

## **Surprised 891**

### Chapter 891 Let Go of Them

In the black SUV, the four men wearing sunglasses continued watching the scene on the beach, waiting for the right opportunity to make a move.

After taking several group photos of the new couple, the cameraman noticed the sea breeze change.

Right then, soft, white clouds were in the sky, which was perfect for photos.

He suggested, "Ms. Saunders, may I take your solo photo now? This is a great angle. The clouds are awesome."

"OK," Mya agreed naturally.

Finnley let go of her hand. "I'll be watching you nearby." He took a few steps backward with a gentle smile to avoid the camera.

Shortly after, the lighting assistant walked to him.

"Mr. Russell, would you mind helping me carry some props from the van. We'll shoot the shadow shots next, so we need many things."

"No problem."

Finnley darted at Mya and followed the lighting assistant.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Russell. We'll have the night shot later, so it's better to save as much time as possible."

"Not at all," Finnley replied gentlemanly.

Several staff members took Finnley towards the van next to the beach.

Gradually, he was far away from Mya and the two children.

The black SUV was parked two hundred yards from the studio's van in a different place, closer to the children.

"It's a perfect opportunity now," the man in the passenger's seat reminded his boss, "Although the bride is close, the cameraman looked sissy. I don't think they can fight. Probably they won't be THAT nose either."

"Go!"

"Yes!"

The doors of the SUV were opened. The four men got down in unison, striding towards the children quickly.

Alfie and Diana were building a sand castle. Their hands were covered with wet sand, and so were their cheeks, making them look like playful kittens.

"Mya is so pretty today. Just like a fairy."

When Diana looked up, she saw Mya taking solo photos nearby.

Waving her stained hands, she stopped building the castle but gazed at Mya without blinking.

Alfie followed her gaze. "Finnley is so lucky to marry such a beautiful girl. Mya is my goddess."

"Haha..."

The female employee taking care of them also followed their gazes and was amazed by Mya's charm.

Right then, the four kidnappers were closer and closer to the children.

Looking up at the sun, Mya narrowed her eyes with a smile. The cameraman repeatedly pressed the shutter to capture the beautiful images.

When two kidnappers bent over behind the children and were about to cover their mouths.

"Mya!" Diana suddenly yelled, "You are so beau..."

The kidnappers were shocked. They hurriedly covered the children's mouths and lifted them.

Mya opened her eyes and looked in that direction, only to find such a horrible scene.

"Hmm..." Alfie and Diana struggled hard.

"Let go of them! Help! Kidnapping!" Mya yelled.

Holding the hemline of her wedding dress, she ran towards the scene desperately, chasing the kidnappers.

Upon hearing the noises, Finnley turned around and quickly ran to stop the kidnappers.

The children repeatedly waved their hands randomly, so some sand got into the kidnappers' eyes.

They had to stop and blink their eyes.

Seeing that, the children struggled harder. Soon, they scratched the kidnappers' faces, although the children's mouths were still covered.

"Let go of them!"

Mya grabbed the two kidnappers' collars and kicked one's neck.

Fortunately, the wedding gown was light.

The pain numbed the kidnapper, who let out a cry in pain.

He subconsciously loosened his hands, so Diana fell to the ground and didn't manage to stand up after

rolling a few times. "You bad eggs! My daddy will skin you alive."

Chapter 892 The Kidnapping Failed

The kidnapper was pissed off as he was kicked by a woman and threatened by a little girl.

After wiping the sand off his eyes, he grabbed Mya's hair. "Bitch! You should mind your own business!"

Then he dragged her backward, and Mya lost her balance, falling.

Meanwhile, his elbow hit her belly.

"Argh!"

Mya almost fainted in pain. Her features twitched.

Finnley clenched his fists, staring daggers at the kidnappers.

He gave the kidnapper a sidekick on his lower abdomen.

The latter covered his crotch by instinct in pain and shook away Mya.

Before Mya fell to the ground, Finnley's powerful arm wrapped around her back and helped her keep

her balance immediately.

Then Finnley repeatedly attacked the kidnapper who was holding Alfie. The other two men surrounded

him and assisted their companion.

Mya hurriedly stood by Diana protectively and held her aside.

Watching the fighting scene, Diana was frightened and worried.

Alfie tried hard to struggle, twisting his body like a fish. Finnley managed to grab his waist. Narrowing his gaze, he threw a punch at the kidnapper's forehead.

The kidnapper loosened his hands, so Alfie fell into Finnley's arms. "Bravo, Finnley!"

Alfie's eyes were full of worship.

While protecting Alfie, Finnley kicked the kidnapper's chest fiercely. The latter flinched.

"You are awesome, Finnley!" Alfie clapped happily while watching the fun.

"Are you all right, Alfie?" Mya hurriedly pulled him closer to check on him. "Are you injured?" She was distraught. After all, the two children followed her out.

"I'm fine, Mya."

Alfie looked back, only to find her hair was messy. Recalling she had been attacked earlier, he asked with a frown, "Mya, did you get hurt?"

Staring at him, Mya shook her head. Everything would be well as long as the children were OK.

"Watch out, Finnley!" Diana suddenly exclaimed.

A kidnapper wanted to secretly attack Finnley. The latter reacted quickly to grab the kidnapper's wrist and turn. The kidnapper cried out in pain.

With a sidekick, Finnley also managed to kick the other two kidnappers to the ground.

The fight was fierce. Although the studio employees wanted to help, they dared not join the fight.

Right then, the security guards on patrol rushed over to help Finnley after receiving the news.

The four kidnappers were subdued pretty soon.

"I'm Finnley Russell, the assistant to the Marsh Group's president," Finnley told the security guards his identity. "The two children are Mr. Marsh's son and daughter. You should know how severe this matter is. It happened in your jurisdiction."

The security guards were so frightened that cold sweat oozed from their bodies, realizing they must take responsibility.

There were almost 15 security guards, and the four kidnappers were injured, so he said, "Send them to Mr. Marsh! Then you can make amends."

"Yes, Mr. Russell."

The security guards dragged the kidnappers away.

Finnley pulled out his phone to call Ivan, telling him what had happened.

Meanwhile, the security guards had pressed the kidnappers into their patrol cars, heading for the

Marsh Group.

Ivan also sent his bodyguards to pick up the children.

"Are you all right, Mya?" Finnley breathed a sigh of relief, holding her in his arms.

Seeing her in a mess, he felt sorry. "Let me take you to the hospital. Let's go."

Only then did Mya feel the faint pain in her belly. Whenever she moved, the pain increased.

"It's not severe," she answered with a smile, unwilling to worry him. "Finnley, shall we stop the photo

shooting today?"

"Of course."

Finnley scooped her up. "I insist you do an overall health check. Or I won't rest assured."

Ivan's bodyguards picked up Alfie and Diana soon. Then Finnley took Mya to a hospital.

On the way, Mya's phone rang.



A studio employee helped her pull out her phone from the handbag. "Ms. Saunders, your father is calling." He passed the phone to Mya.

Chapter 893 Leslie Escaped

"Hello, Dad?" Mya spoke. Finnley held the phone for her.

"How's it going with your photo shoot? Where did you go?"

Clarence asked as a loving father as usual, "Will you guys come back for dinner? Your mother has bought a lot of your favorite food."

"Dad, something happened earlier. We stopped," Mya said.

"What happened?" Clarence didn't realize how severe it was.

Mya told him what had happened earlier in detail and said joyfully, "Fortunately, the kids are fine."

While listening, Clarence couldn't believe his ears, his heart in his mouth.

"How are you doing? Did you get hurt?" he asked tensely.

"My belly hurts slightly. We're going to the hospital. Almost there," Mya answered him in a relaxed tone.

Then she added with a smile, "I should be alright. Finnley insisted on sending me to the hospital."

However, Clarence didn't think so. She wouldn't need to go to a hospital if she wasn't hurt.

It turned out the kidnapers also hit her.

"Luckily, Finnley is good at fighting." Mya complained, "Dad, how come they wanted to kidnap the children? Were they out of their mind?"

With a hand in his trousers pocket, Clarence became furious, his face dark.

Mya continued, "They are Ivan's kids. Even if they blackmailed him for some money, would they have the luck to spend it?"

"I'll go to see you in the hospital later." Clarence ended the call.

"Hello? Dad, please don't come. Hello? Hello?" Mya felt helpless.

Gripping her shoulder, Finnley said, "It's fine. Let him go. He's worried about you, just like I am."

"My father loves me very much." Mya leaned against his shoulder gently. "He's old. I noticed the wrinkles on his face."

She thought time really flew.

Pinching his phone, Clarence was in a bad mood.

Compared to others, he was worried about Mya's health the most.

Saunders' Villa.

Clarence draped a suit jacket on his back, strode downstairs, and left the living room.

His driver opened the car door for him.

"The hospital."

Sitting in the passenger's seat, Clarence dialed Leslie's number with a murderous look.

Listening to the beeps, he repressed his fury, his eyes dark.

"Hello, Mayor Saunders?" Leslie answered the call, feeling surprised. "It's a critical period. Didn't we agree not to call each other if necessary?"

"You son of bitch! Are you out of your mind?" Leslie was shocked by Clarence's curse.

"What's wrong?" Leslie was all his ears.

"I asked you not to risk kidnapping Ivan Marsh's kids. You insisted on doing it and picked up a wonderful time." Clarence almost went ballistic.

Leslie breathed a sigh of relief and explained, "Mayor Saunders, I must find a way out for myself. Ivan Marsh is too ruthless. He's even investigating you. You cannot even protect yourself, so I have to save my life on my own."

"My daughter was taking her wedding photos on the beach at that time," Clarence said solemnly, "She took Ivan Marsh's children with her together. Your men hit her. She's going to the hospital now."

Leslie's heart tightened. After calming down, he apologized, "I didn't expect it to happen. Sorry for that."

Clarence seethed with rage. "Ivan Marsh has captured your men. Good luck."

His words stiffened Leslie. "They failed?" He was still waiting for the good news.

Clarence hung up in anger.

Leslie's move could only speed Ivan to end this matter. Clarence felt uneasy.

In the villa, Leslie returned to his senses quickly. Then he dragged the big suitcase, picked up his car key, and rushed out of the living room.

He sat in the car and started the engine. Soon, the car roared away.

Chapter 894 Please Have Mercy

A lounge, the Marsh Group.

The pin-drop silent room was filled with low pressure.

Several well-trained bodyguards were standing at the door.

Sitting on the sofa with his legs crossed, Ivan leaned against the back of the couch. His opened arms

rested on its top, fully expressing his emperor-like temperament.

Behind him were six bodyguards, fully on guard.

Ivan was expressionless, but his eyes were full of angry flames.

Two thick piles of files were on the table in front of them. One was Leslie's criminal evidence, and the other was Clarence's.

Jennifer was coaxing the children in the room next door, afraid they were too frightened. As a doctor, she checked up on them personally.

"Mommy, Mya is so brave. She was injured because of saving us."

"That bad egg dragged her hair and hit her belly. Mommy, we must avenge Mya. Don't let go of the bad eggs."

Jennifer rubbed the children's hair and said, "No worries. Your daddy is helping the police capture bad eggs. He won't let go of anyone of them."

"Is Daddy Batman?"

"He must be a weapon of justice."

The lounge next door was still quiet.

Ivan stared daggers at the four kidnappers, emanating a thrilling aura. He didn't speak, furrowing his eyebrows deeply.

The kidnappers almost fainted in fear under the atmosphere.

Suddenly, Ivan's phone rang, and the sudden sound shocked the four men, whose bodies twitched hilariously.

Ivan withdrew his gaze, picked up his phone, checked the caller ID, and swiped to answer. The phone was put into hand-free mode.

"Mr. Marsh, Leslie Eastwood is planning to escape. Should we pull in the net now?" the man on the phone asked. "We're stalking him now. He's heading to a pier."

"Go ahead," Ivan replied calmly, "Isn't this a perfect opportunity?"

"Yes, Mr. Marsh."

After the conversation ended, Ivan looked at the four kidnappers again, only to find they trembling in fear.

They realized Leslie had run away, and no one would pay them for the job.

"Mr. Marsh, please have mercy!" One of them knelt to Ivan. "Leslie Eastwood sent us to kidnap your children. We only wanted to make some money. We're too stupid. Please forgive us."

"Right! Leslie Eastwood planned the kidnapping. We've been too foolish. Sorry. I'm terribly sorry..."

"Mr. Marsh, your children haven't been hurt. Please have mercy. Please let go of us. We also have parents and children to take care of."

"Mr. Marsh, Leslie Eastwood planned to escape the town by keeping your children hostage. He also knew he would go to the dogs. He planned to blackmail you for money after safely arriving in another country. I'm confessing everything to you. Can you let go of us?"

Ivan watched them act calmly without any intention of forgiving them.

He had checked the four kidnapers, who had committed countless crimes. Some even murdered people.

Ivan didn't speak a single word to them. The kidnapers repeatedly begged him for mercy in fear.

Shortly after, several policemen entered the lounge. "Good afternoon, Mr. Marsh." They bowed at Ivan respectfully.

Ivan nodded at them. The policemen took the four kidnapers away.

Gradually, the room returned to silent.

Ivan darted at the criminal evidence on the table, stood up, and strode out of the room with both hands in his pockets.

He wanted to take Jennifer to visit Mya in the hospital as the children were all right.

Ivan's bodyguards gingerly picked up the files on the table and kept them.

A car accelerated on the road.

Leslie's heavy suitcase was put in the passenger's seat. He gripped the steering wheel and stepped the accelerator to the bottom.

He was like playing a car racing game on the road, overtaking vehicles one after another.

Behind him, three cars were chasing. Leslie only paid attention to the behind. However, two vehicles had blocked his way ahead. All the exits were guarded. Almost a thousand people were involved in capturing him.

Leslie had no way out.

Chapter 895 Tracing Leslie

However, humans were born to have the desire for survival. Hence, Leslie wouldn't give up any chance



to escape.

He had dumped Catherine, although she was pregnant with his baby. He had never thought of her at the moment of life or death.

The warm sunshine fell into the windows of the big villa on Platanus Road.

Several maids were watching Catherine. She was relatively free in the house but couldn't leave it.

Leslie paid the maids high salaries monthly, so they were arrogant.

"Eww..."

Catherine, in pajamas, lay prone on the toilet. With a hand planted on it, she covered her chest with the other while she retched.

She looked pale. Her stomach was turning as if she would throw it up.

"Eww..."

All the maids were sitting on the sofa, glancing at the bathroom occasionally. However, they didn't look tense or worried.

They all knew Catherine had only been pregnant but wasn't favored by Leslie, so they all looked down

on her.

"Why can't she lead a normal life?" a maid rolled her eyes and mumbled, "She became a man's mistress without marrying him. No good ending."

Catherine's retching sound was heard from the bathroom again.

"Uh..." Another maid glanced at the bathroom worriedly. "Shall we report to Mr. Eastwood? Will she die if she continues retching like this?"

"Right. She's pregnant." A maid frowned. "If something happens to the baby, we cannot reap the consequences."

Mrs. Kerry also chimed in, "Morning sickness is normal for a pregnant woman, but she's throwing up for a long time. It's abnormal." She didn't have the heart to sit and watch without doing anything.

A maid appreciated her polished nails and answered, "Why don't you call Mr. Eastwood? I won't call him, anyway."

Although several maids were in the villa, they all wished to do fewer jobs.

Finally, Mr. Kerry dialed Leslie's number. After countless beeps, Leslie still didn't answer.

He was too busy escaping while drag racing to answer the call.

Three cars rushed to chase him. Leslie couldn't see any hope of escaping.

"Shit!" he cursed in a low voice.

The repeated ringing tone annoyed him, his face steely.

With a hand holding the steering wheel, he pulled out his phone and tossed it towards the passenger's seat. It was broken, and the ringing tone stopped.

"Stop calling me!"

Suddenly, a truck appeared from the intersection ahead.

Leslie hurriedly withdrew his hand to grip the steering wheels with both hands. His eye pupils flared.

Immediately, he stepped on the brake.

Creak!

The vehicle lost balance with the loud, harsh sound from the tires, which made two black traces on the road.

At the critical moment, Leslie closed his eyes, reading to die. However, his car stopped.

It stopped only half a yard from the truck instead of hitting it.

However, Leslie was half dead. When he opened his eyes, he paled while gasping for breath.

The truck bypassed the car and roared away.

After returning to his senses, Leslie was about to restart the engine. Eight vehicles surrounded him.

The doors were open. Several men hopped off and raised pistols to aim at Leslie.

Leslie couldn't keep calm any longer as he was frightened by the scene he had only seen in movies.

When he wanted to step on the gas and hit them, several police cars arrived on the scene.

Finally, at least fifty police cars surrounded Leslie to block his way.

"Get down!"

The man in the lead raised the pistol, pointing it against the window of the driver's seat. His eagle-sharp

was full of determination and fierceness, reminding Leslie of a predator.

Chapter 896 Ivan's Human Consideration

Realizing he would be arrested by the police, Leslie felt frustrated.

He reluctantly darted at his suitcase in the passenger's seat, which contained all his properties. He had

thought he would lead a worry-free life from then on. However, his wish couldn't come true anymore.

"Hurry! Speed up! You cannot escape!" the man outside roared.

Leslie twitched in fear but had to unbuckle the seat belt.

When he opened the door, his mind was blank.

As soon as Leslie put one foot on the ground, a policeman handcuffed him. His time ended.

Ivan wouldn't have pulled in the net so quickly if he hadn't kidnapped Alfie and Diana.

The villa on Platanus Road.

Mrs. Kerry failed to reach Leslie on the phone, so she couldn't inform him about Catherine's status.

Also, she had no right to send Catherine to a hospital.

"Eww!"

Catherine still lay prone on the toilet edge, feeling like dying. The feeling was too torturous.

"Excuse me, Ms. Collins."

Mrs. Kerry was the only one helping her. "Let me take you to rest in your room."

"Did you fail to reach Leslie on the phone?" Catherine grabbed her wrist, repressing the discomfort,

and looked up. "What happened to him? Is his phone turned off? Or is he ignoring me?"

"I called him several times, but he didn't answer. Later, his phone was out of service..." Mrs. Kerry

couldn't do anything. "I called him at least time times. Guess he's busy."

Catherine sucked in her breath and started panting.

Mrs. Kerry helped her stand up, bypassed the living room, and took her to the second floor.

Catherine saw the maids chatting on the sofa, like the villa's owners. Their eyes were full of disdain

when they looked at her.

That was human nature.

Leslie didn't favor her, so the maids had the guts to bully her.

When Clarence stepped out of the elevator in the hospital, he forgot everything but only thought about

his daughter's safety.

He strode towards the examination department quickly.

Meanwhile, a Lamborghini was pulled up to the hospital building.

After the rear door was open, Ivan and Jennifer got down. Ivan walked with a hand in his pocket, and

Jennifer took his other arm. They strode into the building with a low profile.

"Will Clarence be in the ward, too?" Jennifer asked, looking up at Ivan in the elevator.

Ivan answered indifferently, "Probably he will. If he got the news, he would definitely come here."

"Will he run away like Leslie Eastwood?" Jennifer was concerned.

A confident smile touched Ivan's curled lips. "He can't escape." The men he had sent to watch

Clarence were ten times as those watching Leslie.

"Take it slow, Ivan. I'm afraid Mya..." Jennifer was worried she couldn't accept it. "After all, Mya saved our children. We should let her get prepared mentally."

"I've considered it," Ivan answered, "Let's wait until after her wedding ends."

"Ehn." That was also Jennifer's plan.

If Clarence was arrested before the wedding, Mya and Finnley couldn't hold the ceremony for sure.

Mya wouldn't have the mood to marry but had to confront the pressure from public opinion.

Meanwhile, Mya had already finished the checkup. Since she wasn't hit by a car, the doctor only took an X-ray of her belly.

Lying on the bed in a ward, Mya was waiting for the doctor to deliver her health check report.

Finnley sat in the chair next to the bed, holding her hand to press his cheeks. His eyes were full of self-blame. "It's all my fault, Mya. I should have watched you all the time. I wish I were the one injured."

"Stop talking nonsense." Mya felt moved. "You can't get injured. You are my knight and must take care

of me all your life."

Tenderness filled Finnley's eyes. "You are right. I'll take care of you all my life. Thank you for choosing me."

Suddenly, there were knocks on the door.

"Please enter."

Chapter 897 Frightened

The doctor pushed the door open and entered. "Don't worry, Ms. Saunders. You are not severely injured. Rest home for a few days. You'll recover."

"OK. Thank you, Doc."

Mya was still wearing the wedding dress. Her coiled-up hair was messy, but she still looked charming, adding a pleasant view to the ward.

The doctor nodded at them and left.

The door wasn't locked, so Clarence walked in directly. Seeing his daughter in a wedding dress, he was in a trance, becoming excited.

"Dad?" Mya gaped at him. "Here you came..." She turned to check on Finnley.



"Good afternoon, Mr. Saunders." Finnley hurriedly stood up.

Clarence couldn't calm down at all. As a father, he had countless times imagined his daughter's wedding.

He watched Mya in a wedding gown, tears welling up in his eyes.

He had to admit time had flown, and his daughter had grown up.

"Dad, I only had some scratches. My hair was dragged. Nothing severe," Mya said in a relaxed tone, "I

don't need to stay here. We can leave now."

"That's good. That's good..." Clarence finally felt relieved.

"You are too busy. Didn't I tell you not to come here?" Mya felt touched.

"I'm worried about you, silly girl."

Suddenly, Clarence's phone rang. He received a call from his office. "OK. OK. I'll be right there."

After hanging up, he said to Finnley, "I'll leave Mya to you, Finnley. Thank you for taking care of her."

"Of course, Mrs. Saunders. Please go ahead."

Clarence nodded at them and walked out of the ward.

After a few steps, he saw the elevator doors slide open. Ivan and Jennifer appeared. Clarence felt a

sense of guilt, his heart tightening.

He had learned Ivan was checking him, so he felt frightened.

However, as a city mayor, Clarence had experienced ups and downs and had excellent acting skills.

Wearing a smile, he strode towards the Marsh couple. "Good afternoon, Mr. Marsh, Ms. Brooks. Are you here to see Mya?"

Ivan looked into his eyes and stopped before him. "How's Mya doing? Was she injured severely?"

"Good afternoon, Mayor Saunders," Jennifer greeted him like usual.

Clarence nodded at them in response. "No, she's not severely injured. She has just finished the checkup. No need to check in."

"She saved Alfie and Diana," Jennifer said gratefully, "Thanks to Mya. Or our children would have been kidnapped."

"Thank you for making time to see her. I just left her ward. The doctor gave an X-ray on her belly and told her she only needed some rest."

Jennifer also felt relieved.

Ivan gazed at Clarence intensely as if he had seen through Clarence.

Under his gaze, Clarence felt pretty uneasy but kept an awkward smile. "Mr. Marsh, Ms. Brooks, how are your children? Were they frightened?"

"They are all right," Ivan answered in a low voice, "My children are not timid. They have experienced a lot of things."

"Of course. Of course." Clarence kept a smile but couldn't find other words to continue the conversation.

Jennifer understood Ivan's implication, also feeling awkward.

Her gaze swept between Ivan and Clarence, only to find the latter looking unnatural with cold sweat on his forehead.

Ivan withdrew his gaze and said calmly, "Mayor Saunders, we know you are busy, so we won't hold you up too long. Please excuse us."

"OK. OK," Clarence talked incoherently while wearing a big smile, "I'm going to my office for something urgent."

"Ehn." Ivan nodded at him.

Only then did Clarence stride away, his heart hammering. He couldn't help wondering how much Ivan had known about his deeds.

Clarence couldn't figure it out.

Chapter 898 Stalked by Ivan

Ivan and Jennifer watched him leave before heading for the ward.

Clarence didn't feel relaxed until entering the elevator.

In the ward, Mya was about to get off bed and go home with Finnley.

Soon, the door was opened again. Ivan and Jennifer appeared.

Mya widened her eyes and stopped mid-step. "Why are you guys here? My father has just left. Did you meet him?"

"Ehn," Ivan nodded, "We met in the corridor."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Marsh, Ms. Brooks," Finnley greeted them politely.

"Are you here to see me as well?" Mya felt flattered, smiling brightly.

"How are you feeling?" Jennifer walked towards her, gripping her shoulders. "I feel worried. Mya, you look gorgeous in a wedding dress. You are a lady."

"Haha..." Mya was delighted. "I'm alright. No need to stay here. My belly was hit, but it wasn't injured.

Thanks to my hip-hop lessons. Finnley insisted on taking me to the hospital."

"He should. You'll feel relieved after the checkup." Ivan was considerate.

"Mya, Finnley," Jennifer said sincerely, "Thank you for saving Alfie and Diana."

"You are welcome," Mya answered quickly. "It was my fault. I took the kids out with me. I couldn't reap the consequences if something happened to them. I would be too ashamed. It was my duty to ensure their safety certainly."

Ivan thought Mya was righteous, his gentle gaze falling on her. Inwardly, he felt sorry for her as her father was too greedy and lacked self-estimation.

They didn't stay in the ward long before leaving the hospital together.

Downstairs, they bid each other farewell and at in different cards.

Finnley didn't return to the company but returned home to take care of Mya.

In the Lamborghini, Jennifer sat next to Ivan, who found Clarence's current location on an app.

With a thought, Ivan dialed his number.

Right then, Clarence was on the way to his office. There was traffic, so his driver had to stop the car

from time to time.

The sudden ringing tone frightened him so much that his hands trembled. Earlier, he was lost in thought and imagined his miserable ending.

Seeing the caller ID, he was freaked out. Cold sweat oozed.

It was from Ivan.

Clarence had to answer it. He took a deep breath, adjusted his mood, and placed the phone beside his ear. "Hello, Mr. Marsh?"

"Pull over your car. Let's talk in Savoy Nightclub. I'll be right there." Ivan ended the call immediately.

Clarence peeked out the window and saw the logo of Savoy Nightclub on a building. It was fun by Ivan, famous in Arkpool City.

Clarence wondered how Ivan knew he was nearby the nightclub.

"Am I stalked?"

Clarence's heart tightened. He became panicked for the first time in his life.

After returning to his senses, he ordered the driver, "Drop me off at Savoy Nightclub."

"Yes, Mayor Saunders." The driver slowed down and entered the nightclub's entrance.

Savoy Nightclub was the biggest club in Arkpool City, run by the Marsh Group. Many important international conferences had been held there.

Clarence got down, frowning slightly. With mixed feelings, he entered the nightclub alone, leaving his driver in the car.

"Good afternoon, Mayor Saunders. Please follow me." The lobby manager respectfully received him at the door, looking solemnly and dignified.

Clarence knew Ivan must have informed them. Without an appointment, one couldn't enter the nightclub at random.

When his phone rang again, he was shocked. While following the lobby manager, he pulled his phone out and swiped to answer.

Before the man on the other end of the line spoke, he whispered, "Chester, I'm busy now. I'll mute my phone. Let's talk later."

Then he ended the call and muted his phone.

Chapter 899 Conversation

While waiting for Ivan, Clarence felt anxious.

As soon as Ivan called him, he had a bad hunch and started considering the worst-case scenario.

Clarence wondered how to confront Ivan.

Savoy Nightclub was huge with an excellent environment, reminding him of a palace.

He had never been there before. Following the lobby manager, he bypassed several passages before arriving at the main house.

"Please enter, Mayor Saunders. Mr. Marsh will be here soon."

Clarence was led into a room. While entering, the curtains automatically separated. All the designs and decorations in the room were vintage. He saw some tasteful furniture.

Soon, a Lamborghini entered the nightclub. The driver got down and opened the rear door for Ivan.

"Go ahead. I'll wait for you in the car," Jennifer said and let go of his hand, "No matter what, please postpone everything after Mya's wedding. Please remember."

Ivan stared at her. "It depends on Clarence's self-awareness." Then he said to the driver, "Hank, send Jennifer back to the Marsh Group."

"OK, Mr. Marsh."



Ivan gripped Jennifer's shoulder gently and pecked her forehead before getting down. He didn't have the heart to let her wait. Besides, the nightclub was nearby the company.

However, Jennifer misunderstood that their conversation would be too solemn and take a long time.

Hank closed the rear door. Jennifer watched Ivan's receding figure worriedly, afraid Mya would be impacted.

However, it would happen sooner or later.

Jennifer couldn't imagine how Mya would accept her father was an evil man.

Clarence had maintained a decent image in his family. Once it broke, it would be difficult for the Saunders to accept.

When Jennifer read the criminal evidence, she also found it hard to accept. It took her a long while to realize Clarence was several times more evil than Leslie.

Clarence was the biggest disaster of Arkpool City, but he was too adept at disguising himself. Besides, he was too influential, so no one dared to lay a finger on him.

Two employees guarded a door of a meeting room.

Standing before the floor-to-ceiling window, Clarence stared at the laws outside the window. It was a sunny afternoon. The air was filled with a faint tea fragrance.

Shortly after, Ivan appeared in the passage, heading towards the room. He was alone, looking clinical and elegant, emanating a strong aura that he was born with.

Clarence's heart sank.

Ivan's footsteps approached.

Clarence turned around, and Ivan happened to enter the door.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Marsh." The two employees bowed at Ivan respectfully.

After walking into the room, the door was closed. Ivan and Clarence were alone in the huge room.

Ivan strode towards Clarence, their gaze meeting in mid-air.

Feeling the steely, low pressure from him, Clarence took the initiative to say, "Hello, Mr. Marsh."

"Please take a seat." Ivan withdrew his gaze and sat on the sofa.

Although younger, Ivan was superior to others in Arkpool City, so the city mayor had to respect him.

Keeping calm, Clarence sat on the sofa opposite.

Ivan leaned forward and made a pot of tea personally.

He didn't speak, so Clarence fidgeted uncomfortably.

"Leslie Eastwood is the biggest drug smuggler in Arkpool City. He's arrested just now." Ivan pushed a teacup to Clarence, looking at him to study his reaction.

Clarence kept calm. Ivan picked up the other teacup, still gazing at him.

A few seconds later, Clarence had to reply, "What pleasant news!" He sipped the tea. "He's a president of a big company but never behaves himself. He even fools around women."

Ivan snorted inwardly, 'You are indeed good at avoiding the important and dwelling on the trivial.'

Chapter 900 Do You Admit All of Them

Without beating around the bush, Ivan studied the teacup in his hand and watched the steam with tea fragrance. "As his backer, don't you feel frustrated?" he chuckled.

His words sent a chill down Clarence's spine. Clarence replied with a smile, "Mr. Marsh, I'm sorry, but I can't quite follow you."

Ivan stared at him leisurely. "No. You can follow me." He gazed at Clarence intensely and expressionlessly.

Clarence looked into his eyes. Time seemed to pause.

He wanted to ask Ivan a question. However, he choked his words. Seemingly, it was unnecessary for him to speak.

Clarence gulped down the tea, his Adam's apple bobbing.

Opposite him, Ivan sat elegantly. He darted at Clarence aloofly. "Leslie Eastwood didn't cover his criminal traces. All the families damaged by drugs can press charges against him."

Clarence refilled his teacup, listening to him in silence.

"With your protection, no one could have won against him in the lawsuits. Therefore, he became increasingly wanton," Ivan drawled.

"Mayor Saunders, do you know how many families he has destroyed by drug smuggling?"

Gazing at Clarence solemnly, Ivan uttered a number, "36, 800."

Clarence dodged his gaze in guilt, having no guts to look into his eyes. Sipping the tea, he listened quietly.

"Not to mention evading taxes. How much tax should he pay back?"

Ivan leaned against the back of the couch. "Besides, you know clearly how much evaded tax has been

sent to you."

Clarence's mind was jumbled. He could only repeatedly sip the tea.

"Leslie Eastwood murdered 18 people, 15 of whom are relevant to you," Ivan added bluntly. "Do you admit it?"

Clarence paused slightly, pretending to be calm. "Mr. Marsh, murder is a crime as high as Heaven.

Without enough evidence, please stop making wild guesses."

"I mentioned it because I had enough evidence," Ivan retorted icily.

Their gazes met in mid-air again. Clarence looked stiff, a trace of panic hidden in his eyes.

From the exact numbers, he could tell Ivan had his criminal evidence for real.

He withdrew his gaze, shivering.

"Over the years, Leslie Eastwood bribed you nearly 100 million dollars. In addition to your corruption and bribery from other channels, the government officials in Arkpool City have become increasingly corrupt. You never let any penny skip from your pocket. Do you admit it?"

Clarence lost his calmness, realizing Ivan had checked every detail of his deeds.

He wondered what Ivan didn't know.

"You have 38 villas and almost 100 luxury cars in your name," Ivan continued, "How many of them are from Leslie Eastwood?"

Clarence's heart sank again, his eyes dark.

"Mr. Marsh, when did you start suspecting me?"

He had to admit his crimes.

With his legs crossed, Ivan answered, "In the recent two months, I've noticed Leslie Eastwood became too wanton. He was about to be sent to jail several times, but he has finally been bailed out."

"Therefore, I believed there must be a powerful force behind him."

Clarence was clever. "You are determined to cut off evildoers, right? You won't let go of me, will you?"

"You should know I only believe in righteousness and justice."

Ivan emanated an icy, decisive aura. "It has nothing to do with my friendship with Mya. If you were my father, I would also let the law punish you after knowing your evil deeds."

Clarence nodded with mixed feelings. He asked, "You've pulled in the net to capture Leslie. When will you send me to jail?"

"After your daughter's wedding," Ivan answered.

Clarence looked at him gratefully. "My biggest wish is to watch Mya marry her beloved man. If I can't watch her get married, I won't have another chance to attend her wedding."

He knew he had done too many evil deeds and would be sentenced to death probably.

If lucky, he would be sentenced to life imprisonment.