

The hidden billionaire heiress (Lyra Melvin)

Chapter 1084 Drunk, He Suddenly Changed



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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.

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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."

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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."