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.

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

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

relief.

[&]quot;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



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."

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

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

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."

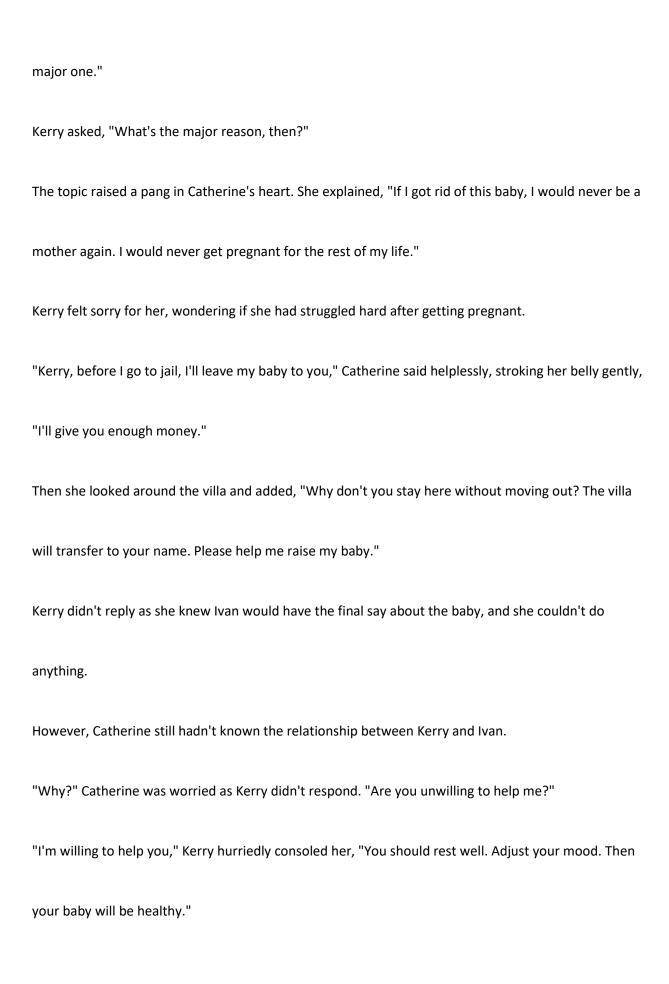
Chapter 952 The Last Night

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





"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.

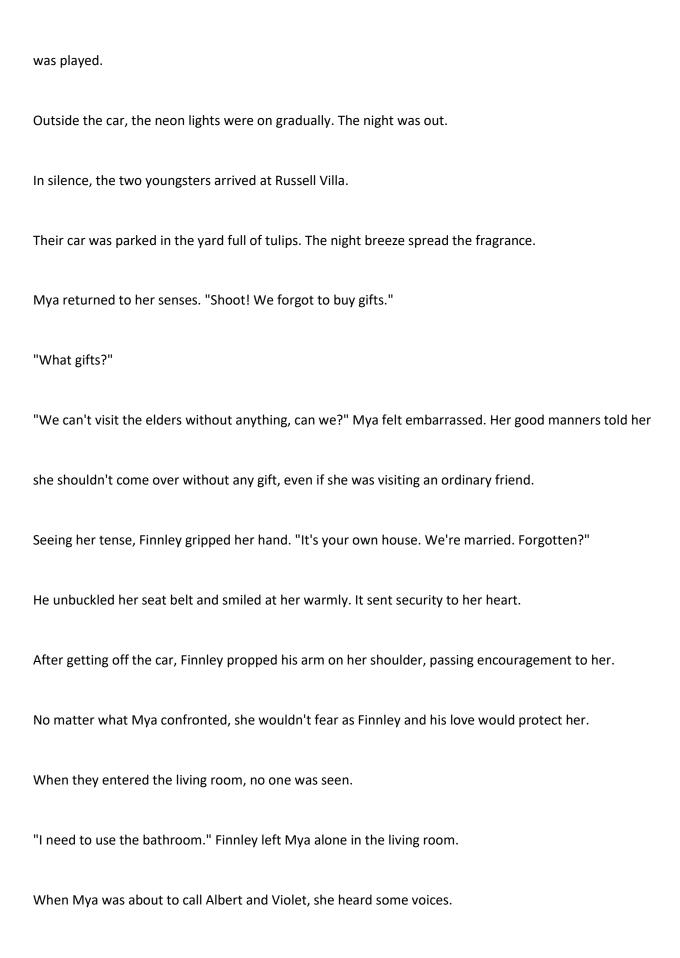
and Mrs. Russell? Don't watch me here. You've just got married, so you should go home often."

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



"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



"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.

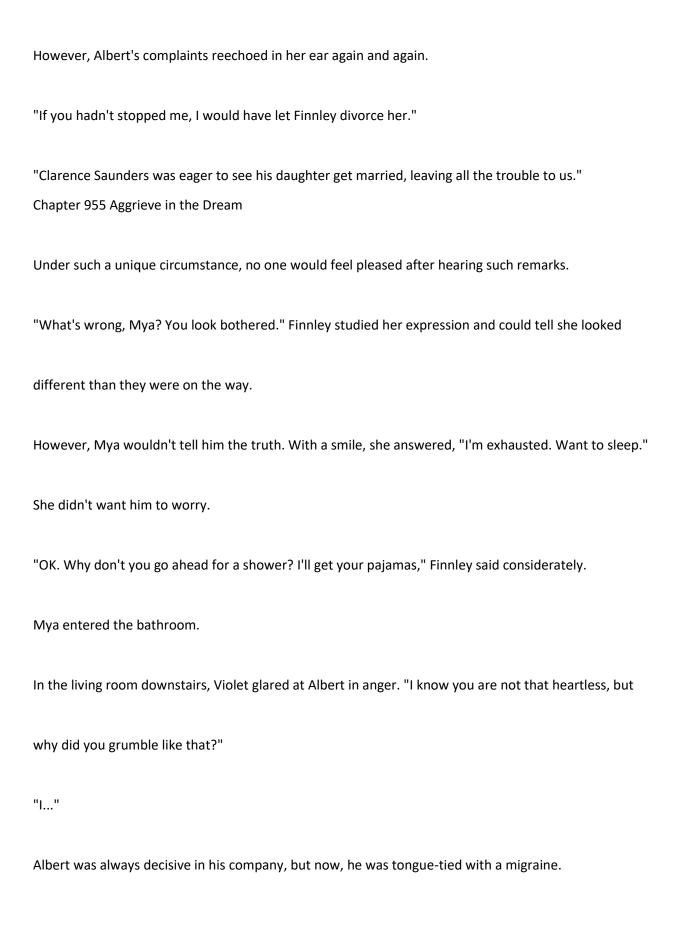
Chapter 954 Friendly Mother-in-law



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.









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.

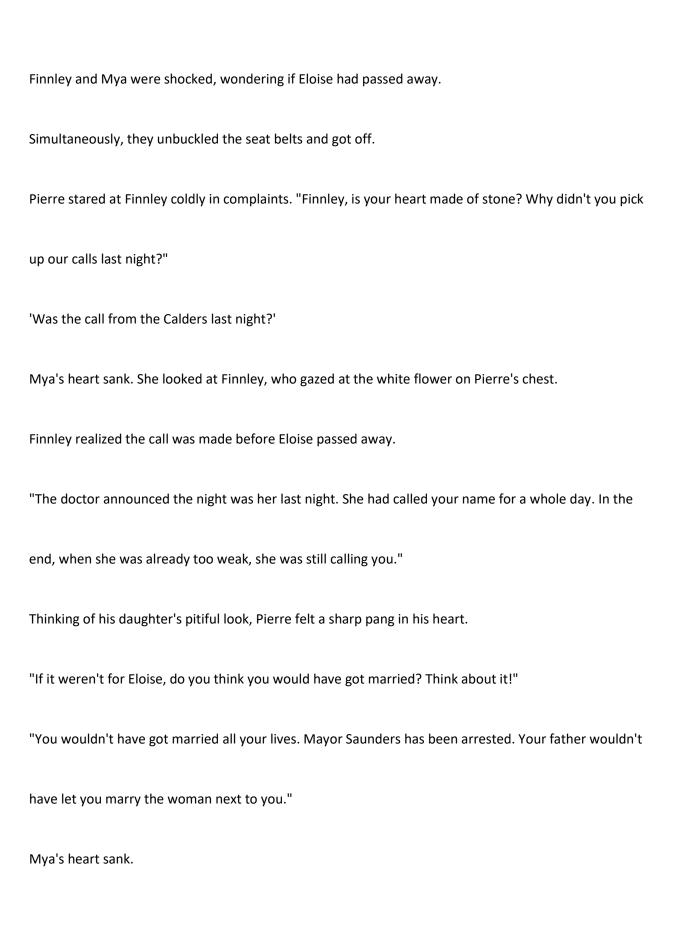
"OK. Let's sleep." Finnley lay down gently and said with concern, "You haven't had a sound sleep for
several days."
Lying in his arms and nestling on his chest, Mya listened to his heartbeat but was sleepless. She
sobered more and more, wondering what the Russell elders thought of this matter.
Since 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.







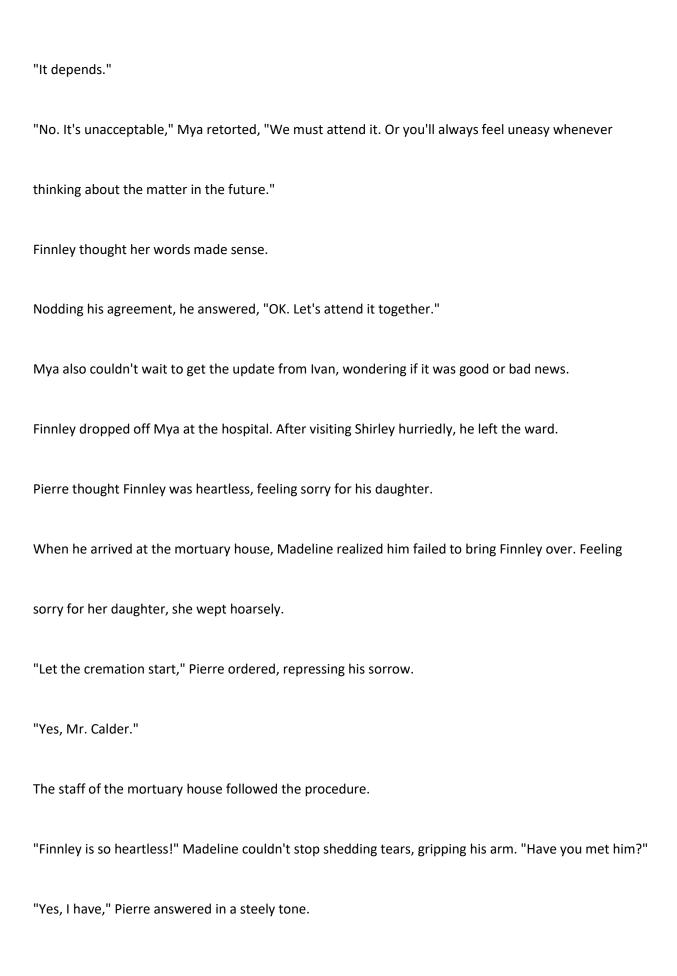
After breakfast, Finnley and Mya bid the Russells farewell and were about to go home. "Are you leaving now?" Claire asked in confusion, walking them to the yard. Mya nodded silently, and so did Finnley. He opened the door of the passenger side of the Maybach. "Be careful while driving," Violet reminded 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.



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."





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.

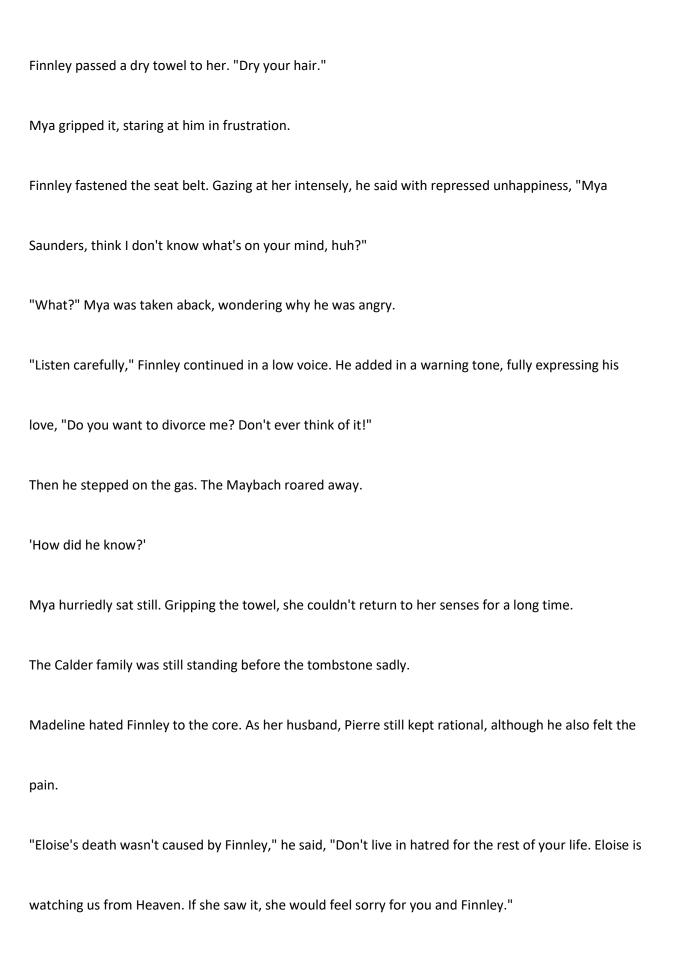
Finnley and Mya put the lily bouquet in front of the tombstone with both hands.

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





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.