

## **Surprised 911**

### Chapter 911 Separate Rooms

"Uncle Albert, Finnley," Claire said hello to them. She looked much demurer in front of Albert.

"Claire, why are you still up so late at night?" Albert asked casually, "You young people shouldn't stay up late."

"Got it, Uncle Albert!"

Finnley stood there as Albert walked away.

Claire watched as he went downstairs and looked back at Finnley, "Finnley."

"Where's Mya?" Finnley stroked her head. "Is she still chatting with her mother?"

"No, I took her back to my room. She's probably taking a shower now." Claire took his arm and said as they walked, "Where are you two now?"

"What do you mean?" Finnley looked back at her.

"You and Mya. You are getting married!"

Facing her curious and gossipy eyes, Finnley was puzzled, "Did she say anything to you?"

Claire didn't answer, looked at him and observed him.

Finnley frowned. Would Mya talk to Claire about such a private matter?

"What are you thinking?" Finnley knocked his finger on her head, "That's not yours to concern!"

Then Finnley walked to his bedroom.

Claire pouted, stood there and looked at his back. She smiled.

Well, since they were too shy to mention sex, she didn't mind helping them out.

In the lovely bedroom, Mya came out of the bathroom with her wet hair and clothes on.

Finnley happened to walk in and closed the door behind him.

The sound of closing the door startled Mya.

She stopped drying her hair and walking.

The two locked eyes and time seemed to have stood still. It was a bit embarrassing.

Finnley walked toward her and noticed that she was not wearing her pajamas. She seemed to

intentionally want to keep all her clothes on and he smiled.

"Come, let me help you dry your hair."

As Mya pursed her pink lips, Finnley put his hands on her shoulders and walked her to the hair dryer.

He turned it on and warm wind came out. He smoothed her hair with his fingers.

Mya's eyes glanced at the big bed from time to time. Would they sleep on that bed together tonight?

There was a couch in the room, but it was a small one.

But they were going to get married soon, was it appropriate to sleep separately?

Would it be bad for their relationship?

But if she got into the bed and acquiesced in them sleeping together, would it make her look slutty?

Would he think her slutty?

She was lost in her misgivings. She only cared about it so much because she had fallen in love with him.

"What are you thinking?"

She looked up and looked into his eyes.

He had been staring at her!

Mya blushed and she felt her throat dry. "I... I was wondering how we should sleep tonight?" She was not good at lying, so she told the truth.

Finnley was stunned and his gentle eyes fell on her wrist.

Then he could not help but smile, "You are wearing the Russell family's bracelet and the day after tomorrow is our wedding. Were you actually asking me the question?"

He looked up, his eyes fell on her fair and tender face. He asked her, "Miss Saunders, you want to sleep in separate rooms with me even before we get married?"

Mya felt so embarrassed that she wanted to dig a hole and bury herself in it.

She didn't tell him about the bracelet but asked about how to sleep tonight first!

"Your mother gave this to me. She said she had been keeping it for the past thirty years," Mya said,

"She said she would be my mother-in-law soon."

Hearing this, Finnley was delighted, "That's great."

Mya looked up, "Your mother seems to like me."

"Of course, she will love the woman I love," Finnley was proud and confident, "Alright now. My family are all kind and nice people. Although there used to be problems, they are all in the past now."

Chapter 912 Save Herself

In the hospital

The lights in Eloise's ward were still. She couldn't sleep, standing by the window and looking at the

night view.

She felt alone whenever Finnley wasn't around.

Only when he was with her could Eloise feel that time flied and life was meaningful.

"Eloise, it's late, you should go to bed..." Madeline felt sorry seeing her like this.

Eloise asked, "Mom, Mya is staying in the Russell family with him tonight. Do you think they will sleep together?"

Why was she thinking about this?

They were getting married, it was only normal.

"Eloise," Madeline walked over, held her shoulder and comforted her softly, "Since you have chosen to bless them, you should let it go. This is good for the both of you."

Eloise knew it, of course.

If she chose to bless then, they would keep visiting her and Finnley would stop avoiding her.

"Mom, Finnley cares about me only because he feels obliged to. He doesn't love me..." Eloise was clear about it. "I get sad every time I think of it..."

Madeline knew how she felt. She had loved him for twenty years and got no love back from him.

She must feel really lost.

At the last moments of her life, she had to force herself to bless them, in exchange for him to come see her for a few more times, only Eloise herself could understand how painful it was.

At night, in the new house Finnley had bought in Arkpool. In the huge courtyard, the staff were working overtime to decorate the wedding scene.

The romantic atmosphere was already in the air, Finnley had hired the best wedding planning team.

Although the time was a little short, the wedding was carefully planned.

In the villa on the Platanus Road, at 11 p. m.

Downstairs on the living room sofa, Catherine had just had two apples and she felt much better in her stomach.

Mrs. Kerry had been there for her. "It's late, you should take some time to digest and go to sleep."

"Mrs. Kerry, I want to pay you," Catherine said to her, "Can you stay with me during my pregnancy?"

However, Mrs. Kerry didn't think she should take double the salary.

"Ms. Collins, you don't have to pay me. I'll be around during your whole pregnancy," said Mrs.

Kerry. "Mr. Eastwood has already paid me. I will be here for whatever you need me."

Catherine was moved.

"It's getting late. Go upstairs."

"Okay."

Catherine got up and walked upstairs. Soon after she walked into her bedroom, her addiction for cigar came up and she felt sick in her stomach.

She sat down in front of the dresser table, looking at herself in the mirror and feeling a little strange.

How did she ruin her life?

Gradually, she started to feel itchy all over her body. The sickness was suffocating.

She clenched her fists and her nails pierced into her palms. The pain couldn't ease the sickness and itching at all.

Then, she started to sweat.

Catherine got up and came to the cabinet. She opened the cabinet with trembling fingers and took out the cigarettes brought by Leslie.

She felt a strong desire for smoking.

She overcame it, walked into the bathroom, torn all the cigarette boxes apart violently, threw the cigars into the bathtub, and opened the shower...

She had to destroy them!

For the sake of the baby, she must not smoke again!

Despite the hallucinations!

Although she felt miserable and the bathtub was in a mess, she was joyous. Finally, her first step...

Chapter 913 Nightmare

After some time, she would become numb... Catherine went back to bed and lay on her side, took out her phone to look at the old photos to relieve the pain.

They were all photos of her and Ivan, mostly at work, and some group photos.

There were ten photos that appeared more intimate, mostly taken at home or on holidays, birthdays.

Aubree was present in most of them, they looked like a family.

As she watched the photos, memories flooded in... She felt a lump in her throat and tears were welling up in her eyes.

Through the comparison of these photos, she found that Ivan had always been handsome. He looked



proud and aloof.

In one of the photos, he was standing against the sun, looking very gentle.

Catherine loved him, all sides of him.

When the photos were taken, Jennifer wasn't there yet. Catherine didn't have a lot of interaction with

Ivan, in most of the photos they were at work.

Sometimes she could go on business trips with him. They would stay in the same hotel, stand in the

same public terrace at night and look up at the stars in the night sky.

What beautiful memories! Sadly they couldn't go back in time.

Her sight gradually blurred, tears fell down her eyes that were filled with hatred. Catherine clenched the

phone, "Jennifer, I hate you!"

"Why did you show up?"

"You predator!"

"You and your child will be punished!"

She gnashed her teeth and swore.

She wished to kill Jennifer!

She thought it was Jennifer who stole everything that should have belonged to her and got her here.

At about three o'clock in the morning, in the master bedroom of the Saunders family.

In the big bed, Clarence was sweating and his body was shaking!

He woke Shirley up, "Clarence, are you okay?" Shirley sat up and shook his shoulder gently with the light of the lamp.

"Clarence, are you okay? Are you dreaming?"

Clarence's lips were trembling and he suddenly sat up. His eyes widened and he gasped.

"Clarence..." asked Shirley with concern. "Were you dreaming?"

As he turned his eyes and saw his wife, Clarence came to himself. He dreamed that he was arrested and was being beaten up in prison by many people.

He also dreamed that Shirley could not bear the pressure of media harassment and public opinion and jumped down the building...

"Shirley," Clarence hugged her, "You have to stay safe."

Shirley was stunned when she heard this, "What are you talking about? What happened?"

Clarence held her tightly to keep her from looking into his eyes.

After a while, Clarence calmed down, held her shoulder and pushed her gently away, "It's ok, go to sleep. I just have been under a lot of pressure at work recently."

With that, he grabbed the quilt and lay down in bed again, the nightmare he had just had was still vivid in his mind...

Shirley was worried, but she knew there was nothing she could help with him at work.

She lay down and massaged his arm, intending to ease his fatigue.

"It's okay, go to sleep." Clarence felt sorry for her. In his dream, Shirley jumped down from the building and blood splashed...

He couldn't fall sleep with that in mind.

"Honey, what if one day..." Clarence had wanted to say something. He wanted to tell her to be strong but couldn't.

"What's wrong?" Shirley listened carefully and with nervousness, "Clarence, did something happen?"

Chapter 914 Mya's Misgivings

"No, no." Clarence grabbed her hand, held it in his palm and said, "Go to sleep, nothing has happened.

Life's peaceful."

Shirley was still uneasy.

Clarence said, "But I feel old now, I can hardly stand staying up for several days now. I can't sleep well and often have dreams."

"Tomorrow, I'll make you some soup." Shirley grabbed his arm, "Should you go to the hospital and have a physical examination?"

"No need. I am healthy, I know it."

Shirley closed her eyes and got closer to him, "Clarence, don't worry. I will be here no matter what happens."

"I know."

The room was quiet, and they soon fell asleep.

Early in the morning, the sky had just turned bright. In a bedroom in the Russell family.

On the soft big bed, Finnley lay flat on the left side of the bed, his arms under his head. He was looking at the woman sleeping on her stomach on the right side of the bed, his eyes very gentle.

He thought for a while and decided to turn her over. It was not healthy for her to keep sleeping on her stomach.

So, he gently lifted the quilt and carefully hugged her, only to wake her up.

Mya said, "Hey, what are you doing?" She instinctively covered her chest, looked at him, stunned. She didn't feel sleepy at all now.

Finnley was stunned, "Did I wake you up?"

Mya quickly sat up. "Didn't we agree last night? We are going to take it slow, right? I am only 20 years old. I thought you were a gentleman, why did you do that when I was asleep?"

"When Jennifer was 20, she had had Alfie and Diana already," Finnley blurted out, "You are a grown woman now."

His words scared Mya and she covered her chest tighter. "So, you were really going to..." Her eyes widened.

"No!" Finnley looked at her in nervousness and found it funny. He touched the tip of her nose, "That's what kind of man I am in your eyes?"

Mya blinked, "But that's what you did." She no longer felt like sleeping now.

Finnley's gentle eyes fell on her relatively flat chest, "You shouldn't sleep on your stomach from now on. It has hindered you."

Hearing that, Mya looked down at her chest, and then she pouted. She was both embarrassed and angry.

"Hey! What were you trying to say?" She looked up and asked, "Do you like women with big breasts?"

Then go and find one!"

"I didn't mean that. I was just concerned about your health." Finnley took her hand and said patiently,

"Sleeping on your stomach is not healthy."

Mya looked sideways at him, "How do you know? Have you studied it?"

Finnley was speechless, "It's common sense."

"I have never heard of it," she looked at him.

By the light from outside the window, they sat on the bed and looked at each other.

"Well, well, let's not about it." Finnley reached out and held her into his arms. "Go back to sleep, it's still early."

Listening to his strong heartbeat, Mya hugged his waist, leaned her head on his chest and said with a pout, "I'm actually a little scared."

"Of what?" Finnley suddenly became nervous, "You can tell me."

"I googled it the other day," Mya told him, "It says that first times hurt."

Finnley was stunned. She googled that?

Mya, not seeing his expression, murmured, "Some people say they got tearing pain, others say it was slight, and some said they bled. I'm not ready."

When she said this, her cheeks were red, and even her neck and ears were red.

Finnley, as a gentleman, would not force her to do things she didn't want to.

The woman in his arms was so sweet and innocent.

He knew that women nowadays were open about sex, but he didn't expect Mya to be so scared of it.

"Mya," Finnley kissed her on the forehead and then her hair, "Don't feel pressured. We can take it slow until you are ready. I love you."

Chapter 915 The Gift

Hearing this, Mya was actually moved. She closed her eyes.

Finnley hugged her and Mya slept for another two hours. He had been sitting in bed but didn't feel tired at all.

Finnley recalled how he met Mya and felt it really magical.

A trip to a bakery got him a girlfriend.

And now, they were going to get married.

He was such a neat freak, but he didn't mind sharing his bed with her or her falling hair.

How magical was love!

Thinking about it, Finnley couldn't help but smile.

He felt very comfortable when he was with her.

When he thought of Eloise, Finnley got a slightly heavy heart. He didn't have love for Eloise, but responsibility.

All this may be in God's plan.

The Russell family had a great breakfast today. The bread was toasted just fine.

Everyone in the Russell family was in high spirits today because of the joy.

In the huge dining room, Mya was sitting next to Finnley.



Claire sat on the other side, with a smile. She felt it so sweet like honey, from time to time, she would glance at Mya and Finnley, wondering what they did last night.

Mya took a sip of milk, took a piece of bread and everyone watched as she took a bite.

"How does it taste? Do you like it?" Violet asked nervously, afraid that Mya might not like the bread she made.

"It tastes good, I like it." Mya took another bite and said, "This is the best bread I've ever eaten! It's fluffy!"

"After you two get married, I can make it for you every day, honey."

"Thank you, Violet." Mya had gotten used to calling Violet by her name.

Hearing that, Albert got jealous. He asked kindly with a smile, "Mya, why are you still calling me Mr. Russell?"

"I gave her the bracelet." Violet hurriedly answered, joking with a smile, "What did you send her?"

Albert was speechless.

Violet rolled her eyes at him and said with a smile, "Mya and I are friends now."

Mya smiled sheepishly, while Claire laughed out loud, "Uncle Albert, where is your gift?"

Albert said to the servant behind him, "Go to my study and take the box from the table here."

"Yes, sir." The servant turned around and left.

"You don't have to, Mr. Ru..." Mya was embarrassed, "Albert! You don't need to give me any gift!"

Everyone here was pleased when they heard her.

Albert's voice was gentle and he said kindly, "I got you the gift last night. I had planned to send it to you before you leave this morning."

Mya smiled and didn't know what to say.

After a while, the servant came over with a delicate long box, "Sir, is this it?"

"Yes." Albert took it and handed it to Mya, "See if you like it."

"Thank you." Mya took it with both hands, and under everyone's watch, she carefully opened the box.

There was a necklace inside, with texture. It should be an antique.

"This necklace used to be owned by a queen in the medieval times, its value is only second to the bracelet you are wearing in the whole Russell family now," Albert said.

Mya was moved. They hadn't even gotten married and they had already taken her as family.

They had given her shares in the Russell Group and a betrothal gift worth a billion. They even bought her a house...

"Do you like it?" Finnley put his arm around her shoulder and asked with a smile. He was happy that his parents liked Mya.

Mya nodded, closed the box and looked up at Albert, "Thank you, Albert, I will cherish it."

"You are welcome. Have breakfast before it gets cold!" Albert was in a good mood, "Violet and I just want to see you two be happy together."

At this moment, Claire cut in, "I'm looking forward to having a nephew! And I'm sure Uncle Albert and Aunt Violet want a grandchild, too!"

Chapter 916 Make It Official

Claire did speak for Albert and Violet. Everyone laughed.

Mya held the cup of milk, lowered her head in shyness and smiled.

Finnley looked calm still. He had been thoughtful during the whole breakfast. He told her about how the desserts were made.

They looked like a happy family.

The mayor's only daughter was going to marry Finnley Russell, the only son of the Russell family. The news caused a sensation and there was news on paper already.

The white Maybach headed for the hospital, with Finnley on the driver's seat and Mya on the passenger seat. They were going to see Eloise.

Mya was reading the news on her phone when she suddenly saw something.

"Oh my god, the news of our marriage is being heated discussed. It's going to have more viewers than the news of Leslie Eastwood's arrest!

"Do they have our photos?" Finnley asked, "The media shouldn't have them, right?"

"No. There aren't many photos of us together, although we have the titles." Mya nervously read the comments.

"Wow, they are all blessing us!" As she read through the comments, she frowned, "Why are they all saying that it's a perfect marriage that a politician's daughter marries a businessman?"

Mya turned her eyes and looked at him and joked, "They don't think we are marrying for love?"

"That's because they don't know how we met, so that's all they can talk about." Finnley had never

cared about the comments online.

And Mya didn't really care, she simply saw it as someone else's story.

At this time, Eloise, who didn't fall asleep until it was midnight, was still sleeping. She fell asleep with her

love and disappointment for Finnley.

Finnley and Mya brought breakfast for Eloise, had a brief chat with Madeline outside the ward without

disturbing Eloise, and then left.

Finnley has said he was going to bring Mya to the new house, the preparations for the wedding had

long begun.

But he eventually parked the car in front of the Saunders' residence.

"Why are we here?" Mya looked out of the window at the familiar villa and asked, "You took me home?"

"Go get your ID."

Mya hadn't realized what he meant and asked, "Why?"

"Just go get it."

"Fine." In order not to waste more time, Mya unbuckled her seat belt, got off the car and walked into the

living room. Soon, she came out with her ID.

Sitting back in the passenger seat, Mya got her seat belt on again. "Do we need it now?" She handed it to him.

"Keep it." Finnley started the car, "We will need it later."

About ten minutes later, the white Maybach stopped again.

"Get off." Finnley unfastened his seat belt and parked the car.

Mya looked out with doubt and curiosity. She was shocked when she saw where they were, "The Civil Affairs Bureau?"

As soon as she spoke, Finnley had opened the door, then bent in to unfasten her seat belt and took her hand.

"Come, my princess."

Mya was still stunned when she got out of the car. They walked in, "We are having a wedding soon, I thought we'd better make it official first."

Mya was still in shock when she saw two windows in the hall.

One was for getting married and the other, for getting divorced.

There were two long lines.

It was strange that people who came to get married were all middle-aged. There were even several couples over 50.

While the people who came to get divorced were all young. It seemed that they hadn't been married for long. Did these people queue up in the wrong lines?

"What's wrong?" They queued up behind a middle-aged couple. Finnley looked over and found it.

"I was thinking..." Mya asked him with somewhat sadness, "What would marriage bring women?"

Chapter 917 Show Her the Wedding Site

Finnley stroked her head dotingly, "Don't think about negative things."

"It's not negative. I was just wondering."

Facing her sight, Finnley patiently explained, "Don't think about such a boring problem. You are loved and marriage will always be a haven for you."

Mya gave a beautiful smile, staring at him with her big eyes. The man in front of her loved her and was a gentle person.

Finnley looked at the long divorce procession, put his arm around Mya's shoulder, saying, "I guess they

are divorcing now because they have never been each other's top choice."

Although the divorcing couples were standing closely to each other, they seemed eager to leave the other.

The men all looked indifferent with no regret, wearing their headphones and playing with their phones.

The Civil Affairs Bureau was a sacred place, everyone who walked out of here would face a brand-new start. They might either walk into marriage or escape from it.

After Mya and Finnley got the marriage certificates, it was already 10 in the morning.

Sitting back in the Maybach, they each held their marriage certificate and took a selfie.

"It was a happy adventure!"

Finnley drove her to the new house and handed the property certificate to her, "This is yours."

Mya took it and took a look, "It's mine?"

"There's no loan, so don't feel pressured." Finnley really loved her and thought she was worth it.

Finnley chose this house. The house came with great view and the courtyard was very large.

Hundreds of wedding planning staff were still busy decorating when they arrived.



The wedding site had just taken its shape.

As soon as the car stopped, Mya turned and looked out of the window. It was a five-story villa.

The wedding was in blue tone, attracting her attention immediately, "It's so beautiful!" She said pleasantly.

"I guessed you'd like blue," said Finnley proudly, getting out of the car.

Mya had a smile on her face, "How did you know?"

"Your comic book, you painted it in blue overtone. As a loyal fan, how can I not know it?"

Mya was surprised. He was really thoughtful.

Getting out of the car, Mya was really moved.

Finnley took her hand and they walked in. "Where do you think we should improve?"

The two arches were decorated with flowers, warm and romantic.

The dessert desk was also very delicate, and guests could take photos here.

"On the right is a large playground for kids."

Finnley pointed at the right, "The kids can play there and their safety will be ensured."

"You are thoughtful!" Mya gave him a thumbs-up. "You will make a great father someday."

The praise sent Finnley delight.

"Alfie and Diana can be our flower boy and girl, what do you think?" Finnley asked while walking.

"That's great!" Mya's eyes lit up, "But I heard that they are going abroad. They may study abroad and come back after they become adults."

"They won't leave any time soon. Mr. Marsh is still going through the procedures for them."

"They are really blessed to have adorable twins," Mya was envious, "Other kids often make troubles, but not Alfie and Diana."

"That's because you have never seen that side of them," Finnley said, "That's kids' nature."

A while later, he pointed at somewhere not far and said to her, "That's the stage."

Chapter 918 The Future

"Mr. Russell!" the person in charge found him and hurried over to say hello, "Mr. Russell!"

"This is my wife, Mya." Finnley politely introduced, "I took her here to have a look at the wedding site."

"Mrs. Russell." The man smiled, "I am your wedding planner. I have been working 24 hours a day. If

you find there any rooms for modification, tell me and I will be at your service."

"Thank you all for your hard work." Mya thanked him from the bottom of her heart.

"We just came here. We can look around by ourselves," Finnley put his arm around Mya's shoulder and said to him, "You should go on with your work. Have a break from time to time."

"Well, thank you, Mr. Russell!"

As they walked closer, Mya found that the stage was heart-shaped, full of romance.

"There will be flowers around it on the day of the wedding. It will look more beautiful then," Finnley told her expectantly.

Next to the stage, there were five artificial fountains, giving off a manor wedding vibe.

The carpet, background setting, flowers were all blue. It would surely look amazing.

There wedding photos were taken by the blue ocean as well.

Even the tables and chairs were in blue.

Mya was really surprised.

Finnley said to her, "Everything is still being perfected. The flowers haven't been sent here. I promise it will look ten times better on the wedding day. You will be the happiest bride on earth!"

Mya looked forward to it. All women wanted to marry the men they loved as beautiful brides.

They walked around the yard before Finnley walked her into the villa to show her their new house.

This was Mya's first time here. The house was beautifully and exquisitely decorated, she felt like living a dream.

She was going to get married to the man she loved. A flash marriage!

And both their parents were satisfied with the marriage.

They must be destined.

When the phone rang, Mya stopped thinking. She took out her phone in the living room, looked at the

Caller ID and answered it, "Hey, dad."

At this time, Clarence was in his study. He had a lot of words to say to his daughter.

"Mya, where are you?" asked Clarence, as calmly as he could.

"Dad, Finnley and I are in our new house. We just saw the wedding site. What's wrong? Do you need me?" Mya was immersed in happiness and she couldn't think of any bad things that were about to happen.

"Are you in Arkpool?" said Clarence, "Will you come back for lunch?"

"We'd love that!" Mya agreed. She didn't think she should ask for Finnley's opinion on this.

"We will be waiting," then Clarence hung up the phone, he had mixed feelings.

"My dad called and asked us to go back and have lunch with them," Mya happily held Finnley's arm,

"You can take a nap in the afternoon before you go to work. You can sleep in my bed."

"I won't go to work this afternoon." Finnley dotingly touched her head, took her to the kitchen, "I will

have someone send the wedding dress for you to try it on. And we have to pick the wedding rings."

Mya was stunned. She had never thought of these as it was her first time getting married.

The kitchen was large and well-equipped. The dishwasher was brand new.

Finnley led her into the kitchen. "I'm not going to hire a housekeeper. We can have a cleaning lady over

once in a week. I will cook. We can have a cat or a dog. I don't want anyone else staying with us, I just

want to keep the house to ourselves."

"I can help you cook! And I can do some chores!" Mya loved the idea too.

They could go to work and get off work together. How happy would that be!

She looked forward to their future life together!

Chapter 919 Before Jail

In the Saunders family, in the study on the second floor.

Clarence put the phone on the desk, took out a cigarette from the cigarette box, lit it up and anxiously took a puff.

The smoke blurred his vicissitudes face.

In recent days, he hadn't slept well and was in low spirits. Clarence had lost much weight.

His daughter's wedding was just around the corner and he had guessed countless times when and where would Ivan arrest him.

In his workspace?

At home?

On the road?

Would he have him arrested right after the wedding?

Or would he spare him for a few more days?

These questions lingered in his mind, giving him a heavy pressure. He could not escape, if he escaped now, his daughter's wedding would be ruined.

In fact, for Clarence, one more day of freedom was equal to one more day of suffering. He felt like

living inside a cage.

Maybe only in prison could he finally sleep soundly.

Downstairs in the kitchen, the chefs were busy. Shirley specially asked them to make a few dishes that

Finnley loved.

"Ma'am, you are really considerate. You have never even asked his preferences," Paula praised her.

Shirley relied with a smile, "He will spend a lifetime with Mya and I need to know his preferences. I'm

sure he will love these dishes, make more of them."

"Yes, ma'am," said Paula. "It's hot in the kitchen, you should wait in the living room. I will watch it for

you."

Shirley looked inside, "Thank you then, Paula. Remember not to put any ginger."

"Got it!"

Shirley walked to the living room and saw Clarence coming down from upstairs. "Clarence, don't you

need to go to work today?" She had thought he was gone.

"Not for the next two days. Chester will take care of everything."

"You really trust him." Shirley took his arm, smelled smoke and frowned, "Why did you smoke again? I

thought you didn't like smoking."

Before she got an answer, a white Maybach was parked in the yard.

"Mya is back." Clarence whispered.

Shirley turned her eyes and hurried toward the door of the living room. She went to the yard and soon came in with the young couple.

Mya and Finnley smiled happily, and greeted them after entering the house.

"Come home for dinner when you are free after marriage," Shirley was delighted to see them, "Anyway, it's not far away. You are our only daughter, you will always be the apple of our eye."

"I will, mom." Mya agreed.

"Where did you get this bracelet? It's gorgeous!" Shirley was sharp-eyed, she took her daughter's hand and said, "It seemed like an antique. Did you just buy it?"

"Finnley's mother gave it to me. His grandmother gave it to her 30 years ago and she had been wearing it."

"Oh!" She got it. It had been passed on from generation to generation. The Russell family had really



taken her as family now.

Shirley was delighted and suddenly felt a bit sorry when her eyes fell on Finnley, "I didn't prepare any gift for Finnley..."

"Mrs. Saunders, you don't have to," Finnley was smart and held Mya's shoulder, saying in a gentle voice, "Mya is the best gift from you. Thank you for bringing her into the world."

Then he looked at Clarence, "I will not fail Mya and will love her for the rest of my life. I will protect her with my life no matter what happens."

Shirley was moved while Clarence felt heartbroken when he looked into Finnley's eyes.

He couldn't protect his own daughter anymore...

Chapter 920 Talk with A Father

"Miss Saunders, Mr. Russell!" Paula walked out of the kitchen and looked at the happy family with joy,

"Lunch is ready, you may sit down and talk at the dinner table now."

"Thank you, Paula. Let's go have lunch."

Then they walked to the dining room. There were a lot of dishes, half of them were Finnley's favorite, and the other half, Mya's favorite.

The atmosphere was festive, as if the air was filled with happiness. Finnley said that someone would deliver the wedding dress here soon and Mya was looking forward to it.

After lunch.

Everyone came to the living room again, Clarence put his arms around Mya's shoulder and said, "Mya, come upstairs with dad, dad has something to say to you."

At such a close distance, Mya immediately smelled tobacco on him.

As she went upstairs with him and they were passing the corner of the stairs, she whispered, "Dad, when did you start smoking?"

"You smelled it?" He had used perfume before he came downstairs just now.

"Yes."

They went into the study. Clarence did not continue to explain and Mya did not ask more questions.

He walked to the window and leaned against the desk, holding his daughter's hand. "Mya, how do you feel about getting married?"

"Like a dream," Mya shrugged and smiled, "I feel grown and that time flies."

"Yes. You will be a grown woman now," Clarence sighed, "You will have to learn to face whatever

obstacles in life, so that you can be strong. You shouldn't feel desperate because there are a lot more people who are living much more miserable lives."

"What?" Mya didn't get what he was talking about.

"Just keep my words in mind."

"I have never suffered any setbacks since I was a little girl and I won't after I married Finnley." Mya was happy and comforted him, "Dad, don't worry about me."

Clarence stared at her, feeling sorry.

"Dad, why did you suddenly worry about me?"

Their eyes met and Clarence felt sad. He held her hand with one hand and stroked her hair with the other.

Mya smiled and comforted him, "I am just getting married, I'm not going to leave you. you will always be home for me."

"Moreover, our houses are so close. I can come home for dinner or lunch at any time, you might see me often."

"Mya, I might not be your home anymore..." Clarence said with melancholy, getting a lump in his throat.

Mya was stunned. It was getting weirder.

So she asked in confusion, "Why? Did something happen?"

However, Clarence suddenly smiled, "I need to let you out of the nest so that you can grow up. Silly girl, I will grow old and leave you someday. I can't shield you forever."

"It's too early now," Mya pouted. She had been worried and now she smiled, "You are the best dad ever. You will live to 100 years old!"

Mya didn't think too much.

Downstairs, Finnley was playing chess with Shirley. They had fun.

Paula made them tea and also felt happy for them.

"Mya loved to play with boys when she was a kid. She hated that girls often cry," Shirley suddenly brought up Mya's childhood.

"Maybe that's why she's so cute and lovely," Finnley smiled, "I wish I had known her when she was a kid. We would have been playmates."