

SURPRISED 701

Chapter 701 Finnley's Fiancee

"OK. You can't lie to me." Shirley was relieved. "I want it today. Get your men to check him."

"No problem." Clarence put on his suit jacket, picked up his briefcase from the couch, and added, "I'm

going on an inspection today and will come home later than usual. Don't wait for me."

"Don't come home without Finnley Russell's profile," Shirley reminded him.

"OK, OK, OK. Got it, Mrs. Saunders." Clarence pulled his car open in the yard and smiled at her

attentively. "I must bring his profile home for you to sleep tight. No worries."

Shirley always trusted him.

The netizens were smart and competent enough to find the identities of the man and the woman in the

photos, exposing their names and positions online. Eloise learned everything.

"Let's go find him, Holly." Eloise burst into anger. "I must take him home to marry me."

In the yard, Holly noticed the mud on her high heels with diamonds. She hurriedly bent over and wiped

it off. "Wait a moment, Lady Eloise."

Eloise lowered her head, frowning.

Holly said gingerly, "Sorry, Lady Eloise. I didn't prepare a pair of backup shoes for you. Please make do

with these high heels for the time being.”

“Why didn’t you prepare them?” Eloise was picky and spoiled with high requirements, leading a luxurious life. “Why can you forget such an important matter?”

“I’m terribly sorry...” Holly panicked. “It’s just a little bit of mud. I’ve wiped it off. Let’s go find your fiancé.”

As she spoke, she pulled the door of the passenger’s seat open for Eloise.

Eloise glanced at her and sat in. Holly breathed a sigh of relief, feeling lucky they were going to find

Eloise’s fiancé. Otherwise, Eloise would blow up.

Usually, Holly prepared several dresses and shoes for Eloise when they went out.

Afternoon.

Mya, depressed for a whole day, went downstairs to wait for Finnley. She wore a yellow jacket and

carried a fashionable handbag, looking casual and eye-catching.

“Hey, Mya. Are you Mr. Russell’s girlfriend?” a coworker walked towards her and asked in excitement,

“When did you start seeing each other?”

Mya was playing with her phone, so she looked up at her. Before she answered, another female coworker walked to them and echoed, "Your photos are beautiful. You are indeed a perfect match.

Look. They are one of the Twitter trends today."

Another coworker joined them. "Our company doesn't forbid coworkers to fall in love. Why did you guys keep it so secret? We didn't know it until we saw the photos. Afraid we'll ask you for a treat?"

They echoed each other, so Mya couldn't speak at all. She could only pinch her phone and smile at them awkwardly.

A car was parked nearby the building entrance.

Eloise gazed at the young woman while sitting in the passenger's seat. After comparing her with the photos on her phone, she ordered, "Holly, help me confirm if that's her."

The mid-aged woman in the driver's seat looked over and answered, "Yes, it's her."

Eloise pushed the door open and was about to get off, but Holly gripped her arm. "Wait a minute, Lady Eloise."

Eloise looked at her. Holly added, "Let's see how far their relationship has progressed. I wonder if they stay together and where they stay."

Eloise calmed down as her words made sense, so she decided to tolerate them longer.

Around 10 minutes later, she asked expectantly, "Why hasn't Finnley come out yet?"

"Probably, they are not in love. After all, he hasn't canceled our engagement yet," she consoled herself.

"Lady Eloise, you must ensure whether you are here to ask Mr. Russell for an explanation or break up with him," Holly reminded her rationally. "After all, you two have never been together. If you take the initiatives to call off your engagement, there will be no harm to your dignity."

"Why would I break up with him? I've been looking for him for more than a half year." Arching an eyebrow, Eloise blurted out, "We've engaged. I'm here to urge him to marry me."

Chapter 702 They Lived Together

Holly didn't reply as she understood how Eloise felt.

She knew how much Eloise was obsessed with Finnley. Eloise had been looking for him for the past six months.

Shortly after, Finnley went downstairs and left the elevator.

When he peeked into the vice president's office earlier, he didn't see Mya and felt disappointed. She had agreed to go to his apartment to fetch her belongings.

Finnley wondered if she was scared by his confession in the elevator, regretting being reckless.

He also thought she dodged him for today's news and changed her mind. However, when he strode toward the building entrance, surprisingly, she stood there.

"Mya," Finnley called her softly.

Mya shifted her gaze from her phone and looked up. "Done your work?"

Finnley felt less disappointed. "Right. Are you waiting for me?"

"Sort of," Mya felt slightly awkward.

"Will you go fetch your belongings in my apartment?"

"Of course, if it's OK for you."

"No problem."

She added, "I also left my phone charger in your apartment."

Not far from them, Eloise watched Finnley chat with that girl through the car window and fidgeted uncomfortably. Blood boiled in her veins, and the air around her was full of jealousy.

Finnley and Mya walked toward the Maybach in the parking lot. He also pulled the door open for her.

Then he gentlemanly let her sit in before closing the door.

Watching them, Eloise felt they were highly intimate, which was a pain in her eyes.

“Lady Eloise...” Holly looked at her, feeling sorry. “Please calm down... Probably there’s a misunderstanding.”

The Maybach pulled away.

“Follow them,” Eloise ordered gently.

She looked graced, but her fingers clenched, her heart full of uneasiness.

“OK.”

Holly started the engine and followed the Maybach, heading for Skyhigh Apartment Complex.

Earlier, Finnley half-jokingly confessed his love to Mya in the elevator. Therefore, the air in the car was filled with embarrassment.

Finnley wanted to ask her about her answer but was worried that she was still considering.

If she hadn’t answered, it meant she would accept him. Therefore, he had a ray of hope.

While holding the steering wheel with a hand, Finnley turned on the CD player in his car.

A love song was played, and the female singer’s voice ached with sorrow.

The lyrics and melody made Mya feel more awkward, so she had to peer out the window.

However, things that had happened between them in the past few weeks flashed through her mind.

She was lost in thought.

In the car stalking them, Eloise gazed at the Maybach's car plate without blinking, remembering it wholeheartedly.

Her chestnut curly hair hung over her shoulders. She wore a luxurious, tailored dress from an internationally famous brand. Her necklace had a simple design but cost over several hundred thousand dollars.

Eloise was the only daughter of the Calder family in Jacksonville. She was born into a wealthy family and had been spoiled since childhood.

Finnley ran away from home to object to their marriage, but Eloise was too obsessed with him and didn't stop looking for him.

If her uncle hadn't won a prize in the photography contest and she hadn't seen those photos, Eloise would never have expected Finnley to be in Arkpool City.

"Lady Eloise, they'll go into the apartment complex. According to the navigator, it's called Skyhigh

Apartment Complex.” Holly slowed down the car. “It’s a high-end apartment complex, so we’ll probably be stopped by the security guards. What shall we do?”

Eloise realized something, though. “Do they stay together? How could it be possible?”

They watched the white Maybach pass through the entrance, but their car was stopped.

Eloise immediately told a security guard, “That’s Finnley Russell’s car. I’m his girlfriend. My mother and I came to visit him. Please let us pass. We’re together.”

The security guards knew Finnley.

Seeing her in a high-end dress and looking well-educated, they believed her and let them pass.

“Thank you,” Eloise said with a smile and sat back in the car. “Hurry! Follow them.”

Holly stepped on the gas and followed the Maybach.

Chapter 703 They Finally Met

“Hurry! To the basement parking lot.” Eloise was afraid they would get lost. Her mind was jumbled. She wondered what to do after meeting Finnley.

Things happened too fast for her to get prepared mentally.

Holly was a skillful driver. They didn’t lose the target. When the Maybach stopped, she stepped on the

brake.

The two front doors of the Maybach were opened. Eloise and Holly watched Finnley and that young woman get down from the car.

Then Finnley walked to the young woman, heading toward the elevator shoulder-by-shoulder.

They both looked familiar with the surroundings, so Eloise didn't think they were there for the first time.

"Holly, Finnley has never met you before. Follow him," Eloise ordered calmly, "Find which floor they stay on. Don't alert him."

"Yes, Lady Eloise."

Holly hurriedly got off. Although she was almost 50, she quickly trotted to follow them.

Sitting in the passenger's seat, Eloise gazed at their receding figures coldly. "Damn it!" She seethed with rage as Finnley refused to go home and hide from her.

Finnley's family had lost touch with him for a while, and even Gloria Bailey didn't have any clue where he was.

"How cold-hearted!" Eloise muttered. She unbuckled the seat belt and got down of her car.

While striding forward in her high heels, she looked proud and self-confident.

When the elevator doors slid open, Finnley and Mya entered, and so did Holly.

Finnley pressed 28, and Holly pressed 2.

On the second floor, the doors slid open, so Holly walked out.

After the elevator was closed, she pressed the button to go back down to the first floor and messaged

Eloise, "28th floor."

Checking on the message, Eloise walked towards an elevator.

Holly went downstairs, and Eloise entered when the doors slid open. She was too excited to speak.

"Lady Eloise," Holly reminded her gently, "We've found Mr. Russell, but he may not be willing to go

home with you."

"I may not make him go home, but someone will." Eloise clenched her fists. "I only want to tell that

woman she's the third wheel between us. She cannot be blessed or protected by the law."

"Lady Eloise, she's the mayor's daughter," Holly said, "I saw her information in the news."

Eloise snorted, "So what? Can a mayor's daughter steal another woman's fiance aboveboard?"

Besides, this is Arkpool City. I don't care."

“Mr. Russell is with her. How will you tell her about it? I’m afraid Mr. Russell won’t take your side if you are in a fight.”

Eloise thought for a moment and replied, “He can’t stop me talking, can he? I’ll stay in his apartment and on his bed. What can he do to me?”

“Lady Eloise...” Holly was worried about her.

“Stop convincing me!” Eloise boiled with anger. “I’ve been looking for him for six months. Finally, we found him. They made me suffer, and I won’t let them be happy.”

The elevator stopped on the 28th floor. They walked out of the elevator.

There were two apartments on the same floor. Eloise studied carefully.

“Finnley should be staying here,” she concluded, “He leads a high-end life. I’m sure he’s using the fingerprint lock.”

She didn’t see the fingerprint lock on the other door.

Holly nodded and pressed the doorbell on Finnley’s door.

Shortly after, the door was open. Seeing Eloise, Finnley was too surprised to react.

“Long time no see, my fiance.” Eloise pushed the door open with a smile.

Finnley subconsciously pressed the door back, unwilling to let her enter.

Eloise frowned and ordered, "Help me, Holly!"

"Yes, Lady Eloise." Holly used her body to push the door open.

Finnley held the door with a hand but didn't forcibly stop them. Since they had found him in his apartment, he had to face something sooner or later.

Therefore, he withdrew his hand. The door was widely opened. Eloise and Holly tripped over, almost falling to the ground. Holly reacted quickly to help Eloise keep her balance.

"You..." Eloise was angry, glaring at Finnley.

Right then, Mya heard their voices and walked out of the master bedroom. Seeing the scene, she noticed the young, pretty woman.

"Do you have guests, Finnley?" Mya asked. Waving her hand, she smiled at them. "Hi there."

Chapter 704 Who Was the Unexpected?

Eloise was riled up. Repressing the anger surging in her eyes, she took Finnley's arm with a bright smile. "Who's the guest here?"

Her intimate posture stiffened Mya's smile. Consternation shone brightly in her eyes.

Eloise added while smiling sweetly, "Finnley, I'm your fiancée. Why don't you introduce your friend to me? I've tried on the wedding dress. Mrs. Russell wanted you to go home to try on your suit. Will this Saturday work for you?"

'Finnley's fiancée?'

Surprise flashed through Mya's pretty eyes.

'He has a fiancée?'

In her eyes, Eloise was young, pretty, and tall, dressing up like a princess.

Finnley was still shocked about Eloise's sudden appearance. Before he tore her hands off, Eloise let go of him herself. She was good at studying the environment to avoid embarrassing herself.

Then she walked toward Mya and greeted her coquettishly, "Hi, I'm Eloise Calder, Finnley's fiancée."

She gracefully reached out to Mya.

In Mya's eyes, this young woman looked like a hostess of the house. "Hi..." Mya shook hands with her, still shocked.

While Eloise squeezed her hands to give her a warning, Mya frowned. Finnley strode to them and pinched Eloise's shoulders to separate them.

Standing next to Mya, he snapped, "Go talk to the person who decided this marriage. Miss Calder, you should know I've never admitted it."

Eloise knew he would say so.

She stood upright, looking at him patiently with the sweetest and most confident smile. "I don't care.

We're engaged."

Finnley looked steely.

Eloise's gentle gaze fell on Mya. She asked gently, "Do you have your own home?"

'Ehn? What does she mean?'

"Miss, no matter what your relationship with my fiance is," Eloise added, "Can you go back to your own home now?"

Her words sent Mya into embarrassment. She didn't mean to stay in Finnley's apartment forever.

"We'll have a long night to discuss our marriage this evening," Eloise declared triumphantly, showing

Mya how generous she was.

Finnley squeezed Mya to his side and said tenderly, "Go get your belongings."

Mya returned to her senses. "OK." She walked toward the bedroom awkwardly. Finnley withdrew his hand.

Eloise was happy with his decision, thinking she had won this battle. She said, "Since I've found you, you cannot escape. I'm glad you've compromised. I'll forgive you for what has happened in the past."

Finnley didn't answer. With his hands stuffed in the pockets of his trousers, he watched Mya's back in the bedroom.

Following his gaze, Eloise kept smiling, but she felt frustrated. Noticing Mya was packing her clothes, she wondered if Mya stayed there.

'Mya Saunders! You are even so familiar with Finnley's bedroom.'

Soon, Mya walked out with a luggage bag that contained her belongings. Eloise saw a delicate piece from afar and could tell it was a nightgown.

'She stays here for real.'

The thought gave Eloise's blow, but she must tolerate it and kick Mya away from Finnley's apartment.

However, when Eloise and Holly were ready to watch Mya leave, Finnley propped his hand on Mya's shoulders. "Let's go." Then they walked towards the door.

“Wait!” Eloise realized he was also leaving, standing in their way. “Where are you going?”

Finnley pushed her away without answering. “You have no right to ask.” He walked out the door with

Mya by his side.

Eloise wanted to follow them, but Holly gripped her arm and stopped her rationally, “Lady Eloise.”

Chapter 705 Evidence of Sharing the Bed

Eloise stopped mid-step. Soon, Finnley and Mya vanished from her sight.

“Lady Eloise, hard tactics won’t work,” Holly reminded her.

However, Eloise was a proud woman. She was too enraged to calm down.

In the elevator, watching the number decrease, Mya finally returned to her senses and looked at

Finnley. “Why did you come out with me?”

In a panic, she pushed him. “I can hail a taxi to go home. Why don’t you go home to accompany her?”

“I’ll give you a ride.” Finnley looked into her eyes calmly and squeezed her to his side. “I don’t love her.

My parents decided our marriage.”

“You don’t need to explain...” Mya was enveloped by the embarrassment.

Finnley didn’t reply. While holding the luggage bag, Mya didn’t remove his hand from her shoulder.

In the apartment, Eloise was seething, anger bristling from her in waves. She kicked the door shut violently.

“Lady Eloise,” Holly frowned and reminded her, “Calm down. Mr. Russell didn’t kick us out. It means he’s still communicating with you. He’s sending that woman away. It’s difficult for her to hail a cab in this district.”

Her words made sense, so Eloise calmed down slightly.

“Keep calm and grace, Lady Eloise. Anger is harmful to your health.”

Eloise suffered from asthma.

The self-confident smile faded off her face. Her stubborn eyes were full of tears. “Holly... They stay together.”

Holly couldn’t find a word to make her feel better.

Eloise muttered, with a ray of hope, “Do you think they’re just ordinary friends?”

What had happened was evident, but she was unwilling to accept the fact.

Holly didn’t have the heart to repeat the cruel truth. However, her silence made Eloise suffer more.

“Ha...”

A while later, Holly consoled her, "Lady Eloise, Mr. Russell didn't kick us out. We still can talk to him."

However, Eloise's hunch told her he wouldn't return home tonight.

Holly was more optimistic. "Lady Eloise, it's better than being kicked out. You've been looking for him for the past six months. Why don't you take the chance to see his apartment?"

Eloise gradually returned to her senses, feeling less depressed.

She started to look for Finnley's traces in his apartment, trying to know him more.

After entering his bedroom, where another girl used to stay, Eloise opened his closet and saw a woman's lingerie with lace. It raised a pain in her eyes and a sharp pang in her heart.

"Lady Eloise..."

Holly hurriedly took the lingerie off. "I'll toss it away. You won't see it anymore." Then she turned away.

Eloise flinched without rechecking the closet.

Then she looked around the bedroom with a simple but luxurious design. Standing next to the bed,

Eloise dared not imagine the scene where her fiancée made love to another woman on it.

However, she gently lifted the quilt and caught sight of a piece of long hair. She felt heartbroken again.

“They sleep together...”

She couldn't keep her graceful smile anymore. Her hope vanished. She flinched. Holly rushed in to

keep her balance. “Watch out, Lady Eloise!”

“Her hair...” Eloise pointed at the bedsheet, her eyes full of shock and disbelief. “I saw her hair on the

bed... Holly, they share the bed.”

Holly helped her out of the bedroom and let her sit on the couch in the living room.

Eloise couldn't help but wrapped her arms around her waist and burst into tears.

Meanwhile, the Marsh Group.

Jennifer left the jewelry production studio, took an elevator to go upstairs, and entered the vice

president's office.

“Good evening, Ms. Brooks,” Linda greeted her, still working overtime.

“Evening.” Jennifer walked towards her desk and asked, “Working overtime?”

Chapter 706 Meeting a Client

“Will go home soon.” Linda looked up at her while typing with a smile.

Jennifer beamed at her. “Thanks for your hard work.”

“Sure.”

When Jennifer sat in her chair, Ivan entered the office.

Linda raised her head after hearing his footsteps. "Good evening, Mr. Marsh," she greeted him and stood up hurriedly.

Ivan nodded at her in response and sat on the desk, holding Jennifer's hands with concern. "Why so cold?"

"I'm alright. Just returned from the outside." Jennifer stared up at him. "It's chilly outside."

Ivan hurriedly took off his suit jacket and draped it on her shoulders. "Thank you for watching the project."

"I don't want to make any mistake," Jennifer replied, "This is my first project after I became the vice president. I must go it well."

Ivan could tell how stressed she was.

Leaning against her desk with a black shirt, he curled his fingers around hers and put the other hand on her shoulders. He stared at her affectionately.

"What's the matter? Anything else?"

"I don't know why but I cannot tear my gaze off you, Jennifer."

Linda felt envious while witnessing the couple, gazing at them in a daze.

"By the way, Mya and Finnley were on the news today," Jennifer suddenly said, "Seen those photos?"

"Ehn." Ivan nodded. "I've seen them."

"I didn't expect a photographer to capture those moments. Those photos are pleasant to the eyes"

Jennifer wore a bright smile. "They are a perfect match."

"Ehn. I can't agree more." Ivan tossed her hair to the back of her hair and whispered, "Done your work?"

I can give you a ride home."

Jennifer asked in confusion, "Give me a ride home? Where are you going afterward?"

"I need to meet a client at Royal Nightclub," Ivan answered, "A US company president came to town.

It'll take me two hours or so."

"Go ahead," Jennifer said gently, "You can't be late for the appointment. I can hail a taxi home."

"I'll ask Hank to ride you home."

Jennifer knew he was worried, so she nodded in agreement. "Sure. All up to you."

"OK."

Ivan dialed Hank's number and talked to him. Then he exchanged a few words with Jennifer.

Jennifer prompted him, "Hurry. Go! We can talk after you return home. Stop chitchatting here."

A smile played on Ivan's lips. He leaned forward, held the back of her head, and pecked her forehead

gently. "See you later, Jennie."

"Be careful when driving."

Ivan let go of her hand reluctantly and turned away.

That was the love Linda longed for--the husband was affluent and loved his wife.

That evening,

All the R-Alan Group's design department employees were excited as they would have a gathering at

Royal Nightclub tonight.

Royal Nightclub was a high-end place opening only to certain people. Since they could go there and

enjoy a night for free, it was a chance once in a blue moon.

They all squeezed into one elevator, their faces full of joy.

"Will we have food that we've never eaten before?"

“Should be. After all, it’s Royal Nightclub. I trust its reputation.”

“Will Collins join us?” One employee looked around. “I didn’t see her.”

“She returned home to get changed,” a coworker answered her. “Mr. Eastwood invited her. She’s our vice president. Of course, she’ll go as well. So will Mr. Eastwood. Let’s have fun tonight. It’s on the company.”

“Yeah! Wonderful!”

Chapter 707 I Look Forward to Your Good News

“By the way, do you think Mr. Eastwood has a crush on Ms. Collins?” one bandied about suddenly.

Others didn’t reply but looked aside.

The one who raised the topic looked embarrassed.

“Well, sometimes, you should know when to button your lip,” one coworker answered. “No matter if he has a crush on her, he wants to hit on her for sure.”

All of them knew their company president very well.

After sitting in the car, they set tongue wagging about their company president and vice president. They had left the company, so they wouldn’t be heard.

The sun was setting. The building in a high-end apartment complex was painted gold by the sunset

glory.

Catherine returned home, took a shower, and wore a beige dress. Instantly, she didn't look as tough as usual but more enchanting.

She deliberately dressed up in this way, wishing to encounter Ivan.

Her curly hair hung over her shoulders. She sat on the sofa and lit a cigarette, which was a gift from Leslie.

She took a drag and checked the cigarette box, exhaling. Since she enjoyed its smell, she wished to find the brand online.

With her legs crossed, she pulled out her phone and searched for it.

The cigarette price shocked her tremendously.

One pack cost almost 2,000 dollars. That was indeed expensive.

The next second, she calmed down and tossed the cigarette box away.

Suddenly, her phone rang. She checked the caller ID and saw Leslie was calling.

Catherine took another drag of the cigarette and swiped to answer. However, she didn't speak.

“Where are you?” Leslie asked, “Shall I pick you up?” His voice was full of patience. He wanted her to go to the gathering.

“No, thanks,” Catherine refused slightly.

Her answer confirmed to Leslie that she would join their gathering as she didn’t refuse.

He replied with concern, “Be careful when driving, then. The design team will arrive soon. Don’t be too late.”

Catherine didn’t respond but ended the call.

Leslie treated her well. He allowed her to be late and was generous to her.

After finishing the cigarette, Catherine put on light makeup, picked up her handbag, and left her apartment.

In fact, she didn’t want to join the gathering as those designers were idiots. She had to put in a lot of effort and spend money to let them finish the design drafts.

However, she was the company vice president, and the project was ongoing. She had to go.

Besides, she was willing to go there because she might encounter Ivan.

After all, Royal Nightclub was his territory.

She was correct. Ivan would be in Royal Nightclub that night.

After leaving the basement parking lot, Catherine held the steering wheel with one hand and dialed a number with the other. "Austin, how's it going with the matter I mentioned to you?"

"Hello, Catherine." Austin explained, "We'll make a move in recent two days. I found two brave friends, but they'll arrive in two days. I can guarantee they'll do a good job."

"The sooner, the better. Let her survive. I don't want to kill her," said Catherine. "After it's done, I'll wire you some money and help you leave Arkpool City."

"Thank you, Catherine." Austin promised her, "No matter where I'll be in the future, as long as you call me, I'll come back to town."

Catherine chuckled, "I look for good news from you, then. I know you'll never let me down." Then she hung up.

Chapter 708 Catherine Was Disdainful

After tossing her phone away, Catherine drove towards Royal Nightclub.

The club was in a high-rise, which shone brightly at night. The neon lights of Arkpool City lit up the night. Royal Nightclub was the highest-end place for the upper class in the city to spend a night out.

Men in the nightclub easily spent over 10,000 dollars on each bottle of liquor or wine. All patrons were either from influential or affluent families.

Therefore, those lame designers in the R-Alan Group entered the nightclub for Catherine's sake.

Leslie organized the gathering for Catherine, which was his intention tonight.

In the magnificent lobby of Royal Nightclub, the designers had arrived. Like ignorant peasants, they pulled out their phones to take photos. Some of them even took selfies or shot photos of each other.

The patrons coming back and forth watched them as if they were circus monkeys.

Catherine also saw that scene when she entered the lobby, feeling helplessly embarrassed.

She had to admit Leslie was generous as their gathering would cost at least 200 thousand dollars.

They had dinner and some entertainment activities tonight, which was beyond Catherine's expectations.

Among all the employees, Catherine looked extraordinary with aloofness and disdain. However, a polite smile never faded off her face.

After all, the True Love series was still ongoing. After the jewelry launched in the market, Catherine would need the designers to explain their design concepts to attract customers.

Leslie walked to meet the employees after arranging everything. He was easygoing, talking to all warmly. Whenever the employees wanted to take photos with him, he was cooperative and struck different poses.

Catherine watched them in silence. She missed Ivan, somehow.

Last time, when she went to Royal Nightclub, she was with Ivan.

All the designers enjoyed dinner immensely. Catherine only drank two glasses of champagne. She was impressed by those designers' excitement and thought tonight must be the few highlighted moments in their ordinary lives.

Sitting far away, Leslie secretly watched Catherine in the corner.

After dinner, they went to a big private box. Some sang karaoke, and some played games.

Catherine looked aloof and cold tonight, her eyes full of scorn.

Leslie sat next to her, holding a glass of wine. "What's eating you? You look unhappy."

Catherine glanced at her overjoyed subordinates and smiled. "If they were so energetic at work, your company would have become far better than the Marsh Group long ago."

Her words displeased Leslie. After all, he was the president of the R-Alan Group. Her words embarrassed him.

“They are too lousy to know what they really want,” Catherine added in disdain, “Once a person has no lift goals, his or her life will stop there. They are too satisfied with their current status.”

“What do you think their goals should be?” Leslie understood her implication. Frowning, he asked,

“Leaving the R-Alan Group?”

“No worries. They won’t leave your company.” Catherine chuckled as she was certain. “They had been working in a comfort zone for a long time. If they left, they wouldn’t get used to other environments and would be eliminated soon.”

Leslie didn’t blow up. He passed a glass of wine to her and said, “So, you want to leave here because you dislike our working environment?”

Catherine didn’t answer or take over the glass.

“Why? Shall we have a toast tonight?” Leslie sighed. In disappointment, he added, “We work together for a while. You haven’t left my company, anyway.”

“I drank two glasses of champagne during dinner,” Catherine answered aloofly, “I don’t want to drink

more alcohol.”

“How about a cup of vodka? It’s important from France. As for its price, I don’t think you’ll buy it.” Leslie

passed her a cup of liquor and said patiently, “Since you are here tonight, have a try. It won’t remind

you of your sad past, will it?”

Chapter 709 Linda’s Abnormality

Catherine was slightly taken aback. His words poke her raw nerves.

She darted at Leslie, who wore an attentive smile and expected her to take the cup over. If she did, his

effort to arrange the gathering wouldn’t be in vain.

Catherine liked vodka because of Ivan.

Staring at the liquor, she couldn’t help but recall the celestial-like man.

She breathed the air in the same city as him but seemed thousands of miles away from him.

“Take it,” Leslie repeated. “I can guarantee you’ll like it. It’ll not be wasted if a beauty takes it. I also trust

your taste in liquor.”

Catherine had high taste in everything as she was wealthy.

She took the cup over, a familiar sharp pang rising in her heart. Last time, she drank vodka with Ivan as

they celebrated signing a cooperation contract with a client.

It was rare as they were alone as Finnley left for something urgent.

The moonlight was beautiful, and the wind was gentle that night.

It was the past that she always missed but could never return.

At the entrance of Royal Nightclub, all the security guards and bodyguards stood in lines on alert.

After the Lamborghini with a limited edition was parked, two ushers rushed to open the door. "Good evening, Mr. Marsh," they bowed at the man in the driver's seat respectfully.

Ivan stepped out, and his black, handcrafted shirt wrapped his perfect body figure. Under the moonlight and in the wind, he looked stern.

As he strode into the lobby, all the bodyguards and security guards bowed at him respectfully. "Good evening, Mr. Marsh."

Along with the chilly wind, Ivan entered Royal Nightclub.

"This way, please," the lobby manager showed him the way.

The Marsh Group.

Linda and Jennifer took the same elevator to go downstairs. They both knocked off.

When they were together, Linda felt awkward, which was all because she lacked self-confidence.

Jennifer, however, was lowkey and easygoing. "How's your mother doing now?" she asked like a friend, breaking the silence.

Linda hurriedly returned to her senses and answered, "She's checked out of the hospital. Thank you for your concern, Ms. Brooks."

They locked eyes. Only then did Jennifer notice that she wore a brand dress and glanced at Linda several times. Then she found Linda's handbag cost at least 20,000 dollars, feeling shocked.

'Why did Linda suddenly become so wealthy?' she wondered.

However, Jennifer didn't ask as she couldn't be so nosy.

She guessed Linda had probably found a sugar daddy.

Jennifer failed to figure out other reasons. She thought everyone had the right to choose how to live, and Linda's change was not surprising nowadays.

After leaving the company, Jennifer sat in the car prepared by Hank. When the car roared away, she saw Linda hail a taxi instead of going to catch the last bus.

Jennifer wondered whether she would buy a luxury car in the near future if her sugar daddy was still with her.

Meanwhile, Finnley had sent Mya home. After having dinner together, Mya went back into her house and went to her bedroom on the second floor.

Finnley didn't enter Saunders' Villa with her but parked his vehicle on the roadside.

In the living room that was brightly lit, Shirley asked, "Is Mya in a bad mood today? What happened to her?"

"Probably, she felt stressed at work." Clarence poured a glass of water for her. "She's grown up.

Occasionally, she can be unhappy and need to digest certain emotions by herself."

"Did she fight with Finnley Russell?" Shirley blurted out after thinking of a possibility.

Clarence looked at her. "Are you worried about her now?"

Shirley rolled her eyes at him. "How about Finnley Russell's profile? Show me."

"Oh. It's in my study."

Chapter 710 You Know Nothing About Love

On the second floor, Mya locked her bedroom from the inside.

Wrapping her arms around her knees, she was still shocked that Finnley had a fiancée. The scenes

earlier today kept flashing in her mind.

Meanwhile, she also felt frustrated.

She tossed her cushion away a while later and muttered in depression, “Why do I feel so upset?”

“We’re just friends,” she reminded herself angrily, feeling much better.

After calming down, she still felt frustrated.

‘What the heck is going on with me?’ she wondered.

It’s late at night. Stars twinkled in the sky.

Finnley drove on the road aimlessly, but the night breeze blowing into his car couldn’t eliminate his

worry.

Finally, he parked in the yard of Rowan’s house.

In front of the floor-to-ceiling window of the third floor, Rowan saw the vehicle's lights were off. Then he

recognized the car under the moonlight.

‘Finnley?’

Rowan walked downstairs.

When Finnley entered the living room, Rowan turned the corner and walked towards him.

Finnley stopped mid-step and looked up at him. Then he sat on the couch.

“What happened, dude?”

Finnley didn’t answer.

Rowan was close to Ivan but was also Finnley’s friend, one of the limited acquaintances that Finnley had known in Arkpool City.

They didn’t meet frequently, but they knew each other well and had things in common.

Rowan fetched a bottle of whisky and two glasses from his wine cabinet. After filling one glass, he passed it to Finnley.

“Thanks.” Finnley took it over.

Instead of asking him what had happened again, Rowan sat opposite him. “Care for dinner?”

“No, thanks. I had dinner,” Finnley answered gently, “May I stay in your house tonight?”

“No problem,” Rowan agreed without hesitation. “I can cure physical wounds and am a good psychologist. Why don’t you tell me what’s eating you?”

“You are single. You can’t help me. Forget it,” Finnley chuckled and sipped the whisky.

Rowan laughed. “I’m single now, but it doesn’t mean I’ve never been in love.”

Meanwhile, Finnley’s apartment, Skyhigh Apartment Complex.

Eloise wanted to smash things.

“Did he send her to the universe? Why isn’t he back?” Sitting on the sofa, she snapped, “Holly, didn’t

you tell me he wanted to deal with the problem nicely as he hadn’t kicked us out?”

Holly was busy in the kitchen and didn’t know how to answer her question.

Shortly after, she served Eloise a noodle bowl. “Lady Eloise, I only found noodles in the fridge. Please

make do with it.”

“No. I have no appetite,” Eloise refused.

Her mind was fully occupied by Finnley as she had looked for him for over six months.

“If he doesn’t come back tonight, I’ll stay here forever. I don’t think he’ll dump his apartment.”

Royal Nightclub.

In a high-end guest lounge, everything was costly. The light was gentle, and the air was filled with

coffee’s fragrance.

Sitting on a couch, Ivan was like a leisure emperor. "The contract must be renewed as soon as the copyright expires. Please send your sorted files to Finnley Russell. We'll review them ASAP."

"Thank you, Mr. Marsh." The client was a mid-aged gentleman. "I look forward to our cooperation in the future."

Ivan stood up, and the man followed suit. They shook hands to end their pleasant conversation tonight.

After checking the time on his wristwatch, the client said apologetically, "Mr. Marsh, I'm afraid I must go now. I have another appointment later."

"Sure." Ivan nodded at him kindly.

After walking him out of the guest lounge, he watched the mid-aged man leave.

Before Ivan strode forward, a door next to the room was open. He saw a familiar figure.

Immediately, he recognized her. After all, they used to work together for years.

Catherine left the private box alone. She turned the corner, held the wall, and rubbed her forehead, feeling unwell.