

## Surprised Wife With Twins Chapter 489

Catherine's voice wasn't loud, but she chided them, "If you can let anyone in, why will I need the locks?"

"What did you lose, Ms. Collins?" the person on duty asked, shocked.

"You'd better check the surveillance video yourself. Block those people from our community in the past. If this happened again, you wouldn't be able to bear the consequences. Don't think of getting a penny from me."

She ended the call angrily, but it was just a way to vent her anger.

Linda stared at her, looking pale.

"Stay here tonight, Linda." Catherine looked at her and softened her tone. "Don't go home." She believed Linda needed to be consoled.

"Sorry, Catherine," Linda sobbed apologetically, "I shouldn't have opened the door without checking the peephole. I thought it was you."

"It's not your fault. Stop blaming yourself." Catherine was sober. "Since they wanted to do so, they would definitely find me. It was just a matter of time."

"Which company are they from? How's your pay and benefits?" Linda was indeed young and naive.

Catherine answered, "From the R-Alan Group."

"The R-Alan Group?" Linda's heart sank, and she widened her eyes. "They are the foe of the Marsh Group. If you work for them, what... what about Mr. Marsh?"

Catherine stood up. "It's late. You should go to bed. I'm also exhausted." Then she entered her bedroom.

Linda was indeed upset, wondering why things had become like this.

In the basement parking lot, a black SUV was leaving. The man in the lead put the files into the folder and dialed his boss' phone number. "Hello, Mr. Eastwood. It's done."

"When will she come to work?" Leslie Eastwood asked.

"It's said tomorrow on the agreement. I also reminded her about it. She would have to pay the penalty if she didn't show up."

"Great." Leslie was overjoyed. He could sleep soundly tonight.

After the call ended, the black SUV vanished in the storm.

Another apartment.

Finnley replied to emails while sitting on the sofa next to the window, his slender fingers dancing on the keyboard. After finishing his word, he put away his laptop and read another book.

Mya stretched, almost exposing her panties.

Then she sleepily looked at Finnley, who was still spirited. "Dude, you don't have a guestroom here. Where shall I sleep tonight?"

Finnley looked at her. "Stop calling me dude. I don't like it. You sound like a gangster."

Mya thought for a moment and changed the way to address him. "Ahem... Dear Finnley, where should I sleep tonight?"

Her voice brought goosebumps to Finnley.

He replied, "I'll sleep on the couch." Then he put away his book, glanced at her, and walked into the living room.

Watching his back, Mya wondered if she had misheard as she couldn't believe he had let her sleep on his bed.

Finnley was a neat freak who had good taste. How could he let an unknown woman sleep in his bed?

Finnley lay on the couch, adjusted the air conditioner, and covered himself with a jacket.

He had never had guests before, so he didn't have a guest room or extra quilts or blankets.

The night darkened.

The storm continued outside the window.

Mya failed to battle against sleepiness. She closed the door, lock from the inside, and huddled up in Finnley's quilt.

She smelt a faint fragrance.

That night, Catherine half lay against the bedhead, thinking solemnly. She was searching for another apartment and uploaded it to a house agency's website for sale.

Except for love, she was always decisive and ready for risks.

The next morning.

Finnley's apartment.

Mya slept soundly in the soft quilt, revealing her half-head only, just like a giant frog.

She hadn't woken up yet.

Outside the door, Finnley had finished straightening himself up. When he twisted the doorknob to get his car key and wake her up, he found the door was locked from the inside.

Then he politely knocked on the door and listened to her reaction.

She didn't respond.

He knocked again.

After repeating it several times, Mya finally woke up.

She rolled on the bed and heard the knocks on the door again. After she impatiently snapped open her eyes, she was stunned when she saw the unknown environment.

The knocks continued.

Instantly, she sobered, realizing she was in Finnley's apartment.



