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Chapter 1071 Be Blinded

In her light words, there was always a hint of jealous sarcasm that made Mavis feel uncomfortable. The little bit of good feeling she had just established vanished in an instant.

This scumbag, he was handsome when he didn't speak, but as soon as he opened his mouth, it was like being pricked by a hedgehog – very painful.

He was still the same old Anthony – considerate and domesticated? All fake.

"This is my business," she said with an underlying tone that meant "none of your damn business."

Anthony sneered coldly and took a sip of his black coffee which tasted even more bitter than before. For a moment, the only sound at the dining table was the clinking of silverware against porcelain plates and the atmosphere became somewhat tense.

Alistair ate with his cheeks puffed up and shiny blue eyes glancing at his dad on one side and mom across from him without noticing anything amiss. He curiously asked, "Foreign men? Which uncle is it? Do I know him?"

"Alistair, you don't know him yet. He's my work partner abroad named Moore who has an especially good personality and sunny disposition. If we have the chance in future, I'll introduce you to him."

Alistair blinked innocently with long eyelashes saying, "Is he your good friend?"

"Yes, a very good friend," replied Mavis gently patting Alistair's head.

Beside them, Anthony furrowed his handsome eyebrows tightly while deep emotions were hidden within those eyes. He urged Alistair to hurry up eating breakfast so he could go to kindergarten afterwards.

"Oh..." Alistair said hesitantly as if suppressing anger while sticking out his little tongue slightly adding, "Daddy, you're really fierce sometimes."

Ten minutes later...

The three finished their breakfast in silence.

Mavis went to wash dishes voluntarily while Anthony squatted down to tidy up Alistair's sleeves saying, "The driver is waiting downstairs already. You go first then wait for me inside the car because I'll come over after five minutes."

Alistair understood immediately, asking excitedly, "Do you want to talk secretly with Mommy?"

Anthony nodded affirmatively.

"Okay!"

He had a considerate expression, deliberately pretending to be a little adult, and patted Anthony on the shoulder, "Daddy, go for it. I don't want Aunt Bryleigh. Hurry up and win Mommy's heart back."

Anthony gave a rare nod.

He looked pleased like never before almost bouncing out from the apartment building.

In kitchen area, Mavis continued washing dishes alone.

There was a sudden numbness in her waist, and it was Anthony who suddenly wrapped her waist from behind and deliberately blew into her sensitive ears.

Warm breath sprayed onto her skin, tickling and causing Mavis's heart to tremble.

"What are you going crazy for?"

Anthony rasped in a low voice and asked in her ear, "Are you living together with that Moore?"

She remained silent and continued washing the dishes.

"Has he ever hugged you like this? How many times has he hugged you? Have you..." Slept together?

It was really inexplicable.

She couldn't be bothered and said, "Mr. Callahan, I think you should focus more on our divorce issues going forward rather than my personal affairs."

"Before divorce is confirmed, our marriage relationship is protected by law. I cannot ask about what you call personal affairs?"

She fell silent.

"Why didn't you tell our son the truth just now? That Moore is your boyfriend abroad, and you found him a cheap stepfather. You don't even have the courage to tell the truth?"

She felt unhappy and prickly in her heart when she heard it.

With the palm still stained with detergent foam, she slapped away Anthony's hand wrapped around her waist, and slapped the back of his hand mercilessly.

"I did not lie to him. Moore and I are just work partners and friends. Believe it or not, it's up to you."

Anthony took two steps back and lazily leaned against the cabinet, grabbing a tissue to wipe off the foam on the back of his hand.

"I have checked and found that Moore has been by your side since you registered a company in Bostrain. For a full five years, are you sure nothing happened between you two?"

He sneered and continued, "Besides, how could there be pure friendship between men and women? Even if you have no intention towards him, he may not be pure either. Do you think I would believe the explanation of being good friends?"

"Yeah, there can never be pure friendship between men and women, so what about you and Jaqueline? What about you and Bryleigh? What about you and Lyra in the past? You have too many relationship past. Suham is like your little sister everywhere. Even if I really have a 'brother', it seems reasonable, right?"

Anthony's face quickly turned livid, and he stopped speaking.

“It’s normal for wealthy couples to play separately. I don’t care who you want to be with, but what right do you have to interfere with my affairs?”

After washing the last dish, she dried her hands and turned around to leave.

Anthony grabbed her wrist and asked, “Where are you going?”

“Go to take my son to kindergarten.”

With a cold expression, Anthony let go of her, “No, you are not allowed to see Alistair again until you resolve the messy relationship with that Moore.”

“Anthony! You’re being unreasonable!”

He left the apartment with a gloomy and arrogant expression, not looking back and moving as fast as a gust of wind.

Mavis followed closely behind, and as soon as she reached the bottom of the apartment building, she heard the engine of the luxury car revving up. The Callahan family’s Rolls-Royce zoomed past her without giving her any chance to get in.

She watched the taillights of the luxury car disappear into the distance, and her anger boiled inside.

Unpredictable and autocratic, he was like a tyrant.

Still he had a problem with his brain.

She was really blinded by her own bias and couldn’t see clearly to think he was the perfect husband in other people’s eyes.

Five years ago, when she was pregnant with a child, she was choked, imprisoned, controlled, and abused by him. When she was almost in labor, he went to accompany other woman.

She had suffered enough losses in the past and she will definitely not make the same mistake again!

This marriage must be divorced!

She sighed and was about to return to her apartment when her phone suddenly rang.

This was an unknown phone number, but the area code showed it belonged to Suham of Crana.

“Hello?”

A soft and delicate woman’s voice quickly came through the phone, “Hello Miss Parker, we met once before at Alistair’s kindergarten. Do you remember?”

“I don’t remember.”

Bryleigh chuckled awkwardly and said, “It’s okay, as long as I remember you. I’m Bryleigh Padilla, the future Mrs. Callahan. Are you free today? Let’s chat.”

One hour later.

Bizz Buzz Cafe.

Mavis found the corresponding soft seat in a coffee shop private room according to the address on the text message.

The woman on the soft seat exuded an air of superiority, with her facial features visible beneath the sunglasses indicating that she was beautiful. She wore high heels, wide-leg pants, a slim-fit short-sleeved shirt in military green, and exuded a strong and confident aura.

Mavis naturally walked over and took a seat opposite the woman.

“Juice, milk tea or coffee?” Bryleigh asked.

“A glass of plain water.”

Bryleigh smiled and beckoned a waiter over, ordering two glasses of plain water.

“Don’t you have anything you want to ask me?”

Mavis said in a cold tone, “I don’t need to ask. You’ll just tell me yourself.”

Bryleigh covered her mouth and laughed, admiringly staring at her. “I really like people who speak their minds. If we weren’t rivals, maybe we could have been good friends.”

“I don’t have time to make friends. Just say it straight.”

Bryleigh didn’t hold back and said, “Miss Parker, although I don’t know what happened between you and Anthony, since you already chose to give up the wealthy days of the Callahan family in the past, you shouldn’t have come back this time.”

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Chapter 1072 I Only Want my Son

Upon hearing her words, Mavis couldn’t help but laugh. Bryleigh’s face quickly turned serious and she asked, “What’s so funny?”

“Alistair told me that you were Anthony’s first love, his first girlfriend. But you didn’t end up with him in the end. So now are you trying to go back to him?” Mavis said.

“That’s my business,” Bryleigh replied coldly.

“I was just thinking the same thing about going back. It has nothing to do with you, Miss Padilla,” Mavis laughed again.

Bryleigh narrowed her eyes and realized that this woman wasn’t as easy to deal with as she had thought.

“Miss Parker, how do you think Anthony found out that you weren’t dead and had returned to Crana?”

Mavis didn’t say anything but stared at her intently.

“It was me who told him. That day when I heard Alistair calling you ‘auntie’, I became suspicious and investigated it myself. Then I told Anthony about it. Unfortunately, you didn’t see his expression at the time.”

She covered her mouth and laughed as if she were reminiscing about something from the past.

“He always likes to keep a straight face but when I saw him almost lose control for the first time, he looked like he wanted to tear apart this woman who deceived his feelings every minute of every day.”

“Later on he went straight to the airport looking for you. Did he not hurt you?” Under Bryleigh’s beautiful expression, there was a hint of schadenfreude.

Mavis didn’t have any particular reaction except saying, “So on that day before coming there he was with you.”

Bryleigh lifted up her proud chin, “Yes, because no one understands him better than me. We both trained together in Security Agency which made us familiar with each other all day long. Do you understand?”

Mavis lowered her eyes without knowing what she was thinking, but under a calm expression, there seemed no waves stirred by what Bryleigh said inside of herself.

“Not long ago, Alistair’s kindergarten held a parent-child sports meeting. Anthony didn’t come. Were you together then too?”

“Parent-child sports meeting?” After thinking deeply for a while, Bryleigh suppressed any unnaturalness in the depths of her eyes. “Yes we were together doing something... very important.”

She emphasized those last few words making people wonder what they could be doing besides having sex since there isn’t much else between men and women when they’re alone together.

Just imagining it made Mavis feel disgusted.

Leaving aside how important such an event would be for their son yet running off somewhere else just so they could have some fun? What kind of man was he anyway? Did he even have any right or qualification whatsoever asking whether or not she lived together with Moore or if they ever hugged...?

A nameless anger surged within Mavis’ heart causing silence between them after this point in time.

Her emotions were written all over her face, and Bryleigh could see it clearly. “So Miss Parker, wouldn’t it be better if you left gracefully?”

Mavis clenched her fists tightly. “You may want Anthony, but I don’t. If he’s willing to give you the position of Mrs. Callahan, then fine by me. I’ll divorce him and keep my son.”

Bryleigh couldn't help but chuckle at Mavis' words.

"Well then, if that's what you really want, I'll help you with the divorce process and even hire Suham's best lawyer to fight for Alistair's custody."

For Bryleigh, this was an effortless victory.

Being a stepmother was never easy. She already disliked Alistair as it was and vice versa. If Mavis took him away from them both, she could finally live as Mrs. Callahan without any worries while also helping Padilla Group solve their problems.

Mavis picked up her glass of water from the table and took a sip before agreeing with Bryleigh's proposal.

She didn't need Anthony anymore. Divorce was inevitable.

With so many people helping her out in this situation, why not take advantage of it?

"Alright then," Mavis said firmly. "Once I successfully get divorced from Anthony thanks to your help, I'll thank you properly."

Bryleigh smiled slyly in response, "And once I successfully marry Anthony thanks to your cooperation, I'll treat you to dinner."

After leaving the café, Mavis hailed a cab straightaway towards Alistair's kindergarten.

As she watched the scenery outside fly by through the window at a steady pace, Mavis felt strangely melancholic despite knowing that there was now an increased chance for her successful divorce, which should have made her happy...

Soon enough, the taxi arrived at Alistair's kindergarten entrance.

However, before she had even gotten close enough, a member of the Callahan family security team stopped Mavis in her tracks.

"Mrs. Callahan, you have been ordered by Mr. Callahan not to meet Mr. Alistair privately anymore, and our lunchtime has been changed into shifts."

Mavis was speechless.

In other words, she would no longer be able to sneak around behind their backs whenever Alistair was present since there will always be someone keeping watch over him 24/7. She felt angry about how extreme his actions were.

“He went too far, didn’t he?” She grinded through gritted teeth.

The security guard lowered his head apologetically, “Mr. Callahan says that as long as you can make clear your relationship status between yourself and Mr. Moore, Alistair can be seen anytime.”

Mavis almost laughed out loud. How dared he dictate who she should or shouldn’t date when they were already getting divorced?

“What kind of illness does he have? It must be serious,” she muttered under breath before storming off furiously.

The two Callahan family bodyguards looked at her back, exchanging glances.

“Even I can tell that Mr. Callahan is clearly jealous. Why can’t Mrs. Callahan just give in? Could she really be cheating?”

“Who knows.”

For two whole days, Mavis couldn’t see her son again.

She had been calling Anthony’s phone non-stop, but he never answered and seemed to be avoiding her on purpose.

Sitting on the couch in her apartment, she stubbornly continued to call him.

This time the call wouldn’t go through at all.

“Bastard! He actually blocked me! How childish can he be!”

Mavis was so angry that smoke seemed to be coming out of her ears and she almost threw her phone across the room.

Waiting around wasn’t going to solve anything. Not being able to see her son made her feel uneasy and uncomfortable inside.

After thinking for a while, she found Lyra’s number in her contacts and dialed it up.

In the afternoon, just after finishing a meeting, Anthony's phone rang. It was Lyra calling him up.

"Rara, what's up?"

"Momo said she misses you. Since it's Friday and all the kids are off school for the weekend anyway, why don't you bring Alistair over to Lyre Spiti tonight? We'll have a barbecue with everyone."

Anthony couldn't refuse Lyra or Molly's request.

"Okay then I'll leave work right on time."

As evening approached with red clouds burning bright in the sky above them, Anthony held Alistair's hand as they walked through winding alleyways towards Lyre Spiti.

Alistair pouted all along their walk there; his face full of unhappiness as he muttered under his breath, "Why hasn't Mommy come find me for two whole days? What did you say before leaving the apartment that day? Did you make Mommy angry?"

Anthony pursed his lips tightly without saying anything even though questions from his son felt like having an encyclopedia worth of queries thrown at him simultaneously.

After walking several minutes down this winding path leading towards their destination, father-son duo finally arrived outside Lyre Spiti where they could hear joyful voices emanating from within its garden walls. Upon entering into its garden area, they saw Molly huddled next to Mavis looking like she still hadn't recovered fully from seeing Mavis alive once more.

Anthony stopped dead in his tracks when he saw someone else's face – Mavis happened look up too at exactly same moment; their eyes locking onto each other.

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Chapter 1073 Kissed Her While Calling

Anthony didn't look surprised when he saw Mavis appear at Lyre Spiti. Instead, the little boy he was holding in his arms jumped up with joy.

"Mommy!"

Alistair broke free from his father's grip and ran towards Mavis, hugging her tightly. "Mommy, don't you want to see me? Why haven't you come to see me these past few days?"

Mavis kissed his little face and rubbed his short hair. "Of course I do. I think about you every night and have trouble sleeping because of it. But there were some special circumstances that prevented me from coming to see you these past few days. I'm sorry."

He didn't press for more information and simply said, "It's okay. We're together now."

Alistair's face with its bright blue eyes curved into a smile that could melt anyone's heart.

As soon as she saw her son, Mavis felt weak in the knees. "Come on, let's go try the fish I cooked for you."

Anthony stood still for a moment watching their backs as they walked away.

Ever since seeing Mavis again, their son seemed to have completely forgotten about Anthony's existence and happily followed after her without even looking back.

He shook his head lightly with a helpless tone of voice, "What an ungrateful brat."

"That's not fair," Molly said suddenly appearing out of nowhere with her high ponytail framing her youthful face. She was giving off an air of confidence due to attending military school.

"What's not fair?" Anthony turned around to look at her.

“Milk tofu was born from my godmother’s womb. There was still an umbilical cord attached! How much hardship did she endure just so she could give birth? He treats godmother well because he owes it to her.”

Anthony smirked slightly instead of arguing back this time but asked instead, “Where’s Spencer?”

“He has a city-level math competition next week so he is studying in his room right now doing practice problems,” Molly replied calmly while rolling up some meatballs for grilling later on outside by the charcoal fire pit.

Even though Spencer had won national level competitions before without breaking a sweat, but having only one city-level competition made him study hard, which meant that he probably didn’t want to see Anthony who would bother him unnecessarily.

Anthony knew what was going on but decided not call out Spencer’s bluff, “How has he been feeling lately?”

“He seems fine. Heart rate, blood pressure are all stable according Uncle Jimmy. He says as long as he doesn’t engage in too much strenuous activity or get startled easily, then taking medicine regularly should be enough.”

Anthony nodded relievedly before saying, “Let’s stop standing here then. Go grill some food over there.”

They were going to barbecue over charcoal fire pits tonight.

Malcolm used a charcoal fire made from stacked stones, which gave off a camping-like atmosphere in the backyard.

Alistair was completely focused on Mavis, as if he had forgotten that his father was even there.

Mavis took great care of Alistair, blowing on the grilled pork belly to make sure it wasn’t too hot before feeding it to her son.

Anthony looked serious and reminded them, “He’s already five years old. Feeding him bite by bite will only spoil him. Let him feed himself.”

Before anyone could even taste the delicious pork belly, Alistair's feeding frenzy was stopped short. He pouted and complained, "Daddy, you don't love me anymore."

Lyra chimed in with support for Mavis, "Mavis just came back from overseas not long ago and probably hasn't fed Alistair very much yet. It won't spoil him if she feeds him once or twice."

Anthony didn't say anything else after that.

Mavis gave Lyra a grateful look and continued to feed Alistair while he chewed away happily.

The sound of sizzling charcoal filled the air as Lyra casually asked about their plans if Mavis decided to stay in Crana for a while longer, "If you plan on staying here for some time, news of your survival can't be kept hidden forever. What are your plans?"

Mavis hesitated and looked at Anthony silently.

Anthony slowly tasted the freshly grilled meat skewer in his hand before replying nonchalantly, "I haven't thought about it yet. We'll talk about it when the time comes."

Upon hearing this response from Anthony, Mavis furrowed her brows slightly.

Didn't he say just a few days ago that he would handle her return home soon? They needed to announce that she was still alive so they could get divorced and fight for custody of their son legally.

Why did this man keep changing his mind?

Sensing that Anthony didn't want to discuss this topic any further, Lyra refrained from saying anything more and went over to check out Malcolm's delicious-smelling grilled fish instead.

During the latter half of dinner party, Mavis seemed distracted while eating.

She put down her skewer with no appetite left, "You guys go ahead. I need to use the restroom."

As soon as she left, Lyra noticed something amiss, "I think something is bothering Mavis. I'm going over there."

“Wait up Mom!” Lyra tried getting up but got stopped by Molly who pointed towards Anthony, “I think there’s someone better suited for comforting Mavis.”

Her meaning couldn’t have been clearer – even little Alistair understood what she meant.

“Daddy, do you need to go pee-pee too?” All eyes turned towards Anthony.

Anthony stood up, devoid of any extra emotion. “I’ll be back in a bit,” he said.

In the villa hallway, Mavis searched for the location of the first-floor bathroom from memory. Just as she was about to enter, a man rushed over and grabbed her wrist, pulling her into his embrace.

Before Mavis could react, she found herself leaning against Anthony’s chest.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

Anthony looked down at her with a smirk on his lips. “Not happy?”

“Yes,” Mavis replied bluntly. “What did you mean by saying you have no plans tonight? You said yourself that you would handle it as soon as possible before.”

Anthony shrugged nonchalantly. “If we’re going to get divorced anyway because you’re so eager for it, why can’t you even meet my small request?”

Mavis knew what small request he was referring to: cutting off all contact with Moore and never seeing him again. But this demand wasn’t fair to Moore who had done nothing wrong.

“Because your request is unreasonable and childish,” Mavis retorted. “We will eventually get divorced anyway. I don’t need your permission on who I can or cannot be friends with.”

The phrase “be friends” pierced Anthony’s heart like a dagger.

“After going abroad once,” he sneered coldly while pinching Mavis’s chin playfully, “Mrs. Callahan became even more arrogant.”

He continued teasingly, “Since that’s how it is, then how could I let things go so easily? If you can’t meet my demands, then don’t think about getting divorced.”

“Anthony!”

Mavis was genuinely angry and wanted nothing more than to tear him apart right there and then.

But Anthony remained indifferent; his face showed no emotions as he turned around ready to leave.

Just when he took several steps away from her though, a phone rang.

The sound echoed through the quiet hallway like an alarm bell.

It was Mavis’ phone ringing.

Anthony didn’t look back at her direction but heard every word clearly enough nonetheless.

She answered in hushed tones, “Moore... It must already be late at night over there in Bostrain due to time difference isn’t it? Why are you calling me now?”

Hearing this made Anthony stop dead in his tracks; his expression gradually turning darker by each passing moment.

“... Yeah,” she continued talking softly into the phone receiver, “I just finished dinner here so don’t worry about me being bothered by anything happening over there in Crana... Yes...”

Before finishing what she wanted to say however, a tall figure suddenly loomed behind her, grabbing hold of the back of head firmly before pressing his lips onto hers forcefully...

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Chapter 1074 Do You Feel Like You Haven’t Been Kissed Enough?

In an instant, Mavis’ brain felt like it was electrified. She never expected Anthony to come back and kiss her directly.

She struggled, but her slender wrist was tightly held by him.

The disparity in strength made her feel like she was about to be swallowed by Anthony's kiss.

The phone was not hung up, and Moore on the other end faintly sensed that something was wrong. "Mavis? Is there someone next to you? What's going on? Are you in danger?"

In the receiver, the man's voice sounded very anxious.

Anthony frowned and listened carefully to Moore's words.

Not only did he not let Mavis go, he even rubbed Mavis's soft lips more forcefully, stroked her waist with his big palm, and pinched her soft flesh on the side of her waist deliberately.

"Umm!"

It was a bit painful, and her entire waist and abdomen felt numb.

With some alluring syllables, it was transmitted into the mobile phone, which was especially fascinating.

The man on the phone fell into a long silence.

But Anthony knew that the phone call didn't end and the man was still listening.

He lifted Mavis with one hand and pressed her against the wall in the hallway, dominating her with a passionate and overwhelming kiss. It was like an angry beast marking its territory as untouchable.

Mavis had difficulty breathing and felt as though the air around her had become thin. She also experienced dizziness and her body became weak.

Sensing that she no longer resisted, Anthony finally ended the devouring kiss, took Mavis's phone, and said in a cold tone, "Do you have a habit of listening to young couples' affectionate behaviors?"

The thick calluses on his palm rubbed Mavis's delicate skin, and the rough lines on his fingertips moved...

Mavis trembled all over, her chest heaving as she bit down hard on her lower lip, refusing to make another sound.

Anthony didn't intend to let her go, but kissed her sensitive ear, and deliberately said to the phone, "He's listening. He seems to like to hear it. Babe, you don't want to make a sound. Is it because you don't think you've been kissed enough?"

After the words, Anthony lowered his deep blue eyes, and pinched again with his fingertips.

"Ah, hiss..."

The sound was very clear.

Moore on the phone couldn't take it anymore, "What are you doing to Mavis? She seems to be in a lot of pain. If you're a real man, come at me and don't hurt her!"

Anthony sneered, pinching Mavis's chin and gently caressing her reddened lips from the kiss. "She's not suffering at all. Do I really need to explain the intimate matters between my wife and me to an outsider like you?"

"Give the phone to Mavis. I need to talk to her..."

Beep beep beep –

Anthony hung up the phone directly, and Mavis's shackles were also loosened.

Mavis, who was freed, was ashamed and annoyed. Her face flushed with anger, "Anthony, you bastard!"

She waved her hand, wishing to slap his handsome face a few times.

However, as soon as her wrist was swung, it was grabbed by Anthony, and it was firmly held against the wall, unable to move.

With the advantage of his height, Anthony's aura was extremely strong, and there was sullenness in his eyes looking down at her.

"Want to hit me again? Is it because I have been too gentle with you recently, making you feel that I can be handled at will?"

The gloomy tone fell in Mavis's ears, and it was extraordinarily fierce.

And she was like a little bunny without any ability to resist. Even if she had worked hard to earn money in the past few years and became a rich woman herself, she still cannot compete with the power of the Callahan family, let alone the support of Anthony who was born into a wealthy family.

Her eyes were sore; she resisted the urge to cry, and stared at him stubbornly.

“Anthony, the worm turns. I know that no matter how hard I try, I can’t compare to the ancestral wealth earned by the Callahan family ancestors for hundreds of years. I can’t compete with you, but you have to understand that apart from my son, I am here alone. I’m not afraid of anything. You have more weaknesses than me. If you go too far, no one will feel better about it.”

As if sensing that she was really angry, Anthony didn’t push her further, let go of her wrist, and took a step back.

“Anyway, you are Mrs. Callahan, Alistair’s mother, and I won’t beat you. However, that man named Moore repeatedly tried to meddle in my family affairs. Should I teach him a lesson?”

Although it was an inquiry, it was not in a tone of asking for her consent, but more like a threat.

Mavis stared at him with red eyes, and clenched her hands tightly, “He has nothing to do with these things. Don’t hurt innocent people.”

“He told me not to hurt you, and you told me not to hurt him. You two really understand each other and think about each other.”

Under the calm tone, his cold eyes made people feel cold all over, as if he might do some extreme and terrible behavior at any moment in the next second.

Mavis held back her tears, shrunk back unconsciously, and said still firmly, “If you think like this, I have nothing to say, but I think you don’t want your son to know that his father likes to use power to hurt others the most. A bad guy.”

“What do you think I’ll do to Moore? Kidnap him, kill him and throw him into the ocean?”

Anthony smiled, "He is far away abroad, so I wouldn't stretch my hand that far. However, I recently investigated his family situation. I heard that his parents are working-class, and there is an elder sister who works as an accountant in a listed group. I don't know whether there will be any mistakes in the work and if she does something illegal and disciplined. It is worth investigating."

"His parents and sister are honest and responsible people. Don't implicate them!"

Anthony's eyes dimmed a little, "It seems that you have even met his family. What are you going to do next? Use your new account in Bostrain to discuss marriage matters?"

Mavis was speechless and thought that was outrageous.

His imagination was really...

Mavis simply didn't know how to complain.

"If their family is really honest and responsible, they shouldn't be afraid to be investigated. It's not your turn to worry."

With a cold glance at her, Anthony turned and left.

Mavis continued to ask, "How are you going to let Moore and his family go?"

Anthony stopped, turned his head halfway, and said meaningfully, "That depends on your performance."

Mavis was so angry that she slammed the wall behind her a few times.

When will this damn scumbag disappear from her world forever?!

Why did she think that love was everything back then? Why did she follow him to Crana and pursue him for five years, and fall in love with such a man?!

...

Ten minutes later, after trying to stabilize her emotions, Mavis returned to the garden and continued the small barbecue party.

And when she went back, Anthony had already continued to eat barbecue as if nothing had happened, chatting and laughing with Molly, completely treating her as air.

Her gaze didn't stay on Anthony either. She cherished the little time left tonight and spent more time with her son.

About an hour later.

Night fell.

The evening barbecue dinner was finally over.

Both Lyra and Malcolm were in charge of the housework, and Molly acted as a hostess, taking the initiative to send Mavis, Anthony and Alistair to the garage.

"Mavis, Anthony and milk tofu, be careful on the road. Come and play next time."

She waved and watched the three get into the luxury car and drive away from Lyre Spiti.

In front of her, Anthony didn't say anything, and acquiesced that Mavis got into the car with Alistair.

After several kilometers out of Lyre Spiti, Anthony ordered the driver to park the luxury car casually on the side of the road, and lightly ordered, "Get out of the car."

Mavis understood who he was chasing, and didn't say much, "Thank you, Mr. Callahan, for sending me here."

"Mommy!"

Alistair sat in the backseat between Mavis and Anthony, quickly grabbing onto Mavis's leg to prevent her from opening the car door.

"We're not home yet, and we still have a ways to go before we reach the apartment. Why do you want to get out now?"

Although he was just a little kid, Alistair knew these roads well. He pouted and begged Mavis not to leave him alone. "Please don't go, Mommy! I want to sleep with you tonight and hear a bedtime story."

Mavis was taken aback by her son's sincere plea and didn't know how to explain herself. She looked over at Anthony for help.

Chapter 1075 Daddy Has a Second Wife but Mommy Doesn't

Anthony didn't lift his eyelashes, appearing unusually calm as he casually explained, "She has something important to attend to and needs to get off nearby. Be understanding and don't bother her."

Mavis could only follow along, "Yes, there's something urgent I need to take care of. I will accompany you next time, okay?"

Alistair pouted and shook his head in confusion.

"It's so late. What could you possibly have to do? Are you getting tired of me?"

"How could that be..."

Mavis lovingly held Alistair's face in her hands and explained carefully, "I'll never tire of you. Tonight is just a special circumstance where I got the chance to see you at Lyre Spiti and spend some time with you. You're such a good boy. Make sure you listen well to your great-grandmother and aunt at home."

"I understand," Alistair obediently nodded while holding onto her hand tightly. "Mommy, I don't want you to go~"

The soft voice made Mavis feel uneasy as tears welled up in her eyes; she wished she could spend every moment with her son.

Beside them, Anthony lowered his gaze while absentmindedly fiddling with his expensive watch without expression before reminding them coldly, "We should go now."

He was urging Mavis out of the car.

Without saying anything more, Mavis glared at the man who spoke so heartlessly before opening the car door and leaving.

“Mommy!”

Alistair’s shout was drowned out by the wind as he tried opening the window again for one last look but had it blocked by Anthony pressing down on it firmly.

“Why did you stop me from talking more with Mommy?”

Anthony held onto his small hand firmly before placing it back into its original position, “It’s time for us to go home.”

Although young in age, it didn’t mean he couldn’t understand anything at all.

Alistair looked up confusedly towards Anthony, “Why do I feel like you’re malicious towards Mommy? Why would you do this? Real men should protect women. How can you bully her!”

Anthony felt an unnamed anger brewing inside him, but restrained himself from lashing out, “I’m not bullying her. It has been five years since we last saw each other. My temper has improved significantly since then. You should ask what she has done during these past few years.”

He believed that he had already shown enough magnanimity when she worked together with Lyra and Malcolm on her fake death scheme, which deceived him for so many years.

Alistair muttered under his breath, “But what did Mommy do wrong again? Aren’t girls supposed be treated gently like princesses? Daddy, you aren’t patient or gentle enough towards Mommy. if I were Mommy, I would want to leave you!”

Anthony frowned deeply upon hearing this comment while looking very serious indeed

Alistair noticed it and immediately became nervous. He quietly shifted his small buttocks to the side, keeping a safe distance from his angry father.

But Anthony did not act impulsively on his son, but asked, beating about the bush, “Alistair, if your mother really wants to leave me in the future, and she finds you a stepfather, will you be willing to follow her?”

“Impossible!”

The little one was so excited that he almost jumped up to refute it.

“Mommy won’t find a stepfather for me, and I trust her!”

Anthony sneered, “I mean if, hypothetically speaking, such a situation were to occur.”

The little one still shook his head stubbornly, “Daddy, you may find a stepmother for me, but Mommy can’t find a stepfather!”

Anthony was both angry and felt it was ridiculous, “How can it be impossible? You’ve only been with her for a short time. Do you really understand her personality?”

“Mommy doesn’t and she just won’t!”

“Do you remember that Moore from abroad who was mentioned last time?”

In the front row, the driver listened with a sense of fear and quietly glanced at the father and son through the rearview mirror, not daring to even take a breath.

Alistair had an impression of Moore.

“Of course I remember. He is Mommy’s friend. Mommy also said that he’s very interesting and wants me to meet him in the future.”

Anthony said, “She said they’re just friends. Do you believe her?”

“I believe in her! Mommy will never deceive me!”

Anthony was almost laughed at by his son’s simple logic, then he turned his face to the window and said no more.

The little one continued stubbornly, “Although I don’t spend much time with Mommy, there have been several times when she promised something to me and she always kept her word. Even if there were difficulties in between, she would do everything possible not to break her promise to me. Since she said that she’s just friends with Uncle Moore, I believe her.”

“But Daddy, can you tell me what your relationship with Aunt Bryleigh was before? Were you just friends or was she your ex-girlfriend? When you

promised me to keep a distance from her, did you really do it? Did you never see her again afterwards?"

Anthony's brow furrowed deeper. "I say one thing and you have to say ten, even trying to educate me."

Alistair hung his head dejectedly and said, "How can I educate you? It's an adult matter. Children should stay out of it. Daddy, you have already told me so many times. I understand."

Mavis respected him and appreciated him. In Mavis' eyes, he was a great and intelligent child.

But in Anthony's eyes, there was only criticism for him.

This idea had been bothering him for a very long time. He tried hard, but it seemed like he could never meet his father's expectations. This feeling made him feel defeated.

Feeling down, little Alistair scooted over to where Mavis was sitting earlier and hugged the small pillow that still held her warmth. Anthony noticed his son's change in mood and gently rubbed his short hair while speaking in a softer tone, "Are you tired from playing tonight? You should rest well tonight. We can reschedule your taekwondo class for the day after tomorrow, but you still have to do your piano lessons and math homework."

Alistair knew that Anthony was trying to change the subject, but he didn't want to talk about it.

He hummed twice and covered his head with the small pillow so that Anthony couldn't pat him on the head anymore.

Anthony didn't force it and turned back to look out of the car window again, lost in thought.

Meanwhile, Mavis finally got into a taxi.

Lyre Spiti's mansion was too big; it was built on flat land near the suburbs where there were very few cars passing by making it difficult to hail a taxi.

As she headed back alone towards her apartment building, she became more determined than ever before about getting divorced from Anthony.

But originally he promised her that he would announce publicly that she was alive as soon as possible; now things had changed without any progress being made at all.

She couldn't just sit around waiting for something to happen.

This matter needed attention; everyone needed to know Mrs. Callahan was alive but their marriage had fallen apart due to irreconcilable differences. She needed public opinion pressure so strong even someone like him who valued profit above all else wouldn't be able resist divorce proceedings.

Perhaps she should contact someone suitable and start working on their previous agreement together.

After being left stranded on the road in cold wind for some time now, Mavis' thoughts were clear.

She found Bryleigh's phone number which they exchanged during their last meeting from her phone contacts list then called her up as planned before.

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Chapter 1075 Daddy Has a Second Wife but Mommy Doesn't

Anthony didn't lift his eyelashes, appearing unusually calm as he casually explained, "She has something important to attend to and needs to get off nearby. Be understanding and don't bother her."

Mavis could only follow along, "Yes, there's something urgent I need to take care of. I will accompany you next time, okay?"

Alistair pouted and shook his head in confusion.

"It's so late. What could you possibly have to do? Are you getting tired of me?"

"How could that be..."

Mavis lovingly held Alistair's face in her hands and explained carefully, "I'll never tire of you. Tonight is just a special circumstance where I got the chance to see you at Lyre Spiti and spend some time with you. You're such a

good boy. Make sure you listen well to your great-grandmother and aunt at home.”

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She found Bryleigh's phone number which they exchanged during their last meeting from her phone contacts list then called her up as planned before.

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Chapter 1076 Mrs. Callahan Faked Her Death

This weekend was painful for Alistair. He had a scheduled piano lesson in the morning and math tutoring in the afternoon, both with tutors watching him closely. He couldn't even doze off without getting caught. His small hands rested on the pure white keys of the piano, but he played absentmindedly, making many mistakes.

The tutor shook his head and sighed as he watched Alistair play, "Thank goodness Mr. Callahan isn't home today. If he saw you like this, he would be angry."

The tutor patiently sat next to Alistair and asked him, "Alistair, what's bothering you? Can you tell me? If it's a secret, I promise not to tell anyone."

Alistair hung his head low and said sadly, "I miss my mom."

Last night was another night alone where he couldn't sleep well. At Callahan Residence, his dad said that he was already a big boy who needed to learn how to sleep alone. So they didn't let him sleep next to Paloma who snored loudly.

But last time at his mom's small apartment, both his parents slept on either side of him and they had breakfast together too. It felt wonderful; he really enjoyed it.

However, those beautiful days were too short-lived; it only happened once.

The tutor didn't know what was going through Alistair's mind but knew that Mrs. Callahan passed away early on.

Thinking that maybe all this little guy needed was some love, the tutor tried comforting him by saying, "Since you miss your mother so much today, I will teach you a special song dedicated just for her. What do you say?"

A spark lit up in little guy's eyes. "Okay! What song is it?"

“This piano piece is called The Mother. It doesn’t belong in any graded exam repertoire, but its melody is as gentle as a mother. Alistair, would you like to learn it?”

“Yes! I want to learn! When I’ve learned how to play it, I’ll perform for my mommy. She’ll definitely love it!”

Alistair practiced The Mother more seriously than ever before. Paloma peeked around the corner of the hallway observing their progress. As she was listening intently, the melancholic tune wafted through the villa hallways. Paloma wiped her tears quietly muttering, “My poor dear Alistair...”

...

On Sunday morning, Alistair went for Taekwondo lessons followed by math tutoring in afternoon. In evening time, Anthony would call Alistair into study room to check all homework done throughout week. That was when Alistair got most scared. He sat at a desk frantically writing, hoping Anthony wouldn’t find any mistake before coming home soon...

He spent most of his time playing “The Mother” on the piano, and still had half of his math homework to do.

Anthony was going to be really angry tonight. He didn’t want to get in trouble. Who can save him?!

...

At the desk, Alistair wrote until it was almost dark and Anthony still hadn’t come back.

This was unusual but it gave him a chance to catch up on some last-minute work.

After fighting for what seemed like hours, Alistair’s wrist was sore but he finally solved the big problem in front of him.

Although he didn’t know how accurate it was, at least he finished it.

His stomach growled with hunger as he hopped off his small chair and went downstairs to the dining room.

Paloma was instructing her servants to set up the table while chefs were busy in the kitchen.

Alistair climbed onto a chair quietly and took a few cherries from a fruit plate before running out into the backyard to eat them.

But before he could reach there, he heard gardeners gossiping while sweeping leaves away.

“Have you heard? The news is reporting that Mrs. Callahan has risen from her grave!”

“Yeah! It’s so strange! I remember when her ashes were placed by Mrs. Old Callahan herself into her coffin during an extremely sensational funeral where people found out they had been married.”

“I saw pictures in news reports too. It was really hers! Now this incident is getting more supernatural every day. Someone even wrote about resurrection stories using this event!”

“That’s ridiculous!”

“It’s already past 8 pm now but Mr. Callahan hasn’t returned yet. They’re probably urging their PR department right now since this will have quite an impact.”

Alistair stuffed cherries into his mouth with cheeks puffed up like a baby squirrel as he listened absentmindedly without chewing properly.

Had the news that his mother came back spread all over online?

Did that mean his mother will move back into Callahan Residence soon?

Wow!

Alistair jumped for joy and ran back towards dining room shouting, “Grandma! Grandma!”

“My little darling boy! What happened?”

Paloma squatted down gently with love-filled eyes as she wiped cherry juice off Alistair’s lips.

“Is my Mommy moving back here soon so she can be with me every day?”

Paloma’s face stiffened. She was unsure of how to explain the situation to him. She could only respond by saying, “Not just your mother, but also your father, grandmother, aunts and uncles – we will all be there for you if you need us.”

The little one was completely immersed in his own joy and excitement as he jumped up and down.

“Great-grandma, since mommy is coming back, can we throw away her wooden plaque in the ancestral hall?” Alistair asked.

“Alistair, you’re right. Since Mavis is still alive, it’s great news that we need to remove that plaque as soon as possible. It’s not auspicious,” said Paloma immediately instructing the butler to take down Mavis’ plaque from the ancestral hall.

“Yes!” exclaimed Alistair happily before running off to practice “The Mother” on the piano in hopes of surprising Mavis with his progress.

She watched Alistair disappear into another room with a sigh filled with worry and concern for him filling her brow furrowed deeply. The butler Saul stood beside her quietly asking, “Mr. Alistair must know about this eventually. Mrs. Callahan came too suddenly without any preparation at all for us. I wonder what Mr. Callahan will do? Do you have any plans?”

Shaking her head helplessly at Saul’s question, she replied, “I’m getting old now. These are young people’s affairs. Let them solve it themselves! I trust Anthony’s abilities though. He’ll stabilize the stock market soon enough... it just pains me seeing my dear boy suffer like this.”

...

In Callahan Group building’s CEO office

Anthony sat behind his desk looking sternly at a press conference video on his computer screen featuring Mavis’ beautiful doll-like face. She was surrounded by dozens of microphones held by reporters firing questions one after another at her. She answered effortlessly, indicating prior preparation had been done beforehand.

A reporter said, “Mrs. Callahan, five years ago the Callahans held a very important funeral for you. Did you know about it?”

“I knew about it,” said Mavis confidently without hesitation. “Before they announced my death publicly, I suffered from complications during childbirth almost dying myself so they kept me abroad under medical care fearing our competitors would use my condition against us among other reasons. I was prepared to die then.”

On the screen, Anthony stared at the woman’s face, his lips curling into a cold smirk. “She’s quite skilled at lying, isn’t she? I bet even she believes the stories she’s made up.”

Zack, his assistant standing respectfully beside him, didn’t dare make a sound in the low-pressure room.

In the video feed, the reporters continued to ask...

Chapter 1077 Quickly Make Up After a Quarrel Between Married Couple

Another reporter asked, “Mrs. Callahan, are you saying that you were abroad for five years to seek medical treatment and the Callahans knew about it?”

“No, to avoid unnecessary trouble, we didn’t tell too many people about it.”

The reporter said, “Mrs. Callahan, who knew about this matter at the time?”

Mavis pursed her lips and didn’t want to answer.

The reporter wasn’t a police officer. There was no need to keep digging into the matter.

She chose to avoid the question and clarify her position, “Instead of calling me Mrs. Callahan, I prefer if you call me Miss Parker.”

The reporters looked at one another in confusion.

Mavis picked up one of the microphones in front of her and announced loudly, “I have something to tell everyone. Mr. Callahan and I have fallen out of love during these five years apart. Our marriage is severely incompatible. Therefore, I came back this time to discuss divorce with Mr. Callahan as well as custody issues regarding our son. Please pay attention for further updates on our divorce proceedings.”

The reporters were shocked.

After disappearing for five years, she came back just for a divorce?

There were even more questions from reporters below.

“Mrs. Callahan, what caused your relationship with Mr. Callahan not working out? There are rumors online that Mr. Callahan got close with Miss Padilla. Is it because he cheated on you that led you announcing your unilateral decision for a divorce?”

“No, we decided on a divorce due to personality differences. As far as whom he wants to be with after me has nothing do with me,” Mavis replied calmly without intending on revealing any details or criticizing Anthony in front of media cameras.

It was best to leave room for negotiation when dealing with Anthony later.

Another reporter said, “What specifically caused personality differences between both of you? Mr. Callahan is handsome and wealthy. You still decided on getting divorced. Is there something unknown about him privately?”

Yes, he acted like a madman privately despite his usual serious demeanor when things didn’t go his way; he could lash out anytime by biting someone off if provoked enough.

Mavis thought silently without speaking up.

“Mrs. Callahan, there are insiders who claimed that some time ago Mr. Callahan blocked off an airport extensively just so he could stop your plane from taking off. Can you explain what happened that day?”

“Mrs. Callahan, some former employees who left the Callahan Group said that you used work there before but suddenly resigned afterwards. Did your relationship problems start then?”

“Mrs. Callahan, I heard that Mr. Callahan had a mistress at the Callahan Group before...”

“Mrs. Callahan...”

A swarm of questions flooded in, making it difficult for Mavis to even speak.

But soon, the head of Padilla Group stepped forward to maintain order and announced that Mavis was tired and would not answer any more questions, dismissing all the reporters.

The sound abruptly stopped, and the video content ended as a result.

At his desk, Anthony looked stern with a chilling expression.

“The worm turns. This is her counterattack. She has made progress since five years ago by using public opinion to achieve her goals.”

Zack looked anxious. “Originally Mrs. Callahan’s announcement about her death five years ago being fake news wouldn’t have such a big impact on the stock market of the Callahan Group. But now with her openly announcing divorce and related keywords like ‘Callahan Group CEO couple separated for many years’ trending on social media sites taking up several top spots. Look at this.”

He handed Anthony an iPad displaying news search results.

Although Mavis did not explain why they were getting divorced yet, there were already various rumors circulating online including infidelity or domestic violence issues along with other bizarre reasons dug up by netizens.

Zack said, “Currently there is still a downward trend in the stock market. Mrs. Callahan’s high-profile announcement about your impending divorce has had quite an impact on the group so our PR department is handling it. But if we pay money to remove these hot searches from trending topics, then people will guess you’re guilty and responsible for causing this divorce. Do you want to clarify things publicly?”

Anthony calmly arranged, “Arrange for paid posters control comments and redirect public opinion towards marital arguments. Turn big problems into small ones.”

“Yes.” Zack curiously asked, “If it really is just marital arguments caused by Mrs. Callahan throwing tantrums, then does that mean you have no intention of divorcing?”

Anthony just gave him an icy stare without answering his question, “Make sure all employees keep quiet during work hours regarding this matter while continuing business as usual.”

“Understood.”

Outside the floor-to-ceiling windows was bright lights shining through complete darkness outside.

Anthony gazed outside with deep-set eyes slightly squinting together before finally deciding, “Call Bryleigh immediately. Tell her she has 20 minutes or else Padilla Group will suffer losses.”

“Ah?” Zack was confused. “You’re doing this to find Miss Padilla? Don’t you want to find a way to contact Mrs. Callahan?”

Anthony gave him a cold, intimidating glance. “I’m going now.”

Less than twenty minutes later, Bryleigh rushed in.

The entire Callahan Group building was dark except for the top floor CEO’s office.

Bryleigh arrived out of breath and sat down on the visitor’s chair in the office. She laughed, “I didn’t expect you wanted to see me so badly. I got word and didn’t dare delay even for a minute, afraid that you would wait too long. My punctuality is satisfactory, right?”

Anthony smoked without expression.

Under the rising smoke, his eyes were filled with anger.

“Hold a press conference, help clear out the crowd and guide public opinion by intentionally releasing news about having an affair with me. Is that your idea?” Although it was a question, his tone was affirmative.

Bryleigh stopped pretending. “You know me well enough, Anthony. My ideas aren’t bad, are they?”

He squinted his eyes with anger brewing inside him, “You don’t know what you’re doing.”

Bryleigh immediately coaxed him, “Don’t be angry, Anthony. Although it’s my idea, Mavis begged me for help because she doesn’t love you anymore! If you continue like this, both of you will only suffer more pain from each other.”

She took out a small recorder from her branded handbag and said persuasively, "If you don't believe me, listen carefully yourself. She said it herself."

—"You want Anthony but I don't care about him! I'll give him to you and Mrs. Callahan's position will also be given up! I'll divorce but only want our son!"

She tried to persuade further, "See how determined she sounded when begging for my help? When she says she doesn't care about you, her whole expression shows disgust towards you! Why bother putting in effort for such woman? It's better if you just get divorced."

Anthony leaned back into his chair looking gloomy while exhaling smoke silently.

"If you're worried that divorce will bring losses to Callahan Group's stock market value, then as long as you order it, I can stop the plan immediately or even guide public opinion towards Mavis instead. I heard that bitch has already had an affair overseas with someone named..."

Crack—!

Before Bryleigh could finish speaking, Anthony suddenly grabbed an ashtray on the table and threw it heavily onto ground shattering into pieces. The burning ember at his fingertips seemed like someone else's fury hidden beneath calmness ready burst forth any moment.

Anthony took a deep drag of his cigarette and chuckled, "Haven't you heard the saying that married couples quickly make up after a quarrel? Why are you getting all worked up? Are you stupid or something?"

Bryleigh was taken aback, "What?!"

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"Ah?" Zack was confused. "You're doing this to find Miss Padilla? Don't you want to find a way to contact Mrs. Callahan?"

Anthony gave him a cold, intimidating glance. "I'm going now."

Less than twenty minutes later, Bryleigh rushed in.

The entire Callahan Group building was dark except for the top floor CEO's office.

Bryleigh arrived out of breath and sat down on the visitor's chair in the office. She laughed, "I didn't expect you wanted to see me so badly. I got word and didn't dare delay even for a minute, afraid that you would wait too long. My punctuality is satisfactory, right?"

Anthony smoked without expression.

Under the rising smoke, his eyes were filled with anger.

"Hold a press conference, help clear out the crowd and guide public opinion by intentionally releasing news about having an affair with me. Is that your idea?" Although it was a question, his tone was affirmative.

Bryleigh stopped pretending. "You know me well enough, Anthony. My ideas aren't bad, are they?"

He squinted his eyes with anger brewing inside him, "You don't know what you're doing."

Bryleigh immediately coaxed him, "Don't be angry, Anthony. Although it's my idea, Mavis begged me for help because she doesn't love you anymore! If you continue like this, both of you will only suffer more pain from each other."

She took out a small recorder from her branded handbag and said persuasively, "If you don't believe me, listen carefully yourself. She said it herself."

—"You want Anthony but I don't care about him! I'll give him to you and Mrs. Callahan's position will also be given up! I'll divorce but only want our son!"

She tried to persuade further, "See how determined she sounded when begging for my help? When she says she doesn't care about you, her whole expression shows disgust towards you! Why bother putting in effort for such woman? It's better if you just get divorced."

Anthony leaned back into his chair looking gloomy while exhaling smoke silently.

"If you're worried that divorce will bring losses to Callahan Group's stock market value, then as long as you order it, I can stop the plan immediately or even guide public opinion towards Mavis instead. I heard that bitch has already had an affair overseas with someone named..."

Crack—!

Before Bryleigh could finish speaking, Anthony suddenly grabbed an ashtray on the table and threw it heavily onto ground shattering into pieces. The burning ember at his fingertips seemed like someone else's fury hidden beneath calmness ready burst forth any moment.

Anthony took a deep drag of his cigarette and chuckled, "Haven't you heard the saying that married couples quickly make up after a quarrel? Why are you getting all worked up? Are you stupid or something?"

Bryleigh was taken aback, "What?!"

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Chapter 1078 How should I Punish You?

Bryleigh never expected Anthony to confront her like this. And what did he mean by "just a quarrel"?

"Anthony, Mavis has made it to the news, and you still think it's just a marital quarrel?"

Anthony flicked his cigarette butt away, his face still icy cold. "If my wife doesn't listen to me, I'll naturally punish her. It's none of your business."

Bryleigh felt speechless and didn't understand. "Why are you protecting her? Just because she's your son's mother? When we get married, I can give you children too."

Anthony laughed with his thin-lipped smile. "Who do you think you are? Last time when Alistair was angry with you, I made it clear that he should stay away from you. Do I need to repeat myself?"

His every word was filled with coldness that made Bryleigh shudder involuntarily.

Of course she remembered what happened last time.

Halfway through their trip together in the car, Anthony had thrown her out and warned her not to come near Alistair again or even dream of taking Mrs. Callahan's place – something that would never happen.

But she couldn't accept not getting what she wanted.

"I don't believe that there isn't any feeling between us," Bryleigh said stubbornly. "Even though we haven't had an actual relationship yet, we've been comrades for many years now! Don't forget about the incident about Seldom Alford. If it weren't for me helping out then-

Anthony sneered at her words, "You're becoming more shameless by the day! You did help me back then but after that incident Padilla Group received several millions contracts which helped your family tide over the economic crisis! Now are you trying to use our past favors as leverage?"

Bryleigh felt like there was a lump in her throat.

Helping him once wasn't enough for Anthony; She still couldn't say anything in front of him.

But what she wanted wasn't just those few contracts either.

She pretended to be coquettish as she fiddled with the edge of his desk. "Anthony... that's not what I meant."

"Get lost!" Anthony barked at her harshly while pointing towards the door, "Padilla Group is forbidden from interfering in any matters between Mavis and me anymore! If I catch wind of any misbehavior on your part again, then Padilla Group will have double its profits and return it to Callahan Group!"

"Anthony..."

"Whether you want to continue to be a rich lady, or Padilla Group goes bankrupt, the family property is sold, and you live in a slum, you choose."

He never joked about threats like these. Bryleigh's ingratiating smile disappeared instantly without another word before leaving dejectedly.

...

It was late into night now.

Mavis wore full gear covering up everything including hat and mask before leaving through Padilla Groups' employee exit quietly .

The reporters were so crazy that they surrounded her all night, and they were still guarding the gate, refusing to leave.

Mavis looked on with a sigh.

She was afraid the situation was the same over at Callahan Residence and Callahan Group building, wasn't it?

Ans she didn't know if this will affect the daily travel of Paloma, Rebecca and Timothy.

She was very sorry, but she had no other way at the moment.

With a sigh, she hailed a taxi on the street and returned to her small apartment.

The reporters did not know her current place of residence, so the apartment was still very safe.

Silence in the late night.

She went upstairs alone, and the only sound in the stairwell was the footsteps of her sneakers.

Returning to the apartment with ease, Mavis lowered her head and searched through her bag for the key.

There was a sudden sound of gloomy footsteps behind her, and in the next second, a pair of big hands covered her mouth from behind, and that brute force pulled her to the corner.

"Um um um!"

The voice-controlled light in the hallway turned on.

With her eyes widened in terror, she finally saw the face of the man in front of her.

It was Anthony.

His face was very gloomy, and he stared at her with sullen eyes, like a beast with a strong desire to devour her, ready to bite her fiercely at any time.

She guessed he would get angry and come to settle accounts with her, but she didn't expect it to happen so soon.

“Uh uh uh uh! Let go of me!”

But the damned man not only didn't let go, he even held up her legs, involuntarily forcing her legs to wrap around his waist. Otherwise, she would fall down.

She was forced to leave her feet off the ground, and her back was pressed against the wall, unable to move at all.

This posture was so strange...

She unconsciously felt her cheeks flush, a wave of extreme embarrassment bursting forth.

The oppressive and fierce aura emanating from Anthony made it difficult for her to breathe, and she only wanted to struggle and escape.

“Don't move.”

The low and hoarse voice almost gnashed its teeth as it spoke, “If you don't want to be tied up, behave yourself.”

Scumbag! What was the difference between this posture and being tied up!?

Although she cursed Anthony a thousand times in her heart, she still nodded and agreed, no longer struggling.

Anthony no longer covered her mouth, grabbed her thin wrists with one hand, raised her head against the wall.

The other hand cupped her hips to keep her from falling.

“Emotional breakdown, disharmony in married life, where did you draw your conclusion from?”

He sneered, lowered his head close to her neck, and took a punishing bite.

“It hurts...”

Mavis was so painful that she shed tears, always feeling like she was bitten and bleeding.

The implication was so obvious that if she still didn't understand it, she must be a fool.

“Anthony, we are currently in the process of negotiating a divorce. If you continue like this, I will call the police!”

He chuckled, “Negotiating a divorce means that the divorce certificate has not yet been obtained and the marriage relationship still exists. Is it illegal to hug my own wife?”

With a bunch of sophistry! Mavis was too lazy to argue with him, “Just put me down first.”

Anthony remained still, pulling off her mask and hat. His deep gaze fell upon her delicate face, a hint of meaning playing at the corners of his lips.

“Your ears are all red. Are you shy because you're afraid of being seen? The whole apartment building is yours, except for the old landlady on the top floor. She is probably already asleep and there's no one else to see.”

She bit her lip and remained silent, her face growing even more embarrassed and ashamed.

Anthony seemed to be quite happy to see her being bullied, and his mood improved a lot.

The blue eyes were filled with shimmering water, and the delicate eyebrows were slightly furrowed, as if full of grievances.

He hadn't seen her with this expression for a long time.

Paired with her golden long hair, she looked like a precious cat in need of care.

Anthony's Adam's apple slid as he suppressed the inexplicable restlessness in his heart, and he continued to question with his eyes averted, “Do you have to make the divorce news go viral and cause Callahan Group's stock market to plummet? Do I have to recover my losses from you?”

He deliberately snorted on her face, “How do you think I should punish you to calm down my anger?”

After finishing the words, he lowered his head again, and his thin lips moved close to her neck.

“Don’t, it really hurts.”

In the woman’s soft voice, there was a hint of urgency and a touch of crying tone.

His heart skipped a beat.

For this reunion, Mavis was tougher than ever before, yet her voice was soft and tender like never before.

He pursed his thin lips and didn’t bite down. “Mavis, I’ll give you one more chance to choose. Don’t get divorced, come back to Callahan Residence, forget about what happened before and start over.”

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Chapter 1079 He Bit Me; Is It Considered Domestic Violence?

Upon hearing him say this, Mavis laughed.

Forget about what happened before?

Start over?

“Anthony, I have never owed you anything. What right do you have to argue with me? Why should you be entitled to it?”

After hurting her in every possible way, he didn’t even apologize or repent. Instead, he asked her what was wrong, as if he wanted to forgive her with a magnanimous attitude.

It was ridiculous.

She looked at him with a chill in her heart, “If you stab someone in the heart a few times, you can act as if nothing happened afterwards? Instead, the injured person will come to compromise and apologize to you. Are you shameless?”

He frowned when he heard that, “When did I do the thing that stabbed you in the heart?”

He thought for a moment and asked again, “Is it because you were approaching your due date and I couldn’t be there with you?”

That night of thunderstorms, Mavis had abdominal pain and was pushed into the delivery room. The baby’s fetal position was not right, and the pain was unbearable.

During that period, both Ella and Lyra tried to call Anthony countless times, but couldn’t get through. It was as if he had disappeared into thin air and could not be found anywhere.

If Malcolm hadn’t pretended to be her husband and signed the notice of the painless injection, she might really have died in the delivery room.

At that time, the despair and pain in her heart were something Anthony could not comprehend.

Just recalling that incident was like a torment, twisting and causing discomfort throughout her entire chest.

Those things were like rooted in her heart, but now Anthony still had no attitude of admitting mistakes and apologizing. Instead, he felt that it was all her fault, which was really unreasonable.

Mavis felt a tightness in her chest and didn’t answer, just stared at him.

He lowered his eyes and explained seriously, “At that time, I didn’t think it through. I didn’t do well enough in my prenatal studies. I did go to see Jaqueline, but it’s not what you think. Jacqueline and I...”

“Enough.”

Mavis interrupted, suppressing the surging hatred in her heart. “It doesn’t matter anymore. I just want a divorce now and never want to see you again.”

Anthony was stunned.

After a moment of silence, he sighed and concealed the complex emotions in his eyes. "Do you really want it?"

"Yes, we must part."

No matter what the cost, even if it meant losing all her savings from these years and she will go bankrupt, she must divorce!

With their eyes meeting, Anthony remained silent for a long time.

Mavis thought he would either fly into a rage or do something extreme.

But unexpectedly, he was much calmer than she had imagined.

He slowly loosened the restraint on her, and took two steps back, his expression so stern that it was hard to fathom.

Her feet that suddenly hit the ground were numb, and Mavis supported the wall so as not to fall, and there were red marks on the bitten neck, which was aching.

However, Anthony just stared at her, without any intention of stepping forward to help, "Since you insist on making trouble like this, come to Callahan Residence at two o'clock tomorrow afternoon and bring your lawyer to talk."

After the words, he turned and left.

Mavis reacted belatedly. He finally agreed to divorce!

"I'll be there on time. I hope you can keep your word!"

Anthony didn't look back, and walked quickly.

Until the luxury car downstairs drove away, Mavis couldn't believe it.

He came here late at night to question her, but he just bit her punishingly, and then he was willing to leave?

The happy event came too suddenly, but she did not let down her vigilance.

As long as the divorce certificate was not obtained, there will be variables in this matter, and she must make all preparations.

Moreover, the time was set for tomorrow afternoon, which was a bit too rushed. She had to find a suitable lawyer early tomorrow morning, and she can't waste any time.

...

This night was a sleepless one.

Mavis had been thinking about this all night and can't sleep at all.

At dawn, she called Bryleigh.

However, Bryleigh's phone suddenly couldn't get through.

Was she sleeping, or did Bryleigh simply not want to answer her calls?

"Forget it, it's not important."

She murmured, and found Lyra's phone number.

Lyra answered almost immediately, and after she clarified the situation, Lyra was willing to lend her a lawyer in the name of the Lloyd's Corp.

The Lloyd's Corp's legal team was well-known. It had handled large and small contract lawsuits for the Lloyd's Corp. It had never made a mistake and was very trustworthy.

Mavis went to the legal department of the Lloyd's Corp building that morning.

The person who received her was the lawyer Harvey Carter.

"Mrs. Callahan, I need to know about the specific situation between you and Mr. Callahan. In addition, do you have anything in your hands, such as serious incidents such as cheating and domestic violence, which led to your decision to divorce? You can tell me. The more evidence you provide, the more benefits I can win for you."

Mavis shook her head and corrected him first, "Can you call me Miss Parker?"

Harvey was taken aback, "Alright Miss Parker, you continue."

“In the divorce, I am willing to take no money completely. I have not made any contribution to the property in Anthony’s hands. There is no reason to share his money. As for cheating and domestic violence...”

She thought for a moment and said, “Maybe he’s cheating, but I don’t have any concrete evidence. As for domestic violence... does it count if he bites me often?”

“Emmm...”

Harvey was confused and asked, “Bite... where? Um... is it a serious bite?”

“Shoulder biting, neck biting, does this count?” She pointed to her neck, where the bite by Anthony yesterday left marks.

Harvey followed the position of her fingers, and his eyes fell on her neck.

The tooth marks had long disappeared, leaving behind a light red mark.

Her skin was extremely fair, and the mark was extremely obvious. In the eyes of Harvey, this was a portrayal of the intimate of last night.

Harvey’s mouth twitched, “This level should only be considered... as a form of pleasure.”

It was not about pleasure. She was not willing to do it at all. She was being forced by Anthony who was unreasonable and rude.

Harvey continued, “From what it seems, your relationship with Mr. Callahan is still good. Are you sure you want a divorce?”

Mavis nodded firmly.

“It’s okay to get a divorce. You don’t have to consider my interests. Even if Anthony has hired a lawyer and said I am the one at fault in the marriage, it doesn’t matter. Besides that, all I want is custody of our son. If Anthony refuses to give him to me and we have to go to court, do I have a good chance of winning?”

Harvey fell silent.

After thinking for a moment, he said, “Would it be convenient for you to provide a list of all your assets under your name?”

“Okay.”

Before Mavis arrived, she had already made a list of all her assets and put it in her bag.

She took out the list and handed it to Harvey.

Harvey carefully looked through the documents and asked, “Currently, most of your assets are held overseas, with only one car and one apartment building under your name in Crana. Did you purchase this apartment building in full?”

“No, it was bought by Anthony on the second day after our marriage and written under my name. I didn’t know about it before and I only found out when I came back this time.”

Harvey frowned and felt troubled, “If you leave with nothing, this apartment building will probably have to be returned. If the custody case really goes to the appellate court, you will have to stay for at least a few months during the waiting period, and it is best to have a fixed residence during this time.”

“Can I return the apartment first and buy it back from Anthony after the divorce?”

Chapter 1080 The Party at Fault in Marriage

“In theory, of course it is possible, but it depends on whether Mr. Callahan agree or not.”

Mavis was not speaking anymore.

That scumbag was unpredictable in his moods, and she can’t quite figure out his temperament. However, she can still try to negotiate with him when the time came.

Harvey carefully sorted through all the information he had collected so far, and compiled it into a book. He let out a sigh and looked puzzled as he reviewed it again.

“To be honest, if Mr. Callahan is also very determined about custody, your chances of winning are not ideal because you have not been involved in Alistair’s upbringing for the past five years and lack experience in raising children.”

“In terms of assets, you cannot compare to the financial strength of Callahan Group. Their representative lawyer is also one of the top elites in the industry. This lawsuit will not be easy to win and you are at a clear disadvantage.”

“It would be best if you could provide me with more favorable evidence that could make Mr. Callahan become the party at fault for divorce due to serious events that affect the child’s well-being, which would help your case for custody...”

“Okay, let me think of it again.”

Mavis took a trip to the restroom halfway through and was still pondering Harvey’s words upon her return.

There had been too many ups and downs between her and Anthony. Jaqueline, who was involved in a lot of mischief in the middle, was the reason for the current situation.

But she didn’t have any evidence to prove that Anthony was unfaithful in their marriage, and it’d been five years. Even if she wanted to investigate what happened back then, it would be difficult to find any substantial evidence.

What should she do?

She leaned her hands on the sink, looking up at herself in the mirror with a sense of helplessness.

She didn’t sleep well last night, so she was not feeling very good today. She looked a bit haggard.

Ring ring-

Just as she was thinking, the phone in her bag rang.

She took out her phone and saw a text message from Moore.

[Mavis, I have seen the international news about you and Anthony. Because I am so worried that you might be hurt, I came to Crana without permission. Please forgive me. By the time you receive this timed message, I should already be on an international flight and will arrive at Crana’s Suham Airport in one hour via Gate 11. Will you come?]

After reading this message, Mavis was confused.

Did Moore come to Crana?

How could he come over without even telling her in advance?

Mavis quickly checked the time and it was one o'clock in the afternoon. Moore's plane was scheduled to land at exactly two o'clock.

She and Anthony scheduled their divorce talk for 2:00 pm in the afternoon.

Just at this moment, he flew over. Was he here to make things worse?

She rubbed her forehead, feeling a bit of a headache from the situation, and quickly called Moore.

However, during the international call, the gentle female voice indicated that Moore's phone had switched off.

Sure enough, he was on the plane...

What to do?

Moore, a native of Bostrain, had never left the country before and was unfamiliar with Crana. It seemed impolite not to pick him up since he had come all this way for her. However, dealing with Anthony's side of things was proving to be quite tricky.

She had no choice but to call Anthony.

The phone rang for only one second before he answered it; Mavis wasn't prepared yet.

"What is it?" His deep voice asked calmly and coldly as usual.

"Um... Can we postpone or reschedule today's negotiation time? You can decide on the time." Mavis said hesitantly.

There was silence on Anthony's end for several seconds; his tone didn't reveal any emotions.

"You're not someone who likes last-minute changes. Are you trying to back out? Playing games with me?" He questioned sternly.

“No, I have something urgent that needs my attention. Can we delay it by an hour? I’ll definitely be there at three.” Mavis pleaded desperately.

Anthony remained unmoved. “Impossible! My time is precious and my schedule is full. If you don’t show up by two o’clock sharp, then consider yourself disqualified from negotiating with me.”

“But I really...” The line went dead as Anthony hung up mercilessly without letting her finish her sentence.

Mavis sighed helplessly; this man was so heartless towards her that all his principles and rules seemed aimed solely at her – how unfair!

Meanwhile, in Callahan Group’s CEO office...

Zack silently watched as his boss hung up the phone without changing expression while he was holding onto Anthony’s weekly schedule planner sheet in his hand

“Mr. Callahan,” Zack spoke cautiously, “You’ve already moved some important dinners and meetings scheduled today until tomorrow afternoon so you have free time throughout this whole afternoon...”

Before Zack could finish speaking though, he received a cold glare from Anthony, which made him freeze mid-sentence.

“I’m just talking nonsense here,” Zack quickly corrected himself. “Mrs. Callahan must regret filing for divorce now so you’re giving her an opportunity to save face. I understand.”

Anthony’s expression returned back to normal after hearing what Zack said while checking his watch – it read 1:15 pm – only forty-five minutes until their negotiation meeting began.

He adjusted his suit cuffs elegantly then stood up gracefully before walking outside of the office. casually saying. “Pick any lawyer from our legal department and bring him along within half an hour or so over to Callahan Residence.”

“Understood.” Zack realized that he planned on driving home himself soon after giving orders like these, so he quickly bowed down, respectfully saying, “Take care, sir.”

“Hmm.”

Anthony was on his way to the parking garage of the building when he saw a tall and elegant woman approaching him. It was Bryleigh.

As soon as he recognized her, Anthony frowned and showed his disgust. “Didn’t you understand my warning yesterday?” he asked coldly.

Bryleigh smiled coyly. “Yesterday, you only said that I couldn’t get involved in your divorce proceedings, but you didn’t say I couldn’t come see you.”

Anthony ignored her and continued walking towards his car without stopping to look at her.

She hurried after him. “Anthony, I heard some news today that I thought might interest you. Don’t you want to know what it is?”

Anthony remained silent with no interest showing on his face.

“It’s about Mavis’ man overseas,” she continued eagerly. “Don’t tell me that doesn’t pique your curiosity?”

Anthony stopped in his tracks and turned halfway around to stare at her intently.

With pride evident in her voice, Bryleigh explained further, “I’m retired now but still have connections within Security Agency. Since your incident with Mavis came out in the international news, I’ve them to keep an eye out for this guy named Moore. He’s been seen flying into Crana today. Probably because he saw the international news about your divorce with Mavis, he ran over impatiently to declare his sovereignty.”

Anthony frowned when he heard that, his jaw line was tense, and his blue eyes were too deep to see through the light.

“What time?”

Bryleigh looked at her phone, “If the plane is not late, it will arrive around two o’clock this afternoon. Do you think Mavis will pick him up? Given their relationship, will Mavis let that man live with her? Anthony, I can’t believe that someone like you would be so indifferent while watching Mavis cheat on you.”

Although Anthony didn't say anything aloud, anger began boiling inside of him as evidenced by the intensity of his gaze which grew even darker than before.

In the end though, he said nothing more but simply resumed walking towards his luxury car without looking back again or acknowledging Bryleigh's presence any further.

But she quickly caught up with him again and blocked the door from opening before making a suggestion, "This is a golden opportunity! If the media can get pictures of Mavis meeting Moore alone, then we can prove she cheated first! You'll become an innocent victim while tarnishing her reputation forevermore. That's the best revenge for her betrayal, isn't it?"

She leaned closer until almost touching Anthony's vehicle while wearing bright red lipstick.

However, Anthony's expression grew colder as he swiftly reached out and grabbed her by the neck, mercilessly throwing her aside.

"Anthony," she stumbled back several steps, relying on her martial arts skills to regain her balance. She was a little annoyed at being ignored. "Don't you see it yet? I'm the woman who's willing to be unconditionally good to you."

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Chapter 1080 The Party at Fault in Marriage

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“It’s about Mavis’ man overseas,” she continued eagerly. “Don’t tell me that doesn’t pique your curiosity?”

Anthony stopped in his tracks and turned halfway around to stare at her intently.

With pride evident in her voice, Bryleigh explained further, “I’m retired now but still have connections within Security Agency. Since your incident with Mavis came out in the international news, I’ve them to keep an eye out for this guy named Moore. He’s been seen flying into Crana today. Probably because he saw the international news about your divorce with Mavis, he ran over impatiently to declare his sovereignty.”

Anthony frowned when he heard that, his jaw line was tense, and his blue eyes were too deep to see through the light.

“What time?”

Bryleigh looked at her phone, “If the plane is not late, it will arrive around two o’clock this afternoon. Do you think Mavis will pick him up? Given their relationship, will Mavis let that man live with her? Anthony, I can’t believe that someone like you would be so indifferent while watching Mavis cheat on you.”

Although Anthony didn’t say anything aloud, anger began boiling inside of him as evidenced by the intensity of his gaze which grew even darker than before.

In the end though, he said nothing more but simply resumed walking towards his luxury car without looking back again or acknowledging Bryleigh’s presence any further.

But she quickly caught up with him again and blocked the door from opening before making a suggestion, “This is a golden opportunity! If the media can get pictures of Mavis meeting Moore alone, then we can prove she cheated first! You’ll become an innocent victim while tarnishing her reputation forevermore. That’s the best revenge for her betrayal, isn’t it?”

She leaned closer until almost touching Anthony’s vehicle while wearing bright red lipstick.

However, Anthony’s expression grew colder as he swiftly reached out and grabbed her by the neck, mercilessly throwing her aside.

“Anthony,” she stumbled back several steps, relying on her martial arts skills to regain her balance. She was a little annoyed at being ignored. “Don’t you see it yet? I’m the woman who’s willing to be unconditionally good to you.”