

## Surprised Wife With Twins Chapter 487

A while after the running water stopped in the bathroom, Mya heard footsteps approaching.

Sitting on the sofa, Mya said while browsing the comic book, "Thanks for taking me in tonight."

Finnley was wearing a white, long-sleeved bathrobe, the hemline reaching his legs. His body was wrapped tightly, looking different from Mya's current appearance.

"Come here!" She looked back and showed him the signed page. "I have magic. I made the author's signature on your book. This has become a unique book in this world. I want to thank you for taking me in tonight. You are welcome."

However, Finnley's expression changed. He strode toward her and grabbed the book. Gazing at the new signature, he looked sorry. "Who allowed you to do so?"

He was unhappy.

Mya blinked and explained, "Calm down. I can guarantee it's the real signature."

Before Finnley questioned her again, she hurriedly opened her Twitter. "Look. I'm Miranda."

Finnley didn't believe her at all. "You've gone too far!"

"I published this comic book in high school," Mya continued to explain, "I did it just for fun, so only 500 copies were published. The publisher let me sign on them, but I was too lazy to sign anyone."

As she spoke, she could tell Finnley was still angry.

Mya pulled out her phone and tabbed. "What's your Twitter ID? I can follow you. Then you'll know if I lied."

Before he answered, Mya smartly found him through Ivan's followers.

It was pretty easy. Ivan only followed three persons: Spencer, Jennifer, and Finnley.

When Mya followed his ID, Finnley received a notification on his phone.

"Oops, we followed each other now." Mya looked at him. "You've followed me already."

Finnley became her fan long ago, but she overlooked it.

When in high school, he started to follow her. However, she was indeed lazy. Her latest tweet was the one three years ago, telling her fans she would stop drawing.

"Now, you should believe me." Mya looked at him gingerly. Somehow, if he was upset, she felt tense.

After all, there was a storm outside. Mya didn't want to be kicked out by him.

"I believe you." Finnley put down his phone, looking at her. The gentleness in his eyes had long gone, and his gaze was cold. "It's impolite to do something to others' belongings without permission."

He reminded Mya of Ivan. She thought he must be impacted after working for Ivan for a long time.

"I'm sorry," Mya apologized, but her tone wasn't sincere, "I'll pay attention next time."

As long as he wouldn't kick her out, she could apologize.

The night was deep.

The raindrop pounded the window extremely loudly due to the floor.

Catherine's apartment.

The five men were still waiting for Catherine. Since entering the apartment, all of them kept silent.

Linda wasn't tied up, but she had no freedom.

She wished Catherine could return home but also hoped that Catherine would never return.

Some of the men sat on the sofa, some in the chair. One was guarding behind the door.

They kept silent with serious looks. Evidently, they were here for Catherine.

Linda held her breath, daring not to ask any questions.

Catherine parked her car. After stopping the engine, she took an elevator from the basement parking lot to go upstairs.

After two glasses of cocktail, she was slightly drunk.

The feeling made her feel cozy and tired. She could fall asleep immediately after lying on the bed and wouldn't wake up until the following day.

After entering the elevator, she imagined Jennifer sleeping in Ivan's arms. She felt upset as she couldn't stop missing him.

The elevator door slid open.

After walking out, Catherine pressed her finger on the lock.



