

Surprised 1441

Chapter 1441: Tristan Wants to Understand Her

A few seconds later, both of them got back into the car. Tristan appropriately increased the speed, and the car was still silent. Actually, Monica really wanted to ask him, did he like Claire? Or what kind of feelings did he have for Claire? She was a bit curious and a bit jealous, due to her affection for him. But at this time, discussing this topic didn't seem appropriate, and Monica herself didn't have the right status. So, she held back, but keeping it in her heart made her feel uncomfortable.

After a while, it was Tristan who spoke first. He calmly asked the girl sitting in the passenger seat, "Monica, how are you connected to the orphanage?" He became curious about her affairs and had a desire to explore.

"My mother has been sponsoring those children in my name for seven years. I've visited them a few times, and occasionally we video chat," Monica told him. "Those kids are very kind. Some were born disabled, some were orphaned, but their eyes shine, they are even purer than normal kids. Mr. Adams takes good care of them, they are well dressed, and their diet is well-regulated."

"Who is Mr. Adams?"

"He is the director of the orphanage, my mother's high school classmate, a very loving and warm-hearted middle-aged man. He spent all his savings to build this orphanage, which caused his wife to leave him." In Monica's eyes, Mr. Adams gave all his love to the children. He was a very great man.

"These children are fortunate," Tristan was moved, "You and your mother are very kind."

She said, "We are just doing a little bit, it's Mr. Adams who brings happiness to the children."

"Although life has been unfair to them, they are lucky to have met such a good uncle," Tristan was happy for them.

"Yes, I often think that the children must be happy, because they don't need to live like normal people, don't need to follow the rules, so they will not have the worries that normal people need to bear.

Innocence will always accompany them."

"Yes," Tristan was driving the car, and once again looked at her, "They might think we are unhappy, think we live too hard."

"So everyone's understanding of happiness is different, happiness is what you feel," Monica looked out the window, "Now everyone's happiness is for Claire to come back safely."

"Hopefully, there will be good news, after all, without a body, we can't conclude anything."

"Uh huh." She was also hoping.

They did not return to the city along the mountain. It had been raining a lot recently, and Tristan didn't dare to take risks with her. They had already escaped death twice. This time they took a longer route, then got on the highway.

"By the way, the thing you wanted to do..." Monica looked at his profile, "You didn't do it."

Tristan looked ahead, his face calm, "It doesn't matter, Kevin can be sent over for the same investigation."

Arkpool City.

The helicopter landed on the large lawn in front of the Emerald Bay villa.

Upon the unanimous request of Ivan Marsh and Jennifer, Rowan finally agreed to temporarily live here.

Everyone was concerned about his state, having someone to look after him would be better.

He felt very guilty, "I've caused you trouble." Then he turned to Finnley, "I'm sorry, Finnley, I think, I will find time to personally apologize."

"I haven't told her parents about Claire's situation yet," Finnley said to him, "I'll contact you again."

Rowan understood his meaning, Finnley was afraid that the old people in their family wouldn't be able to bear it all at once.

Chapter 1442: People Always Take Things for Granted

Finnley didn't say anything more. He just calmly looked at everyone, then greeted Ivan Marsh, "Mr.

Marsh, I'll head to the company now."

"The investment project from yesterday needs my signature, you can review and sign it on my behalf,"

Ivan Marsh trusted him implicitly, "The private seal is in the safe."

"Alright." Finnley nodded and turned to leave. His ability to get things done was impressive, he had never let Ivan Marsh down.

Claire's incident hit him hard as well. The grief and pain in his heart were beyond words, but he had to stay strong. He was going to be a father, and his delicate wife was waiting for him at home. He couldn't afford to be emotional.

Upon entering the villa, Marry greeted everyone, then kindly said, "Madam, Dr. Watson's room is arranged on the second floor, it's all ready."

"Good, you've worked hard," Jennifer turned to Rowan, "You go up and rest first. If you need anything,

tell Marry, okay?"

Rowan didn't say anything, he just nodded and began walking upstairs. The pain was heart-wrenching, deep into his bones.

Marry noticed that everyone looked off, especially Dr. Watson. He had grown stubble? His usually handsome and elegant face looked rather dull. What happened?

Marry was worried, but she didn't dare to ask. She carefully served, accompanied Dr. Watson upstairs, and took him to his room.

In the spacious and luxurious living room, Jennifer specifically instructed the other servants, "This pink box must be kept safe, no one is allowed to touch the things inside. Give it to Dr. Watson when he needs it."

"Yes, madam." A servant took the box away.

Upstairs, Rowan didn't lie down to rest when he entered the room. He sat on the sofa, elbows on his knees, his hands supporting his forehead, his mood still heavy.

He couldn't alleviate the guilt and grief, and he had no heart to deal with the matters at the hospital. He was furious at Daphne Wells, that despicable woman! If he had known, he would have cut her down!

Marry peeked into the room from the doorway, then carefully closed the door. What on earth had happened? It seemed quite serious.

After Marry came downstairs, Ivan Marsh had already gone to the company, and the cars in the yard were gone.

In the living room, only Jennifer was left. She said to Marry, "Dr. Watson took Miss Russell to the ancient town for fun, and Miss Russell had an accident. She was pushed into the river and disappeared. She hasn't been found yet."

Upon hearing this, Marry's chest tightened, and her eyes widened in shock! Could someone dare to push someone into a river in a lawful society?

"So you have to keep an eye on his condition recently, let the nutritionist make a menu for him, he can't let his health decline."

"I understand, madam."

"Good, you go do your work."

"Yes."

Upstairs, in the room, Rowan was flipping through Claire's novel on his phone. He got to the last

She hadn't updated for two days, the comment section was full of demands for updates, this book's statistics were particularly good.

There were some emotionally charged authors cursing, saying she had no professional ethics as a writer, couldn't even manage daily updates, and should be kicked out of the writing industry.

Seeing these negative comments, Rowan was heartbroken.

He stayed in the comment section for half an hour, then couldn't help but read her words... so straightforward and passionate, her longing and yearning for love, made Rowan feel even more guilty.

When they were together, he was always so busy, he didn't properly accompany her... in contrast, she spent more time at the hospital.

If she could come back safely, if she could return to his arms, Rowan would definitely put his work a little behind and place Claire in a very important position.

People always take things for granted, only cherishing what they have after they've lost it.

Chapter 1443: Finnley Doesn't Know How to Explain

Rowan looked at the plots she had written, as if he could see into her heart... In her words, she showed

her understanding and admiration for the profession of being a doctor.

Under her pen, doctors were angels.

Rowan found her interview online. In the photo, Claire's smile was radiant, her eyes bright. She told the reporter that her biggest dream was to turn her works into a TV series.

Rowan realized she never considered exploiting her relationship with Finnley, even though the Marsh Group had many screenwriting teams and film companies under its umbrella.

Turning her work into a film or TV series would be easy.

But she wanted to do it on her own.

Memories of Claire lingered in his mind... they wouldn't fade, even in sleep, she appeared in his dreams.

For the first time, Rowan understood what it felt like to love someone. They weren't related by blood, but it felt like they were one.

In the late afternoon.

Finnley left the company, driving his white Maybach home.

He held the steering wheel with one hand, the other resting on the open window, his fist under his chin,

his brow furrowed as he pondered.

How should he explain Claire's situation to his parents so that they could accept it?

They couldn't be kept in the dark...

In the Russell family's large villa, the kitchen was bustling.

Servants brought exquisite and delicious dishes to the dining room and prepared red wine.

In the living room, Albert looked out into the yard, "Why hasn't Finnley come back yet? He's not working overtime again, is he?"

"I called him. He said he's not working overtime today," Violet stood up from the couch, "He must be on his way."

"Where did Claire go? Why can't we reach her by phone?" Albert frowned and sighed, "I had a dream last night, I dreamt she fell into the water accidentally, I wanted to give her a call to remind her."

"I can't reach her either," Violet didn't think of the worst, "She has so many friends in the writers' association, she never goes anywhere alone, she should be fine. Maybe her phone just died?"

"Would her phone die in the middle of the day? That's not normal either. It's one thing that she doesn't

go out alone, but shouldn't she call before she leaves? So we know where she's going."

Albert, like a concerned father, worried about Claire. Because of the dream last night, he always had a vague sense of foreboding.

As the couple were talking, a white Maybach stopped in the yard.

They watched as Finnley got out of the car and walked towards the living room, a happy smile appeared on Violet's face.

Pregnant Mya Saunders, holding the railing, came down from upstairs, just as Finnley walked in.

"Dad, Mom, darling," he greeted, his tone still very relaxed.

After coming downstairs, Mya Saunders walked over happily, arm in arm with him, leaning happily on his shoulder, "Finally, you got off work early, how long has it been since we had dinner together? You deserve praise today, you kept your word."

Finnley hugged her shoulder and smiled.

Albert asked, "Where is Claire? Can you contact her? We've been trying to call her, but we don't know where she's gone."

Finnley looked at his parents, his voice calm, "Let's eat first, I can smell the food, I'm hungry."

"Alright, let's eat first." Violet didn't dwell on it, "I knew Claire must have gone on a long trip, and only dared to tell you, her brother, but didn't dare to tell us."

"Mom."

Mya Saunders walked towards the dining room with Finnley, smiling, "Actually, for Claire's profession, it's helpful to go out more, it can increase inspiration, and the text she writes won't be so pale and powerless."

Chapter 1444: The Russell Family Can't Accept

"I suppose so," Violet followed them, understanding, "But wherever she goes, she should tell us, right?"

We would worry about her too. Your father, he's been muttering all day because he can't contact her."

"She's wrong in this regard," Mya Saunders was particularly fair, "When she returns, we can set some rules. No matter where she goes, she must report to the family to avoid worrying everyone."

"Our Mya is so sensible," Violet lovingly stroked her head. This daughter-in-law really fulfilled all her previous fantasies about daughters-in-law.

Finnley sure has a good eye!

But at this moment, Finnley felt as if a huge rock was pressing on his heart, making it difficult for him to

breathe. He couldn't predict whether his parents would be able to handle the truth.

After getting married, Mya Saunders had changed a lot. Because she was surrounded by love, she laughed more.

Or perhaps it was pregnancy that added a touch of maternal glow to her.

The atmosphere at dinner was still relaxed and enjoyable.

Mya's pregnancy did not bring too many adverse reactions. She ate well, slept well, and was in good spirits.

With the help of Ivan Marsh, she was able to visit her father in prison three times a month. Seeing that her father was well, she gradually accepted and got used to everything.

Adults must pay for their actions.

Dinner was almost over, Albert finished half a bowl of soup last. He put down his bowl, took the warm, damp towel handed over by the servant to wipe his mouth, and then continued the previous topic:

"Finnley, where did Claire go? Tell us."

How was Finnley supposed to tell them this absurd and cruel reality?

"Did she go abroad?" Violet noticed something was off about her son's expression and stared at him intently.

Finnley put down his chopsticks, looked up at his parents sitting across the table, and his face became a bit serious, "Claire went on vacation with Dr. Watson, and she was pushed into the river."

"What?!" Violet stood up abruptly, anxiously asking, "Pushed into the river? What's the situation now? Is she in the hospital? Is she injured?" Because her son's face was not right.

All eyes fell on Finnley! Everyone was stunned and worried.

Finnley knew this couldn't be kept secret, he said sadly, "She's gone, she's missing."

Boom!!

This sentence was like a thunderbolt out of the blue! It hit everyone present!

"..." Albert sat in his chair, his eyes gradually filling with disbelief.

So... that dream... was true!

The next second, Albert thought of Rowan, and a fire of anger arose in his heart, "Did Rowan just stand by and watch her fall into the water and disappear?"

"She was pushed down." Finnley said softly, "Dr. Watson wasn't with her at the time, he had gone to

the restroom."

"Who pushed her down? What do you mean she's missing?" Violet was almost crying, her mood

particularly bad, "How could a perfectly fine person fall into the water and just disappear? Wasn't there

anyone around to see it?"

"Finnley, what's going on? You better explain it clearly!" Albert stared at him seriously, "Don't make

excuses for Rowan, Claire is your sister!"

"I know, I'm not making excuses for him, I'm just stating the facts." Finnley was also heartbroken.

But now, he had to share this sadness. His inner pain wouldn't lessen, but there would be more people

in the world who would join him in sorrow and pain.

Sitting next to him, Mya Saunders was already stunned. She sat there emotionless, her hands lightly

resting on her belly, sitting like a sculpture. She couldn't believe what she was hearing...

How could such a big thing happen?

Claire was missing?

Chapter 1445: Rowan Visits the Russell Family

Finnley explained in detail to his parents about the situation between Daphne Wells and Rowan.

He told them all he knew about the incident, including Daphne Wells' attack on Monica and how,

fortunately, Tristan saw it in time and risked his life to jump into the river to save her.

The three people around the dining table were horrified and stunned!

"How could there be such a woman? She must have mental issues, right?" Mya Saunders found it

terrifying. If Tristan hadn't appeared in time, Monica would have disappeared too, right?

She would have drowned!

Although Finnley seemed calm, his inner sadness was spreading, "Dr. Watson stayed by the river for a

day and a night, without eating or drinking. He blames himself a lot. His pain is no less than ours."

"You went to the ancient town?" Albert's eyes locked on his son, a suppressed rage in his heart.

"When he informed me, I went with Mr. Marsh and Mr. Brooks." Finnley told his father, "We brought a

professional salvage team, they are still searching."

"..." Albert clenched his fists, the veins on his forehead bulging, his heart filled with rage!

Violet froze, her heart seemed to be silently shattering.

There was a brief silence in the dining room, the oxygen in the air seemed to thin suddenly, everyone

found it hard to breathe, they were all on the verge of collapse.

It seemed that Claire was... more likely to be dead than alive.

At this time, another car stopped in the yard. Everyone turned to look as they heard the sound, recognizing the vehicle.

The car door opened, and Rowan got out. He opened the trunk and took out a pink suitcase.

Albert's face changed, he angrily stood up and walked outside!

"Dad!" Finnley sensed the situation was not good, and quickly stepped forward to hold him back, "Dad, calm down. Blaming is of no use, don't be too impulsive!"

"How can I explain this to your uncle?!" Albert was stopped by his son, his hands clenched tightly, his teeth grinding in anger, "It was him, Rowan, who lost Claire! Shouldn't he give me an explanation?!"

"He can explain, but he can't bring back Claire." Finnley had accepted the fact, although he was also in pain.

Albert was very angry. He pulled away from his son and walked towards the living room!

Violet quickly turned around and followed, not paying any attention to her son, because today she was not on her son's side!

Finnley felt helpless, he took a deep breath.

Then he turned around and held onto his wife, who had just stood up, "Darling." Noticing that she was trembling, she was scared, she was afraid, she also didn't want to lose.

"Claire's dead, isn't she?" Mya Saunders slowly looked up, tears in her eyes as she looked at him, and grabbed his wrist, "You just don't dare to tell dad and mom, right?"

Finnley met his wife's sorrowful gaze, he was also very sad, "The chances of her being alive are not great, but the body has not been found yet."

"..." Mya Saunders simply couldn't accept it, she slowly let go of him, then held her belly, trying her best to control her emotions, then took a deep breath.

For some reason, her belly started to tighten, a feeling she had never experienced before.

Finnley didn't notice, "Come on, let's go and see." He supported her as they walked towards the living room.

At this point, Rowan had already brought the suitcase to the living room door, but was stopped by the two older people from entering.

From their expressions, they probably knew what had happened, right?

Rowan was very remorseful, but he had to face it bravely, "Uncle, aunt."

"When I agreed to let Claire date you, how did you promise?" Albert's eyes were filled with hot tears, he restrained his emotions and directly questioned, "Do you remember that night? You said you would protect her!"

Chapter 1446: Ah, My Stomach!

Rowan was speechless, feeling extremely ashamed, "I'm sorry..."

"What's the use of sorry?!" Albert was furious, he reached out and grabbed Rowan's shoulder, shaking him violently, "As a result, you lost her! Can a simple sorry bring her back? That's a life we're talking about!"

Rowan's face was pale, his eyes also stinging badly. He let Albert shake him, he didn't argue, he didn't resist.

Because he also wished he could kill himself, he couldn't forgive his own actions.

"Albert!"

Seeing this scene, Rowan was like a body whose soul had been drained. The kind-hearted Violet wiped

her tears and caught hold of her husband's arm, unable to bear seeing it, "You let go! Claire won't come back if you do this. Rowan... he didn't mean it..."

"What do you mean he didn't mean it?" The middle-aged man stopped his actions and turned to look at his wife, angrily asking, "I'm asking you, does Rowan bear responsibility for Claire's disappearance? As an adult, did he handle his own emotional problems well?"

"..." Violet didn't know how to respond. She could understand his feelings, but this kind of pulling and shaking really had no meaning.

It was clear that Dr. Watson was in a particularly bad state, his mood must also be very bad.

Violet tightly held onto Albert's arm, looking at him with a pained and determined gaze, hoping he could calm down a bit.

"Dad." At this time, Finnley also came over, his face full of sorrow as he spoke, "Dr. Watson is already very remorseful. At this point, let's all calm down and not amplify the harm."

"Amplify the harm??"

The more his son spoke like this, the less Albert could accept it!

He was completely enraged! He felt that Rowan had cast a spell on him! He felt that his son was

beginning to lose his sense of right and wrong!

"Rowan! You return Claire to me!" Albert's face changed drastically, he was not joking at all,

"Otherwise, I won't let you walk out of this door alive today!"

The overwhelming rage was thrown at Rowan! Rowan's heart was tearing apart...

"Dad!"

"Albert!!"

When his wife and son, one on the left and one on the right, held his arm, two forces of determination

pulled at his reason, coupled with Rowan's sincere admission of guilt, he finally let go.

"Rowan, I should never have agreed to you two being together!" Albert roared at him, completely

furious, "You get out! We don't want to see you anymore!"

Rowan could understand everyone's feelings. His vision was also blurred, his eyes half-drooping, he

didn't dare to look into Uncle Mo's eyes. He knew that the other party must want to tear him to pieces.

And he indeed deserved to die.

He sorrowfully placed the pink suitcase in front of them, raising his eyes in pain and saying, "Uncle,

aunt, this is Claire's luggage."

Violet looked at the pink suitcase, her heart filled with sorrow. She turned around and covered her face as tears fell, softly sobbing, she didn't even have the courage to pick up the suitcase.

Albert was trembling all over, he stared wide-eyed, both angry and sorrowful!

Mya Saunders also had tears in her eyes, tears rolling down. She held her belly with both hands, and due to the extreme sadness, her uterus contracted, her belly tightened, this feeling brought her back to reality, but also made her feel afraid.

"Ah, my stomach..." Mya Saunders finally let out a soft cry, she cared a lot about this child, so she was scared.

Finnley turned his eyes, "Darling, what's wrong with you?" He held her immediately, full of anxiety.

Albert and Violet also looked at her, seeing her holding her stomach and looking uncomfortable, they were also scared -

"Mya!!"

"What's wrong with you?!"

Standing at the door, Rowan saw this and focused, he stepped forward in a few strides, "Help her lie

down, quickly!" His professional ethics as a doctor returned. He instantly put away all his sorrow.

Albert and Violet quickly stepped aside to give way, they watched nervously and helplessly as Finnley and Rowan helped Mya Saunders towards the couch...

Chapter 1447: A False Alarm

Mya Saunders struggled to walk. She dared not take big steps forward. Being a mother for the first time, the feeling filled her with tremendous fear. "Dr. Watson, why am I like this? Am I going into premature labor? Is the baby in danger?"

They helped her lie down on the couch. Under Rowan's guidance, Finnley quickly propped her up with a pillow. Albert and Violet, who were anxious and worried, followed. They couldn't help much, but they were more anxious than anyone.

All their thoughts were on their daughter-in-law, no longer blaming Rowan. They only hoped Mya would be fine. Rowan's voice was gentle as he comforted, "Don't be nervous, relax a little, and breathe deeply." He bent over to take her pulse, looking very professional.

The living room was exceptionally quiet...

Sure enough, a minute later, Mya Saunders, who was lying flat, felt much better. Rowan was still

teaching her how to breathe, which she followed, carefully taking regular breaths.

The baby in her belly gradually calmed down, the contractions lessened, and the discomfort gradually disappeared.

"Dr. Watson..." Violet bent over and whispered in a low voice, she was worried to death, "Is my daughter-in-law okay?"

Albert also bent over, hugging his wife's shoulder, also nervously looking at his daughter-in-law lying on the couch.

Finnley was even more nervous, sitting next to her, tightly holding Mya's hand, trying to convey some strength.

"There's no major problem, just false labor contractions caused by emotional distress. Rest more lying down, drink some warm water." Rowan released her pulse, stood up straight, "Try to keep your emotions stable."

Hearing him say this, everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

Mya Saunders' expression of pain and panic also eased a lot. She looked at Rowan, "Thank you, Dr.

Watson."

Rowan shook his head, looked at Finnley, then at the Russell family elders, he bowed deeply to them.

After a while, he turned around and left with sorrow and apology, step by step walking out.

He knew that the people here did not welcome him, his presence would only increase everyone's sorrow.

The Russell family watched Rowan's retreating figure until he walked out of the living room and drove away...

Their anger had also diminished by half, and their hearts were filled with mixed emotions.

"Mya, how are you feeling?" Finnley tightly held his wife's hand and asked with concern, "Are you really feeling a bit better?"

"I'm fine." She lay on the couch, looking at her in-laws not far away, "I'm sorry, dad, mom, for worrying you."

"What are you talking about? Silly child." Albert also breathed a sigh of relief, "Your health is the most important now. If there is any discomfort, don't hold it in, you must speak up."

"Okay." She nodded her head. At this time, she wouldn't cause any trouble for everyone, she would

protect this child and ensure a safe delivery.

Rowan left, Violet went to the entrance of the living room, grabbed the handle of Claire's suitcase. Her heart was cold again, her nose sour, tears spinning in her eyes.

She took the suitcase upstairs towards Claire's room, tears couldn't help falling.

In the room, she closed the door, her body slid down against the back of the door, finally squatting down and hugging her knees, crying with pain.

She couldn't cry out, couldn't affect Mya's emotions, couldn't spread the sadness, but she was really sad and desperate.

Having raised Claire from a child, Violet couldn't accept Claire's disappearance... She bit her lip, crying until she shook, until she trembled, until she almost fainted.

Chapter 1448: The Lost Child, Eason

Violet covered her mouth tightly, tears streaming down her face, her heart ached so much, she could barely breathe...

Downstairs, Mya Saunders was lying on the couch. Her false labor had improved, but her mood could not pick up.

She stared blankly at the ceiling, missing Claire terribly. Finnley also sat next to her, holding her hand tightly, lovingly kissing her lips.

Finnley's handsome eyebrows were tightly locked, his heart filled with sorrow. No matter what, dead or alive, they had to find her!

Albert, in his sorrow, turned around, hands on his hips, took a deep breath, looked up at the chandelier worth millions, trying not to let tears of sorrow fall.

But the air was filled with sadness everywhere.

This pain of loss, for the Russell family, was simply unbearable!

Eventhough Claire was not their own, she was their daughter!

As the sun went down, and Rowan drove away in his Volvo, he felt somewhat aimless, his heart filled with sorrow once again, his eyelids sore.

Thankfully, he didn't have any accidents on the road and safely returned to Emerald Bay.

After reaching his apartment, Rowan locked himself in his room.

At dusk, Tristan brought Monica back to Arkpool City, parking the car directly under the Universal Love

Hospital.

Tristan originally planned to bring her to see Eason tomorrow, but Monica, saying they were passing by, insisted on going to see him, worrying that the child would have sleepless nights waiting. Tonight and tomorrow morning were two different concepts.

So, they bought a cute little cake and went into the hospital lobby.

The two took the elevator upstairs.

"Are you taking him to the orphanage tomorrow?" Tristan asked her, "Do you have time?"

"Of course, I have time. The real question is, do you?" The girl turned her eyes and glanced at him,

"You are the busy man with a myriad of daily tasks."

The elevator stopped, the door opened, and seven or eight people flooded in.

The hospital's elevator was just this big, Monica stepped back, and Tristan held her in his arms, not wanting her to be bumped.

The girl's chest contracted slightly as her back leaned against his warm chest. His large palm was on her shoulder, giving her a slight thrill.

The elevator door closed, and the elevator continued to rise.

Monica's cheeks were involuntarily dyed a blush, and she couldn't help but remember the scene of spending the night with him.

They had already shared a bed twice.

Ding.

The elevator stopped again, having reached the floor where Eason Clarke was.

After everyone got out, Tristan let go of Monica's shoulder, and the two also stepped out.

In a certain suite...

Eason Clarke sat at the head of the bed, fiddling with his fingers. He had an IV drip in his hand and looked sullen.

"Alright, Eason, your health is the most important, right?" Zack patiently counseled him, "You have to take this medicine recently. All indicators have been reached, and we have to enter the next phase of treatment. This is a good thing, so you can grow taller."

However, the young boy looked up, a bit sadly, "But Monica said she'll take me to meet new friends.

She and brother will be back soon."

"We can go after this period is over. Monica won't break her promises."

No sooner had Zack finished speaking, than Tristan appeared at the door with Monica.

"Dad."

"Uncle."

"Hey, little Eason!"

Zack turned his eyes, still surprised, and saw Monica waving at his son.

Eason Clarke, who was sitting at the head of the bed, suddenly brightened his eyes, "Brother! Sister

Monica!!"

They walked in and saw that he was still on a drip, immediately worried and confused.

Tristan asked, "What's wrong with Eason? Why is he on a drip again?"

"He's about to enter the second phase of treatment." Zack smiled, "This is a good thing."

Chapter 1449: How Could She Do Such a Thing?

Upon hearing this, Tristan and Monica felt a little less worried.

"Monica, sister!" Eason Clarke looked at her happily, "Are you here to introduce me to new friends?"

He was excited and had been looking forward to this.

The girl nodded with a smile, "Yes, as long as Eason cooperates with the treatment, and when the doctor says we can leave, we will leave! Okay?"

"But..." the little guy glanced at the hanging IV bottle, his face filled with worry again, "Today is my first day of IV therapy, and the doctor said it has to be for a week."

"Well, we can go a week later, health is important, we must listen to the doctor." Monica bent over and caressed his small head, "For this week, sister Monica will come to see you every day, okay? Do you like cake, Eason?"

She then turned her eyes to Tristan and reached out to him, Tristan passed the cake to her, she brought it in front of the little guy, "If you like it, I'll bring it for you every day!"

Eason Clarke did not resist her kindness and obediently nodded, "I like it."

"Then sister will feed you." Saying that, she began to open the box.

Zack could see from his son's expression that he seemed to have something on his mind, or that he was not in a good mood.

"Tristan." He asked, "Is the company doing okay recently?"

Tristan came back to reality, turned his eyes to his father, and smiled slightly, "It's going well." But that

smile did not reach his eyes.

"Have you not been resting well recently?" Zack asked again, "You don't seem to be in good shape, are you ill?"

Tristan hid his embarrassment behind a smile, Monica straightened up and looked at him, she knew, he might still be worrying about Claire.

Zack noticed that this girl was also not in the same state as before, a bit sad, and a bit tired.

Just as the father was puzzled, Tristan truthfully told him about Claire's experience in the ancient town, being pushed into the water by Daphne Wells and disappearing.

"Dr. Wells?" Zack was shocked, his eyes widened in disbelief, "How... How could she do such a thing?"

He had dealt with Daphne Wells twice, after all, Eason had been living here for a while, and Dr. Wells was very patient with Eason.

This was too incredible!

In front of the child, Tristan did not continue this cruel topic, and Zack did not ask further, just silently praying for Claire.

Because it was getting dark, Tristan and Monica did not stay at the hospital for long, he had to take her home.

Zack was feeding his son cake, and Monica was saying goodbye to Eason, promising to come and see him again tomorrow and play word games with him.

That night, even though everyone had returned to Arkpool City.

But basically, no one slept well, some people were up all night, some people couldn't sleep, tossing and turning in bed.

It was finally dawn.

In the master bedroom on the second floor of the Russell family.

"You go to the company, I'm fine, really." Mya Saunders lay on her side in bed, looking at Finnley who had just sat up hesitating, "Ivan Marsh called you, it must be something important, Andrew probably can't handle it."

Finnley knew, but he was still holding his phone hesitating. His wife had a false labor yesterday, which made him nervous until now.

"Alright, stop looking at me like that, go." Mya Saunders smiled slightly, taking his hand, "I know you're

worried about me and the baby, isn't my mom and dad here? Plus a house full of servants."

Finnley sighed lightly and stroked her hair, "Okay, then I'll go to the company first, and I'll come back to accompany you when I'm done."

"No!" Mya Saunders was not pretending at all, she complained, "You're not at your own company now, how can you be so casual? You have to set a good example for Andrew, don't let him learn from you!"

Finnley couldn't help but laugh, "Okay, set a good example." Mya Saunders also smiled, "Good boy, go."

The couple's eyes met, both a bit tired, because neither of them had a good night's sleep the night before, they were still worried about Claire.

Chapter 1450: Apologizing with a Heavy Heart

In this way, Finnley got up, had breakfast and drove to the company.

Mya Saunders lay on the large, soft bed, she had no desire to sleep, nor did she want to get up. She had no appetite, and her mind was filled with thoughts of Claire...

That lively and cute younger sister, was she really not coming back?

She missed her smile and her chirpy voice.

Thinking about this, Mya couldn't help but have tears in her eyes again, blurring her vision, and a wave of sadness surged from deep within her heart.

Because she was pregnant, she listened to Dr. Watson's advice and tried to control her emotions as much as possible.

Gently stroking her protruding belly, Mya whispered softly, "Baby, your aunt will be fine, she hasn't even named you yet, she will definitely come back. Right, baby?"

As she finished speaking, Mya's lips curled into a beautiful smile. Tears streamed down her face again, wetting her pillow.

She didn't want to bring her sadness to her parents-in-law, so if she wanted to cry, she would cry alone.

Downstairs, Albert and Violet were dressed in plain clothes. Violet, who was usually well-dressed, didn't wear makeup today, and didn't even put on lipstick.

She turned to look at the stairs and asked the butler in confusion, "Has Mya not gotten up yet?"

"Young master said the young mistress wanted to sleep a bit longer." The butler bowed in response,

"Someone has already been dispatched to wait at the door."

Violet nodded in relief, "Okay, when the young mistress comes downstairs, help her heat up her breakfast."

"Okay, you and Sir can rest assured and go, I am here at home." The butler's face was filled with kindness and stability, "I will wait for her in the living room, and won't go anywhere else."

"Mm." Violet nodded, trusting him, "Thank you for your hard work."

"It's my duty." Upon receiving the news of Miss Russell's disappearance, the butler had also spent the night worrying.

Violet hooked her arm through Albert's who was in a black suit. The couple began to move towards the door.

Seeing them coming out of the living room, the driver who had the back seat car door open and was waiting, also held two bouquets of white lilies in his hands.

"Sir, madam, good morning."

Violet took the two lilies and bent over to get into the car, Albert followed and sat next to her.

After closing the car door, the driver returned to the driver's seat, fastened his seatbelt and soon started the car, heading towards the cemetery.

On the way, Albert and his wife didn't have any conversation, their eyes were filled with sadness.

Half an hour later, the car stopped 30 kilometers away from the city center in the southern suburbs.

The couple each held a lily and walked towards the tomb area. This place was quiet and serene,

surrounded by evergreen trees, a perfect feng shui treasure for eternal rest.

They climbed up the stone steps and finally came to a joint tomb. The unfilled part of the tomb was

covered with evergreen grass, swaying lonely in the winter wind.

Violet bent down and placed the lilies in front of the tombstone on the right, Albert put the other

bouquet in front of the tombstone on the left.

The tombstone on the right was engraved with the name of a woman, Jennie, Claire's mother. The

woman in the round picture was beautiful, with a gentle smile, virtuous and serene.

The tombstone on the left was engraved with the name of a man, William, Claire's father, Albert's

younger brother.

In the picture, William was wearing a long gown, seemingly looking straight into the eyes of his brother,

cold, firm, and serene.

"Brother, sister-in-law." Albert stared at their pictures, deeply bowed with a heavy heart, "I'm sorry, you entrusted Claire to us years ago, but we failed to take good care of her."