

SURPRISED 501

Chapter 501

Aubree stared at his hand in a daze, only hearing buzzes. Then she shook hands with Spencer.

Holding her hand, Spencer wondered why he suddenly wanted to respond to Aubree.

Ivan and Jennifer watched the scene, tensely holding their breath.

Heaving a sigh, Spencer said with a smile, "Let the bygones be bygones. I hope we all will be happy and peaceful in the future."

After releasing Aubree's hand, he stared at Ivan and Jennifer, stuffing his hands into the pocket of his slacks. With a faint smile, as usual, he said, "I gotta go. Thank you for the wonderful dinner."

When he turned away, Ivan followed him.

The moonlight was bright, and the night was deep.

In the yard, the chirping of cicadas was heard. The air was filled with the flowers' fragrance. Everything seemed to be gentle.

Spencer stood next to his Volvo, looking back at the man behind him.

"I didn't plan the car accident that took your mother and my father away." Ivan had never explained this matter before, although all the media resources had implied he was the manipulator while he was just 18.

His words slightly startled Spencer. He felt this night was indeed extraordinary.

Their eyes locked.

Ivan added gently, "When the car accident happened, I happened to bypass there. It was a coincidence."

In fact, Spencer hadn't cared about the truth long ago, as it didn't make any sense.

Without remarking, he reaches his right hand to Ivan like he did in the living room earlier. It fully expressed his attitude.

Ivan cast down his eyes and held his hand.

The warmth traveled up from his palm to Ivan's vein. They shook hands to reconcile at this meaningful moment.

"Ivan, my dear brother." This was the first time Spencer admitted him to be his older brother, which he had wanted to call for a long time. "We'll be happy in the future."

Warmth surged in Ivan's heart. Spencer's call made him overjoyed.

"Ehn," he replied.

After a while, Spencer let go of his hand and chuckled, "I really need to go. Rowan has urged me for a while. He used the newly developed special medicine on my wound, so he would observe me for another week after I'd recovered."

"Be careful when driving."

Ivan watched him sit in the car and leave.

Jennifer stood at the door of the living room, watching the scene in the yard. Tears sprung to her eyes.

She had imagined this to happen but didn't expect it so soon.

Finnley worked overtime this evening, and so did Linda.

Although they were in separate offices, they were just a wall apart.

Linda sorted out the files while being alert to things outside the door.

Shortly after, Finnley bypassed the office. Linda immediately turned off her laptop, picked up her handbag, and followed him.

They didn't enter the same elevator.

It was nine in the evening, so almost all the employees had gone home. Linda gazed at the floor number tensely, wishing no one else would enter on the way.

However, the elevator stopped three times, and three coworkers entered on different floors.

When the elevator finally arrived on the first floor, Linda rushed out, only to find Finnley vanishing from the glass door of the entrance.

She ran after him.

Chapter 502

Finnley darted at her. "Of course." Then he bent over to sit in the driver's seat.

Linda sat in and buckled the seat belt. Excitedly, she explained, "If you have a girlfriend, I cannot sit in the passenger's seat."

Finnley didn't respond, starting the engine.

A while later, Linda plucked up her courage to glance at him and added, "If you don't have a girlfriend, I will be rude to sit in the backseat."

She was testing if he was available.

"I don't have so many rules." Finnley stared ahead. "I prefer simplicity and comfort when socializing. You can sit in any empty seat you want."

A smile blossomed across Linda's face as she liked his answer.

Silence blanketed the car.

Linda pressed the car window, enjoying the night view outside in the night breeze to release the awkwardness.

At this moment, she felt so close to him, her heart hammering.

She found his car was indeed clean and tidy with a faint fragrance.

Linda liked him more and more, thinking he was a man leading a life of quality.

When they almost arrived at the destination, Finnley was suddenly enlightened and said, "By the way, the project profile in Lunt City is still in my apartment. Please give it to Mr. Marsh on my behalf tomorrow. I'll go out for some personal errand and won't go to work so early."

"Oh. No problem." Linda nodded in a daze, wondering how she could get the profile as it was in his apartment.

She was bugged but didn't ask.

The car headed for the basement parking lot of Skyhigh Apartment Complex.

“Get down,” Finnley unbuckled his seat belt and reminded her gently.

Linda returned to her senses, realizing he was taking her to his apartment.

She hurriedly got off, feeling baffled, wondering if that was an accidental gain.

Finnley asked when shutting the door. “Will you follow me to my apartment, or shall I bring it to you?”

“I can go upstairs,” Linda answered, beaming at him. “You don’t need to make so many routes then. It’s troublesome to take the elevator.”

“Ehn.”

Finnley entered the elevator with him. When he pressed the number 28, Linda remembered it carefully.

The elevator was narrow and deadly silent.

Linda’s heart was thumping. She dared not to look at him at all.

After arriving, Finnley took her out of the elevator. After pressing his finger on the lock and the door opened, he saw a girl’s fashionable sneakers in two colors--red and yellow.

Finnley was slightly taken aback, realizing Mya was still in her apartment.

Linda stared at them in disbelief, her heart in her mouth.

“Please come in,” Finnley said politely.

Linda bypassed the girl's shoes and entered the living room. She didn't feel joyful at all, her heart becoming heavy.

"Please have a seat. Let me fetch the file." Finnley walked toward the study.

Linda looked back at the shoes at the door. The scene in the dessert store that day suddenly appeared in her mind.

When she bent over to pick up Finnley's card, she also saw a similar pair of sneakers that almost stamped the card.

Chapter 503

Shortly after, footsteps approached. Linda turned around and saw Finnley walking toward her with a folder. He nodded at her gently, "Thank you, Linda."

"You are welcome. It's my job." She said, curling her lips into a smile. "See you tomorrow, Mr. Russell." Then she was about to turn away.

"Did you return home, Finnley?" a girl's muffling voice was from the bedroom. She sounded sleepy, and her voice was soft.

Linda looked over at Finnley, only to find him glancing at the bedroom. Then he said to Linda, who had an awkward look, "Go home, Linda. Be careful on the way."

She returned to her senses. "OK."

Then she left Finnley's apartment with the folder. However, she didn't feel touched by his kind reminder.

In the elevator going downstairs, the soft voice just now reechoed in her ears. She wondered if that girl was in his bed.

Finnley's apartment.

Finnley entered the bedroom and saw the slight movement under the quilt. "Are you a pig? How could you have slept for a whole day?"

"I'm so thirsty... Do you have water?" Mya felt extremely thirsty.

Finnley stood in front of the bed, gazing at her indifferently. "Did you really sleep for a whole day? You even don't know if there's water. Why didn't you check the kitchen?"

"Ehn..." she replied with a grunt, feeling too unwell to speak.

Finnley was wordless. He asked patiently, "Had breakfast?"

"Nah."

"Neither lunch nor dinner?" He could tell her sneakers were still the same as he went to work in the morning.

"I want some water. Stop nagging... I'm so thirsty."

Finnley noticed her weak tone. He became serious and asked, "What happened? Do you not feel well?"

"Why are you nagging so much?" Mya tore the quilt off. "I'm thirsty."

Finnley hurriedly turned around because she was in his shirt, but her thighs were exposed because of her wild gesture.

"I'll get you some water. Cover yourself with the quilt." He headed for the living room while he spoke.

Realizing she might have revealed her body, Mya tried to tuck herself into the quilt again.

Shortly after, Finnley returned to the bed with a glass of water.

Mya struggled to sit up but failed after trying twice.

Finnley put down the glass on the nightstand and helped her up. "Why is your body so hot?" His palm covered his forehead. He realized she had a fever.

"Water..." The fever made her jumbled and unable to open her eyes. Nestling in his arms, she was wrapped in the quilt.

Finnley picked up the glass and cautiously helped her drink some water.

After that, he put down the glass and assisted her in lying down. "Wait." He went to fetch a first-aid kit.

He had an antipyretic from Rowan, which was highly effective.

After putting a straw into the liquid bottle, he returned to the bed, helped her sit up, and said, "Take it."

Chapter 504

"Boohoo..." Mya felt aggrieved. Her parents were not with her, and she felt isolated and helpless. She had been starved for a whole day, feeling too weak.

Finnley didn't expect her to burst into tears.

"Hey... I didn't mean to kick you out. I only want you to take medicine," Finnley explained.

Mya cried more sadly. "Boohoo..." she couldn't stop shedding tears.

Finnley had never experienced such a thing before.

He was competent in doing business, but now, he was at a loss.

“There, there. Stop crying.” He held her in his arms. “Take the medicine. I’ll cook noodles for you. All right?”

Mya still felt upset and had lost control. However, once he mentioned noodles, her stomach growled.

Suddenly, Finnley could understand why she felt so aggrieved. She was the mayor’s daughter. Since childhood, she had been leading a good life. She didn’t take the house key with her, so she couldn’t return home. After being sick, she lay in another person’s apartment for a whole day without family. She wanted to drink some water but couldn’t find it.

It was loneliness.

Finnley kept silent. Mya gradually calmed down after crying for a long while.

Sniffing while leaning against his chest, she asked, “Where is the medicine?”

Finnley passed the bottle with a straw to her. Mya finished drinking the liquid, frowning at the bitterness.

Finnley passed a paper napkin to her. “Wipe your tears.”

Mya reached a hand to take it, wiping her tears. Her hair was messy. Wearing his shirt, she looked pale, and her eyes were red and swollen. Her whole body seemed to be burning.

Finnley consoled her, “You’ll be better soon. Your temperature will be brought down in two hours at the most.”

“Is the medicine so effective?” Mya didn’t believe it.

“Yes. It’s a special medicine developed by Rowan Watson, Mr. Marsh’s private doctor.”

Mya knew Rowan. She heard his name in the news and met him in person at the wedding of Jennifer and Ivan. However, she didn’t know him well, and they never talked.

“Noodles for dinner. OK?” Finnley asked and added, “I’m only good at cooking noodles. Or I can call the takeouts.”

“Sure. I like noodles.” Mya was indeed starving.

She lay down and tucked herself into the quilt. Although her body was hot, she felt chilly.

Finnley went to the kitchen, put on an apron, and cooked for the first time this month.

His kitchen was as clean as the one in the sample apartment. However, when he cooked, he looked like a househusband.

Shortly after, he put a noodle bowl on the dining table. Then he took off the apron and cleaned his hands.

“I made you a noodle bowl. Get up and have it.” Finnley talked to her in front of the bed.

Mya lifted the quilt. He turned around hurriedly. After she put on slippers and straightened the shirt, she asked, “I smelt the green onion. I don’t eat it.”

“Just a little bit,” Finnley said.

“I won’t eat any green onion,” Mya insisted like a child. “I never had it since childhood.”

A patient had the right to be picky.

Finnley wasn't angry. He said, "I'll help you pick them out." Then he walked toward the dining room.

Chapter 505

"Don't cry," Finnley said seriously.

"I lost my house key. My parents are still abroad and don't have time to answer my call." Mya wondered why she suddenly mentioned that and if she wanted to make him pity her.

Anyway, Finnley was the only one who could take her in at this moment.

"So, you want to stay in my apartment before your parents return?" Finnley asked.

Thinking for a moment, Mya looked up at him. "Or what? I don't have my ID car, so I cannot check into a hotel. I have to."

'Have to?' Finnley was surprised by how aggrieved she sounded. He was the one who had stayed on the sofa the previous night.

Their gazes met in mid-air. Finnley could tell she was getting much better.

Finnley didn't want to continue their conversation. "You should sleep now. I'm going to the study for a conference call."

Mya nodded.

His receding figure made her feel warm and safe. Although they were in the same apartment, Mya never worried he would do anything to her.

She trusted him as he was always a reliable person.

She returned to the bedroom.

After the conference, Finnley left the study and went to the supermarket downstairs.

He bought some ingredients. Usually, people who disliked green onions preferred cilantro more. Therefore, he purchased some cilantro.

He had also used up the noodles in his kitchen. Mya wanted the noodle bowl for breakfast the following day, so he bought some noodles.

In Finnley's opinion, Mya was just a child. She was young and childish.

Her parents weren't home. As Mr. Marsh's friend, Finnley didn't mind taking care of her.

The supermarket would close pretty late, and he could find everything there.

Linda was shopping in the supermarket as well. She wanted to buy some fruit. The scene she had seen in Finnley's apartment earlier repeatedly appeared in her mind.

His apartment's interior design and decoration were high-end, so she could tell he was wealthy and had good taste in the living environment.

She couldn't help wondering who that girl was in his bedroom. That girl sounded indeed young.

Somehow, Linda felt jealous.

She walked forward, browsing the items on the shelves.

Finnley was replying to a message with his left hand while holding the cilantro and noodles with his right one.

They bumped into each other.

By instinct, Finnley wanted to help her keep balance. His phone fell to the ground, but he didn't care.
"Are you all right?"

After Linda stood upright, he recognized her.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Russell." Linda hurriedly bent over to pick up his phone for him.

Finnley replied while smiling, "I bumped into you. I should be the one apologizing."

Linda pressed her lips in embarrassment.

When she cast her eyes down, she saw the noodles and cilantro in his hand. 'Hasn't he had dinner in the company already? Will he cook noodles for that girl? He must dote on her.'

Finnley nodded at her and left.

Linda had a sleepless night.

She returned to her rented apartment absentmindedly, trying hard to understand things happening earlier.

A girl was staying in Finnley's apartment. Therefore, no matter how hard she tried, Linda didn't think she would become Finnley's girlfriend.

'Is that his fiancée?'

Recalling Catherine's words, Linda felt her life was full of regrets.

She always believed that a person could only fall in love once in his or her life. If she couldn't grasp this chance, she would only make do with another man in the future.

Finnley slept on the sofa in his bedroom this evening.

Chapter 506

"Mom," Spencer muttered, "Aubree Marsh apologized to me. I just want to let you know."

Then he fell into silence.

The mountain breeze disheveled his hair.

After a long while, he continued, "Mom, I want to reconcile with her. I hope you can understand." He had thought for a long time before making the decision. "Recently, I've experienced life and death with Ivan Marsh together. We both have new thoughts for our lives."

"Our lives are short. We shouldn't be impacted by or should burden by the grudges from our last generations. We cannot do anything, either."

With a smile, he added, "Probably, letting go is the best ending."

"Mom, I don't feel lonely anymore." Spencer thought of Alfie and Diana, his smile becoming broader. "It's so good to have a family."

After speaking the words from his heart, Spencer left soon.

He never stayed in the cemetery long. However, he frequently visited here, about four times a month.

Meanwhile

, in Finnley's apartment, Mya went to the couch in the living room in a white shirt with messy hair. Her body temperature had been brought down, and she looked spirited.

Finnley was sitting on the sofa while holding his arms across his chest. His eyes were closed, so Mya wondered if he was sleeping.

'Did he sleep like this for a whole night?'

Mya didn't see any creases on the other seat of the couch, so she could tell he hadn't lain down.

While she was shocked and confused, Finnley snapped his eyes open. "Argh!" He was shocked by her look. Then he instantly sobered.

His yell freaked out Mya.

Glaring at him, she snapped, "What are you doing?"

She reminded him of a ghost in the horror movie--messy long hair, wearing a white shirt, and standing in silence.

"Go check on yourself in the mirror." Finnley looked calm but still had a lingering fear.

Mya stood before him and asked, "Did you sit here for a whole night?"

"Or what?" He stared up at her. "My waist hurts if I lie down."

"How come? You are too young." Covering her growling stomach, Mya asked hesitantly, "I want to have the noodle bowl. Are you still willing to cook for me?"

Finnley bought the noodles and cilantro the previous night for her breakfast.

“You can stay in my apartment.” He stood up and added expressionlessly, “You are forbidden to browse my closets or cabinets. After using something, you must put it back in its original place. Also, you must clean the hair on the floor and in the bathroom.”

‘My hair?’

Mya bowed her head to take a look. Sure enough, she saw her hair on the ground.

Before she answered, Finnley entered the kitchen.

Mya found a tap, squatted down, and cleaned her hair. She stayed in Finnley’s apartment, so she must obey his house rules.

Shortly after, she got a little hair on her tape.

While she bent over to look for more, a noodle bowl with an appealing smell was served on the dining table. Watching Finnley take off his apron, Mya was surprised and asked, “Just one bowl? Don’t you want to have breakfast?”

Chapter 507

“Wait! Can’t I have a try?” Mya yelled at his receding figure. However, he pressed the button and entered the elevator.

After he vanished, Mya closed the door and returned to the dining table.

In the noodle bowl, she saw her favorite cilantro.

Mya picked up a fork and sat down, wondering why he knew she liked cilantro.

Besides, she didn’t see any green onion this time, which confirmed that Finnley was reliable and considerate.

Mya finished the noodles and the soup.

It was delicious, and she had never had it in any restaurant. The noodle bowl was supposed to be the best one she had eaten in her life.

After breakfast, Mya picked up her bag and went out, planning to buy some outfits.

Finnley didn't go to work until noon.

In the president's office, he reported to Ivan, "Mr. Marsh, Leslie Eastwood has sent his men to look for Catherine. So far, they haven't found her yet."

"She signed the contract but didn't show up in the company. Why didn't Leslie Eastwood sue her?" Ivan had been wondering about this point for a while. "The penalty must be a lot of money. I know him."

"According to my investigation, the contract was invalid," Finnley answered, "Catherine signed it using the erasable ink. When Leslie Eastwood received the agreement, her signature was gone."

Frowning, Ivan asked, "Really? That's surprising."

"Probably the pen on her coffee table happened to be with the erasable ink," Finnley guessed, "Catherine has annoyed Leslie Eastwood this time. I heard he was furious as he had been fooled by a woman."

"We cannot sit and watch without doing anything," Ivan said. "Send your men to continue tracking her. Watch Leslie Eastwood and his men closely. We must guarantee Catherine's safety."

"Yes, Mr. Marsh." Finnley had already sent his men to do so.

In the vice president's office next door, Linda was watering the green plants after finishing her current tasks.

She was absentminded, so she almost dripped the water onto the floor.

Her mood worsened whenever she thought there was a girl in Finnley's house.

It was rare for her to have a crush on a man or fall for a man.

If she couldn't be his girlfriend, she would regret it all her life.

Linda wondered if she should be brave as she had witnessed Catherine's case.

After a meeting, Ivan and Finnley left the meeting room.

With his hands in the pockets of his trousers, Ivan said, "I have an idea, but I need you to carry it out for me."

"Yes, Mr. Marsh?"

"I closed down Spencer's Coco Club a few weeks ago. I need you to find a new location and reopen the club for him." While Ivan spoke, his eyes lit up. "The new place should be at least three times bigger than the previous one. All the equipment should be imported. Also, redesign the club logo."

Finnley was slightly taken aback. He had thought Ivan would mention Catherine's matter.

He answered honestly, "Mr. Marsh, I don't know much about Mr. Lawrence. What kind of style does he like? Shall we put in new ideas in the interior design and construction of Coco Club.?"

Ivan had thought about those questions earlier and discussed them with Jennifer the previous night.

After returning to his office, Ivan talked to Finnley in detail.

Sitting opposite him with a laptop, Finnley wrote down notes carefully.

An hour later.

“That’s all so far. I’ll update you whenever I think of something new. Please find me three good locations first. We’ll discuss and decide the most suitable one for him.”

Chapter 508

Ivan added, “I’ll arrange the dresses for Jennie and my mother. Can you keep an eye on the security of the banquet hall? It’s the most essential.”

“Sure, Mr. Marsh. I’ll check it in the following few days.” Finnley was delighted. “This will be the first time Madam Aubree and Mrs. Marsh appear together in public. The rumors that they don’t get along will vanish.”

For Ivan, it wasn’t only a charity banquet but also a perfect opportunity to let Aubree and Jennifer get closer.

Five o’clock, afternoon, the recording studio.

“In this world, farewell happens when one is off guard. No one can accompany you forever. When we’re still together, we must cherish every moment. It’s unknown if we will reencounter in the next life.”

Jennifer finally finished the last line of this drama.

She put down the earset and took over the water glass from Pippa. “Thanks.”

“Perfect!” Pippa thumbed up at her. “Jennie, you are indeed efficient and of high quality. No wonder StaRise is so popular.”

“Thank you for your compliment, Pippa.” Jennifer finished drinking the water while smiling. She picked up her handbag. “Let’s go.”

"Jennie, I hope this won't be the last drama you dubbed." Pippa followed her.

Jennifer blurted out, "Should be the one to prove my competence. I like the playscript."

"Your competence has already been recognized long ago." Pippa worshiped her extremely. "However, you must want to be better than perfect."

She chirped on the way, sometimes amusing Jennifer.

They took an elevator to the first floor. Georgia, who dressed up with delicate makeup, was entering when they walked out of the glass door in the lobby.

When their gazes met in mid-air, Georgia paused and blocked their way.

"Take me to see Spencer." She looked down at Jennifer arrogantly and said naturally, "I want to visit him."

Jennifer was mused. "Why must I show you the way when you say so?"

Then she held Pippa's hand and bypassed the woman.

However, Georgia grabbed her wrist. "Don't you understand English? You are just a dubber. You should feel honored to show me the way."

Pippa gaped at her, wondering if she was forgetful. She was shouting at Mrs. Marsh.

"Let go!" Jennifer gazed at her hand coldly in disdain.

"Take me to him," Georgia repeated. Instead of letting go, she prompted, "Hurry!"

A Lamborghini was parked at the entrance.

“Mr. Marsh is here.” Pippa caught sight of it.

Georgia followed her gaze. Seeing the car, she let go of Jennifer subconsciously, feeling guilty somehow.

Jennifer darted at her indifferently. Without getting even with her, She strode toward the Lamborghini and sat in with Pippa. The vehicle roared away shortly after.

Georgia looked annoyed.

In the car, the driver was driving. Pippa put on her earplug to watch the drama.

Jennifer was sitting next to Ivan. He asked, “Finished dubbing? It’s your last episode today, right?”

“Done. The director hasn’t reviewed them yet. There should be no problem.” Jennifer trusted her competence.

When she peered out the window, she found the direction wasn’t right. “Where are we going?”

“Let’s check in Rowan’s,” Ivan answered gently.

Jennifer knew he implied seeing Spencer.

Chapter 509

Jennifer and Ivan got off, heading for the house.

“How are you guys? Would you join us for dinner?” Spencer stood up, seeing them enter. He wondered if they had dinner, planning to inform the kitchen to prepare more dishes for them.

“No, thanks, Spencer,” Ivan answered, “We’ll go back to Kelsington Bay later.”

“Are you playing chess?” Jennifer walked toward them, sitting on the sofa next. “Spencer, I want to keep you updated. I’ve finished the last episode of the drama. How are you?”

“You are indeed efficient,” Spencer praised her. Then he lifted his arm exaggeratedly. “Look! I’m completely recovered.”

“What’s your plan next?” Jennifer asked, “Continue to act?”

“I don’t care.” Spencer was still playful and had no purpose in achieving anything in the entertainment business. “Let nature take its flow. I would if there was any good play script. It depends on my status.”

Jennifer nodded thoughtfully. Spencer asked, “How about you? What will you do after dubbing? Work as the vice president of the Marsh Group?”

“Likewise. I haven’t made up my mind yet.” Jennifer cast down her eyes, her long, curly eyelashes covering her eyes.

Ivan listened to them in silence with a gentle look.

“You should be cautious. Distance makes the heart grow fonder.” Spence shared his experience. “I’ve been there. I’m sure you’ll get tired of each other if you stick to each other for a long time.”

“It only means you didn’t love the girl deeply enough,” Ivan retorted solemnly. Then he changed the subject. “Spencer, work for the entertainment company run by the Marsh Group. I can guarantee you’ll see many good play scripts.”

Spencer looked over at him. “Will I depend on my backer too evidently, then?” He hadn’t decided yet as he had been used to being alone. He preferred to depend on himself. “I’ll think about it.”

Ivan didn’t insist and knew he would consider his suggestions.

They didn't stay in Rowan's long. On the way, Ivan informed Kelsington Bay that they would return for dinner later.

In the kitchen of the vintage villa, everyone was busy.

Aubree was in a good mood, picking the recipes in person. "Ivan's stomach has recovered already. We can add the portions to the dishes."

"OK, Madam Aubree."

Pippa would also come back. Therefore, she asked the chef to prepare a few of Pippa's favorite dishes.

Aubree walked to Ivan and Jennifer with Thomas when the Lamborghini was parked in the yard.

"Good evening, Mom."

"Evening, Madam Aubree."

"Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. Marsh."

They greeted each other and entered the living room together.

Soon, abundant dishes were served on the dining table. A maid informed them that dinner was ready, so they went to the dining room.

From afar, they could smell the food fragrance.

"All the dishes are your favorites. Hope you'll like them." Aubree sat down, looking loving. "Make yourself home. After all, you cannot come often."

Ivan and Jennifer felt guilty upon hearing her words and decided to visit her more in the future.

Ivan replied gently, "Mom, we only want to have a meal with you. The dishes are not the most important."

"They smell good and look wonderful," Jennifer complimented bluntly. "Thank you, Mom."

"Help yourselves. Let's eat." Aubree smiled at them.

Pippa was sitting next to her obediently.

Chapter 510

She had never considered attending the charity banquet as she hadn't shown up in public for years.

Aubree had no confidence to face the reporters.

"Mom," Jennifer invited her sincerely, staring at her, "Please say yes. We'll attend it together."

Aubree looked into her eyes. Only then did she realize that she had already removed her mask, and her skin had returned to smooth.

Jennifer added, "Alfie and Diana will go as well. Our whole family can show up in public together. We're the organizer, so we should attend it. The reporters look forward to seeing you as well."

The last time Aubree appeared in public was at their wedding. At that time, she was angry and left the scene quickly. Due to the chaos, none of the reporters took her photos.

Therefore, the public's impression of Aubree was still based on the fire several years ago.

"I..." Aubree hesitated. "Do you really think I should go?"

“Of course.” Jennifer encouraged her. “You’ll complete the banquet.”

Aubree looked at her son in uncertainty. Ivan nodded at her gently.

“All right. I’ll go,” Aubree agreed.

They enjoyed the dinner. Although all dishes were homemade, they were full of happiness, a taste of home.

Later that night.

Finnley knocked off and drove home. His phone rang.

Holding the steering wheel with a hand, he picked up his phone and saw an unknown number. He answered, “Hello?”

“When will you come home?” Mya asked.

“I’m on the way home.” He asked, “Why do you have my cell phone number?”

“I asked Ivan,” Mya answered. Then she added, “I want banana-flavored milk. Please buy me some fruit, too. I’ll wire you the money later. Thanks.”

Before Finnley answered, she ended the call, afraid he would refuse.

Finnley put down his phone, concentrating on driving calmly.

Ten minutes later.

He opened the door of his apartment.

Mya saw Finnley entering with two shopping bags. "Thank you so much." She trotted toward him.

She took the bags from him and asked, "How much do I owe you?"

"The receipts are in the bags. Check yourself." Finnley took off his vest and put it on the rack. Then he washed his hands.

After he walked out of the bathroom, Mya passed him a bottle of milk, "This is for you. On me."

Finnley took it over.

Mya picked another bottle up and opened the lid. After sipping the milk, she asked, "Can I add your WhatsApp? Why isn't your ID connected to your cell phone number? I couldn't find you."

"Many people like searching for the phone numbers to add the WhatsApp IDs," Finnley answered, "WhatsApp is too private. I don't want to be disturbed."

"I see." Mya nodded. "Less is more. I won't disturb you. I'll wire you the money and the rental. Or I'll feel uneasy staying here."

'Uneasy?'

Finnley told her his ID, and Mya added him on her WhatsApp.

She wired the money to him according to the receipts. Then she asked, "How much is the rental?"