

SURPRISED 661

Chapter 661 Leslie Eastwood Knew It

Jennifer didn't ask Ivan for permission as she didn't think it was a problem. "Of course. Let's finish the meal quickly. Then we can go."

"OK. Thank you, Ms. Brooks."

In fact, Linda still couldn't let go of Finnley and face reality. Whenever she heard Mya's name, she couldn't help but think about Finnley and feel upset.

She wished he was only a friend of Mya, although she couldn't convince herself either.

It was rare for her to have a crush on a man. Once she had, she wouldn't want to miss him.

The dinner ended happily. It was the first time the employees had dinner with Ivan together, who made them feel he was just a boy next door.

After dinner, Ivan reserved a karaoke box and sent them over.

The box was filled with liveliness and happiness. Over a dozen best serves provided services for them.

All of them were excited as it was their first time experiencing it.

Then Linda followed Ivan and Jennifer out of the nightclub.

When Ivan pulled the door next to the passenger's seat open, he noticed Linda and was confused.

Jennifer hurriedly explained, "She wants to see Mya with us."

Ivan nodded in silence.

Linda, however, was keyed up. Ivan emanated such a strong aura; it was the first time she was so close to him.

Jennifer opened the rear door for her. "Get in, Linda."

"Thank you, Ms. Brooks." Linda sat in, and so did Jennifer. They sat in the backseat together.

Ivan thought his wife was too kind-hearted and considerate.

However, Linda looked overcautious, holding her breath all the time.

Ivan started the engine, heading for Skyhigh Apartment Complex.

His Lamborghini was luxurious. Linda had never seen such an overbearing car on TV. She didn't think a crew could afford to rent such a car, as it was the symbol of status and power.

Peering out the window, she was lost in thought.

Catherine used to be so close to Ivan and almost became his wife. Linda could understand how reluctant she was.

Linda had fallen in love with Finnley, a CEO's assistant. However, she also felt reluctant.

Royal Nightclub.

The designers were having a great time. The neon lights sparkled in the box, and the speakers' sound effects reminded them of a superstar's concert.

They reserved the ride-hailing services, so they drank while playing games. Some sang songs, and some gathered to play truth or dare.

The most popular drink was whisky which cost almost a hundred thousand dollars.

Suddenly, a designer's phone rang. She pulled it out and checked the caller ID. "Oh, I need to answer the call. Please excuse me." Then she left the box.

The door of the box isolated the noises from the corridor. The soundproofing was excellent in the nightclub.

Not far from her, a senior executive of the R-Alan Group passed by.

He overheard her conversation. "Hello, Honey? Haven't I told you we have a designers' gathering tonight? Mr. Marsh invited us for dinner and karaoke. I will go home later than usual."

The senior executive of the R-Alan Group stopped mid-step, gazing at her.

'Mr. Marsh? A designers' gathering?'

The female designer continued gently, "Ah, thank you for helping him finish his homework. I'll send you on Facebook. See you later."

She ended the call and returned to the box.

The senior executive watched her. When the door opened, he saw many people having fun in the box.

When the door closed, nothing could be heard in the corridor.

After a thought, he strode forward while dialing Leslie's number. "Mr. Eastwood. the Marsh Group's design team has returned. They are gathering in Royal Nightclub for celebration."

Chapter 662 Still Jealous

Leslie never worked overtime, so he had arrived home when he received the call.

Smoking a cigar while standing in front of the living room's window, he looked stern. "For celebration?"

It's way too early. Did you make a mistake?"

"No. I'm sure it's their design team," the senior executive answered affirmatively.

Leslie was confused as it wasn't Ivan's style. After all, he should have celebrated it after the products' success in the market.

“Mr. Eastwood, does it mean...” the senior executive guessed, “Their design drafts are perfect?”

“It doesn’t depend on my or Ivan Marsh’s opinion.” Leslie took a drag of the cigar, exhaling. “It only depends on the customers.”

“We should hurry up, then. Probably they’ll start the production tomorrow and leave us behind.”

Leslie didn’t reply. He ended the call, and his stern face changed slightly.

A while later, he called Catherine, who was still in Roxy Fall.

Leslie asked solemnly, “How’s your design going?” He was anxious, reluctant to be surpassed.

“We’re still looking for inspiration. Some designers are getting on the right track,” Catherine reported to him honestly. “What’s wrong?”

Leslie answered, “The design team of the Marsh Group has returned to town. Do you know this matter?”

“Yes, I do.”

A short moment of silence later, Leslie sighed, “Good luck.” Without extra words, he ended the call as he was unwilling to put too much pressure on her.

Later that evening, a Lamborghini parked downstairs in Skyhigh Apartment Complex's parking lot.

Ivan, Jennifer, and Linda entered the elevator and went upstairs to the 28th floor of a building.

When the door opened, Finnley greeted them, "Good evening, Mr. Marsh, Ms. Brooks."

"Good evening, Mr. Russell," Linda followed the Marsh couple in and greeted him.

Finnley nodded at her in response, "Good evening." He didn't look unhappy about her visit.

"Where is Mya? Is she better?" Jennifer noticed Mya's shoes at the door.

"I'm here, Jennie."

Before Finnley answered, they heard Mya's excited voice from the bedroom.

Jennifer passed the gift box to Finnley, striding into the room.

The door wasn't closed, so she pushed the door and entered. "How are you doing, Mya? Still hurts?"

She walked toward the bed.

"No. Not at all. But Dr. Watson asked me to stay in bed without walking. I'm afraid I still need a few

more days off." Mya was overjoyed. "Congratulations, Jennie! You have an outstanding design team."

"Thanks." Jennifer sat on the bed edge, sorting her hair bangs lovingly. "Linda is a great helper. Don't

worry."

It was the second time Linda came to Finnley's apartment, and she felt utterly different.

Standing at the bedroom door, she saw Mya half lying against the bedhead in a white nightgown. Her hair hung over her shoulders, looking enchanting, although she was young.

Mya also noticed her. "Hello, Linda? Thank you for seeing me."

They exchanged a smile. Linda walked toward her. "Are you feeling better? I heard you were bitten by a snake, so I dropped in."

"Nothing severe. It's really kind of you," Mya said sweetly, "The doctor asked me to rest at home for a while, so I took a few days off. Thank you for taking over my jobs for me."

"You are welcome, Mya." Linda beamed at her. "Take a good rest." However, she could hardly repress her jealousy.

Linda found only one bedroom in this apartment, and Mya was lying on Finnley's bed.

Linda wondered if they shared the same bed.

She was absentminded, lost in thought.

Jennifer and Mya chitchatted, and Linda took the chance to study the decoration in the bedroom. The room was huge, with a high-end design with simple colors.

She could imagine the scene where Finnley was in a bathrobe while holding a glass of wine and standing before the window.

Bitterness surged in her heart.

Linda couldn't help falling for Finnley and failed to control it. She didn't know what to do.

Chapter 663 Happy Moment

Linda was a misfit for places like Royal Nightclub. However, she also had the same feeling at Finnley's apartment.

She was from an ordinary family and struggled hard to leave the underclass. However, people around her were either from affluent families or well-educated.

She always felt self-contemptuous.

Although Jennifer was considerate and often chitchatted with her, Linda knew they were completely different.

Half an hour later.

Ivan, Jennifer, and Linda bid Finnley farewell and went downstairs.

"Sit in, Linda." Jennifer opened the rear door. She was as easygoing as a girl next door.

After Linda sat in, Jennifer also got into the car.

If she let Linda sit in the backseat alone, the latter would feel awkward.

Ivan started the engine and asked Linda for her home address.

“Thank you for giving me a ride. I hope it’s not too troublesome,” Linda said in a trembling tone as she was too nervous.

“It’s nothing,” Ivan gently answered in a mellow tone, holding the steering wheel. “We’re heading in the same direction.” He seldom spoke so much to her.

His words sent warmth to her chest, and she felt appreciated.

“Linda, how’s your mother doing?” Jennifer looked at her and asked with concern.

Linda answered, “She’s getting much better. Thank you, Ms. Brooks.” Then she added apologetically,

“I’ll pay back the money ASAP.”

Jennifer didn’t keep the money in mind at all.

“I didn’t mean it...” Jennifer felt awkward and explained with a smile, “I didn’t mean the money. I just suddenly thought about your mother.”

“I know, Ms. Brooks.” Linda added, “You didn’t ask, but I always remembered it.”

“No need to rush.” Jennifer shook her head as she knew how much Linda earned a month. “It doesn’t matter if you don’t return it. I was afraid you wouldn’t accept my kindness back then. So, you can return whenever you want. It’s not urgent. Really.”

Her words made Linda so touched that she couldn’t utter a reply.

She thought Ms. Brooks was indeed kind-hearted, lowkey, and down-to-earth.”

Soon, Ivan dropped Linda off in front of her rented apartment. When she got off, Jennifer said, “See you tomorrow, Linda.”

“See you. Good night, Ms. Brooks. Good night, Mr. Marsh.” She waved them goodbye.

“Good night.”

After watching the Lamborghini vanish in sight, she went into the building.

Ivan and Jennifer returned to Kelsington Bay.

“Is Mommy back?” Alfie trotted downstairs, looking at Pippa in excitement. “Is it for real? Will she come here later?”

“You’ll see her pretty soon.” Pippa was also joyful.

Suddenly, they saw a car light in the yard, and the twins looked over. When the car was parked, they recognized it.

“It’s Daddy’s car.”

“Yeah!”

The children trotted out of the living room, and Pippa hurriedly followed them. “Watch out! Slow down!

You’ll fall.”

Ivan and Jennifer got down from the car.

“Daddy! Mommy!”

Diana threw herself into Ivan’s arms, and Jennifer bent over to lift Alfie.

“Did you put on much weight, son?” Jennifer almost failed to hold him up. He was indeed heavier.

Pippa bowed at them with a bright smile. “Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. Marsh. Master Alfie has put on almost 6 pounds, and Little Miss has put on 2 pounds.”

The children’s faces had become rounder, looking more adorable.

“I can tell you like the food in Grandma’s house.” Jennifer was indeed happy as Aubree seemed to have changed completely.

“I like the meatballs,” Alfie said, “Also the baked salmon. The chef is good at cooking it. It’s as delicious as the one made by Mommy.”

Ivan held Diana in his arms, his hand holding her butt. The little girl wrapped her arms around his neck.

They were talking excitedly.

Diana pecked Ivan’s cheek and said sweetly, “I love you, Daddy.”

“I love you, too, Diana.” Ivan felt his heart melting, immersing in the happiness.

“Daddy, who is the one you love the most?” Diana suddenly asked a tricky question. “Do you love Alfie, Mommy, or me the most?”

Chapter 664 Catherine Was Wrong

“I love you all.” Ivan carried her into the living room. The bright light pained them with a halo.

“You must choose one. Daddy, who’s your favorite?” Diana blinked at him expectantly.

“Diana is my favorite.” Ivan pecked her cheek.

“Yeah! I’m Daddy’s favorite!”

Their laughter spread from the living room.

Aubree walked out of the bathroom. Seeing Ivan and Jennifer, she was overjoyed. “Pippa, can you

please clean the bedroom for Ivan and Jennifer?”

Then she said to the couple, “Stay here overnight, will you?”

“Daddy, Mommy, please stay here tonight.”

“OK, OK, OK,” Ivan and Jennifer answered in unison, “We will.” It was rare that everyone was so

happy.

Alfie hopped off Jennifer, held her hand, and yelled excitedly, “Mommy, let me show you the

amusement park. Grandma made it for us. It’s in the backyard.”

“Daddy, let’s go with them.”

The twins dragged their parents toward the back. Jennifer looked back, “Mom, we’ll come back later.”

“All right. All right.” Aubree ordered the servants, “Prepare some snacks and make coffee. Don’t just

stand there motionlessly.”

“Yes, Madam Aubree.” The servants were too excited to get back to work.

Ivan and Jennifer followed their children out of the living room. Then they trotted along the lane to the

backyard.

“Hurry! Hurry! We’re almost there.”

Looking at the huge amusement park and the facilities, Jennifer was shocked and couldn't help wondering how much Aubree had spent on them.

The most critical was Aubree's love for her grandchildren.

"It's a gift from Grandma for us."

"She built it for us particularly. It's so fun inside."

"Mommy, I want to stay in Grandma's house forever. Grandma is so nice to us."

"Mommy, Grandma loves us a lot."

The twins echoed each other. Their words softened Jennifer's heart and made her feel touched. She could tell everything was going toward a bright future.

Under the moonlight, the family of four held each other's hands with happy smiles.

Ivan and Jennifer stayed at Aubree's.

Kelsington Bay was full of happiness and harmony.

They had snacks and coffee. Ivan and Jennifer played chess and chatted with Aubree. Like usual,

Aubree told the kids bedtime stories.

Aubree was delighted and stopped feeling guilty for what she had done before.

She had decided to let the bygones be bygones and only wished her family members to be happy.

The following morning.

In Roxy Fall, Catherine paid the cabin owner some money to obtain all the room keys.

Then she swiped into all the cabins that hadn't been let out, trying to look for the clues left by Jennifer and her design team.

Unfortunately, she found the cabins were clean, wondering if she was too late.

She didn't even find a draft paper.

When she left, she found cameras and felt hopeful. However, when she checked with the owner, he told her the cameras were switched off after Jennifer and her team had checked in.

'She's indeed alert.' A cold light flashed through Catherine's eyes.

She failed to find anything. Sitting in a pavilion in the yard, she couldn't help but recall the nightmare the previous night.

Leslie was drunk and blanketed her on the bed forcibly. He tore her clothes off. Although she cried out hoarsely, it didn't help.

It wasn't the first time Catherine had such a nightmare. In fact, she was bothered almost every night,

which drove her nuts.

She always had a lingering fear whenever she recalled the details of the nightmare.

Catherine wondered if Leslie would be that evil to harass her.

She told herself to be alert to the scumbag. After finishing the True Love series, she would resign from

the R-Alan Group.

The homestay guesthouse.

All the designers from the R-Alan Group hadn't been inspired, just the same as they were in the office.

Without any ideas, they only focused on drawing to complete the tasks.

Catherine was also off as she had been bugged by the nightmare recently.

An apartment downtown.

Mya and Finnley were having breakfast at the dining table. They didn't have the noodle bowl, so

Finnley bought some cooked food for her.

"Aren't you returning to work today?" Mya sipped the soybean milk and glanced at him. "You can go to

work now. I'm OK to stay home alone."

Chapter 665 Finnley Was Jealous Again

"No, I won't," Finnley answered gently, "I can work from home."

"Ivan will complain." Mya frowned worriedly. "Please! Go to your company. Or they'll make wild guesses."

"About what?" Finnley didn't care.

Mya blurted out, "They'll guess about our relationship."

Finnley raised his head, and they locked eyes.

Mya added, "It's suspicious for them as I'm staying in your apartment. If you didn't go to work for a few days because of me, what would they think?"

"I didn't go to work, but it wasn't because of you," Finnley answered indifferently. "I'm taking my annual leaves. Even if you didn't stay in my apartment, I would be on vacation."

Mya was startled, awkwardly wondering if she had flattered herself.

"All right." She lowered her head to continue with the food. "That's better."

Finnley didn't speak, either, looking calm.

Mya was relieved. A while later, she chirped, "Finnley, you are not young. Don't you plan to find a

girlfriend?"

Finnley glanced at her in silence.

"How do you like Linda?" she asked with a smile, "You've worked together for a long time. Do you have a crush on her?"

"I work with many coworkers. Shall I have crushes on all of them?" Finnley looked at her solemnly.

"Why don't you have a boyfriend?"

"How did you know I didn't?" Mya retorted without hesitation, smiling mysteriously.

Finnley almost stopped breathing. Staring up at her, he asked, "Do you have a boyfriend? Who is he?"

"Spencer Lawrence," Mya answered loudly with a bright smile. "I love the feeling that he presents to others."

"Are you dating?" Finnley was confused.

"We don't need to," Mya chuckled. "Many of his female fans call him Honey but cannot meet him in person. Love can only matter to one party sometimes. I don't expect Spencer to love me back."

Her words relieved Finnley.

However, he was annoyed after learning Mya had a crush on Spencer.

“Do you know Spencer’s fans are almost two times more than Georgia Clarke’s?”

“Spencer looks super handsome in black outfits.”

“I like it the most when he doesn’t speak. It seems he’s also suitable to play a brutal role. Unfortunately, he stopped acting. Alas...”

While munching the food, Mya kept talking about Spencer. Finnley scowled at her. “Eat quickly. I’ll change the dressing for you.”

“OK.”

The Marsh Group.

The design and production of the True Love series were going on as planned.

The design team had almost finished their tasks. Jennifer also gained respect from those employees.

People in the Marsh Group knew the designers in the design department were pretty challenging. Most of them were famous, proud designers with the qualifications and competence to act arrogantly.

However, Jennifer had won their respect.

Hence, it changed how the company’s senior executives judged Jennifer. They could tell she had

advantages and recognized her more.

The origination and casting departments held a two-hour meeting in the morning, organized by Ivan and Jennifer in person. Every attendee listened carefully and shared their opinions.

Those two departments' work would be the most critical in the following days.

Meanwhile, the moulding and the stone setting departments were preparing for the next steps.

The polishing, the electroplating, and the quality testing departments were also ready.

Besides, all the employees had signed confidential agreements for the True Love series.

If they continued with their current progress and worked overtime. In less than 15 days, the best jewelry set of four pieces would launch in the market soon.

The end of the day.

Linda left her office. She walked toward the bus stop as usual. Shortly after, a bus arrived, and its front door was opened.

Linda got on and swiped the bus pass. Catherine silently followed her.

Chapter 666 Catherine's Plan.

Linda didn't notice Catherine all the way. Sitting on a window seat, she peered out of the window.

Gradually, she thought about Finnley and Mya in his bed.

She was jealous and upset.

When the bus arrived at her destination, Linda returned to her senses and got off the bus. Catherine followed her.

Under the beautiful sunset glory, Linda walked toward her rented apartment without looking back.

She was exhausted. Since Finnley was on vacation, she had to deal with more tasks. She went upstairs and downstairs more than 20 times and took the minutes for several meetings.

Her apartment was far away from downtown. Her shadow was elongated on the ground by the sunlight.

Finally, Linda noticed a shadow behind her. She stopped mid-step, and so did that shadow.

'Am I stalked?'

Her heart tightened. Linda inwardly told herself not to fear as it was still the daytime.

She plucked up her courage and turned around. Then she met Catherine's calm gaze.

Linda was taken aback as Catherine was supposed to be in Roxy Fall.

If it were before, she would greet Catherine dearly. However, for some reason, she got a lump in her throat.

They looked at each other in silence.

“Hi, Linda,” Catherine walked up and greeted her apologetically to break the ice.

Linda calmed down, looking less awkward. However, she didn’t know what to speak.

“Linda, I don’t want to lose a friend like you. I returned from Roxy Fall to see you,” Catherine explained,

“My design team is still there. I came to you deliberately. In fact, I haven’t slept well for a few days.”

Her words made Linda feel guilty.

Five minutes later.

They found a coffee shop nearby. It was shabby but quiet.

Catherine and Linda sat face-to-face at the table. They ordered two tiramisu and two cups of latte, all

paid for by Catherine immediately.

“Linda, I’m sure you must have something in your mind.” Catherine knew her well. “I also knew you’d

changed your impression of me.”

“Catherine,” Linda interrupted gently, “You represent the R-Alan Group. We shouldn’t have met.”

Catherine looked into her eyes and was startled. “Sometimes I feel you’ve overthought. You are

bothering yourself.”

Linda didn't answer.

Then Catherine continued sincerely, trying to convince her, “Linda, do you know how sad I felt when you wired the money back to me?”

“Did you want to break off our friendship?”

“Do you know how worried I was when I heard your mother was sick? I put away my work and contacted the experts. Then I went to your hometown to get everything arranged and accompanied you to the hospital while your mother was operated on. Why did I do those things? I thought you were my real friends.”

Linda picked up her coffee mug. Suddenly, she felt upset, tears welling up in her eyes.

“We are closer than you and Jennifer Brooks,” Catherine reminded her gently, “After you graduated from college, you worked for me. Remember the day when you went to the Marsh Group for a job interview? You lost the temporary badge and were stopped by the security guards.”

Linda recalled what had happened that day, feeling touched.

She had to admit Catherine was the first person who helped her immensely in her career life.

If she hadn't met Catherine, she would never have worked for the Marsh Group.

Catherine didn't want Linda to thank her but reminded her, "Linda, can you guarantee to work for the Marsh Group all your life? Do you think you'll be a friend of Ivan Marsh and Jennifer Brooks?"

Linda couldn't answer her questions.

Catherine picked up her coffee mug and continued gently, "Only I will treat you as my friend forever."

Chapter 667 Life Only Bullies the Poor

Catherine's words made Linda feel sorry for her.

Linda thought she had gone too far and started to have a self-reflection.

That was Catherine's strategy. After all, she was more than 15 years older than Linda and had

experienced ups and downs. She had hit Linda's raw nerves.

"How's it going between you and Finnley Russell?" Catherine changed the topic. Her tone was soft and

caring, making her sound like a true friend. "You cannot share this matter with other friends, so you

have to burden all the feelings, don't you?"

As she expected, when she mentioned Finnley, Linda thought about Mya. A disappointed look

appeared on Linda's face, and a sharp pang raised in her heart.

Catherine sipped the latte and sighed helplessly, "Life only bullies the poor, and so does love."

Linda lowered her head humbly.

"Keep this." Catherine suddenly passed a bank card to her. "There are 400 thousand dollars in the card. All yours."

Linda widened her eyes while staring at her in disbelief. "What do you mean, Catherine?" She had never seen so much money before.

"Nothing special. Spend the money to dress yourself up, learn Yoga, work out, and study foreign languages. You need to polish yourself. Buy high-end clothes and high heels. Get your hair done. Make yourself glorious." A smile touched Catherine's lips. "You should make Finnley Russell pay attention to you, appreciate your charm, and like you."

Linda was shocked, but accepting the card was against her principles. "I cannot accept it."

"Then you'll be destined to be a humble girl all your life." Catherine went straight to the point. "Upon your current salary, you have to return 40,000 dollars to Jennifer Brooks. If not mistaken, I guess you also have borrowed another 10,000 dollars. You need to save money for two years to pay all the debt, don't you?"

She seemed to read Linda's mind thoroughly.

Catherine changed her tone to brainwash her. "Linda, the youth comes and goes quickly. Although the money in this car sounds like a huge figure to you, it's just a drop in the bucket for me."

She sipped the latte and continued, "I can spend it on charity. Let alone you are my friend."

"Linda, I only wish you could lead a better life. Get yourself a famous watch. It'll increase your

temperament," Catherine said, "In the future, stop wearing the sneakers that only cost ten bucks. Buy

some high heels. Each outfit or pair of shoes should at least cost 1,000 bucks. The quality is

completely different than the cheap ones."

"People always say never judge a book by its cover, but I disagree." Catherine chuckled and sipped the

latte. "Men are visual animals. They look upon the first impression of the women. It takes time for them

to notice the women's inner worlds."

Her words utterly fluctuated Linda's calm mind.

"You can register for some classes or study at home to increase your knowledge," Catherine added,

"But you need to change your appearance first to impress Finnley Russell."

However, Linda wanted to give up. "Mya has moved into his apartment." It seemed to be the biggest obstacle for her.

"Haven't you seen several couples break up after living together for years?" Catherine crossed her legs elegantly and leaned against the back of her chair. She mocked, "It happens, doesn't it?"

Linda looked up at her.

They locked eyes. Catherine curled her lips. "They are together, but so what? They can fight and break up in the future. Besides, their characters don't match. Even if they got married, they would break up soon."

Chapter 668 Affection

Linda cast down her eyes. Catherine's words brought her a lot of hope.

After all, only a few could stick to their principles in such a material society.

"Linda, we only live once. If you cannot be with the man you love, it'll be your lifetime regret," Catherine

continued, "I've suffered from the regret already, but I don't hope you'll experience the same. It's severe

pain. I said those things to you because you were an important friend to me."

Linda's mind was jumbled. Holding her coffee mug, she kept silent.

Catherine pushed the car to her and whispered, "Keep it. Money can buy love."

Before Linda reacted, she stood up and said, "Listen, Linda. I still want to get even with Mya Saunders.

I'll help you and try my best to stop her from marrying Finnley Russell."

"Catherine..."

"Mya Saunders is different from Jennifer Brooks," she interrupted Linda. "She doesn't have kids with

Finnley Russell. You have a high success rate."

Before leaving, Catherine darted at the bank card again.

Linda watched her vanish at the door.

Then she looked down gradually, staring at the bank car.

After sitting alone for ten minutes, she stood up, picked up the card, and left the coffee shop like a puppet.

Everyone envied the wealthy life.

For the money, many girls found sugar daddies who were even older than their birth fathers, selling their bodies and souls.

Many girls from small places got lost in the prosperous metropolitan.

Linda walked out absentmindedly. If she accepted the card, she needed to follow Catherine's orders.

Either she would sell her body or her soul.

Linda returned to her apartment. Lying on the bed and staring at the ceiling, she felt confused about her future while struggling and hesitating.

When Catherine arrived at her apartment, she got off the car and was about to enter. She noticed a familiar vehicle nearby.

Shortly after, Leslie left the building with a young woman squeezed to his side. They clung to each other, and the scene sickened Catherine.

That woman reminded her of a snake.

Catherine looked calm but felt helpless. The R-Alan Group aimed to produce the True Love series to defeat the Marsh Group. The project would be ruined if the paparazzi shot photos of Leslie's messy private life.

Leslie and his girlfriend sat in the car. Then the vehicle bypassed Catherine.

Leslie didn't see her.

Catherine returned home unhappily. She was in a dilemma, wondering if she had made the wrong choice for the first time.

A man like Leslie wasn't a good business partner.

Evening.

Skyhigh Apartment Complex.

When the door was open, Finnley entered with peeled durian.

"Thank you so much."

Mya reached out to him happily while sitting on the couch.

She suddenly drooled for the durian and nagged about it. However, Finnley took her words seriously, put on his clothes, and bought some from the supermarket downstairs.

"You are welcome. Go to bed after eating it." Finnley passed the shopping bag to her. "I called Dr.

Watson. He confirmed you could eat it. No worries."

He was indeed considerate.

Mya looked at him, her eyes shiny. "Thank you so much." She was indeed touched.

Finnley sat next to her and opened a book on the couch randomly. He read several pages before going

to bed every night.

“Want a piece?” Mya asked softly and pressed a small piece to his lips. Their shoulders clung to each other, and they were indeed close.

Finnley refused calmly, “No, thanks. I don’t like its smell.”

‘He doesn’t like this smell?’

Mya was confused.

The smell had spread all over the apartment.

The next second, Finnley failed to tolerate it anymore. He put down the book and trotted toward the bathroom quickly. From the opened door, Mya saw him vomit into the toilet.

Chapter 669 Cover Me

Sniffing the strong durian smell in the room, Mya blinked while watching him.

‘Does Finnley dislike this smell?’

Mya immediately stood up, closed the box, and tied the bag. Then she trotted into the bedroom.

Shortly after, she rushed out to turn on the ventilation system in the living room.

“Are you all right?” She trotted to the bathroom door. Seeing him washing his hands, she could tell he

had overcome it. She felt sorry.

“I’m OK.” When Finnley left the bathroom, he could tell the durian smell faded slightly. “Have you finished it all?”

“Nah. I put it in the bedroom.” She followed him. “Have you never tried it?”

Finnley didn’t answer. Raising his wrist, he checked the watch. “It’s getting late. Good night.”

Suddenly, his phone rang. Finnley picked it up and checked the caller ID. Instead of walking away, he swiped to answer in Mya’s presence. “Hello?”

“Mr. Russell, we’ve found all Leslie Eastwood’s wives and sent them to the villa. They are served friendly and paid with salary. They said they would follow our instructions when necessary.”

“Good job. Please keep an eye on them. Thanks.”

“By the way, Mr. Russell. We also found another matter,” the man on the other end of the line added in a low voice, “Before Ingrid passed away, the last person she called was Leslie Eastwood. They talked for five minutes. However, we still haven’t obtained their conversation yet. I obtained Ingrid’s phone from the police station, but it had been damaged by the water. It’s under repair now.”

“Keep the phone well,” Finnley reminded them, “Don’t repair it. I can extract the information. Send it to

my office at 8 A.M. tomorrow.”

“Yes, Mr. Russell.”

After ending the call, he found Mya had returned to the bedroom. While eating the durian, she watched a soap opera. Her wound had almost been recovered.

Suddenly, her phone rang. She picked it up and was taken aback. Then she swiped to answer, “Hello, Mom?”

“Where are you, Mya?” Shirley Powell asked in confusion. “I didn’t see you or the servants at home. There’s a layer of dust on all furniture.”

“Did you return home?” Mya was surprised. “Didn’t you tell me you would come back this weekend?”

“We wanted to surprise you.” Shirley sounded worried. “Where are you now? Why aren’t you home for so many days?”

“Calm down, please, Mom. I’m in my friend’s house.” Mya felt guilty.

“Which friend? Give me the location. Hurry!” Shirley was anxious and missed her indeed. She wondered how her daughter had spent the past few weeks.

Mya felt an intense migraine as she couldn't tell her mother she was staying with Finnley.

If so, her mother would misunderstand.

"Just a friend. Mom, it's so late now. I'll go home tomorrow. It's time to sleep. You should go to bed. See you." Then Mya ended the call.

Shirley called her phone again, but Mya hung it up directly and turned her phone off.

No longer in the mood to have the durian, Mya thought for a moment and dialed Jennifer's number.

"Hello, Jennie. Are you asleep?"

"Not yet."

"My mother returned to town earlier than planned. She didn't see me home, so she was mad," Mya explained in a low voice, "Can you cover me and tell her I'm staying in your house?"

"No problem," Jennifer agreed. "I'll call her to stop her from worrying."

"OK. Thank you, Jennie."

Saunders' Villa.

Shirley was anxious when her phone rang. "Honey, is this the landline number of Emerald Bay? Help me check it."

Her husband, Clarence Saunders, hurriedly checked the number. "Yes, it is."

Chapter 670 That Was the Reality

Shirley dared not to answer. "It's so late. Why is Mr. Marsh calling me?" Puzzled, she gingerly asked,

"He should have called you, right?"

Clarence prompted, "Hurry up and answer it. Something must have happened."

Shirley swiped to answer. Before speaking, she heard a mellow voice from the other end of the side,

"Hello, Mrs. Saunders. This is Ivan Marsh."

"Hello, Mr. Marsh. Yeah, I know it's you," Shirley replied attentively. "May I know what the matter is?"

"Your daughter has been staying in our house for the past few weeks," Ivan explained calmly, "She's an

intern in the Marsh Group as my wife's assistant. And she's also my wife's bestie. Do you know it?"

"Yes. Of course. Thank you for taking care of Mya."

"After work, she returned to our house. Anyway, our house in Emerald Bay is big."

Shirley looked at her husband and thanked Ivan.

After exchanging a few words, they hung up.

Therefore, the Saunders couple was relieved after knowing their daughter was safe and sound.

“Let’s go to bed,” Shirley said, “We shall check on Mya in Emerald Bay tomorrow morning and thank

Mr. and Mrs. Marsh in person.”

“Sure.”

The following morning.

Linda, who didn’t sleep well the previous night, walked out of her apartment while holding her handbag.

It took her five minutes to walk from home to the bus stop.

Not far, three girls happened to go to work.

Linda didn’t know them but had seen them many times. They seemed to stay in the building next to

hers.

“Hattie, don’t forget us after you get rich,” one of them said to another girl, holding her arm tightly.

“Don’t you need those things in our house? Aren’t you coming home tonight?”

“No, I’ll leave them to you,” the girl named Hattie answered softly. She dressed up differently than the

other two, looking more fashionable.

Linda recalled that she wasn’t like this before.

A Mercedes parked next to them. Hattie waved the other girls goodbye. “Bye, girls. I gotta go. My

boyfriend is here.”

“All right. Stay in touch.”

The other two girls bid her farewell without hugging. They didn’t look as if Hattie would never return.

Linda watched Hattie swing toward the Mercedes. A young man got off the car, opened the door of the passenger’s seat for her, and protectively helped her sit in.

After the man returned to the driver’s seat, the Mercedes roared away.

The two girls heaved a sigh, walking toward the bus stop. Linda followed them.

“Alas... We can’t be like Hattie.” One girl shook her head in disappointment. “She learned how to play at being cute to hit on men and registered the classes.”

“First, we need money for the class. I heard one lesson costs almost a hundred bucks.”

“She earned money after becoming the mistress of that divorced old man. Then she bought watches, dresses, and handbags to dress herself up to hit on young men. Many girls play such tricks nowadays.”

“She also had a breast implant. That was why this rich young man fell in love with her, right? She’s always confident about her current shape. After taking a shower, she can watch herself in the mirror for

a long time. Men always look upon those things.”

“Girls born into ordinary families should either accept their fate or find sugar daddies,” a girl concluded,

“If we depend on working hard, we’ll only marry an ordinary man and lead a common life.”

“Exactly. Having a baby, paying the loans, and buying formula milk and diapers sounds too stressful. If I

can find a rich husband, even a simple meal will cost over a thousand dollars. I can hire more than one

maid to take care of my child.”

“That needs luck.”

Linda got on the bus and sat on a window seat. She had to listen to those two girls on the way, mixed

feelings surging in her heart.