

SURPRISED 831

Chapter 831 The Jewelry Appraisal Master

On the second floor, Leslie and Josh also overheard the chaos downstairs. They let a senior executive continue hosting the conference.

Hurriedly, they strode to the handrail, watching from above.

The crowd was fighting, questioning, and retorting. It seemed the scene would be out of control soon.

"Please calm down, everyone," Jennifer said in the center of the stage clinically, her eyes ink-black and shiny.

"Our jewelry is presented here. The diamonds don't talk, but I'm sure many experts are here today. You all can appraise them."

Right then, a man who started the fight yelled, "The international jewelry appraisal expert, Mr. Newson, has arrived in town. He's visiting a company in this building. Do you dare ask him to appraise your jewelry?"

"Exactly!" a man echoed, "Mr. Newson is the most well-known appraisal. I only trust him. How do I know if anyone of you on the scene is an expert."

"The Marsh Group always maintains a good reputation, so you can easily deceive us using fake diamonds without being suspected."

Suddenly, a man shouted affirmatively, "You used fake diamonds on your Clover series. I dare you to hold them closer to show us!"

"Exactly! There should be jewelry collectors on the scene. You cannot fool us easily."

The fight restarted.

Almost two hundred reporters gathered on the first floor from all media channels. They recorded the scene and zoomed in on the faces of the men who had suspected the jewelry and echoed each other.

On the stage, Ivan propped his arm on Jennifer's shoulders and said gently to the microphone, "I can understand why you doubt. We don't mind. However, we won't accept any slander. You must be responsible for what you've said. Security, from now on, you can let anyone enter the building but not let anyone exit. My media friends, please zoom in on those who insisted our diamonds were fake and remember them."

Ivan's implication was evident. He would hold the legal responsibility of the rumor makers as he hadn't done anything illegal.

"Mr. Newson is here," one shouted in the crowd.

All people on the scene looked over at the arc stairs in the lobby.

So did Ivan and Jennifer.

A tall, sturdy mid-aged man with fair skin appeared on the stairs, followed by four men in black.

They calmly went towards the first floor.

The mid-aged man wore glasses and a black suit, holding a small box solemnly.

When he bypassed Catherine, she turned to dart at him deliberately, thinking she was indeed lucky as

Newson happened to be on a business trip in Arkpool City. She begged him for a long time to make

him agree.

Newson didn't look at Catherine, feeling suspicious about the Marsh Group's fake diamonds.

While walking to the first floor, Newson told himself not to have mercy but to announce it to the public if

Ivan broke the industry rules.

His mother once spent all her savings on buying some jewelry, but it turned out to be all fake. She

couldn't bear the heavy blow and committed suicide by jumping off a building.

After that, Newson became a jewelry appraiser and tried hard to be the top one.

"Whoa! He is Mr. Newson for real."

"It's he. He's the most famous jewelry appraiser worldwide."

"It's said he's just and righteous, never shielding anyone." Some customers looked expectant. "I wish he could appraise the Clover series."

Countless reporters rushed towards Newson and his assistants, taking photos.

The scene became chaotic and noisy.

Ivan and Jennifer exchanged a glance as they didn't expect Newson to appear on the scene, wondering if Leslie had hired him.

However, they were confident Leslie would be embarrassed soon.

Chapter 832 No Mercy

Jennifer looked at Newson, who was surrounded by the reporters. His assistants tried their best to let others make the way, and the bodyguards on the scene kept the order.

When she withdrew her gaze, she accidentally saw Aston, who was looking at her and Ivan. Their gazes met in mid-air shortly.

Aston nodded at Jennifer gently.

Jennifer felt more at ease, wondering why Aston had come. Her hunch told her Aston wasn't here to buy any jewelry.

Ivan had experienced many ups and downs, so he kept clinical. The shocking scene was captured by many reporters' cameras.

When Newson walked onto the stage, all the senior executives of the R-Alan Group gathered at the handrail of the second floor, including Leslie and Josh.

Seemingly they were not eager to sell their products but expected the police to arrest Ivan and Jennifer.

"Please trust Mr. Newson. He's the most righteous man," Catherine's men yelled again, "He'll never let go of anyone who sells fake jewelry."

Catherine felt thrilled, thinking her plan went on smoothly.

"He's a just man," another man echoed according to their plot, "He has already sent many people into jail."

The reporters rushed to the stage, and the bodyguards failed to stop them. Customers were pushed

away and couldn't get closer at all, only watching the scene from afar.

"Please calm down, everyone," Jennifer said, "Mr. Newson has arrived. He'll give you a correct answer."

The scene quieted down gradually.

Jennifer added, "The jewelry appraisal is a job that needs quietness and patience. We cannot interrupt Mr. Newson. Our every movement will be projected onto the LED screen. Everything is fair, just, and open. Please watch."

Silence blanketed the scene.

Standing before Ivan with his four assistants, Newson greeted him, "Good day, Mr. Marsh."

His voice brought the whole building into silence.

This mixed-blooded man emanated a just temperament.

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Newson," Ivan reached out and responded, "It's my pleasure to encounter you at our company's release conference."

Newson shook hands with him, straight to the point. "Mr. Marsh, it's not an encounter, actually.

Someone reported that your Clover series were made of fake, lousy diamonds."

Many people sucked in their breath.

"Since I received the information, I must appraise your jewelry today," Newson added, "Firstly, I hate jewelry counterfeiting the most. Secondly, I trust your personality and want to prove your innocence."

Catherine didn't get angry. She believed Ivan wouldn't have any innocence under so many gazes in public.

"Please go ahead," Ivan answered kindly.

Then he led Newson and his assistants to the presentation platform. "Please feel free to appraise them and publicly announce the result."

Right then, Jennifer looked at the crowd. "I'll also randomly select ten witnesses to watch the appraisal on the stage."

Countless people raised their hands.

She closed her eyes and selected the witnesses, "The second of the third row. The seventh of the fifth row..."

Due to the chaos earlier, all the audience's seats were changed. Therefore, her selection was truly

random.

Soon, the witnesses went onto the stage.

They were invited to the release conference of products with limited editions, so they were jewelry experts, more or less.

Holding her breath, Catherine watched Newson pick up an earring from the showcase window.

She had the real one in hand.

While Newson pulled out his professional equipment for the appraisal, the second and the first floors were pin-drop silent. Everyone was watching the LED screen.

Ivan looked up at Catherine on the stairs calmly.

Catherine looked into his eyes, feeling surprised he wasn't angry. With a ghost of a smile, she told herself not to have mercy on him this time.

However, she didn't know Ivan was also determined not to have any mercy on her.

Chapter 833 Leslie's Ex-Wives

Right then, the product presentation was still going on upstairs. One senior executive of the R-Alan Group was introducing the products.

Their presentation and promo were made by professionals. In addition to the products' designs, the jewelry was pleasant to the eyes.

Also, the prices of their products were much lower than the Marsh Group's, so the R-Alan Group's jewelry also attracted many customers' attention.

One expert remarked, "The diamonds are excellent, from South Africa."

"I like the design as well. Out of my expectation," another customer echoed happily. "I'm here for the diamonds from South Africa."

Therefore, customers started to reserve jewelry.

"Excuse me, Mr. Eastwood. Some customers want to buy our products," one senior executive reported to Leslie in the corridor.

The latter gazed down at the stage downstairs without blinking.

He could see Newson's hands from his angle, so no one could cheat under his nose.

He believed Ivan would definitely be doomed.

With a triumphant smile, Leslie glanced at the policemen and remarked indifferently, "So what? If they want to bid for the jewelry, sell it to the customer offering the highest price."

Meanwhile, Josh walked towards the stage to deal with some relevant matters on Leslie's behalf.

"Don't disturb Mr. Eastwood. He's watching the fun."

"Got it!"

Newson hadn't finished the appraisal yet. Everyone watched him expectantly.

On the second floor, the R-Alan Group's products were sold one after another. All the company's senior executives were overexcited.

Meanwhile, Finnley had left the stage on the first floor.

While countless customers bid for the R-Alan Group's products, nine women with delicate makeup went downstairs from the third floor. They wore shiny, red lipgloss, swinging while walking.

Standing on the arc stairs, they looked down at the stage on the second floor.

They looked from different ages, and the oldest and youngest had a large age span. They all were holding speakers.

"Wait! You guys are indeed hilarious!"

Suddenly, all the customers looked back in confusion with baffled expressions.

Nine women looked at them with mocking smiles. The one in the lead yelled, "Leslie Eastwood dared to produce the True Love series. You dare to buy them. Don't you know how many ex-wives he has?"

Leslie frowned in consternation.

His second ex-wife added through the speaker, "Young men, aren't you afraid you'll break up with your girlfriends if you send his products to them? He has married ten times. What good sign can he bring you guys?"

"Do you know who we are?" his third ex-wife laughed, "We're all Leslie Eastwood's ex-wives. We're here to stop your loss in time."

Leslie was so angry that his face turned livid.

Josh looked annoyed and hurriedly ordered the bodyguards, "Stop them! Hurry!"

The women stood on the stairs next to the glass handrail, forming a view. All wore exquisite makeup as if they were attending their own weddings.

No one in the R-Alan Group retorted, including Leslie.

Therefore, all the customers believed those women's words subconsciously.

"A man who married ten times dares to produce the True Love series. Ha ha ha..." A man suddenly

burst into laughter.

The nine women raised their heads and followed suit.

"Ha ha ha..."

From the speakers, their loud laughter was as enchanting and evil, reminding others of spirits' laughter.

There were limited customers on the second floor, and the reporters were only one-fifth of the
downstairs.

When the reporters sensed the news, they rushed to the line of women and took photos of them.

Glaring at them, Leslie clenched his fists and squeezed words between his teeth at his bodyguards,

"Why are you still standing and watching? Kick them out!"

His words proved those women were his ex-wives.

All the customers returned to their senses.

"Leslie Eastwood has married many times," one customer yelled, "His jewelry might have been
impacted by his back luck in marriage. Probably we'll divorce after buying them."

Chapter 834 The Appraisal Result

"Holy shit! Luckily, I haven't paid the bill," another customer said with a lingering fear. "I don't want

them."

"Me neither."

"Let's go downstairs."

"Let's go watch the scene. If the jewelry downstairs is confirmed to be real, let's buy the Marsh Group's products. It's a big company with a warrant."

"Exactly, Jewelry must have a good sign. Mr. Marsh is a happily married man, getting along with his wife well. They have two smart, lovely children."

"Let's go."

All the customers were wise, so they turned around and went to the first floor.

"Wait! Please don't." The senior executive on the stage panicked. "Mr. Eastwood's marriage has nothing to do with the product quality. Please be rational."

"Please stay. We can explain."

However, only a few stopped mid-step. Others quickened their paces, afraid they would miss the chance to buy the jewelry from the Marsh Group if they were too late.

Watching the scene, Leslie repressed his anger as he didn't have any reason to keep them staying.

"Let go of me! Don't touch me. I can walk myself."

"Does Leslie Eastwood own World Trade Tower? Who do you think you are to kick us out?"

"Don't buy anything from the R-Alan Group. Its president has married ten times. How dare he produce the True Love series! How ridiculous!" the nine women repeatedly yelled at the speakers when Leslie's bodyguards sent them away.

After finishing speaking, they burst into laughter evilly. Leslie seethed with rage.

Finally, they all left as they had accomplished their missions and got the money.

The second floor became empty, full of loneliness and a sense of desolation.

Most reporters also went downstairs for news. Therefore, the first floor was fully packed.

The rest five or six reporters zoomed in on Leslie's angry face and took some photos.

"Fuck off!"

The bodyguards sent them away.

Standing behind him, Josh lowered his head with a guilty look. He was off-guard when the nine women suddenly appeared and didn't react correctly.

He lacked the guts to check on Leslie's expression, knowing Leslie must felt humiliated.

Leslie bit out, "How can you let this happen?"

"I'm sorry..."

"Apology is worthless!" Leslie almost went ballistic.

Standing on the stairs, Catherine also gaped at the scene, wondering if Ivan had prepared ahead.

Suddenly, a man's dignified voice sounded, "The appraisal result is out."

Leslie gripped the handrail and turned around by instinct, gazing sharply at the stage downstairs.

So did Josh. Their hearts' tightened, expecting the worst result.

"The Marsh Group's Clover series have the best raw diamonds from South Africa," Newson's assistant

announced seriously. "The prices they offered today are lower than those in the market. It's worth

collecting, and the value will be increased."

All the audience was surprised, discussing.

Right then, Newson also put down the ring in his hand and added, "All the products of the Clover series

are made of high-end diamonds from South Africa. Nothing is fake."

Catherine gaped at the stage on the first floor in disbelief.

'No way! How could it be possible?' her inner voice cried out.

She had authentic earrings and a necklace of the series. She couldn't believe Newson had lied.

"Guard all the entrances and exits," Ivan held the microphone and emphasized calmly, "Only allow others to enter but not exit. I'll hold the rumor makers accountable."

Then he looked around at the surveillance cameras. "Staff members, please find out the rumor makers."

Several men panicked, and the staff members searched for the troublemakers.

Leslie frowned deeply, gazing downstairs with mixed feelings.

Ivan bowed at Newson. "Mr. Newson, sorry for delaying your schedule. I do appreciate you making time to appraise our jewelry."

"Mr. Marsh," Newson felt honored and said, "This is the first time we met. I didn't expect our first encounter to be under such a circumstance."

'First time?'

His words surprised the audience offstage, realizing Mr. Newson couldn't help Ivan based on their

friendship as they were not even friends.

Chapter 835 A Trap for Herself

Meanwhile, the witnesses who were picked up randomly nodded.

"These diamonds are all of high quality. The design is innovative. Perfect."

"I want this one, Mr. Marsh."

"I want this."

"Mr. Marsh, I'm willing to add 200, 000 dollars to buy the Clover series. Please send the set to me."

"I'll add 400, 000 dollars. I love them."

The witnesses bid for the Clover series, and the price rose rapidly.

Gripping the handrail tightly, Leslie looked enraged.

Ivan replied calmly, "Gentlemen, products in that area are for auction. You can bid for anyone you like.

We'll donate 30% of the profits to charity without anonymizing the buyers' names."

All customers squeezed towards that area immediately.

Partial reporters followed them to record the auction. The scene became lively again.

On the stairs, Catherine only heard a buzz.

She quickly strode downstairs, heading for Ivan's exhibition platform.

Anxiously, Catherine went to a microphone, pulled it out, and questioned Ivan, "Ivan Marsh, I don't know how you've bribed Newson. The Clover series is fake."

Her words attracted a lot of buyers' attention.

Reporters quickly filmed the scene.

Driving by anger, Catherine pulled out a box, raised it, and said to the customers affirmatively, "I have the real ones."

Her words raised a mighty uproar on the scene. The audience exchanged confused glances, wondering what was going on.

After all, Catherine used to be the former vice president of the Marsh Group, which was well-known.

They believed she wanted to expose something.

Leslie and Josh watched the fun patiently on the second floor, relying on Catherine to bring down Ivan.

Let alone how she used to love Ivan, the audience didn't think she was lying according to her identity.

After all, there were many reporters, and she held a box.

Therefore, she became the focus immediately.

Jennifer looked at Catherine with a smile, thinking how stupid Catherine was.

Because of Catherine's words, many customers stopped bidding for the Clover series, heading back to the stage.

"What the heck is going on?"

"What's inside the box? Show us!"

"How did you have the Clover series of the Marsh Group? You are not the vice president of the Marsh Group for a long time."

Some didn't believe her words.

The offstage became chaotic again.

The more messy the scene was, the more reporters took photos. Catherine was delighted.

Jennifer only thought Catherine trapped herself step by step. Before Catherine continued, Aston, who had just gone onto the stage, grabbed the box from her.

Off guard, Catherine looked at him with a dumbfounded look.

Aston grabbed the box from her. Catherine was baffled. "Who are you? Give it back to me."

"It doesn't belong to you. I can't give you BACK," Aston replied politely.

Gritting her teeth, Catherine was about to snatch it violently, but two bodyguards gripped her arms to stop her.

Instead of sending her away, they let her stay on the stage.

"Let me tell you guys a story," Aston continued mellow with a smile, "First, please watch the surveillance video."

The next second, the enlarged photo of four pieces on the screen was changed to the scene where Linda traded with Aston.

Catherine was shocked, her heart thumping, her face paling. She nearly stopped breathing.

The time of the surveillance video taken was shown in the right corner.

On the screen, a girl and a man sat opposite each other.

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Jones," the girl greeted him politely.

Chapter 836 Catherine Was Doomed

All the audience gaped at the LED screen, thinking they could enjoy the tidbit.

"Show your thing to Mr. Jones," a man behind the girl reminded her in a low voice.

The girl returned to her senses. "OK."

She pulled out a shabby box, looking nervous but trying to keep calm.

Then she passed the box to the man opposite.

All people on the scene recognized the man sitting at the table was the one who wanted to tell them a story.

Catherine closed her eyes, trying to adjust her breath.

'Shit! Damned Linda Chambers! How dare she sell the bracelet and ring!'

On the screen, Aston picked up the box and carefully studied the jewelry. There was a ring and a bracelet in the box.

Catherine thought she had failed completely, struggling. However, Ivan's bodyguards gripped her more tightly.

"How much are you selling them?" Aston asked in a low voice.

Linda blurted out, "1. 2 million dollars."

Catherine was shocked by how stupid she was, wishing to kill her immediately.

Linda offered such a low price, so the man must have realized she had stolen them and suspected her.

A short silence appeared on the screen.

Then the girl changed her wording. "One million would be fine." Evidently, she wanted to get rid of the jewelry as soon as possible.

The deal was made. Aston reminded his bodyguard to send someone to watch Linda as he suspected her.

That was the end of the surveillance video.

Holding the microphone, Aston said, "Ms. Collins, you asked her to replace all four pieces of the Clover series. If not mistaken, only earrings and a necklace are in your box."

Catherine was retrained by the two bodyguards, looking embarrassed. All the audience gazed at her with inquisitive eyes.

Aston opened the box in everyone's presence, proving his guess was real.

The audience was shocked.

"That girl only sold me a low price for a ring and bracelet. She also ratted you out." Aston looked at

Catherine. "Any refute?"

Leslie hit the handrail violently on the second floor.

Seething with rage, he was about to turn away. Josh followed him, thinking they had shot themselves in the foot.

The next second, another video was played on the LED screen.

Linda had been arrested by the police.

"Officer, how many years will I be sentenced?"

That was her first line right after opening the door. She was calm, as if she had expected it to happen already.

After being taken downstairs, she met Ivan and Jennifer.

"Ms. Brooks, Catherine has the earring and the necklace. She threatened me and asked me to replace the jewelry. I'm confessing everything. Can I get a commutation of the sentence?" The arrested girl looked agitated.

"Why did she only want two pieces?" Jennifer asked.

Linda answered, her hands handcuffed, "She didn't ask for only two pieces. I lied to her that I only stole

two pieces. I didn't want to keep in touch with her any longer, so I planned to sell another two pieces and run away."

There was an uproar on the scene.

Finally, Catherine understood why she couldn't get in touch with Linda in the past few days. It turned out she had been arrested already.

"This bitch is so vicious and evil!" some audience cursed Catherine while pointing at her. "How could she have done such an unethical thing?"

All people glared at her.

Newson was furious and said solemnly, "Ms. Collins, you tricked me. You replaced the real jewelry and called me to appraise it so the Marsh Group's reputation would be tarnished."

Catherine couldn't utter a beep to retort. Lowering her head, she dodged others' gazes.

Waves of blame and curses attacked her. The hall became too noisy.

Suddenly, Aston added, "The real ones are in this box, but it doesn't mean the Marsh Group has presented the fake ones to you all. We've found the truth and dealt with the problem."

He said affirmatively, "To disclose Ms. Collins' evil deeds and let her expose herself, we didn't alert her.

Instead, we produced the missing two pieces again. The Marsh Group's employees have resolved the manipulated crisis by their wisdom."

"Ms. Collins." Aston's gaze fell back on Catherine. "Do you want us to put Linda Chambers on the video call? Do you want to defend yourself?"

Chapter 837 Arrested

Catherine's heart sank, waves of pain rising in her chest. She knew she was so doomed.

"Everything is clear. There's evidence. How could this shameless woman defend herself?"

Another customer cursed roughly, "What a devil! She deserves to be shot to death. Bitch!"

"She deserves to die miserably. She wished to frame others. She failed to gain Mr. Marsh's heart, so she'd rather ruin him. I hope she can never get what she wants."

"The R-Alan Group is so lucky to have such a vice president. What a stupid teammate! Ha ha ha..."

"Mr. Marsh is so wise to have fired her. She would have been a disaster if she had stayed in the Marsh Group."

"You must punish her, Mr. Marsh. People like her will never admit their mistakes. Let the policemen arrest her."

Countless people scolded and cursed Catherine. If the audience had rotten eggs, they would definitely toss them to her.

Raising their cameras, the reporters focused on her pale face and pressed the shutters.

"The Marsh Group's release conference is supposed to be perfect, but this vicious woman has ruined it. How unfortunate!"

"What a bore! Get out of my face!"

Jennifer and Ivan looked at Catherine calmly, thinking she deserved it.

Meanwhile, Leslie looked annoyed, ready to leave the building with Josh and the senior executives of her company.

However, more than a dozen bodyguards in black gathered in the lobby on the first floor and blocked their way.

"Sorry, but you are not allowed to exit, according to Mr. Marsh's order."

Right then, the rumor makers had been caught, attracting the audience's attention.

"They must be working for Catherine Collins." Some wise ones could tell the truth immediately.

Those men wished to break free and dodged others' gazes in silence.

Leslie withdrew his gaze and was about to break through. Several policemen entered the lobby, striding towards the stage in righteousness.

Josh's heart tightened. He whispered, "Mr. Eastwood, what shall we do now? Shall we help her?"

"Tell me how?" Leslie glanced at him coldly. "The evidence is solid. She didn't defend herself. If we help her, we'll be dragged into the mire."

They couldn't leave the scene, so they had to look over at the stage.

The policemen kept Catherine in control and handcuffed her in public. "Ms. Collins, anything else to say?" one asked.

Catherine didn't struggle and fell into silence.

Another policeman said, "Follow us to the police station for further investigation." Then she was taken away.

Thunderous applause sounded offstage.

The audience felt delighted while watching it.

Leslie, Josh, and other senior executives of the R-Alan Group stood at the door, watching Catherine be

taken over. A group of reporters followed her.

Catherine's gaze met Leslie's in mid-air. Although they didn't speak, they exchanged meaningful looks.

She wasn't THAT stupid to get Leslie involved. Or she would never be rescued.

Besides, Catherine had planned this incident herself without Leslie's participation. He only tacitly approved her plan.

The rumor makers arranged by Catherine were also arrested.

Later, the entrances and exits were all opened to let everyone leave and enter freely. The trouble ended.

The R-Alan Group had been miserably defeated. Reporters followed Leslie when he sat in the car. His car roared away quickly.

At the front desk of the first floor, the jewelry auction started officially. The scene returned to be lively.

In the quiet, high-end lounge backstage, Jennifer bowed at Aston and said faithfully, "Thank you so much, Aston."

Chapter 838 R-Alan Group Was Defeated Miserably

Staring at her gently, Aston replied, "You are welcome." He also felt relieved.

Aston had been an embodiment of justice on the stage earlier.

Ivan also thanked him, shaking hands while exchanging a smile with him.

They all expressed their gratitude to Newson. He was the top jewelry appraiser, so they all respected him and wished to cooperate with him soon.

Then they learned Aston had deliberately invited Newson to Arkpool City for a project. It was coincident for him to appear on the scene.

"Mr. Marsh, I have a meeting with Mr. Newson." Aston bid everyone farewell. "Let's gather some other day. You'll have a long day today, anyway."

Newson echoed, "We're taking off. See you, Mr. and Mrs. Marsh."

"See you around."

Ivan and Jennifer walked them to the entrance and watched them sit in the car, wishing them a pleasant trip.

While the car was in a receding form, Ivan propped his arm on Jennifer's shoulders. They finally breathed out in relief.

"Did you call Aston to come here?" Ivan asked.

Jennifer shook her head. "Nope."

The Marsh couple admired Aston more.

Catherine's matter ended for the time being.

A while later, two luxury cars stopped at the building entrance one after another. Spencer and Georgia got off the vehicles, respectively. Seemingly they were also competing with each other.

They arrived at World Trade Tower to promote the jewelry they endorsed.

At the door, Spencer was welcomed warmly. Many reporters interviewed him and shot his pictures.

With a hand in a pocket, Spencer wore sunglasses, looking spirited.

While striding into the lobby, he thundered, "The Marsh Group's jewelry has a perfect reputation in the industry. The products with limited editions are worth collecting. This is a rare opportunity. Please feel free to buy them."

As he spoke, the customers were more eager to buy the jewelry.

"Here comes Spencer Lawrence!"

"He's an idol with a large fan base."

"He's the spokesman."

Georgia dressed up for the R-Alan Group's release conference. However, the reporters all ignored her as if she were invisible.

"Hello?" She looked awkward.

Standing on the stairs, she looked up at the empty second floor. Faintly, she saw the R-Alan Group's logo but didn't see anyone.

"Why are you here, Ms. Clarke?" a passerby asked while chuckling, "Supporting the R-Alan Group's jewelry?"

"No one wants to buy their products," another man added with a triumphant smile, "Their vice president

has been arrested. The president must have run away in dismay."

"He has married ten times. How dare he produce the True Love series? How hilarious!"

"Ms. Clarke, in the future, you must be wise to choose something to endorse. You must choose an ethical company with an excellent reputation."

Several reporters surrounded Georgia, making her confused.

'What happened? Arrested? Run away in dismay?'

Georgia immediately lowered her head, covered her face, and rushed out of the lobby to save her dignity.

She quickly sat in her car and drove away, wondering if she was still dreaming.

The Marsh Group's spokesman, Spencer, was invited to the stage. Holding a microphone, he introduced the products, gaining fans for the company and himself.

The R-Alan Group's building was wrapped under the warm sunlight.

However, Leslie only felt it was dark outside, standing in front of the French window of his office.

"Josh!"

Repressing his fury, Leslie gazed at Josh with a murderous look. "You are responsible for the incidence of the release conference."

"Yes, Mr. Eastwood..." Josh bowed his head down, blaming himself.

"You considered every detail but ignored the most essential one." Leslie almost went ballistic. "If those women hadn't shown up, things wouldn't have been so serious. After all, Catherine's deeds would only

slightly impact us."

Josh kept silent and knew it was too late, no matter what he spoke.

His apology wouldn't make up for the company's loss. "Mr. Eastwood, please punish me. I haven't been considerate. I didn't expect Ivan Marsh to be THAT shameless."

Chapter 839 Laughingstock

Leslie hadn't competed against Ivan for a long time. After planning and preparing carefully, he even lost miserably.

How could Leslie not be annoyed?

He hated Ivan to the core, gritting his teeth in anger.

"Get a self-reflection," Leslie bit out but couldn't vent his anger. "Write it down."

"Yes, Mr. Eastwood." Josh turned away, lowering his head. He realized Catherine had been a drag on their team.

Half an hour later, the bid for the Marsh Group's new products reached 100 million dollars. All sold.

The news about the release conference was quickly reported online.

The R-Alan Group and Leslie became the top trending topic, far more famous than Ivan and Jennifer.

Leslie had become the laughingstock in the circle and the annual joke.

The scenes where his ex-wives spoke through the speakers were made into different emojis, going viral on all social media platforms.

The netizens discussed which one was the most attractive and even started a vote.

Seeing that news, Leslie was angry through embarrassed and had murderous intentions.

"What is the PR department doing? Idiots! Why can't they suppress the news? Go to Hell!"

"Mr. Eastwood, the PR department is working on it. So many reporters have posted the news, and the netizens reposted it everywhere. Some posts were deleted, but the new ones appeared again the next second." The senior executive couldn't do anything.

"Spend some money to reduce the news' ranking on the trends."

"Yes, Mr. Eastwood."

Not to mention the news, when the R-Alan Group employees in the PR department saw the emojis based on Leslie's ex-wives, they couldn't help laughing.

Leslie wanted to spend money to repress the news, and he would have another significant loss.

Meanwhile, a white Maybach was heading for the Marsh Group, which was several hundred yards away from World Trade Tower.

Mya was sitting in the passenger's seat.

"I'll go out to fetch a file later. Let me give you a ride to the company," said Finnley, "Let's have dinner together. There's a celebration party this evening."

"Where is it?" Mya is always interested in food.

"Emerald Bay."

"OK." Mya gestured at him and asked excitedly, "Catherine Collins will never bounce back, will she?"

She should go to jail for sure, right?"

"There's always a reversal in everything," Finnley answered clinically, "Leslie Eastwood has a strong force behind him."

"Does Ivan fear him?" Mya was confused. "Leslie Eastwood has a backer, but so what? If Ivan wants to fight against them, he'll win, won't he?"

"He doesn't fear them," Finnley answered, "However, things are always changing. We cannot celebrate the victory until the last second when the enemies are convicted guilty."

Mya understood. Nodding, she chuckled, "You've been working for Ivan for such a long time, so you consider things in an overall aspect. You also become steady and calm."

"I must be steady and calm if I want to be successful." Finnley pulled the car over nearby the company entrance. "Here we go. Do you need me to walk you upstairs?"

"No, thanks." Mya unbuckled the seat belt and got down. "Bye. Be careful when driving."

After watching her enter the lobby, Finnley restarted the engine.

He felt relaxed while being with her. Even the air was sweet around them. Looking ahead, Finnley smiled.

Soon, his phone rang.

He pulled it out and checked the caller ID, only to see an unknown number.

"Hello?"

"Hello, Finnley." Pierre's anxious voice was heard. "Eloise wrote a long suicide note and was missing. I called her phone but failed to reach her. Has she contacted you? Finnley... Boohoo..."

'A suicide note?'

"Mr. Calder, calm down." Finnley held the steering wheel with one hand. "Eloise didn't contact me."

Chapter 840 Unexpected Incident

"Please, Finnley! I'm begging you."

Pierre choked in sobs. "Please! Eloise is my only daughter. She's my treasure."

Finnley pulled over his car, gripping his phone while listening patiently.

"Even the firefighters will try their best to rescue an unknown person. Finnley, please help Eloise."

Pierre begged in despair.

"I know her well. She'll definitely contact you. Please! Finnley, you can refuse her love, but please calm

her down. Please don't make her desperate for life."

Suddenly, Finnley received another incoming call, his phone vibrating.

He checked the caller ID. Albert was calling.

"OK, Mr. Calder," Finnley agreed, "I'll keep you updated." Then he swiped to answer Albert's call and

ended the call with Pierre.

"Finnley," Albert called him in a trembling tone. Finnley felt uneasy.

"Dad?" he asked calmly, "What happened?"

"Your mother was hit by a car with a broken brake today," Albert told him, trying his best to keep calm.

"How's Mom doing now? Is she in a hospital?" Finnley became tense, all his ears.

"Your mother is fine. She had just some scratches. However..." Albert replied anxiously and sadly,

"Eloise was hit by the car as she wanted to save your mother."

Finnley's heart sank. After two seconds, he asked, "How's she doing now?"

"She's in the emergency room. On the way to the hospital, she was in a coma and lost a lot of blood."

Albert still had a lingering fear. "We haven't informed the Calders yet..."

He didn't know how to tell them the news and didn't have the guts.

"I'll be right back."

Finnley hung up the phone, returned to the company, and flew a helicopter to Jacksonville.

He left too fast to inform Mya.

On the way home, Finnley dialed Claire's number and asked her exactly what had happened.

"Will Eloise die, Finnley?" Claire worried about this matter the most. "If she dies, what shall we do? If

she survives, will she ask you to marry her?"

"Calm down. She won't succeed," Finnley answered, "The most important is to save her life now."

Then he turned in a different direction.

Shortly after, the helicopter landed in the yard of Rowan's house.

Finnley ended the phone conversation with Claire, rushed into the villa's living room, and called, "Dr.

Watson? Dr. Watson?"

Rowan happened to go downstairs. "Mr. Russell? What happened?" He could tell how anxious Finnley was.

Seeing him carrying a medical box, Finnley asked, "Are you going out?"

"Have an operation," said Rowan, "What's wrong?"

Finnley briefed him on Eloise's matter. Rowan decided to follow him to Jacksonville.

While flying, Finnley had mixed feelings on the way.

After arriving at the hospital, Rowan directly entered the emergency room. Finnley went to check on his mother in the ward.

Violet sat on the bed anxiously.

"Finnley!" She became excited when seeing him. "Eloise is still under a rescue. What should we do?"

she asked worriedly.

Finnley strode to her bed. "I brought Dr. Watson."

Claire told him again Violet had only had some scratches, all minor injuries.

Albert was also anxious, frowning deeply. "How shall we inform Pierre of this news?"

They all were worried it would be a heavy blow to the Calders.

"But we must tell them," Finnley said after thinking it over, "She's still under a rescue. Her family should sign the necessary agreements."

As he spoke, he pulled out his phone and dialed Pierre's number under everyone's gaze.