

SURPRISED 641

Chapter 641 Ivan's Plan

"Mya, can you make me a glass of milk?"

Finnley's voice came from the study, Mya paused the play, remembering how he blocked the wine

bottle for her, she got up and answered, "Okay, I'll do it now."

He must be very busy at work, right?

Mya brought him the milk. "It's warm, have it." She was not a gentle person unless facing him.

"Thanks."

In the following time, Finnley said that he got hungry or thirsty, or felt uncomfortable somewhere, asking

Mya to massage his shoulders. Or he said the wound on his back was itchy and asked her to apply the

anti-inflammatory drug for him...

"Hey, you just don't want me to watch my series, right?" Mya asked while packing the medicine box.

She had this feeling that he did it on purpose.

Finnley was exposed, yet remained calm. "Of course not." He denied it.

Mya glanced at him but didn't bother to argue. She turned around and left with the medicine box.

She walked into the master bedroom and locked the door, lying on the bed and continuing to watch the drama.

The faint smell of him permeated from the bed, she sniffed it carefully and found it smelled really good.

At night, in Roxy Waterfall.

In the brightly wooden house, Jennifer turned on the computer, sitting at the desk, checking the status quo of the entire jewelry industry.

The jewelry business this year was worse than usual. Many companies had a large number of products unsold.

Some couldn't even settle the payment. Some people jumped off the building because of this...

Everyone was under pressure.

She saw on the Internet that last year, the annual net profit of the company that used to be specialized in jewelry fell by 56%.

But Jennifer remains confident in the future of Marsh Group because both the brand and the designers were excellent.

From time to time, she took notes with a pen, studying and analyzing them, hoping to find some

strategies for Marsh Group.

Before going to bed, Ivan called by video.

In the video, he stood in front of the window with a glass of red wine, whispered how he missed her and

told Jennifer that the children were having a great time at Kelsington Bay.

He had visited them and had dinner with them.

The next morning, in the office of the president of Marsh Group.

When Finnley came in, Ivan said to him, "Come here."

Then he handed Finnley a note and reminded him, "This is between us. Don't let anyone know, not

even Mya."

Finnley opened the note suspiciously and saw many names on it.

Ivan said to him, "These are all Leslie's ex-wives. The address may not be 100% correct. But check it

out first."

Smart as Finnley, he understood immediately. "Okay, I'll do it at once."

Ivan thought it was necessary to make preparation early. After all, Catherine was determined to

compete with Marsh Group. When the True Love series was released, Leslie's side would be spectacular.

Ingrid's death was judged as a suicide, no one investigated the truth.

Throughout the day, Finnley was busy visiting places on the note.

He found Leslie's three ex-wives in the morning, and four in the afternoon. Seven wives only took one day.

At somewhere quiet, a black SUV stopped in front of a large villa.

The car door opened and Finnley got out.

He turned to the terrified woman in the car, "Get out of the car, here we are."

"What the hell do you want?" The woman looked at him nervously, "I'm a good person. I haven't done anything bad, except that I once loved Leslie blindly. If he offended you, go for him."

"That's right." Finnley said to her, "I am the special assistant to the president of Marsh Group. Please get off the car. You'll live here recently. And you will not be lonely, because you are not alone here."

The woman frowned and stared at him, "What do you mean? Who else is here?"

Finnley thought this woman was so difficult to deal with.

So, he added, "You'll be paid, count it as your lost wages. Now get out of the car, you don't need to do anything."

The woman knew she couldn't escape. After walking into the villa, she suddenly realized that it was a gathering of Leslie's ex-wives!

Chapter 642 I'm Missing You

The living room was large. The seven women were embarrassed gathering there because they had all served the same man.

Everyone looked away as if it was a shame.

After a while, a middle-aged woman snorted, crossing her arms, "We are all lucky ones, why should we be upset? At least we are still alive!"

This reminded everyone of Ingrid, who died at a young age without any reason. They had heard all kinds of gossip.

Finnley told the guard something and then left.

These women were strangers, but because of Leslie, they more or less knew each other. Some of them had met. Some had seen others' photos.

At this time, another woman smiled and mocked, "Do you think this woman called Catherine will be the 11th?"

People looked at each other. There was silence in the living room for a few seconds, and then someone started talking in a low voice.

"I think so, as everything is possible!" The fifth wife was admiring her new manicure while saying, "If Catherine marries him, I can guarantee that she won't be the last one."

"Men are changeable at whatever age. They will stop fucking around only when they are on the wall if you know what I mean."

"Catherine might die too, right?" Someone said with certainty, "I know how ruthless Leslie can be."

"Hey, how can you say so?" Someone defended Leslie, "Are you saying Ingrid's death has something to do with Leslie?"

"Who knows?" Some people didn't care about the truth.

Someone answered, "Who can prove he is innocent about this?"

"That's right, Leslie hates women making trouble in front of reporters. Yet she did everything that could enrage him"

"Why are we talking about that dead woman? It gives me goosebumps! How much did you get from the

divorce?" Leslie's eighth wife was very interested in this, "I'll tell you first. I got 400,000 and a car."

"That's petty! I got a million in cash, no car or house."

"I only got 140,000...but he had no money at that time. The company's capital chain was facing some problems."

When the women were having a heated conversation, Finnley had left.

The Marsh Group buildings towered in the most prosperous area of the city. It had become a city landmark.

In the spacious office of the CEO.

Ivan had just finished working on the case in hand when his private cell phone rang.

His deep eyes were filled with tenderness immediately when he saw the caller's name. He slid his long

finger over the answer button, "Hello, Jennifer."

"What are you doing?" The woman's voice was gentle, smiling.

When people asked, "What are you doing?", they mostly meant, "I miss you".

Ivan felt the same way. So, he answered seriously, "I am missing you."

"How?" She seemed to be in a good mood, "Tell me?"

The man said seriously, "I am missing you all the time, wondering what you are doing. Would you be standing in front of the house and looking at the distant scenery, or sit in front of the computer, thinking with your chin on your hand?"

She smiled, knowing that he must be busy, so she got to the point, "Got it! Mr. Marsh, each of us can submit a perfect answer to the company."

"Is the design done?" He was a little surprised that the time was shorter than expected.

"Yup." Jennifer said, "Everyone has found inspiration and made a perfect design. We will do some finishing work tomorrow, then relax for another day. We prepare to go back to the city the day after tomorrow."

"Shall I pick you up?" Ivan was honest. He could put all his work aside when Jennifer needed him.

"No, no, no, no." She hurriedly refused, "Don't make it too grand. It would be perfect if you can greet us outside the building when we return. It would inspire everyone."

"Okay, you decide everything, my dear wife." Then he murmured, "Thank everyone for me. We should

have dinner together when you guys come back."

Chapter 643 He Wants to Take Her to the Waterfall

"Okay, I will ask everyone what they want to eat. I won't bother you for now."

After a brief chat, Jennifer ended the call. Ivan got up for the meeting.

In the elegant wooden house, Jennifer turned off her computer and went out. Several people were

chatting in the yard. The nanny was making snacks not far away.

The moment was so peaceful.

"I just called Mr. Marsh and reported our situation to him. He said that he will treat us to a big meal

when we go back!" Jennifer couldn't wait to tell everyone the good news, "So you can think about the

menu and send it to our work group, we'll make a record of it."

"Wow! That's great! "

"I want shrimp!"

"Me too!"

"Can we have some caviar?"

"Of course."

"I would like to have some salmon!"

"All right, remember to send your wishes to the group. I can't remember all."

Everyone was very excited and began to think about what to eat. The company paid the bill, so they could eat food that was normally too expensive for them.

Everyone had sincere smiles on their faces, chatting very happily. They got along with Jennifer like friends, although she was their boss.

One hour later.

At Ivan's office.

Ivan received a call. He listened carefully to the person on the other end of the line, his expression became serious.

The other person reported the following contents.

"Mr. Marsh, Blake had escaped from our eyes. He disappeared out of nowhere. Interpol is investigating but there is no information so far. Leslie has contacted him, but no substantial evidence has been found yet."

Ivan answered, playing with the pen calmly with the other hand, "Go on searching for him." He was

very calm.

"Yes, Mr. Marsh."

After hanging up the call, Ivan's deep eyes turned cold and emotionless.

As some footsteps approached, Finnley entered the door. "Mr. Marsh."

Ivan looked at him. Finnley reported while walking over, "So far, we have found seven of Leslie's wives, they have been arranged according to your wishes. We plan to find the other two tomorrow."

"Good!"

Ivan was confident in Finnley's efficiency.

"Mr. Marsh." Finnley stood beside him, frowning slightly, "The death of his tenth wife may have something to do with him. I've already sent someone to investigate."

Finnley knew that Ivan had been investigating Leslie's crimes.

"Very good." Ivan was determined to bring Leslie down.

Then he said to Finnley, "He has some sort of relationship with Blake, that's for sure, but we have no evidence yet."

"There must be evidence unless he didn't do it." Finnley said, "There must be some clues."

"Right." Ivan smiled, "I agree."

Then he changed the subject, "Jennifer and the designers will return the day after tomorrow. They just called and said that the design has been completed, and everyone is very satisfied with the work."

Finnley was very happy, and he asked, "Can I take Mya there tomorrow? We'll come back with people the day after tomorrow. "

Ivan's eyes fell on him. Mya? Were they...

The two people's eyes met, and Finnley quickly explained, "No, she always wanted to have a look at that place, me too. I heard that Roxy Waterfall is very beautiful."

"Sure, then." Ivan didn't say much, "Hand over the work to me."

It was normal for young people to be in love.

Chapter 644 Leslie Panics

"Okay!" Finnley said calmly, "Then the search for Leslie's wife will be postponed for a day. I'm not confident in anyone else to handle it."

"OK." Ivan readily agreed.

In the evening, after getting off work, Finnley came to the door of the vice president's office. He looked

at Mya and knocked on the opened door.

The two girls looked up at him together.

Mya asked, "Are you off work?"

"Yes."

She grabbed her bag, got up, and walked towards him. She had been waiting to get off work.

Linda sat in her seat, watching their backs disappear. She still felt lost in her heart. Finnley didn't even look at her out of the corner of his eyes.

Love was a thorn buried in her heart, and it hurt every time she thought of him.

On the way home, Mya asked Finnley, "There is something wrong with Linda recently."

"What's wrong with her?" Finnley asked, "Did she make things difficult for you?"

"Why would she?" She asked inexplicably, and then blurted out, "She borrowed 10,000 dollars from

me. She should have something urgent to handle, but I didn't ask the reason."

After hearing this, Finnley didn't say anything more. Money was a small problem.

As long as Linda didn't offend her.

Finnley thought, Linda was not a bad woman like Catherine, and he didn't show any feelings for Mya.

After a while, Finnley said, "Ms. Brooks will be back the day after tomorrow. I have asked Mr. Marsh for a day off. Let's go to Roxy Waterfall tomorrow."

The girl turned her eyes wide open. She was ecstatic, "Really?"

"Why would I lie to you?" Finnley was happy too.

"Just the two of us? Will you drive?" She was a little worried, "The journey to the mountains is long.

Wouldn't your shoulders hurt after sitting for so long?"

"I don't drive with my shoulders." Finnley was very relieved, "My wound has healed up, so don't worry. I can drive 800 kilometers on end."

Mya was very happy, "Let's bring them some fresh fruit, there should be no more in stock."

"Sure, we'll do it tomorrow morning."

The beautiful sunset smudged the whole city, came in through the window and shone lazily on them.

They looked like a perfect match.

At nightfall, a black SUV drove into Leslie's yard.

Josh got out of the car with Leslie. They then walked through the living room and went upstairs into the

study.

The servant left immediately after serving the tea, not daring to make a sound.

Ingrid's funeral was held at the funeral home. Her family had visited three times. Leslie refused to show up there. He said that since they had divorced, Ingrid's funeral had nothing to do with him.

Upstairs in the study.

Leslie stood in front of the window with his hands behind his back, saying coldly, "Ivan is investigating the relationship between me and Blake." There was dissatisfaction in his tone, and he seemed to be accusing something, "How did he get suspicious?"

Josh lowered his head, "Mr. Eastwood, he wants to bring you down, and he'll try all means to do that."

Leslie was in a panic. He couldn't deny that Ivan was very powerful.

He was a little anxious yet he forced himself to be calm. He frowned coldly as he said, "Has all the evidence been wiped away?"

"Mr. Eastwood, I checked again, please rest assured, everything is gone." Josh was a reliable person.

He was not only efficient in doing things, but also as ruthless as Leslie.

Sitting down at the desk, Leslie took out a cigar, "We must win this jewelry battle. Once we win, even if he targets me openly, people will think that he hates me because I defeat him. And things he does would be seen as deliberate revenge."

"Yes!" Josh agreed.

After a while, Leslie said to him, "You may leave now. You must be extra careful recently, do not get caught."

"Yes!"

After Josh left, Leslie called Catherine.

At this moment, Catherine had just returned to the room. She stared at the incoming call for a long time indifferently. In the end, she answered it. "What's the matter?"

Chapter 645 Finnley Is a Little Jealous

From her cold tone, Leslie could feel her current mood.

"Still angry?" Leslie took a puff on the cigar, squinted his eyes, and let out circles of smoke. Then he sighed softly, "You should be very clear about who I am."

"Say what you want. Otherwise, I'll hang up." Catherine didn't want to deal with him after work.

Leslie said in a good voice, "Okay, okay, I apologize to you, don't be angry."

Catherine rolled her eyes and also took out a cigarette.

Leslie said, "I called you today because I have something to tell you."

"Speak." Her reply was curt. She didn't want to talk to him.

She didn't care what a jerk he was.

What she cared about was that when the police wanted to arrest him, she became a cover-up.

Leslie was worried that she would hang up the phone, so he quickly got to the point, "We should launch the True Love series as quickly as possible. We must do it before Marsh Group did."

"Okay."

After reaching an agreement, Leslie didn't know what to say, "Have a good night." After saying that, he hung up the phone.

In fact, Catherine thought so too. But inspiration was important when it came to designing. Efficiency should be put second.

They should spend more time on designing work. The first step was important. The progress of the subsequent production could always be sped up. With the best diamonds in hand, they had nothing to

be afraid of.

Catherine sat in front of the computer. After she finished her cigarette, she tried to concentrate on her thoughts, calm down her mind, and put herself to work.

She told herself that she must not let anything disturb her.

Downtown, in an apartment.

Mya opened the medicine box and put something in a canvas bag.

"What are you doing?" Finnley was puzzled.

She replied while putting the medicine in the bag, "You need to change the medicine tomorrow. We need to take them with us to the mountains."

"No need. My wound is all scabbed."

"Does it recover that fast?" She couldn't believe it.

"I just took a shower and saw it in the mirror." Finnley sat down on the sofa, "Do it now. It'll be the last time."

She froze for a moment, watching him take off his shirt and turn his back to her.

Seeing that the wound the size of a finger had scabbed, Mya finally breathed a sigh of relief, and

carefully applied the drug for him again, "This drug is really effective, Rowan is a genius."

Finnley felt a bit uncomfortable hearing her praise other guys.

"Have you finished your series?" He asked.

"Not yet, new episodes are released slowly."

He thought for a while and asked, "Do you like Spencer very much?"

"Yup." She said without thinking, "There must be a lot of people who like him. My Facebook page is full of his pictures sometimes."

Why did women like Spencer?

Because he was a bad boy?

The night was getting deeper

In Roxy Waterfall, the sound of gurgling water always brought peace to the mind.

In the houses.

The lights went out one by one. The designers of the R-Alan Group fell asleep.

Catherine went to bed late.

She was still racking her brains for inspiration. She had abandoned two drafts, which made her a little anxious.

Turned off the lights and lay down on the bed, she closed her eyes and fell asleep.

Three o'clock in the night.

She started to sweat on her forehead. Each of her cells was in a state of high tension. She was frowning in her dreamland.

"No, don't come here... let me go... let go!"

In a room locked from the inside, the drunk Leslie pinned her on the bed, pulling off her clothes.

He was so heavy that she couldn't move. She lost control of her waist, and couldn't escape at all.

Chapter 646 Nightmare

"Let go of me!" She resisted but found that her hands were getting weaker and weaker. Her whole body was limp, "Let go..."

Recalling the glass of wine, she had just drunk, she panicked!

As her body got hotter and hotter, Catherine had a bad feeling... She was going to collapse.

"Catherine, I've liked you for a long time..." Leslie knelt on top of her and tore off his tie irritably, "Would you marry me? Be my wife, my eleventh wife. I promise our wedding will be the grandest that the

century sees. And half of my company will be yours!"

"No..." Catherine had a terrible headache. She was losing her voice, her throat was tight, and her vision was getting blurred.

Leslie pressed down...

In the dream, Catherine struggled helplessly.

She wanted to plead but couldn't make a sound. Desperation was written on every inch of her skin.

She had the urge to kill. She felt that her life was completely ruined!

In the dream, tears of panic rolled down silently, soaking her bedsheets and quilt...

"No..."

In reality, Catherine, who was lying on the bed, tightened her grip on the quilt. She sat up as if she had been shocked by thunder. She opened her eyes in the dark, panting!

She felt that Leslie was in this room, which made her terrified! It took her a long while to calm down.

Seeing that her clothes were intact, hearing the crowing of frogs outside the window, and seeing the moon above the trees, Catherine realized that it was a false alarm. She was relieved a little bit.

It was just a dream...

But why would she have such a dream? It should be telling her something, reminding her to stay on guard.

Catherine couldn't sleep for the rest of the night.

Leslie was a dangerous person. She should be on guard.

Unable to fall asleep again, she lifted the quilt, took out a cigarette in front of the window, took a deep breath, and exhaled circles of smoke.

Looking at the moon outside the window, she couldn't help thinking of Ivan...

Her old memories came to her like a flood. Her heart was aching again.

Tears surged up in her eyes. She let the pain strike.

She thought she hated him. She thought she could forget about him.

While Catherine was suffering from insomnia, someone was enjoying the night.

Mya was one of them.

She slept in the master bedroom tonight, on the bed. Finnley offered to sleep on the sofa.

When he found that her back was hurting, he decided that his injury was no longer a problem.

Finnley slept late. He stood by the window for a long time. Under the moonlight, he felt that he had changed.

Recalling the details of his days spent with her, he just felt it surreal.

After leaving home, he had been used to solitude. He had no friends except Ivan.

Finnley defined himself as having a social phobia. He didn't like socializing, but this girl broke into his life and moved into his home.

Finnley hadn't imagined that he would be so close to a woman, a college student.

The next morning.

Mya got up quickly after the alarm clock went off. She got excited thinking of the ongoing trip.

She had sweet dreams last night.

After washing up, she stood in the mirror, admiring her beautiful face, thinking that she looked good today.

Opening the door, she saw Finnley sitting on the sofa reading a book. "Good morning."

"Morning." He looked at her. "Ready to go?"

“Sure!”

Then they went downstairs together, had breakfast, and dropped by a fruit shop. They bought lychees, durians, mangoes, red bayberries, and so on.

Finnley drove by himself on the way to Roxy Waterfall. According to the GPS, it would take at least one hour to get there.

Chapter 647 Heartbroken

It was a beautiful day today. The sun was shining and the sky was blue.

The sunshine fell on the car through the gaps in the leaves. For the sake of safety, Finnley did not drive fast. He honked carefully at every corner and reminded Mya, "Remember, when you drive, you should slow down when you turn, and you must honk in advance."

"Okay, I'll bear it in mind." Mya smiled at him. She was grateful for his taking her out.

To avoid boredom along the journey, Finnley chose a song to play...

"Is your injury better?"

The two asked the same question at the same time, both turning to look at each other.

Then came a moment of silence.

Mya smiled, "My injury is not worth to be mentioned!" She raised her finger and pulled off the Band-Aid,

"It's just a little bit of scratch."

"But it's something new for you, isn't it?" Finnley said, "You are the mayor's daughter, a little bit of scratch is not a small issue."

"Don't make fun of me! I am not that dramatic." She smiled, "Let's worry about you, will your wound hurt if you sit like this for two hours or so?"

"The wound has healed. Didn't you see it last night?" His tone was relaxed. "Don't worry about me. And don't blame yourself."

"I am not going to blame myself! I didn't ask you to save me!" She stretched her hand out of the window to catch the sunlight, as happy as a child...

Last night, she googled the Roxy Waterfall and was deeply attracted by the scenery.

At this time, in front of the wooden house downstream of the waterfall.

In front of the barbecue booth, two waitresses were grilling food. The air was full of the strong smell of meat.

"Wow! The meat is ready! I am going to have a try!"

"It smells so good!"

"Lettuce is much tastier than cucumber!"

"Are we having a barbecue because Mr. Russell is coming over?" A female designer smiled, "We didn't have it yesterday."

"Right!" The waitress smiled, "We don't have much food choice in the mountains except barbecue."

Another female designer came over and asked with bright eyes, "Will he really come?"

"Sure, they should be on their way."

Some people have expectations and joy written all over their faces.

Not far away, smoke was rising from the bamboo forest. Someone wrapped sweet potatoes in tin foil

and buried them in the soil one by one. They were roasting sweet potatoes and corn.

Someone picked up dried bamboo sticks and dry leaves... Life there seemed to be primitive.

To welcome Finnley, they are doing their part.

"Does Mr. Russell have a girlfriend?" Someone had a question.

"No idea! But I have never seen any girl with him. He seems to be alone all the time."

"Maybe his girlfriend doesn't work in our company."

"He can easily find a position for his girlfriend in our company. Isn't it good to be together every day?"

They could go home together after work.

"I heard he is kind of a trust fund kid, you know." Someone said softly, "His family owns companies."

"Seriously?" Someone was surprised, "Where did you hear that from? Then why doesn't he go back and be the boss?"

"I'm not sure. It's just some gossip."

"If it's true, why would he work for other people?" "If I were him, I would go home."

"You are not him. So, who knows?"

While chatting, people a white Maybach came into view, and soon parked in the parking lot next to the wooden house.

Several female designers hurriedly checked if they looked alright. The way the smiled looked a little bit deliberate. It was always exciting to see their crush.

Yet when the car door opened, they saw a girl get out of the car with Finnley...

Their hearts broke in an instant.

Chapter 648 Unintentional Confess

The trunk of the car was opened, and Finnley turned to take out the fruit. Mya also followed to help.

"I'll get this." Finnley said to her with concern, "Be careful of your hands." As he spoke, he lifted seven

or eight large bags with both hands like superman.

Mya felt heavy even looking at those bags. She followed him silently into the wooden house.

The female designers understood everything through this small detail.

Mr. Russell cared for this girl very much! He had never treated any woman like this before.

"Hi! Mr. Russell."

They still greeted him with smiles on their faces, but their excitement was greatly reduced because of

Mya's presence.

"Hello, guys." Finnley put the fruit under the eaves, "Guys, help yourself. It'll all for you!"

"Thank you, Mr. Russell."

Mya also waved to everyone, "Hello." She smiled, although she didn't know any of these people, for the

next day, she'd be staying with them.

"Hello." Someone looked at her.

After a brief greeting, no one spoke more.

At that moment, Jennifer came out of the cabin, "I didn't expect you to arrive so soon!"

"Jennifer!" Mya turned and ran towards her, hugging her, "It's been a while!"

"Yes, it has!" Jennifer also hugged her happily.

"Hi! Ms. Brooks." Finnley greeted her.

Jennifer responded with a smile, "Hi, it must have been an exhausting trip! Come in and have a seat!"

The tea was ready."

After Finnley came in, he first reported his work and talked about the company. A female designer

brought in the grilled food on a plate, "Have a try, it's freshly grilled."

"Thanks."

Mya took a sip of water and said, "I'll have a look at the surroundings." She then went out to the

barbecue stove.

"This minced garlic is so beautiful."

"Yes, it was made this morning."

"Try this barbecue, it's delicious."

"Thanks."

Gradually, they got to know each other better.

Although they were not very friendly, at least they acted like they were on the surface. After all, Mya came with Finnley.

In the wooden house, Finnley was chatting with Jennifer, but his eyes had never left Mya. "I'll have a look outside." With that, he got up and walked out.

"Don't eat too much barbecue, you'll get pimples!" Finnley reminded her in front of everyone. He was worried about her although he sounded a bit lecturing.

Jennifer heard it too. Finnley had been watching Mya, he could remember how many pieces of the barbecue she ate, right?

Looking at the two of them in the yard, Jennifer couldn't help feeling a little worried for Mya.

Every sensible person could tell that Finnley had a crush on Mya.

But he had been engaged, if Mya fell in love with him too, how should they face the future?

Catherine had been a pain in the neck even though she and Ivan had never been engaged. Jennifer

and Ivan went through a lot to finally be together.

But Finnley had a fiancée. So, Mya would end up being the home wrecker, which she wouldn't want to be.

"Ms. Brooks, have a try." Finnley came in with a fruit plate.

"Finnley, I need to talk to you." Jennifer sat on the stool and looked up at him calmly, "You may close the door first."

Finnley closed the door casually and looked at Jennifer, feeling that what she was going to say shouldn't have much to do with work.

"What's it, Ms. Brooks?" His voice was gentle.

"Do you like Mya?" Jennifer asked softly, "I mean, in a romantic way."

Chapter 649 Does Finnley Like Her?

"Why are you asking me this?" Finnley was a little surprised, "What we did just now is just between friends, isn't it?" After saying this, he felt a little guilty.

He had never seriously thought about his feelings for Mya.

But Jennifer was very clear that they were more than just friends. Finnley's eyes were on Mya all the

time.

There was a moment of silence in the room.

Finnley's eyes fell on the cup of Earl Gray tea on the table. He picked up the cup and looked at it,

thinking seriously, "Do you think..." He raised his eyes and continued to ask, "Do you think I like her?"

Jennifer smiled slightly, "A little bit, maybe you didn't even realize it, or...you just don't want to face it."

Her words hit Finnley.

As Mya's friend, Jennifer reminded him, "But I heard from Ivan that you have a fiancée."

Finnley paused from drinking the water. He raised his head and looked Jennifer straight in the eye.

Finnley's expression changed slightly. He answered with silence.

Jennifer didn't go further. "If you can make her happy, I will support you. She is young and naive. I'm

just worried that she won't handle it if your fiancée is a Catherine-like person. She will get hurt. You

should solve the problem as soon as possible."

"I know." Finnley nodded. Then he took a sip of his tea. "Thank you for your kindness. Maybe she and I

are just friends. I admit that I like her, but that's it."

Jennifer heard his hesitation about this relationship from his words.

Finnley said sincerely, "If I'm to be with her, I'll take care of everything. I won't let be a mistress. So

don't worry. I do have a fiancée, but we..."

He hesitated. Jennifer didn't ask. It was personal.

Maybe he had his own plans.

In the yard outside the wooden house, Mya was eating grilled eggplant. She was still wearing the light-yellow coat Finnley bought.

A young lady next to her told her, "You can put more minced garlic, the essence of roasted eggplant lies in the minced garlic."

"Thanks." With a sweet smile, she added more minced garlic to the eggplant.

Not far away, behind a tall camphor tree, Catherine was standing here like a ghost.

Her gaze fell on Mya changed from calm to stern, and her fingers tightened a little bit.

She still remembered how Mya had humiliated her, and she never intended to let go.

Now, this girl came into the mountains, in Finnley's car!

It seemed that she was dating Finnley. So, she stole Linda's crush. What a bitch!

Linda hated Catherine, but Catherine didn't want to lose Linda as a friend, because Linda was still useful to her. Therefore, she decided she should do something for Linda.

She had a plan.

Catherine knew that she couldn't just go over and slap Mya in the face.

After a while of watching, she left.

It was getting dark.

Before the sunset, Finnley took Mya to the waterfall. Before they left, they asked if anyone would like to join them.

No one did. They had all been there, very often,

No one wants to be a third wheel. Those female designers who liked Finnley felt sad seeing so.

Jennifer stood in the courtyard and watched them leave. "Be safe! We'll wait for you guys for dinner! "

"Okay!"

Roxy Waterfall was a tourist attraction. Many people came for the waterfall even if they were not going to spend the night there.

Chapter 650 Resting in His Arms

In summer, standing in the water with bare feet was an amazing feeling.

Along the way, Finnley and Mya met many young people coming and going, as well as some families with children.

Although they were in the mountains, they were not alone.

On one side of the stone stairs were the mountains while on the one side was a pool, where some big rocks with strange shapes stood. Some people step on them to take pictures.

The mountain road got steeper as they went higher. Some people held the railing, some held hands.

"Give me your hand!" said Finnley. Then he reached out his big palm in front of her.

Mya glanced at him, and without hesitation, she put her little hand in his palm.

The moment the hands touched; their temperature conveyed.

Under the cool wind, Mya followed Finnley, stepping up high stones step by step. It was too steep; she didn't dare to look down.

The sound of the waterfall was getting closer and the view was getting more spectacular.

They could almost feel the water mist sprayed on their face, which felt very cool.

"Be careful, there is water on the stone steps above here. It could be slippery" Finnley reminded her,

"You can step where I stepped."

Mya didn't speak, she was afraid of heights!

She had no gut to look down, it was so steep! Her palms were sweating.

The waterfall was close at hand. They were almost there!

She could see the water flowing down from the top of the mountain when she looked up. She held his

hand tightly, not wanting him to look down on her.

Under the waterfall was the first big water beach, and the water flowing down from the water beach

formed a small waterfall, and then it accumulated into a small pool... slowly going down until it became

a small stream.

Many people were swimming in the big water beach below the waterfall. Some were taking photos of

those strange-shaped rocks on the shore.

Finnley led Mya to step on the last big rock, and they finally reached the top!

But she was dizzy, and then leaned into his arms.

Finnley froze for a moment.

She put her arms around his waist. Her legs were shaking.

"Are you okay?" Finnley frowned slightly as he hugged her.

"I need to rest a bit..." Mya was still conscious. She leaned on him, trying to calm herself down, his faint fragrance gave her a sense of security.

Finnley stood up straight patiently like a tree, supporting her.

They had never been so intimate over the days.

Finnley's face froze. He was a little bit at a loss, and his heartbeat was a little bit weird. He had never expected this moment.

Not far away, a good photographer was taking pictures of the scenery with a camera... After a series of photos, Finnley and Mya happened to fall into his lens.

"Wait!" While choosing the photo, his eyes lit up. He squinted and looked forward.

The way Mya and Finnley embraced was such an embellishment in the beautiful scenery.

So, he took another two shots from another angle. They were too good-looking that every photo was flawless.

It's been a long time since he took such a good photo. Perfect!

"Are you feeling better?" Finnley tried to release Mya's hand and held her shoulder. "How do you feel?"

Mya looked up from his arms, frowned, and pouted, "I'm afraid of heights, I'm sorry." She restrained herself not to look down.

Finnley met her gaze, and he shook his head. "There's nothing to be ashamed of. You made it! Some people are dizzy, some are afraid of heights. It's all normal."

Surrounded by the sound of water, Mya slowly turned her eyes and looked at the magnificent waterfall.

She had the urge to play in the water, so she took a step forward.

"Don't go into the water." Finnley seemed to read her mind.

"Why not?" She turned to look at him.

Finnley followed, "The water is very cold. You may catch a cold unless you are super healthy."

"How do you know I'm not super healthy?" She asked with a smile.

He said without thinking, "Just in case, what can we do if you have a fever in the mountain? There isn't even a hospital."

Seeing him talking like a mom, Mya couldn't help laughing, "Are you caring about me?" Her smile was sweet. Her eyes were shining.

The photographer not far away was attracted by the two of them, so he took a few more photos. In fact,

he didn't mean any harm. Mya and Finnley were too good-looking, he couldn't help it.