

Surprised 951

Chapter 951 Shirley Woke up

Dizzily, Shirley heard her daughter's voice, rising tickles in her heart like a feather.

"Mom..." Mya called her gently, repressing her excitement. "I'm Mya. Are you waking up soon? Can you hear me?"

Shirley's forehead was bandaged. Her head was injured after she jumped off the house. The wound was still stitched.

After lying on the bed for five days, she felt dizzy and fragile.

In Mya's expectation, Shirley slowly opened her eyes. Mya's face gradually became clear in her sight.

Suddenly, the door was opened, and Finnley strode in.

"Mom, do you still remember me?" Mya was worried she might lose her memories.

Finnley trotted over. "Has Mom woken up?" Holding Mya's shoulder joyfully, he checked on Shirley in relief.

Shirley's gaze swept between Mya and Finnley. Gradually, she understood what was happening.

"Mom, do you still remember me?" Mya panicked.

Shirley's gaze fell on her face again. Looking into her eyes, Shirley answered in a weak tone, "Mya."

Then she looked at the young man next to her daughter and said gently, "I'm sorry, Finnley. You must be worried."

"Awesome! You don't have memory loss." Mya patted her chest.

The next second, she complained, "I was almost freaked out, Mom. Why did you jump off the house?

Did you want to abandon me? Dad hasn't passed away yet."

"Mya!" Finnley pinched her shoulder to remind her. "Isn't it good news as Mom has woken up? You should be happy. Why are you blaming here?"

Mya looked into her mother's eyes. Finnley's words reddened her eyes. She felt joyful and aggrieved for her mother.

"How are you feeling, Mom? Does it hurt?"

Shirley slightly raised a hand. "Ouch!" She frowned in pain.

"Don't move!" Mya stopped her. "You have many bone fractures. Your arms are wrapped in plasters."

Finnley poured a glass of water and a straw. "Mom, have some water, please. Your lips are dry."

Shirley felt thirsty indeed. She parted her lips to hold the straw. After drinking half a glass of water, she

felt much better.

"Mom, you should rest more." Finnley held Mya's hand. "We have good news. Mr. Marsh is trying his best to help Dad. The evidence has been submitted."

"Sorry for the trouble..." Shirley sighed, "I didn't mean to jump off. I failed to stand still and fell."

No matter if it was the truth, Mya and Finnley were willing to believe her.

They would accompany her, waiting for her to recover.

Another five days passed.

Clarence's news was still discussed online. Netizens talked about his contributions and mistakes.

Leslie's penalty had been excused, and all people were delighted about it.

In a big, quiet villa on Platanus Road, the weeds and plants in the yard hadn't been taken care of for a long time. Kerry and Catherine were the only two staying there.

They usually didn't talk. Basically, Catherine kept silent for a whole day. Kerry wondered if she had depression.

"Leslie Eastwood is dead..."

At the dining table, Catherine picked up a glass of milk with a smile. "That's wonderful news. I was afraid he would only be sentenced to a-few-year imprisonment."

Kerry usually didn't know how to reply to her about Leslie's matter.

It was a tricky topic as Leslie was the father of Catherine's baby.

Kerry kept silent. Catherine sneered, "Unfortunately, I failed to kill him myself."

"Ms. Collins." Kerry asked in confusion, "You are willing to give birth to the child because of protecting yourself?"

Catherine sipped the milk and was taken aback. Looking up at Kerry, she asked, "What do you mean?"

Their gazes met mid-air. Kerry explained, "The baby is still small. You are so young. Since you dislike it, why don't you have an abortion? Even if you went to jail, you wouldn't be sentenced to death."

Chapter 952 The Last Night

Kerry's words were straightforward. Catherine could tell she must have been confused for a long time.

Catherine smiled bitterly. Actually, she had felt frustrated in the past few weeks.

No one could listen to her. Kerry might be the only trustworthy one as she stayed in the villa.

Therefore, Catherine opened her heart to Kerry in the loneliness. "That's just one reason but not the

major one."

Kerry asked, "What's the major reason, then?"

The topic raised a pang in Catherine's heart. She explained, "If I got rid of this baby, I would never be a mother again. I would never get pregnant for the rest of my life."

Kerry felt sorry for her, wondering if she had struggled hard after getting pregnant.

"Kerry, before I go to jail, I'll leave my baby to you," Catherine said helplessly, stroking her belly gently,

"I'll give you enough money."

Then she looked around the villa and added, "Why don't you stay here without moving out? The villa will transfer to your name. Please help me raise my baby."

Kerry didn't reply as she knew Ivan would have the final say about the baby, and she couldn't do anything.

However, Catherine still hadn't known the relationship between Kerry and Ivan.

"Why?" Catherine was worried as Kerry didn't respond. "Are you unwilling to help me?"

"I'm willing to help you," Kerry hurriedly consoled her, "You should rest well. Adjust your mood. Then your baby will be healthy."

"Ivan Marsh won't let go of me," Catherine muttered, curling her lips into a smile.

She said in self-mockery, "He must hate me to the core. He wishes I could go to jail immediately."

Kerry knew love depended on fate.

Since Catherine had no fate with Ivan, she shouldn't be persistent. That was why Catherine had been hurt.

In a hospital ward.

Eloise had been lying on the bed for ten days. Her attending doctor checked up on her every day.

Her status worsened gradually, and she was not allowed to get off bed or go out.

She also had lost a lot of weight but was still persistent.

"Finnley still hasn't come..." Eloise muttered.

Her weak voice was full of despair, and she repeated the line the most every day.

Meanwhile, she sounded expectant, and the light gradually dimmed in her eyes. Sometimes, she repeated it while closing her eyes.

Watching the scene, Pierre and Madeline felt sharp pangs in their hearts.

"Excuse me, Doc."

Pierre followed the attending doctor out of the ward. "How's my daughter doing? How long will she have?" As a father, he felt his heart was broken while asking such questions.

"I wonder if she could pass tonight," the doctor answered honestly, shaking his head. "It was too late when the cancer was detected. Therefore, one should have the health check annually."

Pierre returned to the ward, staring at his daughter on the bed in anger and despair.

"Mom... I want some water..." Eloise finally changed her words.

Madeline immediately poured some water for her. "OK. OK. Here you go."

In another ward.

Finnley and Mya watched Shirley. Her attending doctor had just checked up on her. Shirley recovered well. It was wonderful that she had woken up.

Paula also arrived with some food. She insisted that dishes sold in the restaurants are not healthy.

After dinner, Shirley looked at her daughter and son-in-law and said, "Why don't you go back to visit Mr. and Mrs. Russell? Don't watch me here. You've just got married, so you should go home often."

"It's alright, Mom. We'll stay here with you." Finnley munched a piece of mushroom. Currently, he

entirely focused on taking care of Shirley.

Mya echoed, "Don't worry about us, Mom. You should rest well. My parents-in-law are open-minded.

They'll understand us."

"I disagree. You should be polite," Shirley insisted, "I've woken up. Besides, Paula can take care of me.

Don't worry. Go back and stay overnight. You can come to check on me tomorrow."

"Mom..."

"All right. I'm still lying on the bed. Do you have the heart to make me speak?" Shirley stared at Mya.

"Speaking too much will also waste my energy. Go ahead. Be good."

Chapter 953 Overheard

Paula echoed, "Mr. Russell, Miss Saunders, please go ahead. I can take care of Mrs. Saunders."

To avoid Shirley worrying, Mya nodded her agreement. "OK. I'll go back with Finnley. See you

tomorrow, Mom."

Finnley still hesitated as he couldn't rest assured.

Mya forcibly dragged him away.

After the youngsters left, Shirley closed her eyes, feeling bitter.

"What's wrong, Mrs. Saunders? Do you feel not well?" Paula bent over and asked with concern, "Shall I call your attending doctor over?"

"No, thanks, Paula." Shirley opened her eyes, looking at her. She sighed, "I feel so sad..."

Sorrow also surged in Paula's chest.

Shirley said, "I don't know what's in the Russells' mind. They won't add insult to injury in front of the reporters. Or they would be disdained."

"Are you worried about Miss Saunders?" Paula got what she meant.

Shirley replied with acquiescence.

A while later, Paula sat in the chair next to the bed and consoled her, "Mrs. Saunders, as you could see, Mr. Russell treats Miss Saunders very well. Please rest assured."

"People will change." Shirley still felt upset. "The best marriage should be based on matched backgrounds. They used to match, but now..."

Her words made Paula's heart heavy.

Finnley drove Mya back to Russell's Villa. The light in the car was yellowish. A romantic French song

was played.

Outside the car, the neon lights were on gradually. The night was out.

In silence, the two youngsters arrived at Russell Villa.

Their car was parked in the yard full of tulips. The night breeze spread the fragrance.

Mya returned to her senses. "Shoot! We forgot to buy gifts."

"What gifts?"

"We can't visit the elders without anything, can we?" Mya felt embarrassed. Her good manners told her

she shouldn't come over without any gift, even if she was visiting an ordinary friend.

Seeing her tense, Finnley gripped her hand. "It's your own house. We're married. Forgotten?"

He unbuckled her seat belt and smiled at her warmly. It sent security to her heart.

After getting off the car, Finnley propped his arm on her shoulder, passing encouragement to her.

No matter what Mya confronted, she wouldn't fear as Finnley and his love would protect her.

When they entered the living room, no one was seen.

"I need to use the bathroom." Finnley left Mya alone in the living room.

When Mya was about to call Albert and Violet, she heard some voices.

"If you hadn't stopped me, I would have let Finnley get divorced," Albert's voice sounded from the second floor. "Clarence Saunders was eager to see his daughter get married, leaving all the trouble to us."

Then Mya heard footsteps going downstairs. Standing in the living room, she gazed at the corner of the stairs.

"Separating a couple is a crime," Violet retorted, "Our son loves her and is willing to marry her. Why are you so nosy?"

The next second, the Russell couple passed by the corner and saw Mya in the living room.

Their eyes met in mid-air. The Russell couple paused their pace, and their hearts tightened. After a long while, they checked the yard and saw Finnley's car.

"Hey, Mya." Violet adjust her expression and hurriedly went downstairs. "You are back. Why didn't you call us earlier."

Mya seemed to freeze, still gazing at the mid-aged man on the stairs.

His complaints reechoed in her ears.

Chapter 954 Friendly Mother-in-law

Albert also looked awkward. After all, he was two-faced. He didn't complain in the reporters' presence.

However, he couldn't turn back the time or vanish immediately.

Albert withdrew his gaze and went downstairs with mixed feelings.

"Mya..."

Violet held Mya's hand with a loving smile. "Dad didn't mean that."

Mya cast down her eye, wondering what he meant then.

His words were straightforward. However, she couldn't blame her father-in-law, feeling upset about his remark.

Right then, Finnley walked out of the bathroom. "Dad. Mom." He looked gentle, having no idea what had happened. "I thought you were out as I didn't see your car outside."

"We sent the car to the maintenance shop." Violet let go of Mya's hand and looked at him, "Had dinner?"

"Yeah, we have."

"Want some desserts?" Violet beamed at Mya. "Mya, would you like some drink?" She indeed wanted

to change the topic.

"No, thanks, Mom." Mya put on a smile. "Dad, Mom, sorry for the recent trouble. I apologize to you on my father's behalf."

Then she bowed at them respectfully. Although she looked calm and strong, her heart was full of bitterness.

Albert also felt upset. He grumbled just for venting his anger.

Violet hurriedly stopped Mya. "We're family, Mya. We should go through the difficulties together. No need to apologize."

Mya could tell she was sincere and determined, feeling touched.

Albert echoed, "Your father's matter has nothing to do with you. He must have hidden it from you. Don't apologize. Your father will be punished by law for sure. Don't feel guilty."

"Can you keep silent?" Violet whispered to him.

Albert wanted to speak but bit back the words that sprung to his lips. He didn't mean to remark but tell the truth. However, he didn't want to argue with his wife. After all, he was too wanton on the stairs earlier.

"Dad, Mom, I'll take Mya upstairs." Finnley held Mya's hand. "We've been in the hospital for the past

few days. She didn't sleep well. We made time to visit you tonight."

"How's your mother doing, Mya?" Violet asked with concern.

In fact, the Russells had checked Shirley frequently in the past ten days, but she hadn't woken up.

"My mother has woken up. She didn't lose her memories. Thank you for your concern, Mom," Mya

gently answered with a smile, "That's the best news for us."

"Great!" Violet was delighted. "I heard you knew Dr. Watson. He can surely cure your mother."

"Right. We all appreciate his help." Mya didn't look exhausted. She added, "My mother didn't jump off

the house. She lost her balance and fell. She's not THAT fragile. Nor did she want to trouble us. She

was too careless."

"I see. You don't need to explain, Mya." Violet hugged her. "No one blames her for making trouble.

Don't read those netizens' comments. They are always fond of rumors, wishing to watch the fun."

Mya buttoned her lip, nodding.

Finnley took her upstairs.

However, Albert's complaints reechoed in her ear again and again.

"If you hadn't stopped me, I would have let Finnley divorce her."

"Clarence Saunders was eager to see his daughter get married, leaving all the trouble to us."

Chapter 955 Aggrieve in the Dream

Under such a unique circumstance, no one would feel pleased after hearing such remarks.

"What's wrong, Mya? You look bothered." Finnley studied her expression and could tell she looked

different than they were on the way.

However, Mya wouldn't tell him the truth. With a smile, she answered, "I'm exhausted. Want to sleep."

She didn't want him to worry.

"OK. Why don't you go ahead for a shower? I'll get your pajamas," Finnley said considerately.

Mya entered the bathroom.

In the living room downstairs, Violet glared at Albert in anger. "I know you are not that heartless, but

why did you grumble like that?"

"I..."

Albert was always decisive in his company, but now, he was tongue-tied with a migraine.

"This is the critical moment. We should give her more care and take Finnley's side. It's also a good chance to improve your relationship with Finnley."

"All right. All right. I got it."

As soon as he finished answering, Claire appeared at the entrance with a suitcase. "Uncle Albert, Aunt Violet, I'm back. The news said Mya's mother committed suicide by hopping off the house. Is it for real?"

Claire had no mood to continue traveling after seeing the news. Immediately, she flew back.

"Shush!"

Violet walked up to her, pulled her arm, and whispered, "They're home. They've just gone upstairs. You can't discuss this matter. Mrs. Saunders has woken up. She didn't commit suicide but fell by accident."

"By accident?" Claire repeated in suspicion.

However, Violet answered, "Exactly! Remember. Don't mention it anymore. You can show your compassion and console Mya. Don't reveal the scar in her heart."

"I see." Claire nodded. "I'll go back to my room."

"Ehn."

Claire went upstairs while carrying her suitcase.

That night, Mya had a nightmare in Finnley's arms.

In the dream, Albert forced her to divorce Finnley. She argued with him.

"Pak!"

Albert slapped her across her face and cursed her, "Your father has disgraced our Russell family. Why

can't you understand it?"

"You should consciously divorce Finnley without my reminder. You've deceived us."

Covering her reddened, swollen cheek, Mya was so aggrieved that she couldn't help trembling.

Finnley was woken up. "What's wrong, Mya? Why are you trembling so hard? Feel cold?" He tensely

sat up. "Wake up, Mya!"

Mya gradually woke up under his calls. Sweat beads oozed on her forehead. When she looked at

Finnley, tears welled up in her eyes.

"Mya..." Finnley covered her forehead with a hand, his heart in his mouth. "Are you sick? Do you feel

not well?"

'Finnley, let's divorce.'

However, she had a lump in her throat and couldn't speak the words in her mind.

Meanwhile, a ward in a hospital was lit brightly.

Lying on the bed, Eloise closed her eyes weakly. She was so fragile as if she were transparent.

"Finnley... Finnley..." she repeated in expectation.

She almost used all her strength to call his name.

"Let's call him, shall we?" Madeline tugged Pierre's arm and begged, "Don't care about our dignity.

Eloise is dying. Let's fulfill her last wish."

Pierre hated Finnley to the core as Finnley had promised to see Eloise but didn't appear.

However, he knew Finnley had the right to not show up. He didn't need to visit Eloise every day.

"Finnley... Finnley.." Eloise still called his name in her last consciousness. She was almost dying.

"Pierre..." Madeline said tearfully, "If you don't want to call him, I will." She pulled out her phone.

Chapter 956 Eloise Passed Away With Regrets

When Madeline dialed Finnley's number, Pierre didn't stop her as he also felt sorry about their daughter.

Eloise was dying, and this is her last night. Pierre didn't think his dignity was more important than this matter.

They called Finnley to see her for the last time to fulfill her wish.

At night, on the big bed in a bedroom of Russell's Villa, Finnley was coaxing Mya. Suddenly, his phone rang.

He checked the caller ID and mute the phone without answering by instinct.

Then he put his phone on the nightstand.

"Why don't you answer it?" Mya asked, "What if it's something important?"

Finnley answered, "Wrong number."

Holding her shoulders, Finnley gazed at her, "Mya, I know you're worried about Dad. He's been a mayor for many years. Besides, Mr. Marsh is helping him. He won't be mistreated at the detention house."

However, Mya wasn't worried about her father but about her own marriage.

She wondered whether Finnley would have been so exhausted if she hadn't married him. He traveled between two cities frequently and took several days off work to stay in the hospital.

"OK. Let's sleep." Finnley lay down gently and said with concern, "You haven't had a sound sleep for several days."

Lying in his arms and nestling on his chest, Mya listened to his heartbeat but was sleepless. She sobered more and more, wondering what the Russell elders thought of this matter.

Since Finnley muted his phone, Madeline couldn't reach him after calling three times.

Watching the scene, Pierre looked sullen, burning with rage.

"Eloise is kind-hearted, letting them get married fast. However, he never visited her but lied to her.

What a liar! Eloise has been waiting for him every day."

Gritting his teeth, Pierre snarled, "If it weren't for Eloise, they would have had a chance to get married for Clarence Saunders' crime. How ungrateful they are!"

"Lower your voice!" Madeline reminded him anxiously with concern, "Don't think Eloise cannot hear us."

It was said one still had hearing after stopping breathing. The auditory nerves could last for several hours.

"Finnley..." Eloise almost stopped breathing.

She felt her soul flowing in the air, and she was wrapped in silence. Although she couldn't control her body, she looked around subconsciously. "Finnley... Where are you?"

"Finnley..."

Madeline failed to reach Finnley on the phone, so she knelt on the floor next to the bed. "I'm sorry, my baby..." She gripped Eloise's hands reluctantly.

Her hands gradually became cold. Lying straight on the bed, Eloise was so weak that she had to open her mouth to breathe.

Finally, her parents couldn't hear her call Finnley.

For the Calders, it was a sleepless night.

Soon, a new day came. Eloise was covered with a white cloth. The doctors and nurses bowed at her farewell. She couldn't see the morning sun anymore.

Russell's Villa.

After Mya had the nightmare, she couldn't sleep at all. In the morning, she got up and went downstairs with Finnley.

Seeing Albert, she greeted him as usual as if nothing had happened. "Morning, Dad."

"Morning. Breakfast is ready," Albert said gently, "Claire is also back. She's waiting for you in the dining room."

"Ehn." Mya nodded, still wondering what was in Albert's mind.

Finnley squeezed her to his side and walked towards the dining room. However, he didn't sense her inner pressure.

Chapter 957 Forcibly Stopping the Car

"Whoa! So many options for breakfast today." Claire wore a black dress, looking gracefully. "My favorite soymilk. Finnley also likes it. The chef hasn't made it for a long time."

"You are right, Lady Claire," the maid answered, "Madam Mya also likes it."

"Madam Mya?"

Claire hadn't gotten used to it as it was the first time she heard what the maids called Mya. "Does Mya like it, too?"

"Yes."

"I see. Mya, we have a lot of things in common."

Finnley and Mya heard her excited chirps as soon as entering the dining room. She was indeed worry-

freed.

Mya envied her, thinking her happiness had long gone. After her father was arrested, her family and she were always frustrated.

"Morning, Finnley. Morning Mya." Claire beamed at them and stood up. "You are awake. Come one. Let's have breakfast."

"Morning, Claire." Mya asked, "Didn't you go on a trip? Why did you return so quickly?"

"I saw your dad's news," Claire blurted out, "I was freaked out, so I came back immediately. Is it challenging?"

Silence blanketed the dining room for a moment.

It seemed to be inappropriate to discuss such a topic in Russell's Villa.

Finnley mediated, "Claire, you are too young. Don't put your nose into the grownups' business. Eat your food. Mya, sit down."

Claire realized something and stopped asking.

The air in the dining room was filled with awkwardness.

After breakfast, Finnley and Mya bid the Russells farewell and were about to go home.

"Are you leaving now?" Claire asked in confusion, walking them to the yard.

Mya nodded silently, and so did Finnley. He opened the door of the passenger side of the Maybach.

"Be careful while driving," Violet reminded them.

"OK. Mom."

Mya and Finnley sat in. All watched them leave.

"Aunt Violet." Claire looked at her and asked worriedly, "Will Mayor Saunders be sentenced to death?"

"Not sure," Violet answered indifferently, heading back to her room.

Claire and Albert exchanged a glance in silence.

Shortly after the white Maybach left Russell's Villa, a black car ran straight to them on the same lane.

Finnley immediately stepped on the gas.

The black car stopped at almost the same time, only half a yard away from the Maybach.

Finnley and Mya could tell people in the car were with evil intentions.

Mya looked at Finnley, who kept clinical. Then they saw the door of the driver's side was open.

Pierre got off in a black suit with a white flower on his chest.

Finnley and Mya were shocked, wondering if Eloise had passed away.

Simultaneously, they unbuckled the seat belts and got off.

Pierre stared at Finnley coldly in complaints. "Finnley, is your heart made of stone? Why didn't you pick up our calls last night?"

'Was the call from the Calders last night?'

Mya's heart sank. She looked at Finnley, who gazed at the white flower on Pierre's chest.

Finnley realized the call was made before Eloise passed away.

"The doctor announced the night was her last night. She had called your name for a whole day. In the end, when she was already too weak, she was still calling you."

Thinking of his daughter's pitiful look, Pierre felt a sharp pang in his heart.

"If it weren't for Eloise, do you think you would have got married? Think about it!"

"You wouldn't have got married all your lives. Mayor Saunders has been arrested. Your father wouldn't have let you marry the woman next to you."

Mya's heart sank.

While Pierre thought Finnley would apologize, Finnley's phone rang.

He pulled his phone out and checked the caller ID. Then he swiped to answer, "Hello, Mr. Marsh?"

Ivan said something. Finnley replied, "OK. Be right there."

"Sorry, Mr. Calder." Finnley pulled Mya back to the car. After backing for a few years, he turned the steering wheel and pulled his car away.

Chapter 958 Rest in Peace

Before Pierre reacted, the Maybach roared away quickly.

Gazing at the receding form of the vehicle, he clenched his fingers tightly, his eyes steely and sharp.

In the Maybach, Mya turned to him and asked anxiously, "We've been too rude." She felt extremely uneasy.

"Mr. Marsh called me because your father's case progressed." Finnley sped up the car. "I'll drop you off at the hospital first. Then I'll return to the company."

Mya didn't speak, although she had mixed feelings.

A while later, she leaned against the seat back and said, "We should attend her funeral. No matter how busy we're."

"It depends."

"No. It's unacceptable," Mya retorted, "We must attend it. Or you'll always feel uneasy whenever thinking about the matter in the future."

Finnley thought her words made sense.

Nodding his agreement, he answered, "OK. Let's attend it together."

Mya also couldn't wait to get the update from Ivan, wondering if it was good or bad news.

Finnley dropped off Mya at the hospital. After visiting Shirley hurriedly, he left the ward.

Pierre thought Finnley was heartless, feeling sorry for his daughter.

When he arrived at the mortuary house, Madeline realized him failed to bring Finnley over. Feeling sorry for her daughter, she wept hoarsely.

"Let the cremation start," Pierre ordered, repressing his sorrow.

"Yes, Mr. Calder."

The staff of the mortuary house followed the procedure.

"Finnley is so heartless!" Madeline couldn't stop shedding tears, gripping his arm. "Have you met him?"

"Yes, I have," Pierre answered in a steely tone.

His wife sobbed, "Did he know Eloise had passed away?"

"Yes, he did."

"Why didn't he come to bye to Eloise? Even if they were common friends, he should come here."

Pierre didn't answer as only Finnley knew the reason.

Madeline cried sadly, her eyes reddish. She trembled in anger. "How could there be such a heartless man!"

She clenched her fists tightly, her fingernails digging into her flesh. However, the pain couldn't be comparable to the one-millionth pain in her heart.

If possible, she wished she could kill Finnley and let him die with Eloise.

Eloise had loved him for more than two decades but didn't get anything.

It was a miserable day for the Calders.

Eloise died young, was burned, and was put into a small box as if it was an illusion for them.

When Eloise was buried in the cemetery, it was drizzling.

Her grave was located on a quiet hill with a beautiful environment.

The senior executives and employees of Pierre's company attended Eloise's funeral. They put on black outfits and carried lilies.

Holding black umbrellas, they moved each step solemnly.

The dark clouds were low, and the wind was chilly.

"Rest in peace, Ms. Calder."

"Wish you a good life the next life, Ms. Calder."

"Take good care of yourself in Heaven, Ms. Calder."

...

Upon hearing their blessings, Madeline couldn't help shedding tears while pressing her face on Pierre's shoulder.

They were aged, but they had to bid their daughter farewell.

Nearby, a black car was pulled over, which attracted many people's attention. The funeral was ending, so they wondered who was late.

The doors were open. Finnley and Mya got off, both in black dresses. They carried a big bouquet of lilies without holding an umbrella.

Chapter 959 You Have No Right to Be Here

They didn't hold hands. Finnley also didn't prop his arm on Mya's shoulder. In the shower, they walked towards the tombstone solemnly.

They sincerely came to say goodbye to Eloise.

In tears, Madeline watched them get closer, anger surging in her chest.

She failed to repress her anger, pointed at them, and roared, "Why are you here? Finnley Russell, who do you think you are to be here? You refused to answer our calls. Shame on you!"

Furrowing his eyebrows, Finnley gazed at the tombstone intensely while walking determinedly.

Mya was next to him, her hair and shoulders were soaked in the rain.

Gazing at Finnley, she felt angry and upset. "We don't want to see you. Get out of my face!" She felt extremely sorry for her daughter.

However, Finnley got closer. Staring at the tombstone intensely, he felt sorry for the girl in the portrait.

He had mixed feelings. Although he was sorry, he didn't regret not loving her.

He couldn't control it as love wasn't charity.

"Stop approaching!"

Madeline rushed to him like crazy, wishing to skin him alive.

Fortunately, Pierre stopped her and dragged her back. Holding her tightly, he said, "Calm down." He didn't want her to lose control.

"Argh!" Madeline exclaimed in pain. "My daughter! My lovely girl! You are so unlucky, Eloise!"

Her sad weep echoed on the hill.

Pierre knew Eloise must wish Finnley could bid her farewell.

"Mr. and Mrs. Calder." Finnley and Mya stood in front of the Russell couple and bowed. "Sorry for your loss."

Finnley didn't know what else he could say besides those words.

Nothing would make sense. After all, Eloise had passed away.

"How shameless you are to be here! You ungrateful bastard!" Madeline pointed at Finnley angrily,

although Pierre forcibly dragged her back. "Eloise called your name for a whole day before dying. Why are you so heartless?"

"Will you die to see her for the last time? Why are you so cruel? You'll also have children in the future."

Sadness flashed in Finnley's eyes. He couldn't answer.

Gritting her teeth, Madeline squeezed words between her teeth, "If Eloise hadn't helped you, you wouldn't have married Mya Saunders, the criminal's daughter. Your father would have never agreed."

Her harsh words made Mya's eyelashes tremble. Fierce pain stabbed into her chest.

"Marriage is planned by God." Finnley looked at her, repressing his emotions. He added determinedly,

"I don't want to argue with you, but please don't vent your anger on my family. You can do it on me."

On the way to the funeral, Finnley had predicted Madeline's reaction.

Although she cursed him, he didn't defend himself.

After all, Eloise passed away, and the Calders were the weak party.

However, Finnley would never allow others to hurt Mya.

Madeline's curse reminded Mya of Albert's complaints the other day. Thinking about divorcing Finnley, she felt a sharp pang in her heart with mixed feelings.

Finnley and Mya put the lily bouquet in front of the tombstone with both hands.

They didn't hold umbrellas. Rain dripped from their hair. Both felt cold.

They bowed at the girl in the portrait, feeling sorry for her.

'Eloise, please rest in peace. You won't suffer in Heaven.'

The rain continued. Madeline still cried hoarsely while cursing Finnley without a stop.

"Argh!" Madeline exclaimed as Finnley never responded. Seething with rage, she broke free from

Pierre's hands and rushed towards Finnley.

"Pak!"

Chapter 960 Don't Live in Hatred

Madeline dragged Finnley's shoulder and slapped him across his face fiercely.

The crisp sound shocked everyone on the scene.

The senior executives and employees were frightened by her shrew-like behaviors.

So was Mya. She gaped at Madeline, gripping Finnley's arm tightly.

Mya wanted to fight back but repressed her urge.

Finnley didn't dodge purposely. After being slapped, he also didn't cover his cheek, enduring the

burning pain.

Calmly, he looked into Madeline's eyes, which were full of hatred.

"Why didn't you dodge?" Madeline became more furious, thinking she had hit a wood as Finnley had

no reaction.

"If you feel better after slapping me, why should I dodge?" Finnley cast down his eyes to cover his mixed feelings. "You must feel frustrated after your daughter passed away. You can vent your anger on me."

"Shameless jerk! How dare you stimulate me on purpose!" Madeline glared at him in anger.

Helplessness flashed through Finnley's clinical eyes.

Gripping his arm, Mya checked on his reddened, swollen cheek and felt sorry for him.

In the rain, Finnley bowed at the Calder elders in silence. Then he held Mya's hand and turned away.

"Think Eloise will forgive you, huh? Don't ever think about it!" Madeline cursed behind.

After sitting back in the car, both Mya and Finnley were soaked in the rain. The rain had become heavy.

Mya felt a chill in her chest.

"I expected the Calders to be angry, but I didn't expect Mrs. Calder to hit you."

Feeling sorry for Finnley, she leaned over to caress his swollen cheek. "Does it hurt?"

"Nope."

Finnley passed a dry towel to her. "Dry your hair."

Mya gripped it, staring at him in frustration.

Finnley fastened the seat belt. Gazing at her intensely, he said with repressed unhappiness, "Mya

Saunders, think I don't know what's on your mind, huh?"

"What?" Mya was taken aback, wondering why he was angry.

"Listen carefully," Finnley continued in a low voice. He added in a warning tone, fully expressing his

love, "Do you want to divorce me? Don't ever think of it!"

Then he stepped on the gas. The Maybach roared away.

'How did he know?'

Mya hurriedly sat still. Gripping the towel, she couldn't return to her senses for a long time.

The Calder family was still standing before the tombstone sadly.

Madeline hated Finnley to the core. As her husband, Pierre still kept rational, although he also felt the pain.

"Eloise's death wasn't caused by Finnley," he said, "Don't live in hatred for the rest of your life. Eloise is watching us from Heaven. If she saw it, she would feel sorry for you and Finnley."

"Boohoo..."

Madeline knelt on the ground before the tombstone while weeping. She knew his words made sense, but she felt reluctant for her daughter.

Clarence's case hadn't ended yet as his identity was special. The investigation needed to be done in detail, so they still gathered all kinds of evidence.

From the internal feedback, the hearing of his case would be held in 15 days.

Shirley had stayed in the hospital for the past few weeks. Ivan cared about her and frequently sent Rowan to check up on her.

Therefore, Shirley's bone fractures recovered soon.

One night, it was drizzling. Darkness blanketed everywhere.

In a study on the third floor of a villa, one wall was built to be the bookshelves. The other wall was full of valuable paintings.

A piano was placed in the corner, looking aged. However, it was tidy and clean, showing how much its owner cared about it.

Sitting at the desk, Zack studied the half piece of crystal in his hand for hours.

Finally, he picked up his phone and dialed a number.