

Surprised 1841

Chapter 1841: Spencer in Love?

"As you command!" Alfie's voice was resounding, "Dad, rest assured! I will not only take care of Grandma but also take care of my little sister. As for you, you take care of our mommy!" Ivan gestured okay to his son. After waving goodbye, they watched as everyone boarded the plane, the cabin door closed, and the plane taxied down the runway, beginning its ascent.

Ivan led Jennifer back to the living room. "Monica is actually Rowan's sister; the coincidence is really quite miraculous," Jennifer mused. Each time she thought about this relationship, she found it unbelievable, as if fate had invisibly brought everyone together.

Ivan, however, was anxious about the situation. "Luckily, Claire chose Rowan. If Claire had been with Tristan, would Monica have ended up with Rowan?"

"It's possible! With such a small circle, and everyone being so outstanding," Jennifer couldn't help but feel nervous as well, "it could have been... quite a mess if that happened, falling in love and then finding out they are siblings..."

This kind of situation would be unbearable for most people, but thankfully, it didn't happen.

"Mind the step," Ivan was very attentive, helping his wife. Jennifer, in turn, cared for him, "Why? You really don't plan to go to the office?"

"I really don't."

"Are you going to stay home for the entire pregnancy?"

"Indeed, I'll be working from home, attending remote meetings." He put his arm around her shoulder, smiling as he glanced at her, "After all, my wife is more important. What does the company matter? It's inconsequential."

"If the company fails, who will support me? Will you make me drink the northwest wind?" Jennifer glanced at him, pretending to be coquettish.

"Following me, you won't even have the chance to drink the northwest wind."

"Seriously, I'm not that fragile. We have Marry at home, you can do whatever you need to do." She still hoped he would prioritize the company.

But he emphasized once again, "I don't want to miss a single day of our child's growth."

"But the child hasn't even been born yet."

"I don't want to miss a single day, even during the pregnancy," Ivan thought of becoming a father again,

and suddenly felt as happy as a child, completely different from the imposing CEO in the company.

In this matter, Jennifer always felt like she was facing an unbeatable opponent; every negotiation ended with his victory. Therefore, she no longer insisted. The company was his; he could work as he pleased.

"Do you think this child will be a boy or a girl?" Jennifer sat down on the sofa, somewhat expectantly.

"I actually hope for a little sister." But Ivan quickly changed his tune, "As long as it's you who gives birth, I will love them no matter what."

The woman's eyes filled with happiness and tenderness, a result of being spoiled and unable to hide it.

"By the way, I heard from Alfie that Spencer is in love." Jennifer's tone lightened, "Did you know about this?"

"I didn't, but is it abnormal for him to be in love?"

"Playing around is normal, but being in love is not. Isn't he a celibate?" Ivan was surprised, looking at her, "What did Alfie say?"

Chapter 1842: The Word "Marriage" Isn't in My Dictionary

Ivan sat on the sofa beside her, nodded while holding her hand. "If Spencer really settles down, Mom

would be very happy. Maybe she would even be willing to help him with the kids. It would be a wonderful thing for the children to grow up together."

Sure enough, as soon as the words were spoken, Spencer's flashy sports car worth millions swept into the courtyard in a cool manner, not even slowing down, giving Jordan a big scare!

As the car door opened, Spencer removed his sunglasses, and with a suave posture, stepped out of the car in his light blue tailored suit. Under the sunlight, his handsomeness carried a touch of charm.

"Master Spencer!" Jordan greeted him with a smile.

Glancing at his wrist, then up at Jordan, Spencer furrowed his brow. "Why is it so quiet here? Have the kids all left?"

"Just left," Jordan stood before him and respectfully bowed.

Spencer sighed. He was late. He looked over at the Lamborghini not far away. "I see." With a confident step in his shiny leather shoes, he made his way inside.

As he entered, both Ivan and Jennifer immediately noticed him.

"Sorry, I promised to come over to drop Alfie off, but something held me up," Spencer expressed some

regret for his tardiness. He sent a message of apology to Alfie and even sent him several red packets.

"Before he boarded the plane, he kept mentioning you," Jennifer smiled as she looked at him. "Are you too busy with your love life lately?"

Spencer gave her a puzzled look, then put his phone away and sat opposite her on the sofa. "Alfie said that?"

"Yes," Ivan's gaze fell on him as he asked directly, "Did you move her in, is she living with you?"

Spencer didn't answer. He picked up a grape from the plate on the coffee table and put it in his mouth.

Jennifer, a bit gossipy, asked, "How long have you been dating this girlfriend? Is she someone you're planning to marry?"

"Marriage isn't in my dictionary," Spencer said lightly. He found the grape quite tasty, so he took

another one and chewed it slowly, responding, "I've been busy lately, no time to change girlfriends. She happens to be obedient and understanding, so I let her stay."

"..." What kind of answer is that? What a lousy man's quote!

Ivan and Jennifer exchanged a glance, not knowing what to say for a moment.

"Just a simple relationship. Do you two have any other doubts?" Spencer took the tea from Jordan.

"Thank you." Then he leaned back in his chair with a smile.

Ivan thought for a moment and asked, "How many women have you dated? Do you remember?"

"I don't remember," he never bothered to count. "Why?"

"Suppose one of them gets pregnant, what would you do? Pay them off?" Ivan inquired.

So... he respected life? Did he handle things well every time?

In fact, what he said hit the mark, and Ivan agreed.

Chapter 1843: The Woman Who Breaks the Rules of the Game

Regarding marriage, Ivan and Jennifer no longer pushed him. Young people always have their own way of living; that's normal.

Spencer stayed for dinner at their invitation. Ivan went upstairs to the study for a video conference,

Jennifer and Marry were in the yard trimming roses.

The evening was peaceful and beautiful, yet someone wanted to cause trouble.

Spencer reclined on the sofa, legs crossed, casually browsing through Douyin while waiting for dinner.

Accidentally, he came across a familiar scene-it was his house! A girl was in the living room, live streaming openly, without selling anything, just chatting and singing.

The girl was very pretty, with a fresh and tender appearance, wearing makeup and using a beauty filter.

Spencer's expression darkened, his lips pressed into a thin line. The comments section was filled with remarks like:

"Isn't this Spencer's house? Are you living with Spencer?"

"Cherry, are you the first woman Spencer brought home?"

"Cherry, you and Spencer look so good together. When are you planning to get married?"

"Oh my, you're in Spencer's house. Are you Spencer's legitimate wife?"

"Asserting dominance, huh?"

"Congratulations, Cherry, you're about to marry into a wealthy family! Celebratory emojis!"

Seeing these comments popping up, Spencer's face darkened even more. He was clearly displeased.

At that moment, someone noticed that he had entered the live stream! This led to another round of wild

comments:

"Is Spencer here to support his darling wife?"

"I spotted Spencer too!"

"Look, Spencer is here!! Spencer is here!"

"Are we witnessing a sweet moment?"

Seeing these comments, Cherry, who had just been confidently interacting with her viewers, suddenly felt at a loss. Her smile seemed forced, and she looked a bit flustered.

Spencer coldly stared at the girl, then abruptly exited the Douyin app. Not only did he not give her any rewards, he didn't even say hello.

Jennifer came in with a freshly cut bouquet of flowers, just as Spencer was getting up with a black expression. Their eyes met, and Spencer's steps faltered, his expression softening slightly.

At that moment, the Italian master chef was busy in the kitchen, and the aroma of food began to fill the air.

"Spencer, what's wrong?" Jennifer approached him, noticing the suppressed anger in him, feeling a bit worried.

At that moment, a servant came out to announce that dinner was ready.

To keep Jennifer from worrying, Spencer put on a gentle smile. "Is he still in the meeting?"

"Okay," Spencer nodded. Jennifer placed the flowers on the coffee table and went upstairs, while

Spencer went to the dining room.

Just as Jennifer went upstairs, Ivan's meeting ended. He came out of the room, put his arm around her

shoulder, and together they headed downstairs.

Chapter 1844 Out

Cherry knows she has violated the rules of the game, so she paces back and forth in the living room,

clutching her phone, as anxious as an ant on a hot pan, not knowing what to do for a while.

In this state of anxiety, she spent a whole hour alone.

Strange, why hasn't Spencer come back yet?

Cherry looked at the motionless living room door, looked at the darkening night outside the window,

and didn't know what he was thinking.

He went into the live broadcast room and left without saying a word.

But so much time has passed, and he still hasn't come back to hold her accountable.

Cherry started to think optimistically. Since he chose to bring her home... did he ever have a slight

thought of marriage in his mind?

They have been getting along well during this time, so Spencer must like her, right?

Thinking of this possibility, a glimmer of hope suddenly ignited in Cherry's heart. The thought of one day putting on a wedding dress for him made her feel wonderful, as if her heart had been filled with honey.

It's been so long since the end of the live broadcast. Could it be that Spencer went out to buy a gift?

As Cherry thought about it, she held onto a glimmer of hope, thinking that maybe she was that special someone after all?

After dinner, Spencer left Emerald Bay by car.

He gripped the steering wheel with one hand, staring ahead into the night, his eyes bursting with a sharp and cold light like that of an eagle.

He knew exactly what the woman wanted.

When the car entered the villa's courtyard, a car's headlights shone in, startling Cherry, who was sitting on the living room sofa, causing her to quickly regain her composure.

She suddenly turned her head, her chest tightening, as Spencer returned.

After getting out of the car and slamming the door, he walked inside with a cold face, his eyes emitting

a sharp and resolute light.

When he pushed open the living room door, the guilty woman was so shocked that she stood up from the sofa and met the man's icy, resolute gaze. He returned with empty hands, as if reality had slapped her in the face.

After Spencer came in, the whole room's atmosphere plummeted.

He stared at the woman not far away, even with a look that seemed ready to devour her, she was still so charming and attractive.

"Spencer..." the woman, with a fearful and aggrieved look, called his name in a soft, coquettish tone.

Spencer showed no mercy, his tone devoid of warmth. "Pack your things and get out."

"Spencer, I was wrong..." the girl hurriedly apologized, staring at the man's sharp gaze, biting her lip slightly. "I love you so much, I really want to marry you... I want to be with you forever."

"You're dreaming," Spencer replied. His eyes softened as he walked to the liquor cabinet, taking out a tall glass and a bottle of red wine. "Let me give you a piece of advice, never overestimate your position in someone else's heart."

The woman knew he was uncompromising. With watery eyes, she looked at him pitifully and asked,

"Spencer, have you ever loved me?" She couldn't accept it. She had already done so well.

"In bed, yes," was Spencer's response. He was sober, his tone flat, leaving her with only his back.

The woman felt as if she had been pricked by needles, but she truly loved him.

She was willing to die for him.

Cherry really couldn't believe it, and she didn't want to accept it. She had just had a live broadcast at

his house, how could she be out like this?

Everything she could take away was just a small suitcase.

Nothing here had anything to do with her.

"No, you can't," Spencer actively refused. "Hurry up and leave." He was full of disgust for this woman

who had broken the rules of the game.

Who knows how the news will be written tomorrow!

Chapter 1845 Explaining with Actions

Cherry could only leave with tears in her eyes, carrying her suitcase, her lonely figure disappearing into

the darkness.

Spencer didn't even consider whether it was safe for a girl to go out alone late at night; he sat on the sofa drinking.

He wasn't upset at all about the breakup, just very angry. He reckoned he would be the subject of hot discussions in the news again tomorrow.

Sure enough, the next day's front page was dominated by Spencer, and the social media comment sections were flooded.

He naturally drew attention, being handsome and leading his team to victory in national competitions.

Not only was he handsome, but he also acted well. His first role made him extremely popular, and he's been in demand ever since.

Coupled with being Ivan's brother, this attention kept his popularity consistently high.

The most talked-about aspect was his romantic history, clean and swift with every relationship, even though it might seem seamless, he never two-timed anyone.

And no woman had ever spoken ill of him.

He was as emotionally complex as any male artist in the country, changing partners like clothes without exaggeration.

In the elegant restaurant at Emerald Bay on a beautiful morning, Ivan and Jennifer sat at the breakfast table, which was exquisitely and abundantly laid out, including a portion specially made for the pregnant woman.

"Spencer made the headlines," Ivan said to her. "Did you know?" He had read the news as soon as he woke up.

"Why?" Jennifer asked, clearly unaware.

"That girl broadcasted from his house yesterday evening. People knew that he had brought his girlfriend home, and many started urging them to get married," Ivan explained.

Jennifer fell silent after hearing this because Spencer had made it clear that marriage was not in the picture.

Ivan calmly analyzed, "That girl stepped on a landmine. It's very likely that Spencer kicked her out last night."

"Possible," Jennifer sighed and shook her head. "It's fine to date, but being greedy is not right, especially with someone like him. You should take what you need and not get emotional."

Ivan said, "That girl's name is Cherry. I found some information about her and Spencer online. They've been together for over a month. They've been seen dining out together and even went to a hot spring.

He bought her a lot of luxury brand clothes."

"It seems thoughtful, but without genuine feelings. How does he do it? Don't people have emotions?"

Jennifer couldn't help but wonder. "I wonder if there will be a woman in the future who can hold him down."

Ivan couldn't easily make a conclusion on this point, once a man has played the field, it's hard for him to fall for someone, right?

After all, Ivan was a person with strict standards. No matter how outstanding a woman was, if he didn't like her, he wouldn't touch her.

In the afternoon, Spencer couldn't stand the news and speculations, feeling like a joke! His social media was in chaos.

Cherry had secretly gotten drunk at a bar, while unsuspecting netizens were blessing her online, believing she had secured the position of Mrs. Lawrence, being a woman Spencer brought home, she must be extraordinary.

Facing this situation, Spencer chose to explain with actions. When the media asked about marriage, he kept silent.

Spencer's new romance exposed!

Everyone understood, Cherry had crossed his bottom line and was out of the game.

So, netizens all collectively teased-

Playing is fine, but being too greedy is not right.

Since it's a game, the consequences of breaking the rules are quite severe.

Chapter 1846: A High-Profile Reception

Due to Mya's advanced pregnancy and the imminent birth of the baby, Albert and Violet stayed in

Arkpool City, politely declining the old king's invitation. They promised to attend when Louis and Claire got married, with the wedding preparations already in full swing.

Before leaving Arkpool City, the final dinner was hosted at the Russell family's home. The elders discussed the children's wedding matters, having a particularly pleasant conversation.

A few hours later, a private plane arrived at the royal private airport in Lu Layeka. As everyone

disembarked, Algerone, Belinda, and Tristan, visiting for the first time, were captivated by the majestic

scenery, akin to a scene from a movie. The architectural ensemble included castles and estates, a variety of palaces exuding a strong national character, grand and solemn. The welcoming military and royal officials were in formal attire, lined up in formation, with Catherine accompanied by Julie. As everyone disembarked from the plane, almost all eyes fell on the girl led by the old king. She appeared as if from a dream, with skin like jade and a gentle smile on her face. Wasn't she the long-lost Princess Annie? In the bright sunlight, her eyebrows resembled mountain daisies, and her eyes carried a certain charm, captivating all who beheld her.

When Bertie disembarked, he took Annie directly to Catherine and introduced her, "This is Queen Catherine." Monica knew her identity from her brother in Arkpool City and about her half-brother, Taylor.

This woman in front of her was her stepmother. Catherine smiled at the girl. "She is the Annie princess we have been searching for." Bertie cherished the grip of his daughter's hand, joyfully conveying the news, despite already having done so over the phone. "Hello, Annie," Catherine said, extending her hand to Monica with a soft expression, giving off a friendly demeanor. "Hello," Annie replied softly, shaking the queen's hand. Bertie then briefly introduced Algerone, Belinda, and Tristan to Catherine,

who, with the grace of a queen mother, greeted each one and welcomed everyone.

What a delight to have friends coming from afar! This time, the reception in Lu Layeka was of the highest standard, from accommodation arrangements to meals. Over the next two days, everyone had scheduled activities. Catherine was not idle, actively getting close to Annie, sharing the traditions of the Lu Layeka royal family and often showing affection, treating her like a daughter. She also showed great respect and warmth to Annie's foster parents, treating them like family. Tristan and Rowan took note of all this.

On this day, Tristan, Annie, and the Swain family elders were arranged to visit the castle, with Bertie and Queen Catherine personally accompanying them throughout. It was a leisurely tour, almost like a holiday.

Chapter 1847: Please Give Me Half an Hour

However, when he clearly saw who it was, the curse that was about to burst from his mouth was stifled, and he was momentarily stunned. He quickly paused the recorded online class and stood up. "My dear brother, sister-in-law, why have you come back?" "Hey, hey, we haven't gotten married yet," Claire said, a little taken aback by the title, approaching him with a smile, glancing around the study. "It's just a

matter of time, right?" Taylor walked around the desk. Rowan approached the desk, glanced at the tablet, then looked at him with a gratified expression. "You've been working hard lately." He looked a bit haggard. The nearby notebook was half-filled with neat handwriting, adorned with annotations in various colored pens. "Brother, will you take me as your apprentice? I want to be your disciple." Taylor asked earnestly, looking at his brother, hoping for a positive response. Rowan replied as usual, "Get your certification first, master the theoretical knowledge, and then I'll teach you the practical aspects. Settle down and don't be too impatient." Taylor had no strength to argue and nodded, but fortunately, he didn't refuse.

Rowan looked at his bookshelf, took down a few books for him, and recommended some beginner-friendly professional books. "Thank you, brother!" Taylor beamed with gratitude. Now, whenever he called his brother, it flowed smoothly!

By late afternoon, the day's sightseeing was coming to a close, and the itinerary had been well organized. It was a leisurely journey, not tiring at all, rather pleasant, with receptions at each different palace, offering various local delicacies, almost like energy replenishment stations. For longer

distances, they would use cars, so the Swain family was not fatigued after a day of leisurely touring.

The royal family had dedicated tour guides who shared stories, legends, and local customs, helping

Princess Annie to understand her home. Gradually, Monica began to feel a sense of familiarity.

Although she had no memories, these places seemed strangely familiar. Despite her lack of

recollection, she had indeed lived here.

Algerone and Belinda also immersed themselves in the informative atmosphere, gradually

understanding the Lu Layeka royal family and feeling the warmth of home. Bertie acted like an ordinary

father, not letting anyone feel pressured.

In the evening, the sumptuous banquet came to an end. Catherine took the opportunity to approach

Monica. After holding back her words all day, she finally spoke, "Princess Annie, could you spare me

half an hour?" She asked with a tone of negotiation, looking at her respectfully, eagerly awaiting her

affirmative response.

Chapter 1848: Is Princess Catherine Confused?

Because Monica was very attentive, every day at Lu Layeka, she did her best to accompany Algerone

and Belinda since they had come from far away, trying to make them feel at home. Seeing the two

elders off at the door, Monica waved goodbye with a smile and wished them good night. Then, she turned and linked her arm with Tristan's, walking towards Princess Catherine, who was sitting not far away on the sofa.

In these few days, Monica hadn't had any private conversations with the Princess, but there were frequent eye contacts. She had been hosting and arranging everything as a hostess, always with a smile on her face, working from morning till night. Monica noticed all the hard work and effort. She approved of this stepmother. Most importantly, Catherine was very good to her father.

Captain Julie personally poured the tea. In the spacious palace, the crystal chandeliers emitted a dazzling light, shining on everyone. This particular light, combined with the sunset outside, made the evening seem especially peaceful and beautiful.

"Please, have a seat," Catherine's kind smile glanced at the young couple approaching, like a mother looking at her children, full of tenderness and care. Monica and Tristan sat down on the sofa opposite her, both unaware of what she was about to do, with no prior indication. Julie bent over and personally poured tea for everyone, placing two cups on the table.

"Thank you." Monica had noticed the short-haired woman in military attire long ago. She almost always

accompanied the Princess and had heard about her from her brother, knowing her name and her position. Julie nodded with a smile, "You're welcome," then handed a cup of tea to the table in front of Princess Catherine and stepped back, standing at a distance.

Catherine took out an antique square box, deep purple in color, with embroidery on top. She untied the ribbon wrapped around it and took out a beautiful bracelet. "Annie, this bracelet is for you. I hope you like it."

Julie, who was standing nearby, saw the bracelet and heard the statement, feeling a tightness in her chest, looking extremely surprised at the Princess! Catherine was smiling, and her eyes were full of the girl sitting across from her, "I hope you'll accept it, as a token of our meeting."

Monica was shocked that Catherine had intentionally given her a gift. She hesitated for a moment before slowly reaching out. When her fingers touched the bracelet, she felt that it was extraordinary. It bore the marks of time, not the kind that could be bought, but rather a collectible item. The exquisite patterns on it held beautiful meanings, which she could also understand.

"This... has it been in your possession for many years?" Monica looked up at her, still holding the

bracelet, "It's too precious. I can't accept it."

Chapter 1849: Countdown to the Wedding

To give away such a valuable item so casually, gifts could be given, couldn't they? Why insist on giving this bracelet with special significance?

She truly loved Bertie, with a kind of adoration and admiration typical of someone in love. The girl accepted the bracelet, and Catherine stood up to help her put it on. After chatting for a while, she saw the young couple off to the door. Monica and Tristan bid her goodbye, "Please stay, Your Highness.

Good night."

"Good night."

Watching their figures disappear into the night, Julie could no longer hold back. She lowered her voice with a hint of urgency, "Your Highness, the bracelet was clearly not bought, it was a memento from your mother when you got married. How could such an important thing be given to someone else?"

"Because she's important," was Catherine's response. "She's not short of money either. It's meaningless to give something she could buy. I'm giving her the most precious thing I have. It's my way of showing her how much she means to me."

"..." Julie was speechless. "But she doesn't even know!"

"Somedayshe will know. She has good taste."

Julie really couldn't understand. The Princess's position was very stable, so why would she try to please a newly recognized princess? However, Catherine could see that Annie held the most important place in Bertie's heart. Not only Catherine, but in just two days, Annie had received all sorts of gifts from various people within the royal family. She couldn't remember who had given her what, but they were all from members of the royal family.

The next morning, Monica exercised aerobically in the courtyard. The front yard of the castle was large, with lush trees that were hundreds of years old. The beautiful morning light filtered through the leaves, dappling her with its radiance. The air was filled with the sounds of insects and birds, carrying the fragrance of the earth.

She turned around inadvertently and saw Julie walking towards her, alone. Monica met her gaze, realizing that Julie had come to find her. She turned to face her directly, meeting her eyes as Julie approached.

"Good morning, Princess Annie."

"Good morning, Captain."

Julie's gaze lingered for a long time on the bracelet on the girl's wrist. Monica followed her gaze to her own wrist, then raised her hand to gently stroke the bracelet. "Do you have something you want to tell me?" she asked.

Julie looked up, locking eyes with the girl, and spoke softly, "Princess, this bracelet cannot be bought.

It's an heirloom from the Queen Mother to the Princess."

"Ah?" Monica was shocked and quickly moved to take it off.

Julie stopped her, "That's not what I mean, Princess. I came here today just to tell you this fact, to make you understand the Princess's intentions."

Julie didn't stay long. After saying what she had to, she left. The royal family was particularly lively these days, with the wedding preparations proceeding in an orderly manner.

This royal wedding was particularly grand, after all, the groom was the wealthiest king in the world.

Chapter 1850 - From First Sight to Forever 1

The romance and extravagance of the wedding far exceeded everyone's imagination, fulfilling Claire's every fantasy. It can truly be described as surreal.

She had written countless romance novels, depicting numerous romantic castle weddings, but never had she imagined such luxury as today.

Last night, Rowan brought her to the beautifully decorated castle. She could hardly believe her eyes, and even after leaving, her emotions remained unsettled.

Rowan personally handled every detail of the wedding, from the selection of the wedding gown to the jewelry, and all the expenses came from his personal account.

Many of the intricate decorations at the wedding were surprises he had prepared for Claire, like balloons adorned with his promises to her.

He hadn't told her in advance, so when she saw them last night, she was moved to tears.

In the lavish royal dressing room, over a dozen people worked orderly. Claire was the fifteenth queen to be prepared for marriage here.

The previous fourteen queens had walked through life faithfully accompanied by the king, becoming a romantic fairy tale that others envied.

Therefore, this place was sacred, possessing an inherent mystic power, a symbol of love.

Claire woke up early today with an excited heart, following all the arrangements and adhering to royal etiquette at every step, accompanied by professionals.

With exquisite makeup, she wore a pure white trailing wedding gown and a priceless crown adorned with 999 diamonds. Sitting in front of the dressing table, she looked breathtaking.

Both the wedding gown and jewelry were designed by the renowned designer, Allen. The brand specialized in royal garments and had been a century-old luxury brand.

Someone was helping her put on earrings as she sat in front of the mirror. Looking at herself in the reflection, Claire felt joyous. Finally, she was going to marry her beloved Dr. Watson. It all seemed too unreal.

From their first meeting to the little moments of their courtship, it played like a movie in her mind... They

had experienced separation and reunion, and at some point, they had decided on each other.

Monica attended as the maid of honor, wearing a gorgeous pale pink dress, accompanying her like a best friend and sharing in her happiness.

There were twelve bridesmaids today, around 20 years old, dressed in matching dresses with exquisite

hairstyles. They were all members of the royal family, each more graceful than the other.

There were also twelve groomsmen, including Tristan and Taylor. Handsome and spirited, they wore impeccably tailored suits, showcasing their high-end fashion sense.

In the adjacent resting area of the dressing room, Violet sat in a chair, gazing at the stunningly beautiful Claire, feeling excited.

The little girl had grown up and was finally getting married in a wedding gown.

Moreover, she was marrying Lu Layeka, the youngest king, and would become a true queen.

Violet couldn't help but be moved to tears. Claire was getting married, and she could finally fulfill her responsibilities to her younger brother and sister.

The spirits of their ancestors would also rest in peace.

The invited guests who were here to witness the wedding had started to arrive one by one.

Bertie, as the officiant, was dressed particularly formally today.

Everyone could feel Rowan's attentiveness and devotion to Claire. He cared deeply about this wedding.