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In the evening, Lyra received a phone call just after finishing work and rushed to the kindergarten where Alistair was. The sports day had already ended, and most of the children had gone home with their parents. Only a few kids were left sitting on the playground, waiting for their families to pick them up.

Lyra quietly entered the kindergarten and saw that Alistair was sleeping on his small bed in his usual nap room. Mavis was sitting next to him, looking at him with love and compassion in her eyes.

Lyra took off her high heels and walked over to them. "Mavis, you called me here. Is there something you need?"

Mavis kissed her son's forehead before gesturing for Lyra to follow her outside for a chat.

Lyra understood and followed her down the hall.

"Has he started dating someone new? Is he planning on getting married again so that Alistair can have a stepmother?" Mavis asked anxiously.

"I really don't know about that," Lyra replied honestly. "I'll check tomorrow and let you know if I find anything out."

Mavis shook her head sadly. "It doesn't matter anymore. I'm dead now anyway. His remarriage has nothing to do with me as long as his new wife treats Alistair well."

Lyra didn't know what else to say or how she could comfort Mavis.

Mavis had immediately asked about Anthony when she arrived earlier, which showed that she hadn't completely moved on from him yet despite not wanting to mention his name directly.

When would Mavis finally face her true feelings?

Lyra sighed deeply.

"Today is the parent-child sports meeting in the kindergarten. The man didn't come. I was afraid that Alistair would be sad, so I came here on my own. I'm afraid I won't be able to explain this to the Callahan family. Can you send Alistair back for me? Explain to the Callahan family by the way?"

There was no reason for Lyra to disagree with a small matter.

Within a few minutes, Lyra came out of the kindergarten with the sleeping Alistair in her arms.

The bodyguards of the Callahan family who were hiding in the shadows came out immediately.

Lyra ignored them, put Alistair in her car, and then turned to the bodyguards of the Callahan family and said, "I'll take Alistair home today. You don't have

to follow. Go back on your own.”

The bodyguards bowed, “Thank you for your hard work.”

Lyra first brought Alistair back to Lyre Spiti, just as Spencer and Momo came back.

Several children finished dinner together, and they were able to play a little longer. Alistair loved being with Molly the most. Whenever she was around, he felt his best and didn’t want any worries.

After having dinner at Lyre Spiti, Lyra personally took Alistair back to Callahan Residence. Paloma had been waiting in front of the door for a while now, eager to see her Alistair as soon as possible.

“Great-grandma!” Alistair’s childish voice shouted as he ran up and hugged Paloma, eager to share with her, “I had dinner at Aunt Lyra’s tonight! Uncle Malcolm cooked it himself. It was so delicious! I really liked the shrimp and egg soup...”

Paloma laughed heartily at his antics before exchanging pleasantries with Lyra and leading her great-grandson inside.

“Alistair, what do you plan on doing tomorrow since it’s the weekend?”

Alistair nibbled on his finger anxiously before replying, “Um... I haven’t decided yet...”

Suddenly butler Saul interjected, “Mrs. Callahan, Mr. Callahan just came back earlier today saying that he arranged math tutoring lessons for Alistair this week along with foreign language classes since elementary school test is coming up soon; Mr. Callahan hopes that Alistair will work hard without slacking off.”

Well then there went his weekend plans...

A gloomy expression crept onto Alistair’s face as he lowered his blue eyes.

Paloma couldn’t bear seeing him like this so she glared at Saul before saying, “We’ll talk about tomorrow when tomorrow comes; he’s not going to be studying all day long anyways! I’m asking about how we can arrange some rest time for Alistair; why are you discouraging over everything?”

Saul realized that he spoke out of turn so he quickly apologized while bowing down in respect.

Alistair didn’t say anything else after letting go of great-grandma’s hand before running upstairs first.

As he passed by his father’s study room door which was closed shut but still lit up even though it was already late into the night; Anthony seemed like he was still busy working on something important.

He hesitated for a moment before approaching closer towards his study room door while lifting his small hand, wanting to knock but stopped himself right beforehand.

Originally, he intended on questioning Anthony why he hadn’t gone together

today for the parent-child sports event or why did he have to stay with Bryleigh instead despite promising him otherwise?

But once those words reached his lips, he suddenly felt unworthy enough not being able question him anymore since Anthony never promised him anything regarding attending the sports event in the first place. It seems like he just assumed too much again.

As for Bryleigh's situation, his father probably would say, "It's an adult matter. Kids shouldn't get involved."

Alistair felt so sad.

He eventually gave up on knocking and went back to his small room to rest. Late at night.

The entire Callahan family had already turned off their lights.

The light in the study outside was clearly gone, and occasionally there were heavy footsteps in the hallway.

Before going to bed, Anthony cautiously opened his son's door.

The little kid on the bed had his arms and legs spread out like a starfish while sleeping. His mouth moved a few times as if he was dreaming of something delicious.

Anthony softened his gaze as he gently covered him with a small blanket. He muttered softly, "I should tie your hands and feet together so you won't move around while sleeping."

If he got sick from being too cold, he would cry again.

He lightly stroked his son's soft face with the back of his hand before getting up to leave.

"Mommy... Mommy."

"Mommy, snatch Daddy back..."

"Hmm, I don't want that Auntie."

Anthony stiffened for a moment before slowly turning around only to see that his son was talking in his sleep.

His heart became even softer as he leaned down and kissed him gently on the forehead.

"She doesn't need to snatch me back. Daddy will always be Mommy's and Alistair's forever."

...

Alistair dreamed of a beautiful dream.

He held his Dad's hand with one hand while holding his Mom's hand with another during their family sports day event where they won first place together. The principal rewarded them many pretty red flowers!

Unfortunately, dreams were just dreams after all...

On a lazy afternoon during the weekend, Alistair lay face down on top of his small desk feeling tearful. His eyelids were fighting against each other for

control over whether or not they should stay open or closed due to exhaustion from studying at home all day long. Under strict supervision by private tutors who spoke like some kind of sorcerers casting spells, it was impossible for him to control where thoughts wandered off into oblivion without any direction whatsoever.

Suddenly an image popped into view – it was his father holding Bryleigh! That woman spoke roughly when his father wasn't present but acted sweetly when she saw him; how annoying!

But she was his first love though...

Yesterday at Lyre Spiti dinner table, Alistair asked, "Uncle Malcolm, what is your first love like?"

At that time Malcolm and Lyra both froze; their expressions were unreadable but he still answered Alistair's question, "It is someone who exists purely within our fondest memories – someone we can never forget."

Last night, he overheard a maid crying quietly in the backyard, yelling into the phone, "You men are so despicable. No matter how good I am to you, as long as your first love comes back, you will ruthlessly abandon me!"

Alistair covered his face and whimpered. He felt uneasy.

It seemed that Bryleigh was really important to his father. Important enough for him to go on a date with her and miss his son's sports day.

He wasn't smart enough like Spencer to win his Dad's favor. Now there was Bryleigh too; his Dad must want to abandon him even more?

In fact, Anthony had been busy dealing with Sheldon's stuff lately and worked from dawn till dusk every day without even having breakfast at home. Alistair hadn't seen him for several days.

Feeling full of crisis in his heart, Alistair quickly came up with an idea.

He looked angrily at the math workbook in front of him and decisively put down his pencil before falling asleep heavily.

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It was nighttime, and the sound of crickets could be heard outside the window. Alistair stood in Anthony's study, his small hands behind his back as he gazed out at the crickets. He lowered his head and glanced back at Anthony when he heard him speak.

"Pay attention," Anthony said sternly, tapping his fingers on the desk to remind Alistair to focus.

Alistair blinked nervously and replied meekly with an "Oh."

But within five minutes, he felt a sense of pressure coming from Anthony. The man's handsome eyebrows furrowed slightly as he grew increasingly angry. Alistair swallowed hard, feeling even more nervous than before.

"Why have you only done half of your math homework?" Anthony asked sharply.

"Because... because..." Alistair fidgeted with his clothes while batting his long eyelashes repeatedly – a clear sign that he was lying.

Anthony gave him a sharp look. "If you can't come up with an excuse, just tell me the truth."

After all, excuses would eventually be exposed for what they were – so why bother?

Alistair decided to throw caution to the wind and said defiantly, "I don't want to do it if I don't feel like it."

He lowered his head again and stared at his toes while muttering softly, "No matter what I do, you will never be satisfied with me anyway. Bryleigh is always going to hold a special place in your heart that I can never fill..."

Anthony frowned even deeper. "What are you talking about?"

"It's nothing," Alistair grumbled quietly under his breath. "I'm just venting my frustrations. Just ignore me."

Anthony slammed down the math book onto the table loudly, causing Alistair's shoulders shake involuntarily along with it as he closed both eyes tightly shut, trying not to show how scared or upset this made him feel inside.

"I've told you before that even if you're not very smart or have trouble understanding something fully, only doing half is still unacceptable! This is an attitude problem!"

This only made things worse for poor little Alistair who thought inwardly. "Don't you care about my problems anymore? You haven't even resolved any of your own issues yet."

Anthony scoffed, "So tell me, what's my issue?"

What about Bryleigh? Why did you promise not to see her anymore but then she went to visit you in office? Were they secretly dating?

He had been holding onto these questions for quite some time now.

"Why won't you explain anything properly?" Alistair pouted childishly. "You don't keep your words any more."

He didn't keep his words?

"When do I break my word?" replied Anthony amused by Alistair's childishness. "Besides adult matters are none of your concern anyways. Even if I did explain everything clearly enough for someone like yourself, you wouldn't understand anyways!"

Alistair said angrily, "If you don't explain, how do you know that I can't understand!"

Obviously, his father felt that he was not worthy to know those things, so he didn't want to tell him at all.

Although he felt very angry, Alistair's eyes turned red, with a stubborn glimmer of water at the bottom.

Anthony looked down at him and said, "You've become smarter now. When you make mistakes, you learn to change the subject and talk nonsense with me."

"I didn't!" This was stating a fact!

Alistair was so angry that he clenched his fists tightly.

Tired of arguing with Anthony, he turned and walked towards the sofa, flopping onto it. "Anyway, if you think I'm wrong, then I'm wrong. Just punish me!"

He was not afraid.

But his father looked scary when he got angry.

Alistair clenched his hands tightly, kicking his legs restlessly like a dehydrated goldfish.

Anthony looked at the small figure, chuckled and shook his head, then got up and walked over.

Hearing footsteps, Alistair became even more uneasy.

He regretted his decision to choose the sofa instead of the leg, which allowed him to take a few bites.

However, there was no pain coming to his body. He lifted his little head and saw Anthony crouching on the carpet in front of him, looking at him eye-to-eye.

"Did I break my promise to accompany you to the amusement park last time and never went, so you think I don't keep my word?"

Um...

Although it was not for this reason, he did remind him about the amusement park incident!!!

Alistair pouted and buried his face in the sofa, "Hmph, I hate you the most!"

Anthony softened his tone and explained, "I've been really busy lately and can't find the time. But I'll be done soon and then I'll be happy to go to the amusement park with you ten times if you want. However, you still can't slack off on your homework like today, okay?"

He said it with a comforting tone, so Alistair was not comforted at all and felt very uncomfortable.

"No need to do it. Even if I do more work, it still won't be as good as Spencer's. So why bother doing it?"

"Alistair!"

Anthony was really angry.

He only shouted his name in a low voice, and Alistair shuddered, trembling all

over. He whispered in a small voice, "Does it mean that as long as I do one hundred or even one thousand sets of math problems, you will choose me when it's the most dangerous?"

The scene of his son falling from the rooftop on the day he was kidnapped was still vivid in his mind.

Anthony's handsome and dignified face lost a little bit of its color.

"Alistair..."

There was a big lump in his throat, and he restrained himself, suppressing the urge to speak. He couldn't explain what he wanted to say, and could only sigh in frustration.

"Well, I don't want to punish you for what happened tonight. Besides, I will ask the foreign language tutor not to come tomorrow. You go to your room and rest."

Hey?

Can he play all day tomorrow without any worries?

Alistair tilted his head to look at Anthony and found that he had already sat back in front of his desk, tapping on the keyboard, seemingly ready to start working, without his gaze lingering on him.

He gradually became less happy again.

Today he intentionally only did half of his homework to provoke his dad, but he didn't receive any punishment. Tomorrow's foreign language class was also suddenly cancelled.

His Daddy didn't want to take care of his matters anymore?

Although he wasn't physically hurt, little Alistair felt very sad. He sobbed and wiped his eyes with his arm before running out of the study.

...

On Sunday, when there was no homework assigned by his dad, Alistair didn't have a good time playing.

Because Bryleigh was back again.

In the afternoon, Bryleigh carried big and small gifts to visit Paloma.

"Mrs. Callahan, this is premium bird's nest imported from Fospona, which is good for beauty and nourishment."

When she was young, Paloma had seen everything good and wasn't impressed. She declined the offer, saying, "As I've grown older, no matter how much I try to improve my skin, it will never return to its youthful state. I don't see the point in using such useless things. You should take it home and use it yourself."

Bryleigh went to unwrap other gifts again. "It's okay that you don't like bird's nest. I bought something else for you. Also, I picked out some gifts for Anthony. Could you please help me give them to him, Grandma?"

Paloma was not foolish and can see Bryleigh's intentions but chose not to

speak.

When Alistair went downstairs, he happened to overhear their conversation and muttered in disdain, "Dad is not at home. He's at the office building. If you want to give a gift, you should just deliver it there instead of using my great-grandmother as a shield."

"Alistair is here."

Bryleigh smiled gently, as if she hadn't heard his sarcastic dissatisfaction.

"Come sit over here. I also bought you a little toy. Come and see if you like it?" With this tone, she seemed to be the hostess of the Callahan family.

Alistair was extremely unhappy and almost jumped up in anger. "Who needs your toy anyway?"

Paloma cleared her throat and reminded him, "Alistair, be polite to our guest."

Bryleigh's face stiffened as she understood the hidden meaning behind Paloma's words. She was being told to be mindful of her status as an outsider in the Callahan family.

Paloma continued, "Bryleigh, Anthony is usually not at the office during lunchtime and has been so busy lately that he hasn't even come home for dinner. If you need to see him about something important, just go directly to the Callahan Group building."

This was clearly a hint for Bryleigh to leave.

But Bryleigh didn't feel embarrassed at all and responded smoothly, "I do want to see Anthony all the time but we've spent quite a bit of time together these past few days so I'm not in a rush today. I came here specifically to visit you."

What?! Alistair felt like exploding.

Had his Dad been spending all his time with Bryleigh these past few days? How could he...?

He stood frozen on the stairs as panic washed over him.

In the living room, Paloma continued chatting with Bryleigh.

"I'm an old lady who's halfway into her grave; there's nothing interesting about me," she said.

"Nonsense! Grandma, you're healthy and will live long," replied Bryleigh with a smile.

Paloma laughed and said jokingly, "I'll take your word for it."

A few minutes later when Paloma went upstairs to rest, Saul, the butler personally escorted Bryleigh out. When they reached outside the Callahan Family mansion, Alistair caught up with them quickly.

"You said earlier that my dad has been spending lots of time with you these past few days. Is it true?" asked Alistair anxiously.

Bryleigh stopped walking, squatted down slowly in front of Alistair, and smiled

kindly. She spoke softly while Saul watched from nearby.

“Of course it is true. Alistair, you can ask you dad’s assistant if you don’t believe me.”

Alistair who was tearful whispered, “Why did my dad break his promise...”

Bryliegh covered her mouth trying not laugh too loud. She whispered back gently, “Alistair, your dad isn’t just yours alone. And besides, I trained alongside him at Security Agency. He still has feelings for me, and he needs my help around him. Can you understand that?”

She reached out to touch the little boy’s head. “I was wrong last time. I spoke too harshly, and I apologize. Don’t hold it against me. If Anthony and I get back together in the future, I will treat you as my own son. Please don’t be hostile towards me, okay?”

“Don’t touch me!”

Alistair slapped her hand away and kept backing away like a startled bird.

“I have Mommy! I don’t want you! And my Daddy, I don’t want him either!”

He held back his tears and ran out of Callahan Residence.

“Mr. Alistair! It’s lunchtime already! Where are you going?”

Saul called out anxiously but Alistair ignored him completely and quickly ran away on his short legs. Saul had no choice but to ask the Callahan family bodyguards to follow him.

Bryliegh looked innocent as ever, “Saul, did I say something wrong?”

Saul was speechless.

...

Alistair ran out of Callahan Residence with footsteps following closely behind him like a tail he couldn’t shake off.

He turned around angrily, “Stop following me! I want to be alone for a while!”

The bodyguards were also worried, “Mr. Alistair, you’re still too young. There are many bad people outside who could harm you. If anything happens, Mr. Callahan will skin us alive.”

“He won’t care about me anymore. Just leave me alone.”

The bodyguards exchanged glances with each other; they were really worried about Alistair getting into trouble so they said, “If you don’t come back with us now, then we’ll have no choice but to call Mr. Callahan again. Do you remember what he told you after your last runaway incident?”

Alistair didn’t say anything.

Last time when he ran away with Molly from home, his dad found them both eventually but let them go free only after warning them not to do it again or else there would be consequences...

But now where was his dad? He wasn’t even paying attention to him anymore

...

Feeling aggrieved and sniffing slightly, he looked up at the bodyguard uncles

in front of him. With these people around, how could he go anywhere or find Mommy? Sobbing quietly in frustration, all he could think about was leaving this sad place caused by daddy's actions along with Bryleigh's influence. He wanted nothing more than being reunited with his sweet-smelling Mommy soon enough. Finally making up his mind, he wiped his runny nose before saying softly,
"I'll go back with you guys."

...

Alistair waited eagerly for Monday noon – usually during naptime at kindergarten Mommy would come find him.

With a determined heart, Alistair was waiting for Mavis during his lunch break. The little boy cried as he ran into her arms, leaving Mavis confused and worried. She quickly rubbed his head and asked, "What happened? Did something upset you today?"

"Daddy doesn't want me anymore. Can you take me away with you?" Alistair sobbed.

Mavis was shocked. "Why would he say that?"

"Aunt Bryleigh is Daddy's old girlfriend. They've been spending a lot of time together lately, and Daddy doesn't care about me anymore," Alistair explained through tears.

"Aunt Bryleigh knows martial arts and is very fierce. If she becomes my stepmother, she will definitely abuse me. Daddy won't care about me anymore. By then, I will be a poor child that no one wants. Can you bear that?"

Bryleigh?

Mavis couldn't believe what she was hearing. She had never heard Anthony mention this woman before.

After a moment of silence, Alistair looked up at Mavis with teary eyes and asked, "Do you not want me either?"

Mavis's heart softened at the sight of him crying like that. She replied gently, "Of course I want to be with you always."

"Then can we leave now? Go somewhere where Daddy can't find us," Alistair pleaded.

Mavis knew she couldn't refuse him when he wanted to be with her so badly. But she needed to plan carefully to avoid surveillance cameras and the Callahan family's guards if they were going to escape from Anthony's grasp. Later in the afternoon after finishing a meeting at work, Anthony returned to his office looking angry and frustrated because things weren't going well in his business dealings lately. Due to some dirty work done by one of his subordinates, they got caught by Sheldon on the other side.

Just as he sat down at his desk trying hard not to lose it completely again over

all these issues piling up on him today, his phone rang.

It was one of the guards assigned specifically for protecting little Alistair calling about another disappearance incident.

Anthony answered impatiently, "What is it now?"

"Mr. Callahan... Mr. Alistair has gone missing again! We're sorry but we only just realized it since we thought he was napping inside during lunchtime but then found out there were outdoor activities scheduled this afternoon..." The guard explained nervously over the phone line.

Anthony in front of the phone frowned and held his forehead, feeling a little nervous, "Did he get kidnapped again or run away from home again? Have you checked?"

"We have checked the surveillance. Mr. Alistair walked in a dead corner of the surveillance, and he quietly climbed over the wall to leave, so he shouldn't be kidnapping."

Anthony stopped talking, and the whole office was filled with his anger.

"... Because, we asked the principal and learned that at noon, a woman who claimed to be Mr. Alistair's aunt came. Mr. Alistair didn't go back for lunch break after that. We suspected that the woman took him away."

Anthony gritted his teeth sullenly, "Where did Mavis's sister come from? Why did such a woman of unknown origin be allowed to enter?"

"The teachers in the kindergarten said that Mr. Alistair took the initiative to get close to that woman, and that woman often came to visit Mr. Alistair during lunch breaks, so they didn't suspect her. I'm sorry, it was our negligence."

Headache, every nerve tensed.

As if something was out of control, out of his predictable control.

Anthony ordered in a deep voice, "A thorough investigation."

"Clear."

When the phone hung up, Anthony took out the cigarette case in a state of distraught, and was about to light one. When he suddenly remembered that his son couldn't get used to the smell of cigarettes, he had to give up.

Knock Knock Knock—

There was a knock on the office door, and there was another assistant's voice outside the door.

"Mr. Callahan, that... Miss Bryleigh Padilla is here again."

"I won't see her."

"She said she knew the truth you wanted, and she came here to get paid for it. She only talked about business affairs, not personal feelings."

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Anthony ordered in a deep voice, "A thorough investigation."

"Clear."

When the phone hung up, Anthony took out the cigarette case in a state of distraught, and was about to light one. When he suddenly remembered that his son couldn't get used to the smell of cigarettes, he had to give up.

Knock Knock Knock—

There was a knock on the office door, and there was another assistant's voice outside the door.

"Mr. Callahan, that... Miss Bryleigh Padilla is here again."

"I won't see her."

"She said she knew the truth you wanted, and she came here to get paid for it. She only talked about business affairs, not personal feelings."

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A few minutes later, Bryleigh was led into the CEO's office by his assistant. She was wearing a deep green ultra-short pencil skirt that showed off her hot figure and long legs. Her makeup was exquisite, and she had obviously dressed up carefully before coming.

“Why do you have that expression? Did you just get angry? Who made you angry again? Sheldon Alford?”

Anthony didn't give her a good look. “If you only want to say meaningless nonsense, get out immediately.”

“Why are you so fierce? At least I helped you a lot two days ago and even acted as your comrade-in-arms.”

Anthony gave her a cold glance.

Bryleigh raised both hands in surrender. “Okay, let's not talk about this anymore. I'll talk about business.”

“Anthony, two weeks ago, I brought gifts to visit Alistair at the kindergarten and met another woman there who I thought was your sister but turned out to be his aunt according to Alistair himself. After tracking for half a month, I discovered an incredible secret about that woman. Do you want to know?”

Anthony frowned slightly with his deep eyes narrowed down, “What's the condition?”

Bryleigh elegantly tucked back her hair, “It's simple: marry me.”

The man behind the desk chuckled coldly, “I can investigate everything related to your family so you cannot hide it from me. Likewise, I can also investigate that woman's identity but marrying you is impossible.”

“Yes, you'll know it sooner or later, and you will find out the truth, but investigation takes time. I heard Alistair has disappeared. Don't you worry he might be kidnapped? What if you miss him forever?” Bryleigh said calmly.

Anthony glared at her with low pressure filling up between them.

...

Suham Airport.

Alistair sat in the most secluded corner of the waiting room swinging his little legs leisurely while holding onto soft cream pineapple buns on his hand.

As soon as he took a bite, the little guy's chubby cheeks bulged up like balloons.

Especially those watery blue eyes made him pretty without any killing power, and he even exuded some childish milk fragrance scent.

Mavis sat next to him fully armed with masks and hats, gazing at their son with tender love filling up in her eyes.

“Mommy~how much longer do we have until boarding?”

Mavis felt anxious too and didn't understand why they were still waiting when normally they would board half an hour earlier. If there were any flight delays, the airport would inform them beforehand.

However, today not only did they not receive any notification of flight delay, but also exceeded half an hour of boarding time already!

The boarding window had not yet opened the ticket check.

As long as she hadn't leave the land of Crana, Mavis was always nervous.

However, there were not many people in the VIP waiting room of the whole airport. It was very quiet, but it was like the calm before the storm.

“Good boy, put on your hat first, and finish the bread as soon as possible, okay?”

In order to avoid being seen by others, Mavis put a hat on Alistair himself, and planned to put a mask on her son as soon as he finished eating.

“Mommy, which country are we going to this time? Is it fun over there?”

“It’s Bostrain. When we get there, you can do whatever you want. Then I will find a way to help you open a fake account and go to elementary school there.”

“Okay!”

He blinked cutely, very cute.

However, within two minutes, there was a sudden noise outside the VIP waiting room.

Immediately afterwards, dozens of airport security personnel poured into the waiting room and surrounded it.

This was a bit scary.

The unknown VIP passengers were all in a daze.

Mavis was also confused.

The flight attendant went to the front and explained, “I’m sorry, there are some special circumstances at the airport. At present, all flights are delayed. All passengers, please do not leave the airport. The time loss caused to passengers will be fully borne by the airport.”

The airport was closed.

Mavis had a very ominous premonition.

Even Alistair felt it. He stopped eating the buttered bread, pulled Mavis’s arm and whispered, “Mommy, it seems... It seems that Daddy is here.”

Mavis didn’t know what to say.

Her heart beat fast and she didn’t know why.

Mavis’ fingertips trembled slightly, and she couldn’t stay here peacefully at all. She carried the suitcase in one hand and pulled up her son in the other, as if she was about to walk in the direction of the safe passage.

“Where do you think you’re taking my son?”

Behind her, the man’s deep and magnetic voice was a little hoarse, but also tinged with an elusive depth.

The familiar voice made Mavis stop, her back froze, and the blood seemed to flow backwards, making her fingertips turn pale.

Five years.

After all, she still can’t escape. They had to meet each other.

She didn’t look back and didn’t speak.

Alistair was also cowardly.

Because he saw that Anthony's face was so dark, as if he was going to get angry at any time, he was so scared that Alistair only dared to hide beside Mavis, hoping that Anthony would not see him.

"Alistair, come here."

Alistair shook his head crazily, and with the presence of Mavis, he boldly said, "I won't go with you. I hate you, and I'm willing to go with Mommy, so it's not Mommy abducting me."

Anthony frowned with a cold face and his breath was constricted, "Alistair."

"Hmm... you're fierce."

As soon as Anthony yelled his name, the little boy trembled.

Mavis guarded her son tightly, took a deep breath, and took off her mask and hat. With her long curly blond hair fell down, she slowly turned to look at Anthony.

The man was meticulously dressed in a suit and leather shoes, and he was still handsome. With his overhanging height and slightly squinted blue eyes, he always seemed like a superior looking down on the other's insignificance. The moment they looked at each other, Mavis saw that his brows were frowned even tighter, the corners of his eyes were red like blood, and his cold and horrified aura was more like he was going to eat her, the kind that he swallowed her alive.

She immediately turned her eyes away, adjusted her slightly disordered breathing, and said indifferently, "Since you have come, let's talk about Alistair's future upbringing."

Anthony pursed his thin lips tightly, without saying a word, just staring at her. It seemed as if he wanted to stare at her until she felt ashamed.

Mavis was indeed stared at by him a little unnaturally, "Mr. Callahan, Alistair was not born by you, let alone by you alone. I think the problem of raising ..."

"You gave birth to him alone? How did you give birth?"

Taking a few steps forward with long legs, Anthony grabbed her wrist, pulled her towards him, and asked with red eyes, "Since you gave birth to him, why did you disappear for five years?"

At the first reunion in five years, he was still as strong as ever. Nothing had changed.

Mavis followed with red eyes, "If I had a better choice back then, I would have taken him and left with me, so that you will always, forever... Ahh!"

The man's palm was strong, and when he squeezed it suddenly, Mavis felt that the bones of her hand were about to be crushed.

Alistair saw Mavis's painful expression, and quickly helped Anthony push, "Daddy, you are hurting Mommy! Let go!"

Anthony's face was expressionless, the veins in the arm clutching Mavis bulged, and the other hand hidden in the cuff was trembling faintly.

He ignored his son's accusation, and only the silhouette of Mavis was in his eyes, "You can talk about parenting if you want, but before that, let's talk about the issues between us."

He pulled Mavis and walked out, always so strong that he didn't give any chance for her to refuse.

"Mommy! Mommy!"

Alistair tried to catch up but was stopped by bodyguards.

Anthony looked back halfway, and ordered in a cold voice, "Take care of Mr. Alistair."

Chapter 1065 Take a Bite between Her Neck

"Let go!"

Mavis was still struggling until she was pulled out of the boarding gate by Anthony.

Her wrist hurt so much that she was almost powerless.

Anthony glanced back at her and said, "If you want everyone in the airport to see us as a joke, or even make it into tomorrow's news, you can scream 'sexual assault'."

"This is a joke on your Callahan family, not me."

Anthony squinted his eyes, exuding a menacing aura without even being angry, "Then you will never see your son again."

It was another threat.

Did he only know how to make threats? He was always like this.

But Mavis was calm and knew that being too aggressive will only lead to losses. She needed to be strategic in order to successfully negotiate the divorce and custody of their son.

With this in mind, she softened her tone and said, "My wrist is starting to hurt."

Anthony froze, his tight jaw line relaxed a bit, his hand was much lighter, but he still held her, as if he were afraid that she would run away.

Walking all the way to the quiet and deserted safety corridor, under the dim light, only the "safety exit" sign on the wall emitted a faint green light.

Mavis' eyes went dark, and she was dragged to the wall by a strong force in the next second.

By the time she realized it, Anthony had already clamped her hands, pinning her against the wall so she couldn't move.

“Anthony!”

In the quiet environment, within arm's reach, she could hear his rapid and heavy breathing clearly, as well as his heart beating so fast as if it was about to explode.

The warm breath of his sprayed on her face, and the pleasant and familiar smell of him was all around.

Even though she couldn't see his expression clearly, she could guess that he must be very angry, and his aura was too fierce, as if he wanted to tear her flesh and blood apart.

“Mr. Callahan... umm!”

The corners of her lips were pressed down hard, and he was grinding her breath, as if he was trying to swallow her into his stomach, extremely domineering, not gentle at all.

Without joy, Mavis only felt panic, very panicked.

They hadn't seen each other for five years, and suddenly he kissed her. What was wrong with him?

She was so angry that she kicked him with her feet, pushed him away almost with all her strength, managed to get her free hand, and slapped him in the face.

“You, please show some respect.”

The sound was abrupt in the quiet environment, and it also awakened the rationality of both parties.

Anthony tilted his head, feeling a slight sting on his cheek. He pushed his tongue against the inside of his mouth in disbelief and asked, “Is it illegal to kiss my own wife?”

“Your wife is dead, five years ago on that thunderstorm night in the delivery room.”

He snorted, “If you’re not, what right do you have to talk to me about raising our son?”

Mavis looked away and fell silent.

The air fell into an eerie silence again, and the man’s heavy breathing could be clearly heard.

The two were deadlocked.

After a while, Mavis suddenly noticed her heavy shoulder.

Anthony supported the wall with one hand, the other lightly wrapped around her waist, and his head rested lazily on her shoulder.

He hugged her and leaned against her, as if vented.

It was more like a reunion of old couples who had been married for many years, and the movements were very natural.

Mavis was taken aback.

“You...”

“Don’t move.”

His voice was low and hoarse, with a bit of enchanting, “I won’t kiss you, relax.”

Mavis was baffled by him.

He came to the airport with great fanfare to block her, and dragged her to the safe passage, just wanted to hug her for a while?

Obviously he never did this before.

Her heart was beating fast, and facing such a sudden silence, Mavis was a little overwhelmed.

What was he thinking about?

When she lowered her head, she could only see the man's short black hair. He was leaning on her shoulder with his back arched, as if he was full of exhaustion.

She thought that he would question her and he would be furious... But she just never thought that he would be as calm as now and just hug her.

"Anthony, Alistair is still waiting outside. If you have anything to ask, just ask quickly."

"Hush."

Anthony's hands around her waist tightened a little, and his head moved closer to her neck.

Her neck was itchy from that breath, and she moved unconsciously.

Anthony seemed to be... listening to her heartbeat?

This feeling was a bit weird. Mavis finally pushed him away, "You... get down to business."

Anthony took a step back tactfully, but he was smiling.

"What are you laughing at?" Mavis felt it even weirder, "You're uncertain. Your temper has not changed at all."

"You have changed, you are even more sharp-tongued."

Mavis gave him a cold look, too lazy to waste time with him, turned her head and wanted to leave.

Anthony leaned against the wall with one hand and blocked her path with the other. "When our son was in the hospital, you were there as a suspicious nurse. You rented your old apartment, but then faked your own death and left our son and me behind. Is it fun?" he asked.

Mavis glared at him. "I came back for our son, to make things right after five years of being away," she replied firmly.

The silence in the hallway was broken by Anthony's soft laughter.

“And what about me? How will you compensate your husband for leaving him alone for five years?”

Mavis’s breath caught in her throat as she stared at him in disbelief. “Anthony, you have no shame. I don’t owe you anything, never have and never will.”

“Using Malcolm and Lyra’s power, you lied to me with your fake death and the urn. How heinous am I? So that you would rather keep the child away than stay away from me? You know how I was during that time...”

“What happened during that time?” she interrupted.

Anthony lowered his eyelashes, hiding a hint of unease in his eyes.

Mavis took the opportunity to object, “You have a lot of women around you, and you only think about yourself when doing things. You never consider me. You are not a responsible husband or father. How dare you question me?”

Originally, he left his wife who was about to give birth because of Jaqueline.

Now, because of Bryleigh, their son who was sensitive and insecure had been neglected.

She was really disappointed with Anthony.

“Let’s talk about divorce. I will leave with nothing except for our son, and I do not need you to pay child support.”

Anthony pursed his thin lips tightly and said clearly, word by word, “No, it’s not possible.”

The two locked eyes once again, and Mavis’s gaze became noticeably hostile and guarded.

Bell-

When the atmosphere was tense, the phone suddenly rang.

Mavis’s mobile phone.

She took out her phone and saw that it was from Moore.

“Let’s talk later. I need to take a phone call.”

Anthony took a step back without obstruction.

Mavis turned to the side and took a few steps away from him before answering the call, "Why are you calling me at this time all of a sudden?"

Moore said, "There's a contract that we haven't been able to finalize. The other party is requesting a further three-point reduction in the dividends from Lloyd's Corp."

"No, the Lloyd's Corp must not receive less dividends. If the contract is too tricky, just keep delaying it and don't let other companies take advantage of it."

Moore hesitated before speaking, "Mavis, how long do you plan on staying away? How are things going over there?"

"It's almost there. It shouldn't take much longer."

When the two people were talking, Anthony was standing next to them.

In the receiver, there was a man's voice.

His handsome eyebrows furrowed, and his face suddenly darkened. He leaned in quietly.

"... Well, don't worry, I will take good care of myself. Alistair is also doing well. When I bring him to meet you in the future, he should like you and maybe you two could become... um..."

Mavis's breath trembled as an uncontrollable and gentle whisper escaped her lips.

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Chapter 1065 Take a Bite between Her Neck

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Chapter 1066 That’s Not Bullying. That’s...

The man behind her ignored her accusing gaze and snatched her phone without a word.

“You, you give it back to me!”

Moore quickly realized something was wrong on the phone, “Mavis, is there someone next to you?”

Mavis went to snatch the phone, but before she could say anything on the line, Anthony had already put the receiver to his ear.

“Who are you?”

He questioned with a calm voice.

Moore was stunned, "Who are you? I am Mavis's boyfriend, and if you hurt her, I will not let you go!"

Mavis was confused.

"Boyfriend?"

Anthony furrowed his brows, a chill rising in the depths of his eyes, and a smirk tugging at the corners of his lips. "How coincidental! I am her husband."

"You, you are..."

The phone was hung up by Anthony.

He grabbed Mavis' wrist again and looked down at her, questioning, "Boyfriend, really?"

Mavis avoided eye contact with him, her gaze dodging and lacking confidence. "This has nothing to do with you," she said.

"What do you mean? From what I heard on the phone just now, are you planning to take our son over there and raise him with that man?"

He laughed in anger, "I'm not even dead yet and you're already looking for a stepfather for our son? Or was it because of him that you faked your death and left?"

What did this have to do with anything?

Mavis couldn't understand his thought process, but she didn't want to explain either because she felt the same jealousy in her heart and was very unhappy.

"Why should I explain to you? It was clearly you who ignored the care of our son for those women and even wanted to find him a stepmother. What right do you have to question me? And why are you staring at me with such a scrutinizing gaze as if I'm a criminal?"

Anthony laughed again, "Which women? When did I ever say I wanted to find a stepmother for our son?"

Mavis was too lazy to argue with him, "It's up to you whether you acknowledge it or not. Anyway, you haven't changed in all these years."

When Jaqueline was brought into the Callahan Group, almost all employees could see that there was something more than just a professional relationship between Anthony and Jaqueline. They could tell that Anthony seemed to have feelings for Jaqueline.

Except for Anthony himself who denied it and insisted that she was like his sister.

Well, a scumbag was just someone who had many younger sisters.

Her heart was cold, and she looked away towards the “exit” sign in the corner.

Anthony pulled her forward and said, “We need evidence for everything. Don’t go around accusing people without proof.”

“It’s none of my business. Please talk about the divorce and child custody issues, Mr. Callahan.”

Anthony closed his eyes, and tightened his hands around her waist, “I will talk to you, but not now, let’s go home first.”

“Go... go home? Huh?”

Before she could react, the man suddenly bent down, carried her on his shoulder and took her away.

The pressure on her abdomen was unbearable, and her head was spinning. She struggled frantically and punched Anthony’s waist and back with fists.

“Put me down!”

Anthony stopped, and actually put her down this time. Surprisingly obedient?

However, Mavis’s thoughts were shattered as soon as they came into being. Anthony grabbed her with one hand, pulled off the dark tie with one hand, and neatly tied her hands to prevent her from struggling too much before carrying her on his shoulder again.

Mavis was so angry that her chest was about to explode, “Are you crazy? Let go of me!”

Always acting stubbornly, only caring about his own happiness without any regard for her feelings.

Anthony ignored her completely, his arm wrapped around her knee pit to prevent her from struggling and getting hurt.

Alistair was stunned to see the two of them return to the waiting room looking like this.

“Daddy, don’t bully mommy! Daddy, you’re bad!”

Anthony glanced at his son from afar and ordered, “Take Mr. Alistair back to Callahan Residence.”

“Huh?” Alistair was confused. “Mommy, Daddy, aren’t you going back?”

Anthony didn’t explain and turned around to leave.

“Mommy!”

Alistair wanted to follow, but the bodyguard stopped him firmly. “Mr. Alistair, please don’t follow them. Mr. Callahan hasn’t seen his wife for many years and probably has a lot to say to her alone. Please don’t disturb them.”

“But, but Mommy’s going to feel bad when Daddy just bullied her like that.”

The bodyguards stifled their laughter and said, “That’s not bullying, that’s... being affectionate.”

Having been by Anthony’s side for five years, the bodyguards had never seen him act this way towards a woman before. It seemed that she must be Mrs. Callahan after all.

...

A luxury car was parked below an old apartment building.

Anthony got off the car first and was about to turn around to carry Mavis, but she resisted and shrank towards the other side of the car seat.

“I can walk by myself.”

Anthony remained unmoved.

“Carrying it is uncomfortable. I feel like throwing up.”

Her face was slightly pale, and she rarely spoke a gentle word.

Anthony was taken aback, but in the end he still pulled her out of the car, not by carrying her over his shoulder, but by holding her in his arms.

“Be careful, this is a staircase building. If you fall, you might break your leg,” Anthony’s gaze lightly fell on her face and his lips curved slightly. “If you become disabled, how will you raise your son in the future?”

She was speechless.

Although she didn’t want to admit it, it was indeed true.

Her bound hands were forced around Anthony’s neck as he carried her up the stairs.

That old apartment was on the eighth floor and only accessible by stairs.

With Anthony holding her, they went upstairs effortlessly, without even breathing heavily.

Mavis didn’t know why, but her ears turned red and she felt a strange feeling in her heart.

But she was annoyed.

“Anthony, you still make me hate you.”

“Am I your most hated person?”

“Yes, the most hated.”

“Shouldn’t I be honored?” He smiled, making Mavis feel like hitting him.

What a jerk.

Mavis stared at his handsome face and felt angry. She gritted her teeth and leaned close to his ear while he was distracted going upstairs. She bit his ear hard.

“Hiss...”

Anthony frowned and groaned softly. “Do you know that this kind of behavior is provocative for men? Don’t force me to do something to you right now.”

Mavis’s ears turned even redder as she realized too late that this action was a bit intimate. She quickly let go of him because it didn’t seem appropriate to bite anywhere else either.

She should have learned some martial arts when she was abroad so that Anthony couldn’t control her so easily now.

As she regretted it, Anthony suddenly chuckled softly. “No wonder our son has such a strong sense of revenge. Turns out he takes after you.”

She was speechless.

They walked all the way to the apartment door before Anthony put Mavis down and took out the key to open it up.

It had been five years since anyone lived here, so Mavis thought it would be dusty inside.

But surprisingly enough, everything was clean.

The furniture layout remained exactly as before without any changes whatsoever.

It seemed like not only did he buy the entire apartment building but also hired someone to take care of things here too.

“Why did you bring me back here?”

Anthony’s eyes stared deeply into hers as he asked in return, “If not here, then where? Back at Callahan Residence?”

What did he mean?

“No, I don’t want to go back there.”

Ignoring what she said completely, Anthony pulled her into the apartment while explaining himself, “When news of your death became public nationwide and your funeral received such grand attention; if I suddenly bring you back now, then everyone in the Callahan family will think they’re seeing ghosts! So I need some time first.”

“There’s no need for arrangements; Mrs. Callahan has already passed away anyway! Now I’m just Mavis who wants nothing more than my divorce papers.”

Even if it meant using a dead person’s identity, she didn’t want to be called Mrs. Callahan again!

“If we don’t keep your survival hidden from everyone, then forget about getting those divorce papers or custody over our son!”

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Chapter 1067 Alistair Suddenly Appears on a Rainy Night

“Anthony!” Mavis glared at him, almost gritting her teeth. “You really have the ability to make people hate you.”

Every word was pushing her.

To this, Anthony just smiled lightly. “Since you said I’m the most hated person, of course I have to live up to it. But don’t worry too much about your public identity for now. It’s better for Callahan Group’s stock market if we discuss things later. As for your little boyfriend abroad, he probably wants to be with you legitimately too.”

Mavis felt his words were harsh.

“Yes, in your eyes, career and the honor of the Callahan family are more important than anything else – even your son and that woman named Bryleigh who you might marry due to business interests involved,” she said firmly. “Do you also hope for an early divorce so that you can marry Bryleigh legally?”

Anthony furrowed his brow slightly and looked skeptical as he asked, “Where did you get the idea that I want to marry Bryleigh?”

She didn’t answer but kept a cold face.

Suddenly Anthony laughed and even felt better emotionally because of it, “Mavis, do you think I’m having an affair with Bryleigh? Is that why you’re jealous?”

“I am not,” she replied almost instantly with a determined gaze fixed on him. “All these things were said by Alistair. I just hope that you will pay more attention to your son instead of worrying about whomsoever else. As long as there is a successful divorce between us, then whoever marries whom doesn’t matter.”

It was impossible for her to feel jealous.

Even if there were one thousand or ten thousand women around him, they would have nothing do with her since she wouldn’t be one of them anymore.

There was a hint in Anthony’s eyes as he stared at her smilingly, “Shouldn’t you hope Alistair gets fed up with me? That way when we get divorced in future, then he won’t follow me like what you want?”

He raised his lips slightly while laughing deeper inside himself, “Women are such creatures who say one thing but mean another.”

“It’s up to whatever thoughts come into your mind,” Mavis turned away from him not wanting anything further from their conversation.

He went into the bedroom alone and took out a stack of property deeds from the closet placing them on top of the coffee table – all belonging exclusively to this apartment building.

“I’ll have someone cancel your hotel reservation before settling everything here first,” He spoke calmly while pointing at those deeds on top off coffee table before continuing .”You can switch apartments every day among these thirty units if desired until everything is settled down here. If something comes up, give me call anytime.”

Never will there ever be any reason or need whatsoever for contacting him!

Mavis had cold eyes filled with resentment towards Anthony as she thought inwardly.

Without saying another word, Anthony soon left the apartment building altogether.

In just a few minutes, the sound of the luxury car engine could be heard from downstairs. As the sound gradually faded away, Mavis felt her mood relax as

well. She looked at the pile of property deeds on the table and picked one up to examine it.

The date that the property was transferred to her name was the day after they received their marriage certificate from the Civil Affairs Bureau? At that time, she was foolishly in love and didn't make any demands in their marriage agreement. She used their one-year relationship to gamble for Anthony's love.

In reality, she lost miserably and left with nothing but bruises all over her body. But it turned out that Anthony had already bought an entire apartment building for her when they first got married. Was this his way of securing a future for her?

If she wanted to, she could rent out all the apartments and not have to work anymore – living off easy rental income as a divorced woman. Was this what he had in mind?

She couldn't quite put into words how she felt about this revelation, but it certainly wasn't happiness.

Giving away an apartment building was nothing more than compensation for her under their agreement – solving his current problems by marrying him. It wasn't really anything significant.

Mavis closed the deed book and stopped thinking about these things for now; instead focusing on getting some rest so that she would have energy later when dealing with Anthony again regarding their divorce.

...

The Callahans didn't know that Mavis was still alive; Alistair had been sulking in his room ever since being brought back there by force – even refusing to see Paloma.

When Anthony returned home after hearing about Alistair's refusal to come down for dinner due to anger issues, he went straight into Alistair's small bedroom.

"You're five years old now yet you still throw tantrums like this? Where did you learn such bad temper?" scolded Anthony sternly while Alistair lay hidden under his blanket listening intently before finally asking, "Where is mommy? Where did you take Mommy?"

Anthony raised an eyebrow at him, “You’ve only met her a few times yet you’re already protective over her?”

Alistair huffed indignantly while standing tall with hands on hips. “I’m a little man who needs to protect my mommy! You’re a big meanie who can’t bully or chase my mommy away!”

As he spoke those words, he threw his stuffed toy towards Anthony which landed softly without causing any harm but nonetheless made Anthony frown disapprovingly at him.

“Alistair,” said Anthony seriously while lowering his voice, “This isn’t your playground where you can show off or throw tantrums whenever you want! Don’t forget what happened today when you ran away from home. I haven’t forgotten.”

At those words “ran away”, Alistair immediately covered under his blanket muttering quietly, “Daddy is bad... the worst...”

Anthony heard it and chuckled. He suddenly remembered Mavis’ words today, “most hated”, which were equally headache-inducing for both adult and child.

“Alistair.”

He lifted the small blanket covering his son and gently patted his little butt with his thick hand, speaking in a softer tone. “Do you want to see Mavis every day from now on?”

Alistair immediately became interested and lifted his little head. “Of course I do! But Daddy, are you really that kind-hearted?”

Anthony’s eyes narrowed slightly as a subtle curve formed at the corner of his mouth. “Then let’s play a little game.”

Rainy night.

The heavy rain fell on the window glass, facing the colorful car lights outside, adding some beauty to it.

However, Mavis didn’t have time to appreciate it because she was asleep.

– Knock knock!

– Knock knock knock!

The knocking sound was urgent like thunder.

Mavis woke up from her sleep.

Only she and her former landlady lived in this building; how could someone be knocking on her door in the middle of the night?

Although she felt strange inside, she still went to open the door.

The corridor was empty with no one around.

Just as she was about to close the door, a tiny figure suddenly jumped out from behind it.

“Mommy~ Surprise!”

Alistair had an innocent look on his face while standing with hands behind him and tilting his head cutely with smiling, which made Mavis surprised.

“How did you find your way here so late?!”

Alistair giggled mischievously while raising up chin proudly, “I came over quietly by myself! Isn’t that amazing?”

Mavis crouched down to check him out only finding out that he had dry hair and clothes despite being outside in pouring rain...

As if guessing what Mavis intended to do next, Alistair took out an exquisite umbrella from behind himself, “Don’t worry Mommy. I’m not wet. I brought my own umbrella.”

He even knew he needed an umbrella when going outside.

Mavis couldn’t help but kiss Alistair’s small face repeatedly, “My Alistair is so smart.”

He blushed shyly before sneezing twice symbolically.

“Come inside quickly. Don’t catch cold.”

Taking over her son's wet umbrella, Mavis held onto Alistair's small hand entering into bedroom together.

"This is Mommy's bed."

Alistair jumped onto Mavis' bed, pouncing around excitedly making happy laughter sounds all around the room. Mavis took the wet umbrella into bathroom for draining water before coming back sitting beside bed seriously asking,

"Tell me honestly. How did you know I am here? And how did you come all this way from home? Was this Anthony's idea? Did he make you play any tricks?"

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Chapter 1068 Negotiating with Son

The little one giggled mysteriously, covering his mouth with his hands. He stood on the bed vividly reporting the situation.

"In fact, it was when Daddy came back at night and instructed the bodyguards to take good care of you that I overheard it and came looking for you on my own."

"Mommy, you may not know, but I have run away from home before. It's easy to sneak out and avoid surveillance. Daddy is probably still sound asleep now. It's best to sneak out on a rainy day!"

He stood with his hands on his hips, extremely proud.

The bright blue pupils shimmered, and the long eyelashes blinked gently, revealing a hint of cunning in the depths of the eyes.

In Mavis's eyes, it was just too cute.

"So Mommy, can I stay here please? I want to sleep with you."

Alistair came over, hugged her arm, and rubbed his soft face against her arm, acting cute.

Who can resist such a cute boy?

Mavis squeezed his little face fondly, "Okay, then I'll contact them morning to send you back."

"Okay!"

When Alistair was five years old, he was able to sleep with his mother for the first time, dancing with excitement.

"Do you tell stories?"

"Do you know how to sing? Can you sing lullabies?"

"Can I sleep on your arm?"

"Mommy! Mommy!"

The little kid was chattering away, calling out "Mommy" every minute.

The whole bedroom was filled with his youthful and excited voice, accompanied by the sound of rain outside the window, making it particularly warm.

"Before, I used to dream of you every night. You would hold me while sleeping. This scene appeared countless times in dreams, and now it has come true!"

There was a desk lamp on the bedside table, and Mavis was lying on her side blocking the light with her body. She gazed tenderly at the little kid in her arms and asked, "Does Anthony often talk to you about me?"

Alistair blinked and thought for a moment, "It's not something that is mentioned often, but Daddy would show me pictures of you and tell me not to forget what you look like. There's a wooden plaque in the ancestral hall with your name on it, and every year on your birthday, Daddy would take me there."

"Great-Grandma said that you suffered a lot to give birth to me, so I should always remember how good you're. So, Mommy, I really love you..."

Mavis felt warm and her nose was tingling as she leaned down to kiss her son's forehead in response to his affection. "I love you too. From now on, I won't leave you again. Now go to sleep."

Alistair obediently nodded and closed his eyes under the covers.

Mavis stared at his features with hot eyes.

Before returning home this time, she was nervous that her son wouldn't recognize or want anything to do with her.

But over the years, Paloma never forgot about Mavis as part of the Callahan family and often spoke well of her in front of Alistair, which made him completely accepting of her now.

Paloma had always been a very good elder who had taken care of Mavis when she was part of the Callahan family before.

When they meet again someday in person, Mavis will have to thank Paloma properly for everything she had done for them both.

Knock knock –

As she thought about it, there came another knock on the door.

She instinctively looked at her son; fortunately he wasn't disturbed by polite knocking sounds.

Putting on shoes and getting out from bed quietly, she opened up the electronic door with a click sound.

A tall man's figure appeared before her eyes all wet from rainwater.

His short hair clumped together because it got wet by raindrops; water droplets kept falling off its tips while his handsome face also became drenched by rainwater flowing along his jawline into his chest cavity.

Even through Anthony's white silk shirt, one could faintly see glimpses of pectoral muscles and abdominal muscles, which were exquisitely defined lines running across them all over their surface area like an intricate network patterned design work.

Who knew opening up this door would reveal such an enticing appearance from Anthony?

She blinked unnaturally while avoiding eye contact with him. "It's 3:30am... what are you doing here?"

Anthony wiped away some water stains from under his chin then chuckled lightly, "Ever since you came back, your son has been like a lost soul wandering around aimlessly... he can be taken away even in midnight hours... so why did I come here?"

Mavis felt that there was something prickly hidden behind Anthony's words...

He looked fine just looking at him but once he started speaking, he could make people angry or dislikeable right away...

"So what? You came all this way just because my return caused trouble?"

Anthony raised an eyebrow without answering directly – not answering meant agreeing though!

Mavis's anger flared up. "You need to get it straight, our son wasn't kidnapped by me. He came on his own accord. If you can't even take care of your own son, then it's clear how little you care about him. And yet you dare come and question me."

He snickered and retorted, "Compared to a mother who disappeared for five years and showed no concern for her child, I seem to be doing pretty well as a father. It's not up to you to judge."

Mavis glared at him, genuinely angry.

"If you came all the way here just to argue with me, then congratulations – our son is already asleep and I don't feel like arguing with you anymore. Let him sleep peacefully here tonight and tomorrow I will safely send him off to the kindergarten."

Anthony's lips curled slightly as he asked in a low voice, "Is this a discussion or notification?"

"... A discussion," Mavis replied.

"I don't agree," he refused bluntly.

Mavis bit her lip in frustration but there was nothing she could do.

“So what will it take for you to agree? Money? Whatever amount of money you want is fine! Or maybe we can make a schedule – every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday Alistair can come over quietly while on Monday, Wednesday Friday and Sunday he’ll stay at Callahan Residence like before,” she suggested.

“That could work,” he smirked evilly as they discussed things calmly together. “As long as you cut ties with that man overseas and settle back in Suham.”

“You’re being unreasonable!” She had worked hard overseas these past few years thanks only due Moore’s help during the most difficult times when many employees quit their jobs. But Moore stayed behind willing enough fight alongside her until the end. Even if bankruptcy was inevitable, they would go out find some work again before continuing their venture anew.

“How much does that man mean to you?” Anthony’s coldness deepened in his eyes as he tried walking past her into the house without another word.

“Wait!” Mavis immediately blocked the door panel, preventing him from entering further.

He lifted an eyebrow suggestively saying, “Have second thoughts? Do want your son or do want that foreigner?”

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Chapter 1069 He’s Wearing Women’s Clothes Again

Mavis was very unhappy and said, “Your words are really hurtful. Please show some respect.”

Anthony snorted lightly and a cold gleam flashed in his eyes. “You’re really protective of him, considering how quickly you came to his defense.”

“Irrational, too lazy to deal with you.”

Mavis decided to change the subject and stop arguing with him over this meaningless topic. “Besides these unreasonable demands, is there anything else more normal?”

“Normal?” Anthony chuckled, “Is it unreasonable or abnormal to have any demands related to that man?”

“Anthony!”

He spoke too pointedly, always full of sarcasm, and it was really hard to listen to.

Mavis was a little annoyed by what was said.

Anthony was also someone who read the situation well and knew when to back off. “I’m all wet, so I want to use your bathroom to take a shower first.” he said.

Without waiting for her to say anything, he directly bypassed her and entered the apartment, walking naturally towards the bathroom as if he was returning home.

“Hey? You...”

Forget it, he came over in the rain to find his son. He must have been extremely anxious all the way and that was why he spoke harshly.

Mavis decided not to dwell on what had just happened and turned around to go back to the bedroom to be with her son.

The sound of water soon filled the bathroom.

Hualala.

The sound of rain outside gradually blended together.

Mavis leaned against the headboard, lightly patting her son’s back to help him sleep more soundly, while her peripheral vision caught sight of the light shining from the bathroom.

She didn’t know what was going on, but when she listened to the disturbing sound of water, there would always be a man’s naked and delicate body, water droplets slipping down the abdominal muscles and mermaid lines, and the bathroom fog lingering in her mind for no reason...

Anthony never went topless in front of her, but with that perfect body, it must look good, right?

Oh my god, what was she thinking?!

Realizing that some strange and bizarre images had inexplicably appeared in her mind, she felt completely unsettled.

Having not been involved with the opposite sex for several years, was she feeling lonely?

However, no matter how strong the desire was, one should not be so desperate as to have improper thoughts about unworthy men.

She swallowed her saliva and took a deep breath, suppressing all the weird thoughts in her mind.

The sound of water suddenly stopped, and the opaque glass door of the bathroom suddenly opened.

Anthony didn't step out of the bathroom. Instead, he lowered his voice and asked, "Do you have any clothes I can wear? A bathrobe?"

Mavis was stunned, vaguely sensing a hint of embarrassment in his tone.

She laughed impolitely, "The mighty CEO of Callahan Group, and yet you can be so embarrassed?"

Inside the bathroom door, Anthony looked very calm, "I'm a man, and you and I are legally married couples. If you want to see it, I can come out directly. There's nothing to be shy about my wife. Am I right?"

What a load of crap!

"Anthony, when did you become so shameless?"

He made a gesture to push the bathroom door open, "Then you are shy and I worried about you before asking you for clothes, but you called me shameless. It seems that I have to confirm the title you gave me."

"Don't you dare!"

It was actually Mavis who was flustered, as she slapped the bathroom door shut out of fear of seeing something she shouldn't have. Her cheeks were red with embarrassment.

Although she slept with Anthony before, it was a ridiculous behavior under the influence of alcohol that night. They didn't even turn on the lights, and she wasn't fully conscious. Deep down, she still had a relatively pure teenage mentality.

"I'll go look for your clothes. You stay here and don't come out."

She rummaged through the suitcase, and all she found were women's dresses. How could Anthony wear them?

She remembered Anthony had apparently made a bet with Chad before and dressed up in women's clothing.

Well... choose something a bit looser, he should be able to handle it.

After picking and choosing, she found a long black floral chiffon dress with an oversized upper body.

"Here, wear this one."

She opened the bathroom door a crack, averted her gaze, and handed her clothes inside.

Anthony took it, his handsome face looking serious. "You want me to wear a skirt? Aren't you afraid it will hurt people's eyes? Don't you have any... more neutral clothes?"

Mavis's cheeks were burning as she spoke, "You came too suddenly, and I just moved back into this apartment. I wasn't prepared at all. This is the only dress I have. Wear it if you want."

The man inside the door remained silent for several minutes. "What if... I really don't wear it?"

Mavis' face burned even more.

How dared he? Really want to come out naked?

Not afraid to scare their son!

"No! Either put it on, or you stay in the bathroom tonight and don't come out. If you dare to come out, I'll take a nude photo of you and post it online. I'll see if you have any face in the future!"

The impatient tone was somewhat reckless.

Anthony, on the other hand, seemed careless and calm, “As a wife, posting nude photos of your husband on the Internet for people to admire? What kind of strange hobby do you have?”

This man was really annoying.

She returned to the bedroom in a huff, keeping watch over their sleeping son.

Five minutes later...

The bathroom door opened again, accompanied by steady footsteps.

Mavis held her breath and caught a glimpse of a bit of black skirt out of the corner of her eye before daring to look up...

A man with short ink-black hair was wiping it dry with a towel. He wore a slightly small black dress that barely fit him.

The dress only reached his knees, and the floral pattern added some femininity to his overall appearance... or was it charm?

Anthony had an exceptionally handsome face. If he had long hair, he would be more beautiful than most women. Aside from his muscular build and masculine features, there was nothing about him that seemed out of place on such an attractive face.

Mavis stared at him in awe; she couldn't help but be impressed by how stunning he looked after five years apart.

It seemed as though time hadn't left any marks on Anthony's face. His bright blue eyes made him look even younger than when they last met. He still resembled a young man in his early twenties.

Life was so unfair sometimes.

When Mavis realized that Anthony was also looking at her, she shifted her gaze away awkwardly and cleared her throat. “It suits you.”

Anthony pursed his lips but remained silent as he continued drying off his hair without any discomfort or awkwardness caused by wearing women's clothing.

He appeared so calm that Mavis almost suspected this wasn't the first time Anthony dressed like this privately for himself – otherwise how could he wear it so naturally?

After finishing drying off his hair, Anthony finally spoke up, "Please wash my wet clothes quickly and hang them up since you don't have a dryer here yet."

Mavis froze for a moment before pointing at herself incredulously, "Me?"

Did he just order her around like she was some kind of free maid? And what did he mean by buying her a dryer? Wasn't this implying that Anthony planned on coming here frequently?

Facing Mavis' gaze with indifference, Anthony drawled lazily, "Didn't you say earlier I could make any request except asking you to give up your foreign boyfriend? This is one request. Can't do?"

If it were like this...

"Fine," said Mavis through gritted teeth. "I'll wash them now! But keep your promise not to disturb Alistair's sleep tonight."

She stood up immediately and headed towards the bathroom.

Since using washing machine during midnight would create too much noise which might wake Alistair up from sleep,

she decided to hand-wash everything instead.

Fifteen minutes later- 4:30 AM.

As soon as Mavis finished hanging up Antony's shirt-and-pants set outside the room, she saw Antony lying down next to Alistair while holding onto him tightly with one arm on her side of bed!

What did this guy think?! Did Antony plan on staying overnight here?

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Chapter 1070 After Five Years, He Became a Good Husband

The rain outside the window was pattering, and the bedroom had a warm atmosphere. Mavis stood by the bed, staring at a certain man with caution under the dim light of the bedside lamp.

They had been separated for five years and were currently discussing divorce and custody issues. They should avoid seeing each other before getting divorced, even if it seemed inappropriate to sleep in one bed with their son in between them.

But she couldn't bear to be that kind of person because she saw Alistair's little hands clutching Anthony's clothes corner, leaning on Anthony's arm and sleeping soundly. This was a habit accumulated over time. Alistair relied on Anthony, even though he loved sticking to her during his waking hours and expressing love for her.

But when he fell asleep, it was whoever he subconsciously depended on that mattered most.

Oh well, it was only for one night.

The apartment was too small; there was only this one bedroom. She sighed and turned off the light to go to sleep.

...

Morning came.

Only Alistair slept soundly until dawn in Anthony's arms – this familiar yet comforting scent of his father's breath against him all night long. However, as he half-squinted his still-drowsy eyes open at dawn, everything looked like black floral patterns under his blurred vision while his little hand gently rubbed against fabric texture – chiffon dress? It must be Mommy's!

He rubbed his head against Anthony's shoulder as he sweetly said, "Good morning Mommy~"

As soon as he lifted up his eyelashes towards him though... he froze up in shock!

“Ho-how come you’re...”

How come Daddy was wearing Mommy’s clothes?!

He suddenly sat up straight with wide eyes staring at Anthony who wore an odd outfit.

“Shh.” With a slight lift of his beautiful eyes, Anthony made a gesture for silence, “Don’t wake her up. She went to bed late last night.”

Alistair immediately covered his mouth obediently while nodding cutely then scooted closer towards him asking softly, “Daddy, how did you get here? You didn’t follow your own rules!”

Last night Anthony told him where Mavis lived and they made a bet about whether or not Mavis would accept him back into her life again or not. If she did, then from now on no more sneaking around behind anyone’s back, but if not then... he would have no choice but return home alone without seeing Mavis ever again...

In response to Alistair’s displeased questioning tone, Anthony lightly scoffed, “I said I wouldn’t interfere with your actions but I didn’t say I couldn’t follow along myself! My actions aren’t breaking any rules so where is my violation?”

Alistair pouted while grumbling quietly under his breath.

“Daddy, you’re strict and have many rules. It’s not fun when you’re around because I don’t have much freedom.”

“Last night, I don’t know which little kid hugged me and refused to let go. Now, he’s criticizing me.”

Alistair’s face didn’t look good, filled with extreme embarrassment and shame.

“That’s... that’s because Daddy is wearing Mommy’s clothes, so I mistook you for Mommy. So, it’s not because I want to cling to you, huh!”

He moved his little butt, turned his back directly to Mavis’s side, pressed against her arm, and slept with her.

Anthony stared at the small figure that was away from him, and his eyebrows furrowed.

What a fickle and ungrateful brat! He just used things and people until he'd done with them. Where did he learn such bad habits?

He coldly patted his son's chubby little bottom and said, "Go wash up and don't be lazy."

Alistair was very upset, his mouth pouted. He let go of Mavis muttering, and was dragged out of bed by Anthony reluctantly, and went to the bathroom to wash up.

When Mavis woke up, she was awakened by the aroma of fried eggs.

The small kitchen was filled with the sizzling sound of oil splattering, while she lay alone in bed.

Within two minutes, Alistair ran in with short legs and climbed onto the bed to hug her again, "Mommy, you're awake. Daddy is making breakfast. You're ready to eat."

Mavis was taken aback, "Anthony... is he cooking?"

"Right."

Little Alistair tilted his head, his big head filled with confusion.

Wasn't it normal for Daddy to cook? Why did she seem so surprised?

"Let's go, it's time to eat!"

Just waking up and feeling a bit groggy, Mavis was forced to be clear and pulled out of her bedroom.

In the small kitchen, a man with tall stature and long legs had changed into his shirt and trousers from last night. He wore a black apron around his waist as he concentrated on cooking, creating a picturesque view with his back facing them.

Mavis stared in shock. The scene before her was so beautiful that she felt it was unreal.

Anthony... can actually cook now?

Compared to five years ago, he seemed to have really changed a lot, becoming very much like a father figure.

This small apartment gave her a warm feeling of a family of three.

There was a smart and lovely son, and a handsome and considerate husband. They lived a simple and ordinary life.

She was crazy.

How did she get the misconception that Anthony was a good husband?

A man who flirted with other women and enjoyed calling younger women sisters was clearly a complete scumbag.

When she was lost in thought, Anthony had already served the last dish and elegantly removed his apron before pulling out a nearby chair for his son.

“Have a meal.”

Mavis was forced to come back to her senses and take a seat.

Scrambled eggs, toast, tomato and ham pasta, milk...

The table was filled with a sumptuous and delicate breakfast. She sat there stiffly without moving. “Did you go out specifically this morning to buy these groceries?” she asked.

“Yes,” Anthony answered lazily as he took a sip of his black coffee and looked at her. “Do you want milk or coffee?”

“Milk is fine, thank you.”

Anthony poured her a cup of hot milk naturally.

Compared to his ease, Mavis felt somewhat awkward having breakfast with her son for the first time.

She had no choice but to find some topics casually. “Your clothes are dry so quickly?”

“No, I used the hair dryer in the morning,” he said as he served food for his son.

“Oh.”

She lowered her head and ate pasta without speaking anymore.

Beside them, Alistair giggled happily, “Thanks to your return, I finally got to eat Daddy’s homemade pasta! It’s sour-sweet delicious!”

Mavis was stunned again. “Because of me?”

“Yeah,” Alistair replied cheerfully. “Daddy said that you might not be able to get used Crana’s cuisine since you just came back from abroad, so he made Western-style breakfast especially for you today! How do you like it?”

Anthony split half of his scrambled eggs into his son’s plate quietly, “Eat your food.”

Mavis tightened her grip on utensils while facing curious eyes from their son before swallowing the pasta in her mouth.

What happened recently with Anthony?

This reunion made Mavis think they would fight again like before – imprisonment, intimidation or power suppression – but none of that happened this time around. Not only did he not lock her up, but also let her stay in her old apartment and even changed breakfast according to what she liked!

The man in front of her seemed too good to be true.

As she buried herself into eating silently, her mind was in a mess.

Thinking about it carefully, besides liking to flirt, Anthony didn’t seem to have any other unacceptable vices.

He was tall, with excellent facial features and a good mind, and he was born to make money in business.

If he had good skills and no domestic violence, he really made people feel very safe.

Now he can cook and do housework.

In the eyes of any other woman, he was probably the perfect husband.

If... If he can promise to keep a safe distance from other women, devote himself to the family, and love his son, even if he didn't love her, she seemed to be enduring such life...

When her heart was shaken for a while, she suddenly heard Anthony's half-joking tone.

"You seem to be eating very reluctantly. Does that man from abroad often cook for you?"

"Is his cooking skills better than mine, which makes you so obsessed and absent-minded?"