

Read The Hidden billionaire heiress novel chapter 1081 online free

Chapter 1081 He Stood Up and Went to Pick Moore Up

Anthony looked sideways and narrowed his eyes, “Once the name Moore appears on the news network, no matter who do it, I will blame you for it.”

“Anthony!”

The engine of the luxury car roared like a wild beast, as fierce as his temper, and the car quickly sped away from the garage.

“Anthony!”

Bryleigh could only stare at the taillights of the luxury car, powerless and furious, “I really want to snatch the entire Callahan family, and then trample you under my feet, making you cry and beg me, and regret ignoring me now!”

She took a deep breath, calmed down her intense emotions, and elegantly adjusted her hair behind her ear.

“It’s okay, as long as Mavis doesn’t change her mind about the divorce, there is still a chance,” she snorted coldly and arrogantly left the parking lot.

...

1:55 PM.

There were five minutes left until the appointed time.

The van that Mavis bought earlier had to be sent for maintenance, so she had to take a taxi.

In the taxi, she was watching the time closely. “Sir, could you please drive faster? I’m in a hurry.”

“Okay.”

Harvey was sitting next to her, reviewing the drafted divorce agreement.

Noticing her nervousness, Harvey did not forget to reassure her, "Miss Parker, don't worry. No matter how skilled the opposing lawyer is, I am here to handle it."

Feeling his goodwill, she felt her heart warm up and nodded in agreement.

Two o'clock in the afternoon.

The taxi stopped outside the Callahan Residence, arriving on time.

The timing was just right.

Butler Saul happened to walk out of the villa and saw Mavis getting off the car from afar.

"Mrs. Callahan?!"

Saul was pleasantly surprised, "You actually came back. That's great! I'll go call madam right away!"

"Hey, Saul, you don't have to go," Mavis tried to stop him, but Saul had already run back and didn't hear her speak.

Next to him, Harvey clicked his tongue twice and said, "It seems that the Callahan family's elders are very fond of you and your family relationship should be good. Why do you insist on getting a divorce?"

Mavis lowered her eyes without explanation.

Harvey knew his limits and did not ask any further questions.

Under the guidance of the Callahan Residence's bodyguard, the two entered the front yard garden. As they reached the entrance hall of the villa, they saw Paloma hobbling down the stairs with her cane in a hurry.

"Mavis, my good child."

Mavis looked towards the direction of the stairs and her eyes immediately turned red.

After five years apart, Paloma appeared noticeably older than before.

Paloma smiled kindly and seemed indifferent, “As one grows older, their legs may become weak, but my body is still strong. You don’t need to worry.”

“I’m sorry for causing you worry and inconvenience.”

She was filled with remorse and helped Paloma sit on the sofa.

“Why are you apologizing? It was clearly my stinky grandson who did the wrong thing. I understand you.”

Suddenly Anthony was mentioned, so Mavis was reminded of the business at hand. “By the way, Grandma, where is Anthony?”

Paloma looked confused and exchanged a glance with Saul beside her, “Of course he went to work.”

Mavis’s expression froze, “Has he not come back yet?”

“He left early in the morning. Has been busy with who knows what lately, and he doesn’t come home until nightfall every night.”

Mavis sensed that something was wrong, “Did he not say what time he would be home today?”

“No.”

Mavis didn’t know what to say at the moment.

Anthony had always been punctual, but this time he stood her up. Moreover, according to grandma’s words, it seemed that Paloma was completely unaware of their plan to negotiate a divorce today.

What on earth was he up to?

Paloma looked at Harvey beside her, then glanced at Mavis and asked suspiciously, “What’s going on? Are you here today to specifically talk to Anthony about a divorce?”

She hit the nail on the head, and Mavis didn’t hide it either, “Yes, we had agreed on a specific time.”

Paloma said, “Perhaps there’s traffic on the road or something delayed him. Have a cup of tea and wait for him. By the way, Alistair is in kindergarten now.

Today it's just me, this old lady at home. If you don't mind, please stay with me for a while and chat."

"Why would I mind? I never had grandparents since I was young, and ever since joining the family, I have always treated you as my own grandmother. Please don't dislike me."

Paloma giggled incessantly, holding Mavis' hand and chatting away as if there was no one else around.

...

Suham Airport.

The plane landed on time.

Moore was tall and thin, with short brown curly hair. He wore a pair of sophisticated glasses, and had a high nose bridge with delicate features. He pulled his luggage and pushed the cart out of the airport passage.

The phone was still turned off, but he completely forgot to turn it on. He came out of the gate and looked around the airport.

He was trying to find that familiar slender figure from the crowds of people.

However, he did not see Mavis.

Did the scheduled message fail? Did Mavis not receive it?

He only then remembered to take out his phone and turn it on.

Moore looked up inexplicably and saw several men in black suits standing in front of him, looking like bodyguards.

"Who are you?" he asked in not very fluent language spoken in Crana.

Kane put on a smile and said, "Mr. Moore Ulsens, am I right? When we found out about your trip to Suham at this time, Mrs. Callahan specifically asked us to come pick you up."

"Is Mrs. Callahan Mavis Parker?"

Kane said, "Yes, Mrs. Callahan has some personal matters to attend to and is unavailable, so she asked us to come and pick you up."

Without waiting for Moore to say anything, Kane gave a nod to the bodyguards beside him and several people immediately respectfully grabbed his suitcase.

Their attitude was good, so Moore didn't think much of it.

It wasn't until Moore got on the car that he had time to look at his phone.

There was an unread text message in his phone, sent by Mavis.

The first few sentences were almost the same as what Kane said, but the latter ones...

Mavis said, "Moore, I'm sorry that I won't be able to pick you up at the airport at 2 pm this afternoon. I have to go to Callahan Residence to discuss my divorce with Anthony, which is crucial for me."

"After you arrive at Suham Airport, take a taxi directly to Green Grove Apartment and look for the old landlady. I have already talked to her and she will give you the key to your accommodation. Wait for me to finish things here and then I will come find you."

Two messages clearly arranged his whereabouts, and Moore suddenly realized as he looked at the bodyguards sitting on either side of him.

"Who are you? You were not arranged by Mavis."

The bodyguards looked straight ahead, but nobody paid any attention to him.

"Get off! I want to get off!"

His struggle had just begun, but it ended.

Kane was too lazy to talk nonsense, and the moment he gave them a look, one of the bodyguards slashed the back of Moore's head neatly with a hand knife.

Moore fainted on the spot.

The car eventually stopped at a hotel garage owned by the Callahan Group.

The bodyguards carried the fainting Moore, with Kane walking at the front.

As the electronic room card beeped, the door of Room 438 slowly opened.

In the room, a man sat with his back to the door in a seat next to the window. His silhouette was sharp and he was smoking.

The room was filled with low air pressure.

Kane respectfully said, "Mr. Callahan, what should I do with the man brought back? How about giving him a beating first?"

Moore was thrown onto the carpet and didn't wake up.

Chapter 1082 He Holds Her Soft Waist Tightly

At Callahan Residence.

It was already two-thirty, and Anthony still hadn't shown up. Mavis was restless, constantly checking her phone in between chatting with Paloma.

Paloma noticed her unease and turned to the butler beside her. "Saul, call Anthony's assistant and ask how much longer he'll be. Don't let Mavis and the lawyer wait any longer."

"Okay." Saul picked up the villa's phone and put it on speaker as he dialed Zack.

"Zack, where's Mr. Callahan? Is he still at the office?"

"Mr. Callahan left an hour ago; he should have been home by now."

Saul hesitated before turning to look at Paloma for guidance.

After receiving a nod from her, Saul hung up on Zack and tried calling Anthony directly.

But no one answered his phone.

Paloma was getting frustrated. "What is that kid playing at?"

Even Mavis felt like Anthony was purposely messing with her, "Grandma, forget it; maybe today isn't a good day for divorce talks anyway. Maybe he

went off to do something else instead of coming here today? I'll make sure we schedule another meeting soon."

Paloma felt reluctant to let her go. "You're always welcome here. Even if you do get divorced from him in the future, you will always have a place here whenever you want to visit Alistair."

Mavis froze momentarily before deciding not to say anything else.

She realized that while Paloma respected her decision about getting divorced from Anthony, she hadn't considered whether she wanted custody of Alistair or not – Paloma assumed that Alistair would stay within their family regardless of what happened between them.

After some thought though, Mavis decided against saying anything more than just thanking her politely. "I understand. Thank you so much, Grandma!"

Paloma had poor legs and feet, so she only watched Mavis and Harvey out of the hall of the villa, and Saul personally escorted them out.

Since taxis were hard to come by around this area, Mavis planned on walking Harvey down towards a crossroad about one kilometer away where there were more cars passing through.

On their way out, Mavis apologized again, "I'm sorry I made you come all this way for nothing today."

Harvey smiled, "It's alright. If there are any further meetings scheduled between you and Mr. Callaghan, I've been instructed by Ms. Lloyd herself, to be available anytime. So don't worry, I can come whenever needed."

"Thank you!"

"You're welcome," Harvey said as he pulled out a copy of the divorce agreement from his briefcase and handed it to her. "Take a look at the contents of this agreement, and if there's anything you want to add or modify, feel free to contact me anytime."

"Okay," she replied.

She took the divorce agreement from him and then pulled out about a thousand dollars in cash from her purse. She handed it over to Harvey as payment for his taxi ride back to Lloyd's Corp and for making the trip today.

After seeing Harvey off, she stood alone at the intersection, leaning against a tree with a tired sigh.

She had lost sleep last night worrying about today's events and had been busy all morning only for it all to be in vain.

It was true that plans couldn't keep up with changes; Anthony was such a cunning man that she needed to be more vigilant next time.

Thinking dejectedly, she took out her phone intending on contacting Moore.

The phone rang for several seconds before being answered by a low-pitched male voice that sounded casual but familiar at the same time.

Although he only said one word, there was something magnetic about his tone of voice that made Mavis think twice whether or not she dialed correctly. Indeed it was Moore on the other end of line after confirming multiple times herself!

"You...?" Mavis asked hesitantly.

The man chuckled lightly before teasingly saying, "You can't even recognize my voice?"

Mavis' pupils shrank as her breath caught in her throat. "Anthony! Why do you have Moore's phone? What did you do? No wonder why you didn't come back home. You went looking for Moore instead?"

"Your little lover came all this way to Crana. As your husband, I naturally have an obligation to treat him well." Anthony replied nonchalantly while exuding coldness through every word he spoke – like an evil demon whispering into someone's ear...

Who knew what kind of extreme behavior Anthony would resort when angry?

"I'm not like you who likes playing around with others! Don't try blaming me when I've told you countless times we're just friends!" Mavis retorted defensively while feeling anxious inside

Anthony remained silent on his end causing Mavis' anxiety levels rise even higher until finally blurting out, "Anthony, don't hurt him! If there's anything wrong, take it up with me!"

Her protective behavior towards Moore irritated Anthony greatly, prompting him hang up without another word and leaving Mavis shouting into empty air, "Anthony!"

But soon enough, she received another message from Moore's phone containing specific details regarding the hotel room number along with two words attached [Come Over].

Mavis did not waste any time and immediately took a taxi to the location after receiving it.

It was easy to find the place with the corresponding room number.

Because there was a security guard standing at the entrance, the scene was very strong, and Mavis knew Kane.

Kane saw her approaching and bowed respectfully, "Mr. Callahan has been waiting for you for a long time. Please go in."

She nodded and pushed the door open.

The dark curtains in the room were drawn, casting a dim light. Only a blue floor lamp was turned on, and there was no sound at all, creating a peaceful atmosphere.

"Anthony? Moore?"

She tentatively stepped inside, but Kane closed the door behind her with a flick of his wrist.

With a loud bang of the door closing, Mavis shuddered with an unknown fear in this place.

There was no terrifying bloody smell as imagined, but a strong tobacco scent wafted in the air. Mavis coughed a few times, unsure if it was from smoking too many cigarettes.

"Anthony?..."

Her both wrists were gripped, and a strong force pulled her aside.

She didn't have time to react, and after a dizzying moment, she fell into a person's wide embrace.

The strong smell of tobacco hit her nose, causing her to instinctively frown.

However, all of her expressions were seen clearly by Anthony. "You always give me this disgusted look whenever you see me. It's really unpleasant."

Mavis spoke directly, "I remember you quit smoking in front of Alistair. Why did you start again?"

"Before going home in the evening, I will take a shower and change my clothes, which will not affect our son."

He lifted Mavis' chin with one hand and sneered, "Can't stand the smell of smoke? Does Moore not usually smoke?"

"He doesn't smoke."

Although she spoke the truth, Anthony's expression became even colder.

But before seeing Moore, Mavis didn't have time to care about his emotions.

"Where did you hide Moore? What did you do to him?"

Anthony lowered his gaze and tightened his lips into a line. "You really care about him, don't you? But if I were to take care of him, what could you do to me?"

Mavis was so overwhelmed with anger and frustration that she felt like suffocating.

Did he think he was an outlaw?

"Anthony, if you dare to commit any illegal acts, I will report you to Malcolm and have NIB handle it. I believe that Malcolm will enforce the law impartially and will not show any favoritism towards you."

He sneered, and his deep blue eyes were filled with darkness and gloom.

The next second, he hugged her soft waist tightly, with such force that it seemed like he could crush her waist.

His eyes were full of intense possessiveness.

“Anthony, you hurt me! You...”

Her lips were blocked by his, and his kisses came overwhelmingly, so overbearing that there was no room for resistance, and he kept biting her lips cruelly.

It seemed to swallow her whole life.

Mavis opened her eyes wide in fright and beat him hard.

It was another forced kiss. This scumbag was addicted to bullying her!

The air that can enter her nasal cavity became increasingly thin, and even her chest cavity was almost overwhelmed by pressure.

Anthony didn't intend to let her go at all, and won't give up until he sucked her dry.

Between shoving, her mind went blank.

In a state of confusion, she was pinned to a bed.

[Read The Hidden billionaire heiress novel chapter 1082 online free](#)

Chapter 1082 He Holds Her Soft Waist Tightly

At Callahan Residence.

It was already two-thirty, and Anthony still hadn't shown up. Mavis was restless, constantly checking her phone in between chatting with Paloma.

Paloma noticed her unease and turned to the butler beside her. “Saul, call Anthony's assistant and ask how much longer he'll be. Don't let Mavis and the lawyer wait any longer.”

“Okay.” Saul picked up the villa’s phone and put it on speaker as he dialed Zack.

“Zack, where’s Mr. Callahan? Is he still at the office?”

“Mr. Callahan left an hour ago; he should have been home by now.”

Saul hesitated before turning to look at Paloma for guidance.

After receiving a nod from her, Saul hung up on Zack and tried calling Anthony directly.

But no one answered his phone.

Paloma was getting frustrated. “What is that kid playing at?”

Even Mavis felt like Anthony was purposely messing with her, “Grandma, forget it; maybe today isn’t a good day for divorce talks anyway. Maybe he went off to do something else instead of coming here today? I’ll make sure we schedule another meeting soon.”

Paloma felt reluctant to let her go. “You’re always welcome here. Even if you do get divorced from him in the future, you will always have a place here whenever you want to visit Alistair.”

Mavis froze momentarily before deciding not to say anything else.

She realized that while Paloma respected her decision about getting divorced from Anthony, she hadn’t considered whether she wanted custody of Alistair or not – Paloma assumed that Alistair would stay within their family regardless of what happened between them.

After some thought though, Mavis decided against saying anything more than just thanking her politely. “I understand. Thank you so much, Grandma!”

Paloma had poor legs and feet, so she only watched Mavis and Harvey out of the hall of the villa, and Saul personally escorted them out.

Since taxis were hard to come by around this area, Mavis planned on walking Harvey down towards a crossroad about one kilometer away where there were more cars passing through.

On their way out, Mavis apologized again, "I'm sorry I made you come all this way for nothing today."

Harvey smiled, "It's alright. If there are any further meetings scheduled between you and Mr. Callaghan, I've been instructed by Ms. Lloyd herself, to be available anytime. So don't worry, I can come whenever needed."

"Thank you!"

"You're welcome," Harvey said as he pulled out a copy of the divorce agreement from his briefcase and handed it to her. "Take a look at the contents of this agreement, and if there's anything you want to add or modify, feel free to contact me anytime."

"Okay," she replied.

She took the divorce agreement from him and then pulled out about a thousand dollars in cash from her purse. She handed it over to Harvey as payment for his taxi ride back to Lloyd's Corp and for making the trip today.

After seeing Harvey off, she stood alone at the intersection, leaning against a tree with a tired sigh.

She had lost sleep last night worrying about today's events and had been busy all morning only for it all to be in vain.

It was true that plans couldn't keep up with changes; Anthony was such a cunning man that she needed to be more vigilant next time.

Thinking dejectedly, she took out her phone intending on contacting Moore.

The phone rang for several seconds before being answered by a low-pitched male voice that sounded casual but familiar at the same time.

Although he only said one word, there was something magnetic about his tone of voice that made Mavis think twice whether or not she dialed correctly. Indeed it was Moore on the other end of line after confirming multiple times herself!

"You...?" Mavis asked hesitantly.

The man chuckled lightly before teasingly saying, "You can't even recognize my voice?"

Mavis' pupils shrank as her breath caught in her throat. "Anthony! Why do you have Moore's phone? What did you do? No wonder why you didn't come back home. You went looking for Moore instead?"

"Your little lover came all this way to Crana. As your husband, I naturally have an obligation to treat him well." Anthony replied nonchalantly while exuding coldness through every word he spoke – like an evil demon whispering into someone's ear...

Who knew what kind of extreme behavior Anthony would resort when angry?

"I'm not like you who likes playing around with others! Don't try blaming me when I've told you countless times we're just friends!" Mavis retorted defensively while feeling anxious inside

Anthony remained silent on his end causing Mavis' anxiety levels rise even higher until finally blurting out, "Anthony, don't hurt him! If there's anything wrong, take it up with me!"

Her protective behavior towards Moore irritated Anthony greatly, prompting him hang up without another word and leaving Mavis shouting into empty air, "Anthony!"

But soon enough, she received another message from Moore's phone containing specific details regarding the hotel room number along with two words attached [Come Over].

Mavis did not waste any time and immediately took a taxi to the location after receiving it.

It was easy to find the place with the corresponding room number.

Because there was a security guard standing at the entrance, the scene was very strong, and Mavis knew Kane.

Kane saw her approaching and bowed respectfully, "Mr. Callahan has been waiting for you for a long time. Please go in."

She nodded and pushed the door open.

The dark curtains in the room were drawn, casting a dim light. Only a blue floor lamp was turned on, and there was no sound at all, creating a peaceful atmosphere.

“Anthony? Moore?”

She tentatively stepped inside, but Kane closed the door behind her with a flick of his wrist.

With a loud bang of the door closing, Mavis shuddered with an unknown fear in this place.

There was no terrifying bloody smell as imagined, but a strong tobacco scent wafted in the air. Mavis coughed a few times, unsure if it was from smoking too many cigarettes.

“Anthony?...”

Her both wrists were gripped, and a strong force pulled her aside.

She didn't have time to react, and after a dizzying moment, she fell into a person's wide embrace.

The strong smell of tobacco hit her nose, causing her to instinctively frown.

However, all of her expressions were seen clearly by Anthony. “You always give me this disgusted look whenever you see me. It's really unpleasant.”

Mavis spoke directly, “I remember you quit smoking in front of Alistair. Why did you start again?”

“Before going home in the evening, I will take a shower and change my clothes, which will not affect our son.”

He lifted Mavis' chin with one hand and sneered, “Can't stand the smell of smoke? Does Moore not usually smoke?”

“He doesn't smoke.”

Although she spoke the truth, Anthony's expression became even colder.

But before seeing Moore, Mavis didn't have time to care about his emotions.

“Where did you hide Moore? What did you do to him?”

Anthony lowered his gaze and tightened his lips into a line. “You really care about him, don’t you? But if I were to take care of him, what could you do to me?”

Mavis was so overwhelmed with anger and frustration that she felt like suffocating.

Did he think he was an outlaw?

“Anthony, if you dare to commit any illegal acts, I will report you to Malcolm and have NIB handle it. I believe that Malcolm will enforce the law impartially and will not show any favoritism towards you.”

He sneered, and his deep blue eyes were filled with darkness and gloom.

The next second, he hugged her soft waist tightly, with such force that it seemed like he could crush her waist.

His eyes were full of intense possessiveness.

“Anthony, you hurt me! You...”

Her lips were blocked by his, and his kisses came overwhelmingly, so overbearing that there was no room for resistance, and he kept biting her lips cruelly.

It seemed to swallow her whole life.

Mavis opened her eyes wide in fright and beat him hard.

It was another forced kiss. This scumbag was addicted to bullying her!

The air that can enter her nasal cavity became increasingly thin, and even her chest cavity was almost overwhelmed by pressure.

Anthony didn’t intend to let her go at all, and won’t give up until he sucked her dry.

Between shoving, her mind went blank.

In a state of confusion, she was pinned to a bed.

Read The Hidden billionaire heiress novel chapter 1083 online free

Chapter 1083 You Broke the Contract First

The man's slender finger bones were restless, rubbing his way down from her lower back...

This action was like a suddenly broken string being connected.

Mavis woke up.

She seized the gap between the kisses and bit the man's lower lip hard.

"Hiss..."

Anthony grunted and finally stopped moving.

Mavis was like a dehydrated fish, gasping for breath and staring at him warily. "You can't, absolutely can't force me, otherwise I will hate you forever!"

Anthony leaned on top of her, didn't touch her any further, but licked his stinging lower lip, tasting a faint smell of blood.

The corners of his lips were broken, but he was not angry, and licked his teeth with the tip of his tongue, as if he still had something to say.

Mavis was terrified, with a thin layer of mist in her eyes. She stubbornly bit her lip and stared at him with an animal-like gaze, constantly on guard against his movements.

"Has Moore kissed you?"

Mavis was taken aback and still panting heavily, unable to speak.

Anthony continued to ask persistently, "Why don't you answer every time? What are you really avoiding?"

She kept her eyes closed, with long eyelashes trembling lightly, holding back the inexplicable sourness at the corners of her eyes.

Anthony forcefully turned her face to face him, forcing her to meet his gaze. His tone was serious as he threatened, "Your performance will determine how I deal with Moore. Are you sure you don't want to answer?"

"I'll answer." Her trembling lips moved slightly. "I've never been kissed by him before."

"Really?" Anthony raised his eyebrows.

"Believe it or not."

"You are very good at lying now. Faced with so many cameras from the media reporters, you can come up with lies easily. Of course, I have to confirm the truthfulness of your words."

Mavis was angry but had no way to deal with him. After all, Moore was still in his hands and she didn't know what to do.

"How do you want me to prove that it's true?"

"You swear on our son that from this moment on, not a single word will be a lie."

Mavis gave him a fierce glare.

How could he make her swear on their son? He was truly malicious.

As if understanding the accusation in her eyes, Anthony explained, "I know that Alistair is the most important person to you in this world, so you swore by him and what you say is trustworthy. As long as you speak the truth, there's no need to worry about implicating Alistair."

Mavis compromised, "Okay, I swear..."

The man pursed his lips and asked the same question, "Has he kissed you before?"

"No."

"Have you slept?"

"No."

“Have you ever held hands? Have you ever accepted a confession from him?”

“No, we’ve never done those things. Moore never confessed to me. We usually get along in work, and occasionally when we have a break, he would take me to his mother’s home for a meal. Because he knew that I left my hometown and went to Bostrain alone, his mother took good care of me. That’s all.”

She finished speaking in one breath and saw a hint of meaning on Anthony’s face.

In the dimly lit room, Anthony’s lips curved into a dangerous smile as he asked, “But I just asked him and he admitted to liking you a lot. What about you? Do you like him?”

“I don’t like him, and I don’t know his feelings. He has never spoken to me face-to-face.”

Anthony raised his eyebrows, and his tense expression visibly relaxed, causing the hostility emanating from him to dissipate somewhat.

Mavis looked at his changing expression and understood, “Anthony, you forcefully kissed me several times and intentionally got information from Moore to find out the truth about me. Could it be that...”

Jealous?

It was really strange.

Anthony moved away from above her, sat on the edge of the bed, said without guilt, “As long as the marriage relationship exists, you are my legal spouse. If anyone dares to touch my woman during this period, I will make him suffer.”

Mavis was speechless.

For some reason, his explanation made Mavis breathe a sigh of relief, but she also felt slightly uneasy.

Why did she think he was jealous just now? He didn’t even like her. How could he possibly be jealous?

The man who was always domineering and unreasonable, this was damn OCD.

For the things that he had touched, if they were touched by other men, he will feel disgusted and even extreme to the point of wanting to destroy unclean things.

No wonder when he kissed her just now, he was so fierce that he wanted to eat her.

It was okay. Just consider it as being bitten by a dog.

She raised her hand and wiped her slightly swollen lips. "Now that you know there is nothing going on between me and Moore, can you let him go?"

Anthony gave her a foolish look and said, "He told me himself that he likes you. Men like him might develop hatred towards you if they can't have what they want, which could be dangerous for you. I'll take care of this risky situation for you."

"Take care of it? How do you want to take care of it?"

"This is my business, mind your own."

He straightened his suit, wiped away a trace of blood from the corner of his lips that had been bitten, and stood up to leave.

"Anthony!"

Mavis quickly got up from the bed and went to pull his arm, softening her tone: "No matter what, Moore is still my friend."

"Yes, my wife's friend, so I will treat him well," he said with a smirk on his lips and a devilishly handsome face.

Mavis always felt that his expression was full of threats, as if he wanted to slaughter Moore like a lamb. Seeing that he was about to leave, she hurriedly followed his footsteps anxiously.

The room door opened and Kane was still standing outside.

Seeing Anthony coming out, Kane immediately reported, "Mr. Callahan, that rival of yours is clamoring to see Mrs. Callahan, but we refused, so he knocked his head on the wall..."

Mavis heard everything clearly and immediately grabbed Anthony's suit hem. "He must be worried about me getting into trouble. Let me see him. What if something really happens?"

Anthony remained unmoved. "He's a grown man. If he's always seeking death, it's too shameful. Besides, even if he really dies in an accident, it would be considered suicide and has nothing to do with me."

"Anthony, I don't understand you at all! What do you want? Why are you still targeting him?" Mavis was getting frustrated.

Anthony remained calm as ever and lifted his finger to stroke her still slightly swollen lips gently. "Today was the agreed-upon time but you broke the appointment first. Don't bring up divorce again and I'll consider giving him to you."

She broke the appointment first? That unreasonable jerk!

"I arrived at Callahan Residence on time at 2 pm today but you didn't show up, and it was also you who didn't keep the agreement."

Anthony sneered. "Do you know how many media outlets are waiting outside for any dirt on the Callahan family? If they catch photos of you alone with Moore regardless of what actually happened between both of you, they will label it as cheating and my reputation will be ruined along with yours."

Mavis fell silent.

"In any case," Anthony continued logically, "Moore is your friend so since he came here because of you, then this account should naturally fall on your head."

Mavis had no words left for his logic so she could only negotiate terms, "Divorce is inevitable but if you're too busy during this period, then I can wait until after things settle down before we renegotiate our divorce agreement."

"Okay," Anthony replied lightly before turning his gaze away towards the aisle.

Mavis silently followed behind him before speaking up again, "... What about Moore? Can I have him now? I promise not to let him appear in any cameras or get caught by media attention."

Read The Hidden billionaire heiress novel chapter 1084 online free

Chapter 1084 Drunk, He Suddenly Changed

Anthony stared at her deeply, his eyes sharp. "What guarantees do you have?"

"I'll compensate double if anything happens to Callahan Group because of me and Moore. I'll take full responsibility for any economic losses, and I'll clarify things with the media myself. I'll solve my own problems," she said.

Anthony looked like he had heard a joke. "With the small company you founded in Bostrain and your current net worth, are you sure you can afford to compensate Callahan Group's losses? And double it too?"

She couldn't afford it.

Callahan Group was valued too high in the market.

If there were any losses, it would cost her a fortune.

She lowered her eyes nervously. "It's precisely because I can't afford it that I will be careful and won't let this happen again or give anyone a chance to criticize my private life."

Her words were reasonable enough for Anthony to warm up slightly. "Okay, three days later, Moore will come see you."

"Why three days later?" she asked.

"Because earlier you didn't completely agree with my request," he said fairly.

His request was for her not to mention divorce again.

If there wasn't a deadline given, then that meant she could never bring it up again.

That was impossible; she had to break free from this marriage burdening her down with chains of oppression.

“Fine then, three days is good enough,” she said while clenching both hands on either side of her legs as she glared at him resentfully. She was wishing that there was some way for her to poke holes in him right now, but Anthony saw no threat in those eyes only an adorable pouty face accompanying them instead.

Anthony snorted before leaving without further delay, while Kane prepared himself to follow suit but Mavis stopped him before he could leave.

Without waiting for Mavis’ response, Kane spoke first, looking bitter on his face, because he already knew what Mavis wanted from him next. “Mrs. Callahan, please spare me the trouble! Yes, Mr. Callahan has placed Mr. Ulsens somewhere safe, but if I tell where exactly, then Mr. Callahan won’t let me off.”

Mavis was struck dumb.

“Just wait patiently for three days please! Trust me when I say we’re treating Mr. Ulsens well during these few days, so when we hand over Mr. Ulsens back into your hands, he’ll be all nice and clean,” Kane promised.

Since Kane had already spoken, Mavis didn’t have much reason left anymore, so she stepped aside, allowing Kane along with several bodyguards leave first.

Three days wasn’t long; once busy time started ticking away quickly until finally...

Anthony finally found some free time after 3 whole day’s worth of work and went straight towards the hotel where Moore was staying at last.

Moore was locked in the room with his eyes blindfolded, his mouth gagged, and his hands and feet bound. Except for the time when meals were delivered to him, he could barely regain his freedom of hands and feet. At other times, he could only squat in the corner of the room.

These days were like years for him, and he felt like he would rather be dead than alive.

With a click, the electronic door of the hotel room opened.

The sound of expensive leather shoes stepping on the wooden floor was getting closer.

Moore groaned a few times and immediately struggled like a startled bird.

The next second, the eye mask was removed.

The room was lit up with bright lights, which were initially blinding to Moore. However, after a few attempts, he gradually adjusted to the brightness and looked up towards the opposite side.

Anthony sat in a chair directly opposite, his long legs casually crossed and his fingers idly playing with his wristwatch, with a cold and gloomy expression on his face.

But Moore was highly myopic and cannot see his face clearly at all.

A bodyguard removed the cloth from Moore's mouth, put on his glasses, turned around and left, closing the door behind him.

Suddenly, only Moore and Anthony were left in the room.

Moore asked first, "Where's Mavis? You crazy and sick pervert, what have you done to her?"

Anthony had a blank expression and spoke in an indifferent tone, "She is my wife. I would never do anything to harm her."

"But she doesn't want to be your wife, and you don't love her either. Why can't you let her go and help her move on?"

Anthony's gaze turned a little cold. "The matter between her and me is none of your concern."

"But I already know."

Anthony's hand on the wristwatch paused, and his dark blue eyes were mixed with a barely noticeable killing intent. "What do you know?"

Moore was not afraid of the low pressure on his body and began to accuse seriously.

“I know you ditched your date with her and went abroad to find another woman.”

“She was framed for leaking company secrets and labeled as a mole. You don’t trust her and have expelled her from the company. Even if she presents the evidence she has collected to you afterwards, you won’t clear her name.”

“She was pregnant, but you imprisoned her. She had a difficult delivery at night, but you didn’t care about her life or death and went to have fun with other women.”

“Anthony, can you live up to your conscience?”

For the last sentence, Moore almost shouted out.

Anthony’s expression was somewhat inscrutable as he sneered, “Did she tell you all of this?”

“Yes, when we are together, she always unconsciously remembers the past and turns her painful experiences into jokes. She laughs them off, but I know how much she is hurting inside. She needs to be loved and cared for.”

“Anthony, since you don’t love her, you should let her go. She is suitable for a better man, and I, I really feel sorry for what happened to her, and I want to love her for the rest of my life.”

As the conversation grew more intense, Moore couldn’t help but sit up. Though he was looking up at Anthony, his gaze was firm and his words sincere.

Anthony lowered his eyes and remained silent for a long time. He pulled out a cigarette pack from his pocket and lit one up. The swirling smoke made him look even more obscure.

Moore could sense the danger emanating from Anthony, but he wasn’t afraid. He had come to Crana to confront Anthony head-on as Mavis’s true husband, so he was prepared for this moment.

The atmosphere became tense and stagnant for quite some time before Moore spoke again. “Anthony,” he said calmly, “let’s be honest here – you don’t deserve Mavis.”

Anthony exhaled a cloud of smoke heavily before falling into silence once again.

“Don’t you want to know how she managed to survive these past five years?” Moore continued. “Don’t you want to know how much pain she went through because of you?”

“I can tell you,” he added after a pause.

...

Half an hour later, the electronic door of the hotel room opened from inside as Anthony walked out with heavy steps. His drooping eyes revealed that they were slightly red around the edges. Kane noticed that his hands hanging on either side of him were trembling slightly despite his tightly clenched jawline hiding any emotions within him.

“Mr. Callahan,” Kane exclaimed in shock, “what happened?”

Without saying anything else except for throwing down one sentence, he said, “Take this over tomorrow morning to Green Grove Apartment and give it to Mavis.”

“Okay.”

...

Late at night when everything was quiet around her, Mavis had just finished washing up in preparation for bed.

It’d been another three days since she saw Alistair, and she missed him terribly.

Anthony promised to send Moore over tomorrow, but she didn’t know if he was playing tricks.

Knock Knock—

She was lying on the bed thinking about something, when there was a strange knock on the door.

“Who is it?” she asked.

“It’s me,” came a familiar low voice from outside – it was Anthony!

Mavis’s expression changed instantly; annoyance written all over her face but she still got up anyway and opened the door. He suddenly pounced on her like dead weight with his head resting limply against her shoulder while reeking strongly of alcohol, which made her frown deeply. “Did you go drinking?”

“Hmm,” replied Anthony lazily with slurred speech – clearly drunk off his rocker – “I didn’t want our son getting suffocated by my breath.”

Mavis felt anger boiling inside of her chest, “This isn’t your personal dumping ground! You’re drunk like this yet still come here trying something?!”

Before she could finish speaking though, another kiss interrupted their conversation, which quickly turned into an intense frenzy that left them both feeling dizzy-headed. Her racing hearts beat wildly.

After the kiss was over, Anthony picked her up by the waist and walked to the bedroom.

By the time she realized it, she had already been pushed down on the bed by Anthony.

The man leaned on top of her, his eyes blurred with drunkenness, and his voice was a little bewildered under the influence of alcohol, “Will you sleep with me?”

Mavis’ pupils dilated instantly.

“Are you crazy?”

Anthony smiled wickedly, and touched her face tenderly, “Just sleep this time. In exchange, I will satisfy any request you have.”

“I request a divorce and custody of our son.”

Anthony smiled again, and the slight redness at the corners of his eyes could be due to being drunk.

In the quiet of the late night, his voice was surprisingly soft, “Okay, there’s no need to sign a divorce agreement. We’ll split our assets equally and meet at the Civil Affairs Bureau at 9 o’clock in the morning seven days from now.”

