

Chapter 1621-Charmine ignored Anthony's existence as she walked into her house and saw the bed Anthony slept on. She instantly tossed out the blanket and pillow outside before slamming the door shut.

Anthony eventually returned, only to be greeted with the sight of the things he used thrown on the floor.

It felt like his heart had been stabbed.

Gazing at Anthony helplessly, Luke asked, "Boss, what should we do now?"

Anthony looked at Luke. "Bring these back, and wash them." "Oh...alright, then."

Luke could only retrieve the items.

Anthony stood before the door and looked at the shut door, his heart still aching at that moment.

She was that cold-hearted that she could not even tolerate the sight of the items he had used?

Eventually, he looked away and headed back to his temporary home.

Luke was sorting things out when he saw how desolate Anthony seemed, and he could not help asking, "Boss, why don't we go back? Ms. Jordan is doing quite well here."

She no longer liked Anthony, anyway.

If she enjoyed living alone here, why would he want to trouble her and upset her?

Anthony glared at Luke. "Head back if you want to."

He must not leave Charmine on her own.

Even though they had broken up, even though she was viciously cold- hearted, everything happened because of him. i He did not want to see her so stubborn, especially when she was meant for an extraordinary life.

She must not stay in this village forever!

Meanwhile, Chloe watched everything unfold from her door.

She saw how Auntie Charmine threw out a pile of things and also how Uncle Anthony looked devastated.

There was no mistaking that longing look in Anthony's eyes.

If Uncle Anthony loved Auntie Charmine that much, why did he leave her and marry another woman?

Was he hiding something?

Furthermore, Auntie Charmine probably still had feelings for him. Why else would she treat Chris like her own son? i Chloe narrowed her eyes and with a thought, she turned back to her room and locked the door.

She secretly took out a box from under her bed, opened it, and took out a router to turn it on.

She then took out her laptop and turned it on professionally. 1 Her tiny figure supported a laptop that was larger than her frame, and while she still looked adorable, gone was the cutesy expression and was replaced with seriousness.

Her tiny hands fluttered across the keyboard as she typed in a series of codes.

The screen instantly turned black.

Following that, lots of codes appeared on the screen. It did not take long before the screen showed a different page.

Chloe narrowed her eyes and typed in Anthony's name.

Following this, everything that happened to Anthony over the years appeared on the screen.

Chloe read them all and found out that Anthony and Charmine had quite an extensive, long history together. They almost died and almost got married, so why did they end up this way?

Chloe sharply noticed the last article which included Dr. Jennie.

Dr. Jennie Peterson?

Chloe glared at the name.

She knew that woman.

Dr. Jennie Peterson was an internationally renowned brain specialist. Not long ago, she was looking for geniuses all over the world for her experiment, but all of a sudden, she ceased her search. 1 Why would Anthony be in touch with her?

As Chloe read the end of the article, she realized that it was only after Anthony made contact with Jennie that he started hurting Charmine, i Chloe leaned back, and suddenly...

She recalled that when Anthony came over yesterday, Chris had said he had called Anthony before, but Anthony acted as if he had no recollection of it.

This looked like a symptom of amnesia!

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1622-Chloe could not help frowning.

Had Jennie experimented on Anthony, which inflicted amnesia on him? 2 It had to be that due to this, he broke off with Charmine, fearing failing her, even though they loved one another dearly. 1 Chloe was quite certain of this.

Anthony was not cold-hearted, after all. He just loved her too much.

Reading the things that he had done for Charmine, Chloe was touched and her eyes reddened.

The two should not have broken up.

Chloe logged out and leaned on her chair to think.

Amnesia, amnesia...

True, amnesia was generally incurable, but this was only what the general public knew. No one had tested her way just yet!

Chloe looked adorably serious. Turning on her laptop once more to search a few case studies, she also took a pen and jotted down a few things on a piece of paper.

[BL, PL, AQ, PHKL.] Chloe's brain rapidly spun as she wrote out different proportions below the names of the medicines before putting them together. 1 The result would be the medicine for amnesia.

Of course, this was just her hypothesis, and she had not done any clinical trials.

Nonetheless, this was better than prolonging Anthony's condition. 1 Even if this could only ease his pain, it would be good.

Chloe looked at the four medicines on the paper. She would get the first three from the mountains.

PHKL, on the other hand, was a branded medicine. It was expensive, and she had no way of buying it.

Chloe pursed her lips and thought of Uncle Harry from the city.

"Uncle Harry, I need a PHKL. Can you bring me one?" Burlington.

Dior had been trapped at home after attending Guy's wedding. She missed Harry Cogen too much.

This morning, Tim and Sherlyn Granger finally went back to work, and she finally managed to break free.

Dior wasted no time as she sprung into action, searching for Harry.

When she arrived at the rural area, she got out of the car and heard the clicking sound of leather shoes.

Dior halted at the familiar sound.

Her eyes sparkled as she turned around and saw...

Harry sported a high-end suit in black. His leather shoes seemingly glistened, his hair was styled, and he emitted an exorbitant aura.

He looked like a president from movies.

Dior fangirled him; her heart almost skipped a beat.

She took a while to react before she walked toward him in her heels, unable to hide her crush on him.

"Harry Cogen! You look so handsome... Wait, you look so dressed up. Where are you going?"

Harry looked at her and frowned.

Why did she appear again?

He was going to work, but since she was in front of him, he could not say that.

He pursed his alluring lips and pulled an excuse, "To a date."

This excuse should work. She would stop bothering him with this.

“What!?” Dior was like a triggered kitten, and she almost exploded. “You’re going on a date!?” “Why not?” replied Harry. “Didn’t you ask me to forget about that woman to start over?”

Dior was speechless. “Yeah, I did, but...”

What she meant was for him to consider her. She did not ask him to go on a date with another woman!

If he went on a date, what would she do?

No. She had to stop him from finding another woman!

Dior looked at him and asked, “What if your injury reopens?” “It’s fully recovered,” answered Harry. “Also, what does it have to do with dating?”

Dior was speechless.

His reply was straightforward. How else could she stop Harry?

She pursed her lips and scrambled for a plan quickly.

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1623-As he noticed how silent Dior had been, Harry coldly declared, “If you’re done, go back and stop following me.”

With that, he walked past her.

Dior looked at his back and, in a panic, bit her lip and clutched her stomach, starting to cry.

She plastered a pained expression as she grunted, “Harry Cogen, my stomach hurts. I’m dying... Can you send me to the hospital?”

Harry looked at her sloppy act. “Stomach-ache?”

Dior nodded and looked at him, hope-filled.

Harry met her eyes and paused.

Had she fallen for him?

Heh.

His ex treated him this way in the beginning, too, but what happened afterward?

She gave in to money and reality.

Women’s love could be summed up by one word: cheap.

Harry had a mocking look in his eyes as he scoffed, “Didn’t you drive here?

Drive yourself there.” “But it hurts...” Dior seemed visibly pathetic. “My hands are numb. How am I supposed to drive? Take me there. Didn’t I stay in the hospital to take care of you before?”

Harry eyed Dior. It seemed that if he did not send her personally, she would continue to pester him.

He pursed his lips and frigidly said, “Hop into the car.” Dior halted, and her frowning face instantly brightened up. She sat on the front passenger’s seat.

Despite seeing the change in her expression, Harry did not expose her as he drove the car and left for the hospital.

Dior looked at him, her gaze never wavering from him.

How could there be such a handsome man in the world?

Goodness, gracious. How many women had lost their cool when looking at him?

She only had one thought in her mind: Sleep with him.

She wanted to sleep with this cold, handsome man!

Sensing Dior's burning gaze, Harry turned and glanced at her. When he met her adoring eyes, he was not surprised. "Does your stomach not hurt anymore?" he pointed out.

"Huh?" Dior snapped out of her thoughts. She was about to pull another pained expression but did not in the end. "I looked at you, and it just stopped hurting."

Harry was speechless. He acted as if he did not hear her response and continued driving silently.

Dior was used to his hostility.

The colder he was, the happier she would be when she won his heart.

She leaned on the chair and thought of ways to keep him after they arrived at the hospital.

What if he went on to the date?

Dior bit her lip, and her thoughts were all over the place.

After a moment of thought, she asked, "Why do you have to go on a date?" Harry halted. That was just an excuse he had to pull out, yet she still had that stuck on her brain?

He said coldly, "Why not?" "But..." She bit her lip. "Don't you have to work? How would you have time to find a girlfriend?"

Hearing that made Harry's sexy lips quirked into a small smirk. "Didn't you give me money? Do I still have to work?" "What?" Dior's head buzzed.

He used her money to spend it on other women?!

Dior was speechless.

"I only want you to treat yourself better, not for you to find another woman."

"Oh," came his simple, frigid reply like he was some emotionless robot.

He only responded emotionlessly to anything she asked, much to Dior's chagrin.

When they arrived at the hospital, Harry asked, "Do you want me to go in with you?" "No, no need." She gave him everything she was holding. "Wait for me here, and don't go anywhere." "But I'm going on a date!" snapped Harry.

"I don't care." She had a bossy look as she threatened him, "If you leave, I'll Harry looked at her. "What?"

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1624-Dior smirked. "I'll go and ask your dates to back away-every one of them!"

Not waiting for Harry to react, she went straight into the hospital, leaving a speechless Harry behind.

That was it? Did she not have any other ammunition against him than that?

Furthermore, he was already late for his meeting!

Dior went inside and, fearing Harry might leave, said to the doctor quickly,"

Hurry, just say my stomach ache is severe, that I have to be admitted to the hospital." The doctor was baffled. "Madam, what are you talking about?" "My stomach hurts," repeated Dior, "and I want to be admitted. Get me the IV."

She brought out a stack of money. "Prepare a room for me."

The doctor was helpless. "Okay..."

He admitted her and gave her a paper.

Dior rushed out with the paper, and when she saw that Harry was still outside, she smiled. "The doctor said that it's very severe, and I need to be admitted.

Can you stay with me?"

Harry looked at her face that showed no trace of pain. "Why?"

Why?

Dior bit her lip as she then reasoned, "Aren't we friends? Can't you take care of me? I took care of you all day and night when you got admitted."

Harry was going to turn her down when he spotted a familiar figure in the corner of his eyes.

He could not help looking over and saw...

Sonia was alone. She had a paper in hand as she walked out from the gynecologist.

Dior looked over as well and spotted her.

Her eyes gleamed heatedly as she grabbed Harry's hands, saying, "Let's go, dear. Bring my stuff."

Harry was mystified.

Dior should have become an actress.

However, he did not expose her, especially when he noticed Sonia looking their way. He held onto Dior's bag and put his other hand around her waist as they went into the VIP ward.

When Sonia heard a woman's voice, she instinctively thought of Dior, so she looked over.

All she saw was how gentle Harry was to that woman.

Sonia looked at the two with disbelief, transfixed on the spot.

Had he truly fallen for that woman?

She thought he was just putting on an act in front of her.

He used to love her so much and would give her the world. How could he have fallen for another woman so easily?

He probably did not know that she was in the hospital!

Did this mean Harry treated that woman so gently even when she was not around them?

Sonia was furious as she clenched and crumpled her paper. She walked out and wanted to interrogate him.

After taking a few steps, however, her phone rang.

Sonia stopped as she took out her phone to look at the screen, biting her lip as she did. "What is it, dear?"

A gentle male voice was heard from the other end, saying, "How was the examination, Sonia?"

Sonia glanced at the paper and said calmly, "I'm six weeks pregnant."

Despite the announcement, she did not seem too over the moon about it.

"Wonderful!" The man on the other end, however, was very excited. "Find a place to rest, and I'll come to fetch you."

Sonia wanted to turn him down, but he had already hung up.

She clenched her phone tightly and looked at the ward door that was shut.

So what if she walked up to Harry and questioned him? Would she be able to start over with Harry?

Impossible.

She was already pregnant. In no time, she would marry rich and live her dream life.

Even though she still loved him, she no longer wanted to live that ordinary and mediocre life.

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1625-Sonia clenched the paper at hand, and her heart ached.

Between love and reality, she chose the latter.

Harry walked into the ward with his hand on Dior's waist. When the door closed, his hand fled from her form.

Dior knew he was acting, but it still upset her. She pouted and sat on the bed while her eyes were fixed on him.

He was gentle-looking, but after he saw that woman Sonia, he began to act strangely.

Even though he said that he had let go of her, he probably still cared about her.

Was this why he was in a hurry to go on dates-so he could forget about Sonia?

Dior bit her lip and mumbled, "Harry, can you not go on the date?"

Harry looked at her. "Why?" "You're using my money," replied Dior. "You can't find another woman."

Harry's gaze darted away, wanting to say something when his phone rang with a text message notification.

Harry took it out and narrowed his eyes.

PHKL?

Why would Chloe need this medicine?

Was Grandma ill?

Harry frowned as he looked at Dior coldly. "I have other things to attend to."

Not waiting for her response, Harry turned to leave.

"Huh?" Dior was shocked and asked, "Where are you going?"

Harry had already vanished from sight.

Dior was allowing the nurse to get the intravenous tube into her. When she watched the door closing, her heart sank.

Was he going on a date?

Did that woman text him, and he went to see her?!

Dior was upset.

"Get that off me!"

Harry had already left. Who was she acting for then?

Dior shot out of bed and rushed out.

When she got out of the ward, she saw Harry's tall figure getting into the lift.

"Harry Cogen!"

Dior ran over, but the lift door was shut.

She bit her lip and grew frantic.

If she lost him again this time, the next time she would see him would be with another woman!

No way!

The lift stopped on the first floor while the other lift took ages.

It was as if she had lost the most precious thing in the world. She ran to the staircase and rushed down in her high heels, enduring the pain.

In her panic, Dior lost her balance, and the heel twisted...

"Argh!" Dior cried out in pain and grabbed the handle before she could topple.

Her cold face turned pale as a sharp pain shot up from her ankle.

However, the thought of Harry meeting another woman made her bite her lip.

She withstood the sharp pain and continued making her way down.

By the time she got to the first floor, her face was pale as her forehead was coated with sweat.

Dior looked around anxiously and searched every corner.

Among the crowd, she could see the tall, cool figure in front of the prescription counter.

She let out a sigh of relief and instantly loosened up.

Suddenly, she felt the sharp pain in her ankle, and it was nerve-wracking.

Dior bit her pale lip and staggered toward Harry slowly.

Meanwhile...

Harry arrived at the counter and said, "Can I have a PHKL, please?"

The nurse looked at him and said coldly, "No, we're not selling this. This is a special rescue medicine."

Dior overheard the exchange as she made her way toward Harry.

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1626-Dior's gaze turned steely as she looked at Harry, asking, "What medicine do you want?"

Harry turned to look at her, only noticing then how pale she had gotten. He wondered if her stomach was indeed hurting. "Why did you come down?" he asked.

"Silly question." Dior scoffed. "You left all of a sudden, so of course I had to chase after you."

Harry's eyes darkened as he looked at her.

Noticing how silent he was, Dior repeated, "What medicine do you want?"

"PHKL."

Dior frowned. This medicine was expensive, and only special people could get their hands on it.

Even his father might not get his hands on it.

Still, how could she disappoint her crush?

Dior wound her arms around Harry's and said, "No hurry. I'll make a phone call to ask about it."

Harry was going to ask his staff to get it, wanting to turn Dior's offer down, but she had walked him to a stool.

After taking a few steps, he realized that she was limping.

He frowned and asked, "What happened to your legs?" Dior looked at him sadly. "I was worried about you going on a date and I couldn't wait for a lift, so I ran down the stairs, twisting my ankle in the process. It really does hurt."

She looked at him innocently.

Surely he would pity her after telling her story, no?

Furthermore, she was hurt because of him. He would want to stay back and take care of her. That meant he would not be able to go on a date, would he?

At that moment, Dior, despite being in agony, felt blessed that she was hurt.

Harry looked at her swollen ankle and paused, feeling his emotions surging in his chest.

Did she care about him that much?

Instantly, his eyes dulled coldly. "Be careful next time."

Dior blinked and looked at Harry with disbelief.

Was his heart made of steel?

How heartless!

Her lips parted as words danced at her lips, but knowing Harry, Dior could only let it pass.

It was already an improvement for him to say this.

How could she expect him to care for her, or even comfort her?

"Heh," snorted Dior as she pictured this.

Puzzled, Harry frowned and looked at her. "Did the pain make you crazy?" "No,"

said Dior. "Deal with my pain later. Let's get your issue settled first."

One day, she would win his heart. One day, this cold-hearted man would be all over her!

With this thought, Dior was barely fazed by the pain that gnawed on her ankle.

Dior then took out her phone and called her father. "Father, I need PHKL.

Can you get me one?" Tim Granger, on the other end, frowned. "PHKL? Why do you need this? I can get hold of this easily."

Dior pursed her lips and said weakly, "I'm hurt, and I need this. If you don't get it for me now, you won't be able to see me anymore."

This instantly worried Tim. "Dior, what happened?" he fretted anxiously. "

Do you want your mother and I to come back right away?" "No need," said Dior.

"Father, just get me the medicine. I'm going to Central Hospital. Give them a call."

This did not convince Tim, but his worry nonetheless remained. "Okay, I'll try."

That made Dior antsy. "Father, I'm your daughter. Don't just try-you must get it!"

Although she was exaggerating, she was telling the truth.

Harry's concern was her concern, too!

If she could not get it for him, she might as well lose her life!

"Alright, I'll do my best to get it for you." Tim was worried. "What happened to you? Tell me." "It's a long story, but just get me the medicine first. I'll tell you when I recover."

"Okay..."

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Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1627-Tim quickly used his resources to look for this medicine.

Hanging up the phone, Dior looked at Harry proudly. "Wait for a while."

With that said, she looked at him expectantly, under the impression Harry would pity her that she twisted her ankle yet still went and tried to get him that PHKL he wanted.

All she saw as she looked up at him, however, were his dull eyes.

That took Dior aback as she anxiously blurted, "What?" "Nothing."

There was an irony-filled expression plastered on Harry's face.

She successfully demonstrated to him to never believe anything one said.

She would lie to her father, and that meant she would lie to anyone else. He even felt bad for her twisting her ankle, but it all seemed rather ironic at this point.

He would not believe a word she said again.

Dior looked at his cold eyes, and she had no idea why Harry looked like... that.

What happened?

Why was he so apathetic?

This baffled Dior, but just as she was about to ask Harry about it, her phone rang. Noticing that it was her father, she quickly answered, "Father, what is it?"

"It's ready. You may collect it from the counter; just mention my name." Tim, still worried, continued, "Dior, what's the matter with you? Are you hurt?" "No. I'm busy now, so I'll call you when I have time."

Dior did not wait for Tim to reply before hanging up. ‘Wait for me,’ said Dior as she turned to Harry, ‘I’ll get it for you right away.’

Harry nodded.

Dior looked at his distant expression and was bewildered.

Still, she recounted his personality. Harry had always been cold, so she should get used to it.

Dior did not press on the matter as she, bracing herself for the pain, limped her way to the counter. With a mention of Tim’s name, she finally got the PHKL medicine.

She proudly brought it to Harry. ‘Here.’

With an aloof expression, he accepted the medicine. ‘Thanks.’

Dior had grown used to his lack of words, however. She bit her lip and muttered, ‘I got hurt because of you, so it makes sense for you to take care of me, right?’

‘Okay,’ replied Harry as if merely returning the favor. Emotionlessly, he continued, ‘You’ll have to wait till I ship this out.’ ‘Fine.’ Dior had no choice, anyway.

She needed to treat her ankle so it would not worsen.

As Harry stood up, Dior said, ‘Are you going to ship it now?’

He was going to, but seeing how pale she looked, he frowned. ‘I’ll walk you up before going.’

Dior smiled. ‘Good! Come back right after you shipped it.’

Harry glanced at her coldly. ‘You even know where I live. How do I even get away with it?’ ‘I know, right?’ harrumphed Dior. ‘If you don’t show yourself later, I’ll come to your house with the IV stick!’ ‘Don’t worry,’ said Harry. ‘You did such a big favor for me, and I should return it.’

Dior looked at him. ‘That’s it?’

He met her eyes. ‘What else?’

Dior bit her lip.

This clueless man!

Did he not feel like marrying her?

Whatever.

Harry was utterly clueless. She should train him slowly.

Harry thus helped her get into a ward and left.

When he arrived at the post office and watched the staff pack the medicine, Harry texted Chloe, [Chloe, it’s been shipped out. Keep an eye out for it.]

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1628-Mount Village.

Receiving the text, Chloe was elated.

Once she got hold of this medicine, she could ease Uncle Anthony's pain.

It could at least prevent his illness from worsening. She would then figure out how to make the rest of the medicine.

Helping others made her feel good.

Chloe carried the basket on her back and went up the mountain with Chris to gather the herbs.

Chris saw how well she knew the way and how swift she acted. His eyes widened with curiosity. "Chloe, why do you need these herbs?" "I need these to save your Daddy, of course!" However, Chloe would not tell anyone about it.

She smiled and, instead, said, "I'm getting them for my Grandma." "Ah." Chris looked at her and could not help reaching out to caress her pinkish cheeks, praising her as he did, "You're very kind, Chloe!" "Yeah!" Chloe blushed and smiled, causing her two adorable dimples to surface at her cheeks. "You, too!" i By the time they gathered all the herbs, it was already dusk.

The two children sat on the mountain and admired the view of the village below them.

"I want to stay in this beautiful village with my Mommy and Daddy," confessed Chris.

He also wanted to grow up with Chloe.

Chloe looked at the basket of herbs and said, 'That should be okay.'

Once Uncle Anthony's amnesia was cured, everything was possible.

Chris had a dull look in his eyes.

If only it was possible.

However, his Mommy was so mean to his Daddy.

Everything was uncertain.

Chris turned to look at Chloe and said, "Chloe, when I go home, come and find me with Grandma whenever you can." "Okay," answered Chloe. 'The city must be very beautiful, huh, Chris?'

Chris paused.

Chloe was so pitiable. Not only did she not have her parents with her, but she had not even been to the city, too.

Once he could go home, he would bring her to have fun.

He would take her to Dixy Land and have ice cream!

Chris looked at Chloe and said, "No, the city isn't as beautiful as this place."

Chloe nodded.

Then...why did her parents not return?

Not wanting to upset Chloe, Chris held her hand, saying, "Let's head home and feed the fish we caught yesterday." "Alrighty!"

The two children got home when Chloe then noticed the phone had lit up.

It was information that the parcel had arrived, and upon reading that, Chloe instantly went to collect it.

After checking it, she processed the herbs she picked and mixed them with PHKL. She turned them into powder.

After distributing them into a week's worth of dosage, she leaned on her chair and started thinking...

How should she send this to Uncle Anthony? How could she do it so as to not alarm him?

Hopeless as she was, she could only log onto her main account.

This way, he would believe her for sure.

Chloe went to the settings and made some changes to hide her IP address.

Following that, she sent an email to Anthony with her main account.

[There's medicine by your door, and they'll offset your amnesia from worsening.

If you wonder why I help you, it's because I'm Jennie's nemesis.] After sending the email, Chloe secretly went to the door and looked around to make sure nobody was around.

She took the medicine to Anthony's door and hung it on the handle before heading home.

Inside the run-down house...

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1629-Anthony continued to work after he had Luke fix the house.

As he was working, his phone by the side lit up.

He frowned and looked at it-it was an email.

When Anthony read the sender's name, he narrowed his eyes in scrutiny.

'Cabbage'?

This name sounded silly, but it attracted immense international recognition last year.

Legend had it that she was a genius. She once instructed a doctor online to save a patient who had 38 bullets in them. She earned her fame from then on. 2 Since then, there were other rumors of how she saved some severely ill patients with her medicines, and they all recovered.

[Cabbage] was very mysterious; she stayed entirely virtual to provide only guidance.

She had never shown her face, and even when highly acclaimed hackers tried to find her, she blocked them all.

After she blocked them out, she would make sure their devices break down within a day's time. 1 The entire company's desktops would have the image of a cabbage head before self-destructing.

This meant that [Cabbage] was not only a medical genius, but she was also a professional hacker, too.

Anthony, the moment he read the name, instantly thought someone was impersonating [Cabbage]. Thus, he turned to Luke. "Locate the IP address for this."

Luke received the IP, and by the end of his search, he was shocked." Cabbage?

The genius doctor, Cabbage?"

Anthony nodded.

After making sure it was legitimate, Anthony said to Luke, "Go and check out the door." "Okay."

Luke walked out and saw medicine hung at the door handle.

He brought them to Anthony. "Boss, Cabbage brought you medicine? You know her?" "Never met her." Anthony looked at the medicines, just as confused.

Why would Cabbage help him? Was it just because she was Jennie's rival?

Worried someone was plotting against him, Anthony gave a pack of the medicine to Luke. "Bring this to a lab." "Yes, Sir!"

Luke left with the packet while Anthony leaned on the chair, turning on his phone to once more look through the email he received.

After thinking for a moment, he replied, [Why did you help me? What do you get?] Meanwhile...

Receiving his response, Chloe happily replied, [As I said, Jennie is my nemesis.

Furthermore, I heard that you're Charmine's lover. I know her, and it's the least I can do. If you don't trust me, just forget about this.] Anthony saw her reply and was utterly shocked.

Charmine knew Cabbage?

Just how resourceful was Charmine?

Since Anthony had validated her identity, he would definitely trust her.

With another thought, his eyes sparkled as he asked, [Does your medicine only ease the pain? Does it cure entirely?] If he could be cured, he no longer had to hurt Charmine. He would spend the rest of his life cherishing her and loving her.

Chloe was not confident at all. Even if she was, she would not tell him.

She did not want to give him hope and not treat him in the end. This would only disappoint Anthony.

Chloe could only reply, [Yes, it can only ease the symptoms for now, stopping it from worsening. I can't promise about treating it completely. After all, your illness technically can't be treated.] Anthony's eyes instantly lost their glimmer of hope, dulling instantly at Cabbage's response.

If he could not fully recover, what was the point of easing the symptoms?

He would still forget important things at crucial moments.

He still could not give Charmine happiness

Warning: My Mommy Is A Savage By Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 1630-Clenching his phone tightly, Anthony leaned on the chair and emanated loneliness, desolation.

On the other hand, Chloe grew worried as she received not one reply from Anthony.

Was he sad?

Thinking it through, Chloe wrote another email, [Since I know Charmine, I'll continue to develop the medicine, but I can't guarantee a full recovery.] When Anthony read the email, he pursed his lips and replied, [Thank you.

Please, do not tell Charmine about this.] Chloe replied quickly, [Ok.] Anthony ended the conversation, and Luke came back, expression positive and delighted. "Sir, this medicine is harmless, and it's beneficial for the brain."

Anthony nodded and said, "Prepare me a dose." "Okay."

Luke went ahead to prepare it. Within an hour, the medicine was ready, and Anthony drank it all without hesitation.

He looked at the emptied bowl and clenched his fist.

This medicine, as well as Cabbage's words, were the only dim light in his darkened world. 1 At least, he was no longer so depressed. There was a slight hope.

Late at night, he was unable to sleep. Perhaps it was due to the medicine, but he suddenly recalled the things he had forgotten in the past, such as Chris calling him to tell him that Charmine was leaving.

He agreed and forgot about it halfway.

Anthony suddenly realized how hopeless he was. He frowned and wanted to remember more, but he was unable to.

With eyes wide open, his emotions whirled within him. He only managed to fall asleep when the sky turned brighter the next day.

At the newfound hope of recovery, Anthony did not want Charmine to continue loathing him.

When she went out to her construction site, Anthony instructed Luke, "Fill up the water in her bucket and chop wood for her."

Luke was speechless.

He was an assistant! Since when did he become his manpower?

However, seeing the look in Anthony's eyes, he could only agree to it. 2 Luke thus drew clear water from the well and filled up Charmine's entire bucket, even changing the water for the flowers.

Following that, he used an ax to chop up thick logs into smaller pieces.

Anthony looked at the bucket of water and the readily cut wood, and his lips curled up with satisfaction. "You get ten times the pay." 1 Luke wiped off his sweat and said, "Thank you, Sir."

Anthony turned to say to Chris, "Go and tell your Mommy that I've filled up the water in her bucket and cut the wood. We're waiting for her to make lunch for us." 1 "Huh?" Chris rubbed his eyes, thinking his eyes played tricks on him.

It was then he saw the beads of sweat on Uncle Luke's face and said matter-of-factly, "It was Uncle Luke who did it!"

Anthony was speechless.

He scoffed, "Do you want me to get back with your Mommy?"

Chris frowned.

Of course not.

This douche-dad bullied his Mommy!

It was only because he did not want Charmine to go on like this. Otherwise, he would have ratted Anthony out!

Hmph!

Anthony, on the other hand, did not care what Chris was thinking.