Alistair is Alistair, you are you. Don’t use your old suffering to deal with Alistair. He’s not like you.”

After finishing speaking, Paloma hugged Alistair in Rebecca’s arms, coaxing in a low voice, “Be good, baby, I love you, and aunt Rebecca loves you too...”

She left the hall holding the sobbing Alistair.

Anthony still stood where he was, didn’t stop and didn’t speak.

Rebecca stood up slowly, staring at him resentfully, “Anthony, do you still remember what day it is?”

Anthony froze for a moment.

“It’s Alistair’s birthday, and Mavis’s death day. How can you bear to beat Alistair on this day?” She complained loudly, and ran out of the hall angrily, chasing after Paloma and Alistair.

In the hall, Anthony’s long eyelashes twitched. Unable to hide the panic in his eyes, his complexion was extremely pale, and his fingertips felt cold.

Alistair’s birthday...

In the afternoon, he was still checking the four-wheel drive gift for his son.

The four-wheel drive was not given, but the gift became a family law threat...

He stood there sluggishly, not returning to his senses for a long time.

...

In the afternoon, the sun was just right.

Paloma uncharacteristically pushed away all the guests. Even when Lyra and Malcolm came, she made excuses not to see them.

Alistair had just been beaten. She was busy calming down his emotions, and Alistair had to be checked by a pediatrician. She had no time to let guests in, because she can't let the guests watch the Callahan family's jokes for nothing.

Alistair's fifth birthday was quiet. He covered himself in bed and didn't want to see anyone except Paloma who applied medicine to his palm.

In the evening, Rebecca came in with a small cake and asked a bunch of servants to sing happy birthday to him.

Alistair hadn't seen Anthony for several hours, ate some cake without any appetite, and then fell asleep from exhaustion.

Paloma tucked up the quilt for him before carefully leaving his room.

Anthony stood in the corridor outside and asked in a low voice, "How is it?"

Paloma shook her head and sighed, "It's okay. The doctor checked him out and there doesn't seem to be any physical problems. He probably just felt wronged and had a bad mood. But children's grievances pass quickly, so don't worry too much. He'll probably be fine tomorrow."

She spoke calmly. Although she felt sorry for her great-grandson, she felt the same for her grandson. "Did I hurt you with my cane when I got angry this afternoon?"

"No, Grandma, don't worry."

Paloma lovingly patted his hand back and said, "Anthony, don't be mad at me. I'm not trying to interfere with your education of your son as the person in charge. I just..."

"I'm not angry," Anthony interrupted calmly while lowering his dim eyes.

"You're the elder. I won't quarrel with you no matter what happens. Regarding my way of educating Alistair, I may have been too strict for him. I will reflect on it."

Hearing this made Paloma feel relieved and she said comfortingly, "It's best you think so."

Paloma left the room to rest in her own bedroom.

The villa hallway was empty and the servants wouldn't disturb them.

Anthony quietly pushed open Alistair's door and turned on the bedside lamp.

The dim yellow light shone on Alistair's tear-stained face where the tears hadn't dried yet.

Alistair was sleeping while crying silently. Even though Anthony turned on the light, he didn't wake up at all.

Anthony stared at his little face that looked exactly like himself or Mavis', unsure of how he felt about it all anymore...

He had scolded him harshly enough already... but having grown up in a privileged environment since childhood might have caused some psychological damage to Alistair...

Sighing softly without making any noise, he couldn't help but feel heartbroken by self-blame more than anything else...

Gently pulling out his son's little hand from under the covers under the light of the lamp gave Anthony a chance to carefully examine the injury in his palm.

Two swollen marks were clearly visible despite Paloma applying medicine earlier. The redness hadn't faded away completely yet.

His heart clenched painfully. Knowing that even though he tried holding back during punishment, he still hit too hard...

[Read The Hidden billionaire heiress novel chapter 1038 online free](#)

Chapter 1038 I'll Take You Away from Home

Anthony helped the little one put his hand back under the covers and took out a gift box containing a four-wheel drive car. He quietly placed it on the bedside table while his son slept soundly, not even stirring. He gently stroked his son's small head with affection when suddenly, his phone in his pocket vibrated.

It was Zack calling.

Anthony immediately straightened up and after tucking in the little one, he left the room as quietly as possible to answer the call.

Zack quickly got to business and said, “Mr. Callahan, those twin brothers’ parents are high-ranking executives at CloudTop Group. Their father is a project director while their mother holds shares in the company...”

Zack reported all of what he had found out to Anthony in detail.

Anthony listened intently without saying anything for quite some time as he pondered over this new information. That couple was just an ordinary wealthy family who were not supposed to offend the Callahan family by any means. It wasn’t a secret that he had been stripped of his position as head of Security Agency and sent to serve time in prison. Most of Suham’s upper-class families knew about it too. But since taking control of the Callahan family and sitting at its helm, almost no one dared bring up old issues with him anymore.

Did that couple intentionally or unintentionally bring these matters before Alistair?

“Mr. Callahan?”

Zack called out from the other end of the line which interrupted Anthony’s thoughts.

He came back to reality and ordered sternly, “Keep investigating! Also check on those twins’ hospital records. Everything except for what was provided by the kindergarten: ambulance footage during transport, diagnosis records – I want them all.”

“Understood.”

The next day Alistair took off from the school. There was no need for him at the kindergarten either. Molly still had military training going on which got cancelled due to heavy rain, so she decided she would come over alone with her driver and look for Alistair at Callahan Residence.

As she crossed over through the Callahan family garden’s rockery and streamlet, she saw little Alistair sitting alone under a tree lost deep into thought.

“Milk Tofu, what are you thinking about?”

She nudged him slightly on his shoulder before sitting down beside him and casually leaning against him.

Alistair blinked those beautiful blue eyes several times, feeling much better now that Molly arrived,

“Momo! Yesterday was my birthday but you didn’t come?”

“Both my mom and dad came with me but we were stopped outside your house because the old Mrs. Callahan said you weren’t feeling well so they sent us away.”

As soon as Alistair mentioned last night, he hung his head in defeat and looked unhappy.

Molly noticed his low mood and asked, “What’s wrong?”

Alistair replied with a naive tone, “Did Uncle Malcolm use to beat you up often before?”

“Yeah, I was pretty rebellious back then. I always liked to argue with him and would make him so angry that his face turned black. Hahaha.”

Molly laughed out loud while reminiscing about her past achievements with pride.

Alistair sat cross-legged and asked again, “Was Uncle Malcolm really tough on you?”

“Most of the time it was like tickling. He had a fierce expression but didn’t hit hard at all. Plus my mom would stop him if it got too much. My dad always listened to my mom’s words, and worst case scenario, my brother would protect me.”

Alistair listened enviously and also wanted a gentle mother who was beautiful and could control his father just like Molly’s mother did for her family.

When Alistair felt downcast again, Molly pinched his soft cheek gently and asked teasingly, “Why are you suddenly asking about this? Did your dad beat you up again?”

He did get beaten up badly! If it weren’t for Paloma coming back in time to stop it, he might not have survived.

But he knew that he was partly at fault for what happened. “I got into a fight myself. And accidentally made them to the hospital which is way overboard.”

Molly exclaimed in surprise, “To the hospital? No way! Milk Tofu, I never knew your fighting skills are so strong!” She looked at him differently now with curiosity.

“Come on, let’s fight each other now! Let me see how good you are!” she challenged playfully while sizing him up.

But Alistair shook his head firmly, “Dad said as a little gentleman one should never bully girls.”

Even if he could win against Molly in a fight, he wouldn’t do it!

Molly chuckled lightly then pinched his chubby cheeks once more, “I’m actually studying at Junior Military Academy. Don’t think just because you learned some basic Taekwondo moves, it means you can beat me.”

He pouted then murmured cutely while snuggling into her embrace.

She took out the gift she brought along – specifically meant for Alistair’s birthday present even though it arrived late – but nonetheless made him very happy when received!

The two chatted leisurely for quite some time until Molly looked up at the sky outside.

“This weather is terrible. Even the air feels damp... it seems like rain is coming soon. Let’s go inside play instead.”

She reached out her hand towards Alistair invitingly. Alistair followed her hand, but winced in pain and quickly withdrew his small hand, letting out a soft “ouch” as he rubbed it.

“You’re hurt on your hand. Did your dad hit you?” she asked, quickly taking his hands and examining them closely. She furrowed her brow as she saw the injuries.

“I know it was wrong of you to make them to the hospital, but did your dad have to be so harsh with you?”

Compared to how mischievous she was when she was younger, Alistair seemed like a well-behaved little baby in her eyes now.

But even though Alistair was so obedient and well-behaved, he still often got beaten by his father and scolded by him. Why didn't Anthony treat her as harshly?

When she fought with others, Anthony helped cover for her.

When she caused trouble, Anthony quietly cleaned up after her.

Her godfather said that she would always be the most important princess in his heart.

Her godfather said that there would always be a place for Momo in his heart.

But with Alistair around, all of this tenderness seemed nonexistent. She saw a different side of him – one that was strict and cold-hearted towards Alistair.

Alistair's eyes were watery as he complained to Molly, "I also think my dad is being too much! Since yesterday afternoon when Great-Grandma took me out of the ancestral hall, I haven't seen my daddy at all!"

Even at breakfast table, there wasn't any sign of Anthony. The butler said Anthony had left early for work today.

His hands hurt so much that he couldn't even hold onto the fork properly – yet not once did Anthony come over to comfort him or say anything kind... It felt like Anthony was still mad at him!

The more he thought about it, the more upset he became. Tears welled up in those bright blue eyes while even the tip of nose turned red from crying...

Molly couldn't help but feel sorry for him and an idea popped into mind. "How about this? I'll take you away secretly. We can run away from home together."

Alistair shook his head frantically. "No way! If Dad finds out I ran away from home, then he will definitely get really angry!"

He had already experienced the Callahan Family's rules before... They were really scary...

Anthony might point at him later on asking “which leg stepped outside first?”, and then break his leg!

Waaahhh! That was terrifying!

Alistair buried himself into Molly’s embrace while whimpering softly, “Momo, save me...”

“Don’t worry,” Molly reassured him gently. “Running away from home isn’t necessarily bad thing. Sometimes you need him to realize how neglected or mistreated you feel.”

“Do you think... that could work?”

“Trust me, with me around, he won’t lay a finger on you,” she said confidently. “And if worse comes to worst, I’ll call my brother too. He scares the crap out of him and he won’t even dare raise his voice in front of him. Even if my brother scolds him, he won’t dare talk back.”

Alistair was confused. “Why is he so afraid of Spencer?”

Molly giggled and put on a mature facade despite her young age. “Don’t worry about grown-up stuff when you’re just a kid like us. The grudges between he and my brother have nothing to do with you.”

“Okay...” Alistair always trusted her judgment. “So are we running away now? But what about the bodyguards watching us?”

“It’s no big deal. I’ll figure out how to distract them,” Molly assured him.

“Can I go back to my room first? Can I bring some things with me?” Alistair asked.

Molly couldn’t help but roll her eyes at his naivety but still replied kindly, “Sure thing.”

Although she wanted to laugh at the thought that he believed they were moving instead of running away, Molly held it in and urged him on, “Hurry up then.”



## Read The Hidden billionaire heiress novel chapter 1039 online free

Chapter 1039 Alistair is the scapegoat

In the late afternoon, Anthony had just finished a meeting when he saw the small cake box that Zack had left on his desk. Strawberry milk foam cake. The little guy, Alistair, had been feeling down lately and loved sweets, so Anthony planned to use it to cheer him up.

“Zack, have the director of marketing send me all the project reports he has on hand recently and also...”

Before he could finish instructing Zack via their internal phone line, his phone suddenly rang.

It was from his home security guard.

At this time? Anthony frowned and answered the call.

“Mr. Callahan... um... Alistair seems to be missing.”

He furrowed his brow. “You can’t keep an eye on such a young child at home?”

“I’m sorry it was our negligence. Alistair was playing with Momo ten minutes ago. She said she lost Alistair’s jade bracelet while they were playing together and asked us for help finding it. But then... Alistair disappeared along with Momo.”

“Check the surveillance footage.”

“We did but they’ve already left Callahan Residence because they walked into a blind spot in surveillance cameras. And since Alistair is so small, we don’t know where they went.”

Anthony remained silent for some time as he considered what could have happened in those blind spots that even monitoring couldn’t catch. Alistair was too young to think of something like this but Molly might have done something mischievous instead.

While he was pondering over these thoughts, there came another hesitant voice from the other end of phone, “Mr. Callahan...”

“What?” His tone turned cold mixed with impatience.

“Before checking surveillance footage, we searched through every corner of the villa several times. We found out that Alistair took something away with him.”

“What did he take?”

“His panda pillow and strawberry blanket...”

This brat! He brought everything necessary for camping outside. It seemed like he wanted to play runaway game!

Despite being so young in age yet having such strong temperaments...

“It’s okay,” said Anthony after thinking about it for a moment longer, “Momo is still there. Nothing should happen if she’s around him. Let him go out for some fresh air or whatever else makes him feel better. Until 7:30 pm tonight when it gets dark outside, if by then he hasn’t returned home yet, contact Malcolm to find someone who can help locate them both.”

“Okay.”

The call ended abruptly as Anthony continued working diligently without showing any signs of anger towards his son’s antics or worry about how things would turn out later tonight.

After two more hours passed by quickly enough, Zach knocked on his door, “Mr. Callahan, the National Investigation Bureau has completed their investigation into the twin brothers who were beaten by Alistair. Please take a look at this complete report.” A file was handed to Anthony.

Anthony immediately stopped what he was doing and picked up the file, carefully examining it. Zack stood in front of his desk and reported, “The kindergarten’s surveillance footage clearly shows Alistair fighting. It’s true that he threw one of the twin brothers over his shoulder and caused him to hit his leg on a rock, but it turns out that Alistair didn’t cause the left leg fracture...”

The investigation showed that as soon as the fight was discovered by the kindergarten principal, they were sent to check on them in the medical room. One of these documents was restored with initial diagnosis records from kindergarten medical room by a special mean.

The initial examination results for those twin brothers only showed minor skin injuries without any major issues. However, this result was deleted half an hour later by someone from within their school who then called 120 emergency services and took them to a nearby hospital for full body checks.

The second examination result was exactly what Anthony had seen before: left leg fractures, intracranial bleeding, nasal collapse and so on.

This matter involved bribery from within their school. They deliberately framed Alistair for this incident. If it weren't for Anthony spending so much money to suppress this matter down quietly, it would have been exposed in news reports regarding how Alistair severely injured another children around his age.

Zack sighed, "I found it unbelievable when I first heard about this incident. Even if Alistair had learned some taekwondo moves at five years old, it wouldn't have been enough reason for him to use such forceful actions against another children."

"Now we can see clearly that he has been wrongly accused. Someone else used him as an excuse just because they wanted to target Callahan Group."

He paused before adding thankfully, "Fortunately you are standing with him now, and will investigate thoroughly without blaming Alistair too much."

Anthony tightened his fingertips until all pages crumpled under pressure. A surge of indescribable emotions churned inside him.

"I hit him."

"Hmm?" He suddenly spoke up, Zack not reacting fast enough.

"That day when I brought him back, I hit him."

Zack was taken aback and quickly tried to make up for it.

“You... you were just angry at the time, but you calmed down later and still believed in Alistair. There’s no long-standing grudge between a child and a father. Don’t blame yourself too much. Alistair shouldn’t be too mad at you.”

“He is angry and upset. Otherwise he wouldn’t have run away from home.”

Zack lowered his head, not saying anything more. Anthony put down the documents in his hand and calmly instructed, “Please continue investigating with the National Investigation Bureau to find out who’s behind this. As for the kindergarten principal and parents of those twins, they must have received some benefits. The National Investigation Bureau should arrest them if necessary.”

“Don’t worry. I understand,” Zack replied.

“Please help Alistair withdraw from school as soon as possible,” Anthony continued. “Such a kindergarten doesn’t need to be operated anymore to avoid harming other children.”

Zack bowed slightly, “It’s not hard work. It’s what I should do. You can trust me with this task.”

Ever since Anthony became CEO of Callahan Group, Zack had been working by his side for nearly eleven years now. And naturally he trusted Zack’s abilities.

“Well then go ahead,” said Anthony.

Zack nodded slightly before turning around towards the door.

“Wait a minute,” called out Anthony after looking at his watch. It was almost six o’clock in the afternoon.

“The family bodyguards haven’t called yet so Alistair probably hasn’t returned home yet,” he said urgently. “Immediately notify Malcolm through NIB’s assistance without alarming them first when you find him.”

“I understand,” replied Zack firmly.

...

The red glow on the horizon reflected off of Alistair's delicate little face under sunlight, shining on his sapphire blue eyes that were beautiful but anxious-looking.

"Momo! Does my dad know that I ran away from home? Is he raging right now? When he finds me, will he beat me up badly?"

Alistair felt extremely guilty while burying himself inside a thin quilt covered with strawberry prints while making whimpering sounds.

"Waaah! My dad gets super scary when angry! I can't win against him! What should we do?"

Although he was usually playful and mischievous over trivial matters only, this rebellious act of running away from home was something new even for him. Molly saw the little body trembling under the covers and quickly leaned over to pat his back to comfort him.

"Don't be afraid, Milk Tofu. This is my secret hideout, and no one knows about it except for you and Spencer. Your dad won't find us so quickly, and I won't let him hurt you," she said reassuringly.

Beside them, eleven-year-old Spencer leaned against the window with a cold laugh. "It's only natural for someone to discipline their own child. You just like sticking your nose where it doesn't belong."

[Read The Hidden billionaire heiress novel chapter 1040 online free](#)

Chapter 1040 I'm not here to make trouble

Spencer had always been cold and harsh with his words, speaking in a way that was not very pleasant to hear. Molly was used to it by now and rolled her eyes at him playfully.

"You're so good at saying one thing but meaning another. You scold me on one hand, but then follow me around like a shadow. You're the backbone of my milk tofu."

He scoffed lightly, "I'm not here to be his backbone. I'm here for the entertainment value. Even if Anthony were to kill him, I'd only call the police and have him arrested."

"Waaahhh..." Alistair became even more frightened.

Spencer didn't want to be his backbone because when their father found out, he'll be in big trouble.

Molly glared at her brother. "Stop scaring him like that! It's not like you to bully little kids."

Spencer looked out the window as a gentle breeze blew through his short hair, making his pale face look even colder than usual.

"You should worry less about being caught by Anthony and more about whether or not he loves you as his son," Spencer continued with his snide remarks.

Alistair quickly popped up from behind Molly, trying desperately to defend himself. "My daddy loves me!"

"If you're gone for fifteen minutes with Molly, Callahan family's bodyguards will find you and tell Anthony where you are. Yet he still hasn't come looking for you. His career is more important than being there for his own son." Spencer said matter-of-factly

Alistair pouted but can't think of anything else to say so he turned away from them, looking outside instead.

It was getting dark outside. Maybe his Dad was busy with work?

His heart felt heavy as he opened up both hands, revealing they were still swollen from clenching them into fists earlier, which caused pain throughout them both.

Spencer saw Alistair's disappointment written all over him and continued talking, "If I were in your shoes, I would leave him completely behind."

"Spencer!" Molly gave Spencer an annoyed look while whispering under her breath, "Milk Tofu is too young. Don't teach him bad things."

Spencer smirked before folding arms across chest, "Taking Milk Tofu away from home isn't considered bad advice?"

Molly had nothing left she can say while Alistair hugged tightly onto Panda pillow, shaking head back-and-forth and denying what Spencer said earlier.

"Spencer's wrong! My daddy may abandon me someday but I could never abandon my daddy!"

Looking down upon Alistair curiously now after hearing what he had just said moments ago, Spencer said,

"How could someone like Anthony raise such a well-behaved child?"

"Spencer!" Alistair stood up, furrowing his brows and glaring at him. "You can curse me, but you can't curse my daddy."

"How ridiculous. He's not even afraid of me cursing him. What makes you think you can stand up for him? And if I curse him, what are you going to do about it?"

Alistair clenched his small fists and raised them up, waving them a few times. "I got beaten up this time because I got into a fight and sent them to the hospital. Spencer, you're weak and can't take a beating."

His threat was clear.

To Molly and Spencer's eyes, this six-year-old boy had no intimidation whatsoever. Instead, his fierce appearance was adorable.

Spencer sneered but before he could say anything else, Molly cut in first. "Spencer, stop it already! Milk Tofu is so well-behaved. Don't make him cry."

"I like seeing good babies cry. They look the most interesting when they're crying," he said with lips slightly pale as if he were an evil-hearted pretty boy.

Alistair panted heavily with anger but had no way of dealing with Spencer.

He didn't actually like Spencer because his father always compared him to Spencer- thinking that Spencer was smarter, better behaved than him- which made Alistair subconsciously resentful towards Spencer.

But then again he felt that he shouldn't think like that or else he would be considered a bad baby himself.

However, he could tell that even Spencer was repulsed by him too.

He grunted heavily before ignoring Spencer completely and grabbing Molly's wrist instead. "Momo! I'm hungry! Do you have any delicious food in your secret base?"

This place was actually located in the Anning Hill of the Lloyd family – Keith's old villa.

Since Keith rarely came back here to live anymore, it became Molly's secret base where she hid all sorts of fun things.

But she never hid any food there though...

"Just wait," she said as she ran over to the refrigerator, frantically searching through everything until finally only finding an expired hot dog sausage.

Alistair saw the food and immediately ran over, trying to grab it from her hands but Molly refused, saying, "It'll give you stomachache."

Gurgle~ Gurgle~

Alistair whined pitifully while his stomach growled loudly complaining about being empty.

So then Alistair proposed an idea, "How about we sneak out quietly? No one will find out anyway, so let's just fill our bellies first?"

Molly glanced at her brother who really did seem weak when hungry and agreed since it really was around mealtime after all.

"Alright, we can go to Uncle's house first and have a meal there. His villa is very close by, and he's really nice. He'll help us hide our location."

Collin was still guarding Anning Hill, so they planned to go to his place for a free meal. As they stepped out of the villa and into the small garden outside, the engines of several luxury cars roared loudly as they quickly pulled up in front of the gate.

The people didn't seem friendly.



“Oh no! It must be Anthony!” Molly exclaimed anxiously, turning to Spencer. “Did you betray us?”

Spencer shrugged indifferently with his hands in his pockets. “Your so-called secret base hasn’t been a secret for a long time.”

Besides, with their father Malcolm around, it was impossible to hide from him for long if he really wanted to find them. Reporting their location would only add fuel to the fire.

Molly fell silent.

As they spoke, car doors opened and Anthony got out first before walking towards them with other bodyguards following closely behind him.

He wore a suit that accentuated his tall frame and exuded an imposing aura.

Alistair’s heart raced as he hid behind Molly, muttering under his breath, “Daddy can’t see me! Daddy can’t see me!”

Molly greeted her godfather with a bright smile: “Good evening, Anthony.”

Anthony nodded in response but kept staring at Alistair who was hiding behind her like a little milk tofu.

“Alistair, come here,” Anthony called out softly but firmly.

Alistair trembled all over, knowing what was coming next. He didn’t want Molly getting into trouble because of him again. But she spoke up on behalf of him. “Anthony, please don’t blame Milk Tofu. He just doesn’t want you to cold-shoulder him again or be mistreated anymore. I think you should talk things through instead of just lecturing or scolding him.”

Anthony remained silent as night fell upon them, making it hard for Molly to read his expression or know what he was thinking about all this mess she had caused today. So, she admitted, “It was my idea that he ran away with me today. It’s all my fault...”

But Alistair quickly popped up from behind her, interrupting her confession and saying nervously, “No no no! It was My idea. I forced Momo into taking me away from home!”

Anthony called out softly once more, “Alistair, come here.”

Trembling with fear, Alistair walked slowly towards Anthony, hoping not drag down Molly any further than she already had been dragged down today by himself alone. His nose was sour, and he stood up straight with his hands behind his back, whispering in a pitiful voice, "Daddy, can you come home and beat me again? Can you... beat me more lightly?"

Although he was only five years old, Alistair knew that he had to save face and didn't want Molly and Spencer to see him at his most embarrassed and helpless.

Anthony slowly squatted down to meet the gaze of his son. His tone was extremely gentle. "I'm not here to blame anyone. I'm here to apologize to my son, Alistair."

Huh? Apologize?

He blinked dumbly with a silly expression on his face. He ran away from home today but it seemed like he wasn't angry?