

SURPRISED 541

Chapter 541 This Man Belongs to Me

Right then, Ivan arrived in Montreal, Canada and checked into a super luxury hotel.

He owned half of the hotel shares. His suite was a plushy presidential suite.

Sitting on the golden velvet sofa, Ivan calculated the time difference and sent Jennifer a video call

invitation. The thought of her softened his expression into a smile.

It was eight o'clock in the evening in Arkpool City.

After dinner and a shower, Jennifer was half-lying against the bedhead while reading a book. When she

received Ivan's call, a smile blossomed across her face.

'It's such good timing.'

Jennifer swiped to answer and chuckled, "I'm home tonight. Not working overtime."

"Why didn't you dry your hair?" Ivan asked seriously after noticing it. "You may get a cold."

"I did. Only the tip is slightly wet." She asked gently, "Did you just get off the flight?"

"Yep." Ivan stared at her tenderly, thinking she was charming under the yellowish light.

Jennifer could see the blue sky and white clouds from the window behind him.

She added, "Please rest assured. I won't work overtime. Usually, I'm already home by eight every

night. Trust me.”

“I’m not watching you,” Ivan explained with a smile, “I don’t want you to be exhausted.”

“I know, Ivan. I also don’t want you to overwork. You must take care of yourself.”

After exchanging a few words, they ended the conversation.

The presidential suite, the hotel.

Once Ivan put down his phone, there were knocks on the door. One of his subordinates entered.

Standing before him, the subordinate bowed and reported respectfully, “Mr. Marsh, according to our

investigation, Emily has checked into Eyot Manor. It’s about ten minutes away by car.”

‘Eyot Manor?’

It was a famous manor with a fruit farm, just like a paradise in this city. Ivan also heard about it.

His subordinate added, “We’ve contacted her. She was willing to meet you.”

Ivan stood up and ordered, “Let’s set up now.”

“Yes, Mr. Marsh.’

They left the suite and took the elevator with the bodyguards outside the door.

In the black Maserati heading for Eyot Manor, the subordinate reported to Ivan in detail, including when Emily had immigrated to Canada, why she didn't stay in England, and if she got along with her father, Mr. Johansen.

Ivan listened to him seriously while analyzing Emily's character.

Eyot Manor.

Life in the fairy tale didn't only happen in a castle but also on a fruit farm.

The manor was immense, with 108 types of fruit trees. There were several brooks within the estate.

Eyot Manor didn't open to the public because it was Emily's private house. Her father bought it for her as her birthday gift 10 years ago.

Emily loved fruit trees.

She always dreamed of holding a glass of apple cider, being wrapped in a warm blanket, and watching the stars in the sky while listening to all the sounds on her fruit farm.

It had come true.

Today was a sunny day. Emily put on a long dress. She had blond hair and fair, tender skin.

Dancing in the yard, she held Ivan's photo with a bright smile, just like an overjoyed child.

“I met him once at a banquet when I was seven. He never grows old. I like him. He belongs to me.”

She had never thought her dream lover would come to her.

“Lady Emily,” her maid reminded her kindly, “Mr. Marsh is married.”

Emily stopped dancing, looking at her while smiling. “I know. But does it matter?”

Chapter 542 Only After You Drink Them

The maid looked at her. Emily added, “I’m a citizen of France. In my country, a husband can have a mistress. It’s free to love.”

“But he’s not from France. He loves his wife, and they have lovely twins.”

“As I said, I don’t care. Can’t you understand English?” Emily looked sullen and stubbornly

emphasized, “He had come to me. Now I have a way to keep him staying.”

A smile touched her lips again.

The Maserati was heading toward the manor.

“Did she request me to meet her in her manor?” Leaning against the seatback, Ivan crossed his legs

elegantly. “She refused to meet outside?”

His subordinate replied, “We suggested meeting in a nightclub, but she refused and sounded unhappy.”

The most important is to see her in person, so I agreed.”

“Ehn.” Ivan didn’t remark.

However, he didn’t feel liking going to her manor because it was her private house.

If the reporters took some photos, it would cause unnecessary trouble.

He would find out who the necklace’s owner was and help Jennifer.

Shortly after, the Maserati entered the manor. Along a winding asphalt road, there were all kinds of fruit trees on either side, forming a beautiful view.

After a while, the car was pulled over to a beautiful villa.

Ivan got off with his subordinate and a bodyguard. The view in the yard was unique, and the air was incredibly fresh. However, he didn’t have the mood to enjoy it.

A butler and servants received them at the door of the living room. The three men strode over.

“Good day, Mr. Marsh.”

“Nice to meet you.”

Ivan entered the living room but didn’t see the young lady.

They were warmly greeted and served different types of fruit wines.

The butler explained, "Mr. Marsh, Lady Emily said she would meet you only after you drink up all the wines."

Ivan looked at the coffee table. Although each cup was small, there were seven or eight cups with different colors, looking girlish.

"Is Lady Emily home?" Ivan asked.

The butler answered, "Yes. She's upstairs."

Ivan sat on the sofa.

He picked up the one that was closest to him and studied carefully. The wine was transparent without suspended particles and sediments. Sniffing, he smelt the fruit's fragrance.

His subordinate and bodyguard were worried. "Mr. Marsh..."

Ivan knew it was easy to meet Emily, but letting her speak or offer anything was challenging.

He gulped it down in one go, tasting the sweet and source juice with the thick fruit fragrance. It didn't taste bitter at all.

"Mr. Marsh, those wines were brewed by fermentation of natural wild fruits. All are Lady Emily's

favorites. So she wishes you could try all of them,” the butler explained.

“Ehn.” Ivan picked up a cup of wine and gulped it down.

He also liked the blueberry wine and the apple cider. Then he drank the mulberry wine and the red bayberry wine.

After drinking them all, he put down the last empty cup.

“I’ve drunk them all. Can you ask Lady Emily to come downstairs?” Ivan looked up at the butler, his handsome face taking the maids’ breath away.

Butler answered, “I’m sorry, but I’m afraid Lady Emily cannot come downstairs.”

Ivan frowned slightly and asked, “Why?”

“Lady Emily’s ankle was injured a few days ago. She had to rest in bed,” the butler answered calmly.

“Lady Emily hasn’t met any visitors for two months. She agreed to meet you because she worshiped you, Mr. Marsh.”

Ivan wondered why he hadn’t known such a matter, looking over at his subordinates. Evidently, they also looked surprised.

There were a few seconds of silence in the living room.

A maid prompted, "Mr. Marsh, if you want to meet Lady Emily, please follow me upstairs."

Ivan stood up, his height and aura spreading stress in the living room.

Following the maid, he walked toward the beautiful spiral staircase. His subordinates wanted to go after

him, but the butler stopped them, "Sorry, gentlemen. Only Mr. Marsh is allowed to go upstairs."

Chapter 543 Entering Her Bedroom

The two men kept calm but were both on alert.

Ivan stopped mid-step and looked back. He said affirmatively, "Wait for me in the living room. I'll come

downstairs in less than 30 minutes."

Then he went upstairs.

Thirty minutes sounded like an essential point. The two men wondered if Ivan was hinting at

something.

Ivan thought he would hang on for half an hour even if there was something in the wines.

His men didn't insist on following him. They checked the time in unison and remembered his reminder.

The design and decoration of the second floor looked perfect. Ivan was taken to a room that was far

away from the staircase.

The maid knocked on the door and reported, "Excuse me, Lady Emily. Mr. Marsh has drunk up all the wines. He's at the door now."

The door was opened, and a young maid bowed at Ivan politely. "Please come in, Mr. Marsh."

However, she left the room.

The door was open. Ivan could tell it was a big room with romantic decorations.

He entered, stepping on the costly carpet. A faint fragrance of a woman's perfume filled the air.

As he walked, he saw the girl sitting on the bed.

Her blond hair hung over her shoulders. She was holding a Bible and wearing a white lace long-sleeved gown. Upon hearing his footsteps, she looked over at him, her eyes as blue as sapphires.

Right then, the bedroom door was gently closed.

Ivan looked back without remarking. When he withdrew his gaze, he found Emily calmly gazing at him without blinking.

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Marsh."

Her voice wasn't loud but hoarse. Seemingly something was wrong with her vocal cords.

Ivan approached her and stopped before the bed. "Lady Emily, right?" he asked gentlemanly.

After drinking her fruit wines, he hadn't felt anything abnormal, but he was still alert.

"Yes, I am," the girl answered with a smile, and her voice lowered.

Ivan asked, "What's wrong with your vocal cords?"

"Please sit closer. Or you won't hear me," Emily said to him, seemingly with difficulty. Covering her neck, she added, "You can sit on my bed edge."

Something flashed through Ivan's eyes.

Covered by a pink quilt, Emily looked at him calmly. "What do you want to know? You only have five minutes because I can't talk too long."

Ivan nodded. He also didn't want to talk to her with difficulty, so he sat on the bed edge.

Looking into her eyes, he asked gently, "You are Mr. Johansen's daughter. He's an outstanding jewelry designer, so he must have recorded every piece he designed, right?"

"Of course." Emily smiled while looking into his eyes. Deliberately lowering her voice, she added, "I'm his only daughter, so I've inherited all his relics, including his notebook."

A bright light flashed through Ivan's intense eyes. That was the information he wanted.

“Where is the notebook?”

They locked eyes. Emily’s smile became broader. “Come closer,” she requested hoarsely.

Ivan leaned forward, wishing to see the note as soon as possible. “May I borrow it, Lady Emily?”

“Close your eyes,” Emily muttered, a shrewdness flashing through her eyes.

Ivan looked at her hesitantly.

“I only want to look at you closer,” she said bluntly, “I want to study the man who has driven countless women crazy.”

“Haven’t you seen me already?”

“I want to see you close your eyes.” Emily chuckled, “Mr. Marsh, it’s a simple request. You will agree, won’t you?”

Ivan didn’t want to annoy her, so he closed his eyes, breathing evenly.

Emily studied his face. He looked aloof and solemn, his face rock-hard. However, her heart hammered.

She leaned forward to whisper in her ear, “The notebook is in England.”

Ivan opened his eyes, only to find Emily almost clung to him.

Chapter 544 The Scheming Woman

Emily blinked, deliberately showing her pretty eyelashes. “If you need it, I can ask someone to send it

to me.”

Ivan nodded and answered mellowly, “Thank you in advance.”

“You are welcome.” She leaned back to the bedhead, smiling at him. “Where do you stay?”

“A hotel.”

“If you don’t mind, you can stay in my manor,” she invited him actively, her voice still hoarse. “I have a big house with limited residents. If you stay here, you can get the notebook as soon as it’s arrived.”

“No, thanks,” Ivan refused without hesitation. Standing up, he stuffed his hand into the pockets of his slacks. “It takes less than a day for a mail from England to arrive here. I can pay for the courier fee. I won’t take away the notebook. I only want to read it. Please arrange it for me ASAP.”

Emily smiled at him. “May I know what you want to look for?” She could tell it was important for him.

“The owner of a necklace,” Ivan answered bluntly, “I want to know who the owner is.”

Emily nodded thoughtfully. “I see. May I add you on my WhatsApp?”

Ivan thought for a second and added him.

After that, he reminded her, “Please inform me as soon as possible. Thanks.”

“OK,” Emily nodded.

“I need to go now, Lady Emily. See you around.” Ivan nodded at her gentlemanly and strode toward the door.

Sitting on the bed watching his receding figure, Emily curled her lips into a triumphant smile.

Shortly after she ensured Ivan had gone downstairs, she lifted the quilt to get off the bed. Without putting on her slippers, she trotted to the desk to turn on her laptop.

She turned on an application and clicked on the photos secretly taken.

Ivan was sitting on the bed edge. Although his side face was shown in the photos, he looked intimate with Emily.

In several of them, they looked as if they were about to kiss. Emily was delighted and satisfied with them.

Also, she added his WhatsApp. Therefore, she gained a lot today.

Evening. The neon lights lit Arkpool City brightly.

Although it was 11 P.M. and Jennifer had knocked off earlier, she didn't go to bed.

After talking to Ivan on the phone, she got up and went to the study.

Sitting at the desk, she turned on the laptop to browse the latest trends in the jewelry industry, domestically and internationally. She focused on the raw diamonds in South Africa, analyzing the type most suitable to make jewelry.

She had written down a whole page of notes when it was almost midnight. Then she read through them and sorted the key points out.

Before falling asleep, she was thinking about it while lying in bed.

The senior executives in the Marsh Group still hadn't trusted her, so she must do something.

Linda also went to bed pretty late tonight.

Gazing at the notification about the 40,000 dollars on her phone, she had mixed feelings.

She had just borrowed money, so she was afraid Jennifer would be annoyed if she returned the money immediately.

After thinking twice, Linda decided to return the money in a few days.

The night was deep. The night breeze became colder.

The windows in the bedroom of Catherine's apartment were opened. The night breeze blew in,

disheveling her hair.

Sitting on the sofa before the window, she was holding a mouse while staring at the laptop on the coffee table. Her left hand held a cigarette. She took a drag and exhaled the smoke from time to time.

She was looking for the projects she used to participate in while working for the Marsh Group.

As the vice president, she knew the company's plans for the recent five years.

She also personally took part in the projects in the recent year and knew how much Ivan treasured each of them.

Ivan used to mention he would purchase some diamonds from South Africa in the latter half of this year, hire the best jewelry designer, and create a new jewelry series of True Love.

Catherine carefully studied the party she was in charge of three times, including the data, relevant files, the raw diamonds purchasing method, and the liaison persons.

She curled her lips into a sneer while reading them.

'Humph! Doesn't he care about it a lot?'

Catherine took a drag of the cigarette. As she said before, she would let Ivan regret it.

Chapter 545 Catherine Joined the Foe's Company

Night. Finnley's apartment.

After a shower, Mya heated two glasses of milk and took one to the study.

She put it next to Finnley's right hand. "Don't stay up too late. It's as harmful as committing suicide. You are not the company owner. Why do you work so hard?"

Finnley was reading about the mining progress in South Africa. When he looked up, he saw Mya turn away.

'What kind of thought is it? Irresponsible!' his inner voice retorted.

Finnley picked up the milk, took a few sips, and turned off his laptop. Then he went to the living room.

Mya had entered the bedroom and locked the door from the inside as usual.

Finnley put down the empty glass. By accident, he saw long hair next to the coffee table.

After a few seconds, he bent over, picked it up, and put it into the garbage can.

Then he washed his hands and lay on the couch as usual.

Five o'clock, early morning.

In the apartment's only bedroom, Mya suddenly tightened her grip on the quilt. The next second, she snapped open her eyes.

Her breath almost stopped.

Mya had a dream about Finnley. In the dream, she married him, and she was so shocked that she woke up.

Mya sat up, turned on the light, and looked around. Then she realized she was in Finnley's bedroom, a chill rising from her spine.

The scene in her dream looked too real, reappearing in her mind.

She had put on a white wedding dress. Her father put her hand on Finnley's palm. While their families and friends were applauding for blessing, they two walked the aisle.

Along with the melody of the Wedding March, she saw everyone smiling at them in blessings.

The scene was so actual, as if it had happened in real life.

Mya was startled, still in a daze, wondering why she had such a dream.

"No, no, no. Dreams are always opposite to real life," Mya denied it. "Stop freaking out yourself, Mya."

She didn't have a crush on Finnley, nor did he like her. She could tell he disdained her a lot.

The dream baffled her, making her embarrassed.

After calming down, she turned off the light, lay down, and tried to sleep again.

Morning.

Catherine got up early. After straightening herself up, she put on a celeste suit jacket with plaids, looking mature and refreshed.

Her delicate makeup made her look like an elite in the business field.

Today was the first day she joined the R-Alan Group officially, so she wanted to entirely emanate her powerful aura. Then she would quickly make others obedient in the future.

When she pulled up to the company's entrance, Leslie's two trustworthy subordinates were waiting for her.

One pulled the door of her car open and greeted her, "Good morning, Ms. Collins. Mr. Eastwood let us wait for you here."

It was the first time Catherine was treasured so much.

She closed the door and walked toward the glass door of the entrance. "Did he want to remind me something?"

"The morning meeting will start soon. Mr. Eastwood will officially introduce you to the senior executives

of our company. You may take a rest in the vice president's office. The meeting will start at eight o'clock sharp," one man reported to her. He pressed the elevator button, studying her expression carefully.

Catherine entered the building expressionlessly.

The two men followed her respectfully.

After working with Ivan for years, her aura was like his.

The vice president's office was redecorated according to her preference. Catherine was pretty delighted.

This room had a lounge, bookshelves, a working zone, and an entertaining zone.

Catherine had her particular preferences in many details of her life. Since the working entronement was cozy, she believed she would be times more efficient.

When the morning meeting started, Catherine entered the meeting room. The stressed, cold aura emanated from her attracted the mid-aged senior executives' attention.

Catherine was well-known in the finance circle, and everyone knew she was Ivan's good assistant, which he used to admit personally.

Moreover, the public had heard her admiration for Ivan, which had become headlines many times.

Some pitied her, and some gossiped about her.

In the past, they only knew her from the news. However, they finally met her in person and thought she was pretty, with good shape and an outstanding temperament.

Chapter 546 What Are You Laughing at?

Leslie introduced Catherine to all the attendees. Standing in front of the long table in the meeting room, she only used four sentences to introduce herself, as neat and straightforward as her working style.

The meeting room was filled with thunderous applause.

“It’s my great honor to join the R-Alan Group. I’d like to thank Mr. Eastwood and all of you for your trust.

I’ll work hard in my position and utilize my management skills and professional knowledge to create the best values for R-Alan Group.” Her eyes were filled with determination.

Her words made Leslie overjoyed. He took the lead to applaud, and other senior executives followed suit. The thunderous applause filled the meeting room again.

Catherine enjoyed the feeling, which she hadn’t felt for a long time. She believed her life had restarted.

After leading a frustrating life for a while, she was recognized and worshiped again.

The feeling woke up all cells in her body, and she wanted to fight again.

She believed she would find her best value within her job and make Ivan regret it.

After the meeting ended, Catherine returned to her office. She turned on the laptop and devoted herself to work quickly.

Although she had a sleepless night, she was spirited.

The R-Alan Group would follow the Marsh Group's development method, and she believed it would exceed the Marsh Group in the future.

She had the confidence to achieve it and make trouble for Ivan. Then he would definitely regret mistreating her.

For the rest of her life, taking revenge on Ivan became her only goal.

Two hours later.

Catherine finished a few reports. Arriving at the president's office door, she knocked and entered.

Leslie looked up, his serious look easing to a smile. He told his assistant, "You can leave now, Josh."

"Yes, Mr. Eastwood."

Josh turned away. When he bypassed Catherine, he greeted her politely, "Good day, Ms. Collins." Then

he left the office.

After he was gone, Catherine stood before the desk and looked at Leslie. "You don't need to hide anything from him. Isn't he your assistant?"

She knew Leslie was shrewd, but he wouldn't suspect those who worked for him.

"It's alright." Leslie smiled. "I don't want you to feel tense when talking to me. If he's here, you may feel stressed."

"No, I won't," Catherine said bluntly, "I'm stressed when being with you alone, Mr. Eastwood."

They locked eyes. After a few minutes, Leslie understood what she implied.

He realized that he had got married ten times...

"I'm here for work, so I don't want other coworkers to misunderstand. Nor do I want to hear any gossip,"

Catherine added calmly, "No matter what we'll talk about in the future, Josh can stay and must be on the scene. I'll talk shop with you only."

Her words raised Leslie's interest.

Before he had any intention on her, she made it straightforwardly.

"What are you laughing at?" Catherine darted at him and emphasized, "This is a serious problem. Mr.

Eastwood, I hope you can take it seriously.”

“I’m amused as you’ve overthought. I’m the same age as your father. I never thought of it at all.”

However, Leslie was pleased because Catherine was unique.

All men enjoyed working with pretty women.

“All right. Let’s stop talking about nonsense. What’s the matter, Ms. Collins?” Leslie stopped working,

leaning against the chair with a serious look.

He treated Catherine exceptionally patiently. He enjoyed dealing with Ivan the most. As a man, he also

liked challenges.

Chapter 547 Fast Moves

“Do you have money?” Catherine stared at him and asked solemnly.

Leslie was baffled and couldn’t follow her.

She asked, “Do you know what Ivan Marsh’s major moves recently are?”

‘Something to do with Ivan Marsh?’

Leslie’s eyes lit up. “Tell me about it.” He was all his ears.

“He sent people to buy the raw diamonds from South Africa. In the following three years, he will focus

on jewelry and request everything to be perfect, including the new designs and raw materials. He aims to create a top series named True Love.”

“South Africa?” Leslie captured the critical point.

All people knew diamonds from South Africa were of high quality. He realized Ivan had made a big move.

Holding her arms across her chest, Catherine looked at him expressionlessly. “According to the previous project progress, they haven’t bought the diamonds yet. You can buy them or monopolize the market if you have money. Or you can use other ways to stop the suppliers from selling them to him.”

Leslie looked at her with interest. “Ms. Collins, you seem ruthless for your beloved man.”

“Stop talking about the past. I’ve changed,” Catherine answered. “You’d better think it over. That’s all the information I can give you. We can create a jewelry series if you plan to compete against him. I can design it personally.”

Leslie loved such a challenge as it was intriguing, in his opinion.

“OK. I know what to do.”

They chimed in readily.

Leslie asked, “Any more details? Which part of South Africa? What kind of raw diamonds does he need?”

“I’ve sent everything to your inbox. Check it yourself. I don’t know anything more than that.” With those words, Catherine turned away.

Leslie hurriedly clicked his inbox to read the information.

He was amazed by so much information. Once again, he believed Catherine was a treasure for him.

Everyone knew South Africa was a famous country for diamonds, as the country was established above the volcano eruption. Diamonds from that country were of high quality and in large sizes. The largest diamond, Cullinan, was found in South Africa.

Leslie never hesitated when doing things, and he loved following his intuition.

When he decided to compete against IV, he spent twice the original price on the raw diamonds that the

Marsh Group had targeted and planned to purchase.

He also took the initiative to pay partial penalties to the Marsh Group on the suppliers' behalf.

Half an hour later, the Marsh Group.

The president's and vice president's offices received two calls from Johannesburg.

Jennifer and Finnley answered the calls.

The parties on the other end of the line said in a relaxing tone, "I'm sorry, but our new raw diamonds cannot be sold to the Marsh Group. We've wired the penalties to your company account. Please check it."

"Why did this happen?" Finnley asked anxiously, "Can we have a reason? Haven't we signed the agreement earlier?"

"The reason is simple. Someone else doubled the price to buy them. We're in business, so profit is the most important. Sorry for the inconvenience caused." Then the person was about to hang up the call.

In the vice president's office, Jennifer asked calmly after receiving the news, "What if we also pay the double price?"

The person laughed. "We can't sell them to you either. Anyway, they're willing to spend one more time on your offering no matter how much you pay. See you."

Upon hearing the beeps on the phone, Jennifer frowned slightly.

She realized that someone had deliberately made trouble for the Marsh Group.

She put down the phone and thought for a while calmly. Then she snapped the laptop and walked toward the president's office.

At the door, she overheard Finnley asking about the reason. However, the other party ended the call, and Finnley looked annoyed.

Jennifer knocked on the door, entering.

Chapter 548 The Component's Purpose Was Evident

Judging from Jennifer's expression and status, Finnley could tell she also had received a call.

He looked into her eyes.

"Let's not inform Ivan about this matter first," Jennifer said calmly while approaching, "He's on a business trip abroad. After finishing the work, he will come back naturally."

Finnley nodded his agreement. "I agree, Mrs. Marsh." He also didn't want to impact another thing because of this matter.

"Let's find someone to check the real reasons behind it." Jennifer had several guesses. "Let's see who has played trick behind it. That party was even willing to pay twice the original price."

Finnley frowned. "Their purpose is evident. They don't want our True Love series to launch in the

market.”

Jennifer was confused. “There should be limited ones knowing about this series. We only discussed within the board and haven’t exposed the news to the public.”

Her words enlightened Finnley. He rang the bell to figure out who else knew about this project.

Jennifer added, “We sent people to South Africa to mine the diamonds. Do you know the names of the people in each city?”

Finnley picked up his phone and told his men about the investigation and a few names. “Check it immediately. Keep me updated.”

He ended the call and said to Jennifer, “We’ll have the result soon.”

“Let’s do some backup plans,” Jennifer suggested. “Finding out the manipulator cannot solve our problem. Since the plan has been exposed, we can no longer carry out the original plan. We must make it earlier than planned.”

Finnley agreed. “You are right. I’ll write a new plan and send it to you for review.”

“Great. Thanks, Finnley.”

Montreal, Canada.

Ivan kept his phone on for 24 hours daily, waiting for Emily's update.

He only wished to get the notebooks as soon as possible. Then he would fly to Arkpool City, returning to Jennifer and their children.

Eyot Manor.

The golden sunlight fell on the beautiful fruit farm, painting the tree shadows on the lawns.

Wearing a lace dress, Emily carried a fruit basket, humming a song while wandering among the fruit trees. From time to time, she picked the ripe ones.

Sometimes, she danced happily with a bright smile.

In fact, Emily didn't send anyone to England to fetch the notebook. It was in her manor. She also took along her father's relics when she moved to Canada.

Arkpool City.

Linda was on the scene in the vice president's office when Jennifer answered the call. Therefore, she learned that the suppliers in South Africa refused to sell diamonds to the Marsh Group.

She was shocked, realizing that the Marsh Group had a powerful component on this matter.

Mya complained, "How can the suppliers break the agreement? They don't look upon their credit, do they? How can they survive in the market long?"

"There are too many diamonds in that country," Jennifer explained indifferently, "Since someone was willing to offer them twice the price, they could make more money. Why would they refuse? Besides, their diamonds are of high quality, so they won't be afraid of having no clients. Sometimes, countless people would auction for just one single diamond."

Mya was still a college student, so she didn't know much about the business world. She was indeed angry.

"How long will Mr. Marsh stay in Canada?" Mya felt sorry for Jennifer. Jennifer had just started working as the vice president of the company. Ivan was on a business trip. After this matter happened, many people watched how she dealt with this matter.

"Beats me."

Jennifer didn't know when he would return. Ivan didn't mention it, and she also didn't ask.

Chapter 549 They Couldn't Hide it Anymore

Suddenly, Linda's phone rang. She pulled it out and saw Catherine's caller ID.

Her heart tightened, and she hurriedly hung it up.

Then she messaged Catherine secretly, "What's the matter, Catherine? I'm in the office, so I cannot answer the call now."

Catherine replied, "The surgeon has arrived in Forewood. Your mother's status is suitable to take the surgery tomorrow. Take a day off. Let's go to Forewood tomorrow."

Linda repeatedly read her message several times, feeling excited and joyful.

She immediately replied, "OK."

A while later, she found a suitable time to ask Jennifer for a day off. Since it was because of her mother's surgery, Jennifer agreed and sent her best wishes to her mother.

"Thank you for your concern, Ms. Brooks."

"You are welcome. Please don't worry about your work. I'll give you a few days off so you can accompany her more."

R- Alan Group.

The vice president's office.

Leslie swaggered in, followed by Josh. Both looked excited.

“Ha ha ha... Finnley Russell sent someone to investigate the matter,” Leslie laughed, “I heard Ivan Marsh wasn’t in Arkpool City. I wonder what he would look after knowing the news.”

Catherine also imagined what Ivan would look like when he heard she had joined the R-Alan Group.

Would his face darken?

Dust came. The Marsh’s building was wrapped under the sunset glory, looking peaceful and magnificent.

Linda and Mya had finished work and left. Linda needed to prepare for her mother’s surgery; Mya headed for her classmates’ gathering.

Jennifer didn’t keep her word to Ivan but stayed in the office to work overtime.

The office door was knocked. Jennifer looked up, seeing Finnley entering.

He told her surprising news, “Catherine Collins joined R-Alan Group as the vice president. Leslie

Eastwood doubled the price and bought our raw diamonds.”

Jennifer's heart performed a somersault. “Catherine Collins used to know many confidential things of the Marsh Group...” She was a vice president, so she knew way too much information.

“So...” Finnley said thoughtfully, “We must inform Mr. Marsh about this matter ASAP. No delay.”

No one could predict future trouble.

Silence blanketed the vice president’s office. The two were thinking about making the final decision.

Jennifer sucked in her breath. Her bad hunch told her that Catherine was taking revenge. ‘She’s nuts!’

her inner voice said.

“Ms. Brooks...” Finnley sighed.

Jennifer returned to her senses and looked at him, “Call Ivan.”

Finnley pulled out his phone. In her presence, he reported this matter to Ivan in detail.

He also informed him Catherine had joined the R-Alan Group and colluded with Leslie.

The super luxury hotel, Canada.

Sitting on the sofa of the presidential suite, Ivan narrowed his ink-black eyes when he heard such

news. A hint of disbelief flashed through his mind.

“I’ll be right back,” he replied calmly after a moment of silence.

He wasn’t worried that the confidential information of Marsh Group would be exposed. Instead, he

feared Catherine would end up miserably. She used to be his working partner, so he must help her.

After ending the call, Ivan said to his two subordinates, "I'm returning to Arkpool City. Stay here waiting for Lady Emily's news. Have you remembered the necklace's design?"

"Please rest assured, Mr. Marsh. Once we see the notebook, we'll take the pictures to confirm with you."

"All right."

They are his trustworthy subordinates.

Hence, Ivan took the private jet back to Arkpool City immediately.

Diamonds were not only sold in Johannesburg. Ivan's intuition told him he could find better diamonds later. Therefore, the True Love series would definitely launch in the market eventually.

Eyot Manor.

Emily circled in the kitchen, where everyone was busy dealing with ingredients.

She instructed the chef and cooks, "According to the information online, Mr. Marsh liked light dishes because he has stomach trouble. Don't put too many seasonings."

Emily was planning a banquet. She wanted to invite Ivan for dinner.

Chapter 550 She's Angry

“Don’t put the garlic sauce. I don’t think he’ll eat it. He has stomach trouble. Didn’t I tell you? How many more times do I need to repeat?” she yelled anxiously, her voice still sweet.

“Turn down the gas when cooking the soup. Be patient. Make sure the soup is thick. Thanks.”

“How about cooking some seafood? Don’t put in sugar. I don’t know if he has a sweet tooth.”

She told the chef and cooks what to do, afraid something might go wrong.

Everyone could tell she was excited.

She chirped like a nightingale, and she acted well when playing mute. Ivan was deceived.

Emily thought Ivan was indeed adorable.

“Lady Emily, the dress has been delivered. Would you like to try it on?”

“Sure. Be right there.”

Before leaving the kitchen, Emily reminded the chef, “I must grasp his appetite. It’ll all depend on you guys if we have a great night. If Mr. Marsh likes the food, I’ll give you a bonus.”

Then she followed the butler to the living room.

A maid held a purple dress. Although it was folded, Emily was stunned by the color.

“Beautiful!” It was her favorite color--the light purple, making her look gentle.

Emily gingerly held the dress, the hemline of which was sparkling.

Her maid helped her to put on the dress. Emily circled in front of the mirror, thinking she was like a princess in a fairy tale.

“I’ll fully occupy his eyes and heart tonight.” She was immersed in her charm and full of self-confidence.

Dusk came.

The chef and cooks had almost finished cooking. The dining table was full of delicious dishes and colorful fruit wines.

Emily put on her dress and delicate makeup. Sitting on the couch next to the coffee table, she slightly leaned forward and dialed Ivan’s number.

“Hello? Has the notebook been delivered?” Ivan asked in joy. He was on the private jet.

Emily smiled and replied gently, “Welcome to my manor. I’d love to invite you to join my dinner tonight.

This is Emily.”

Her voice made Ivan furrow his brows slightly. He wondered why her voice wasn’t hoarse anymore.

“Mr. Marsh, do you need me to repeat my words?” Emily asked while giggling.

“Have you received the notebook?” Ivan asked without asking her why she had lied to him. He realized probably she also had lied about her injury on his ankle.

It seemed he only cared about the notebook, which disappointed Emily.

“I'd love to invite you to dine with me tonight. Then we can talk about the notebook.”

“Thanks for your invitation,” Ivan answered mellowly, “If you have the notebook, I'll send my subordinates to read it. They won't take it away.”

“What about you?” Emily's heart tightened. She asked unhappily, “Why don't you come over? Where are you now?”

“Sorry, but I can't. I'm on the flight to Arkpool City,” Ivan replied, “I need to deal with some company errands.”

“You are too rude. You even didn't tell me.” Emily failed to repress her anger.

Ivan chuckled and reminded her, “Your voice...”

“My voice doesn't matter. I won't let anyone read the notebook if you don't come in person. Not even a glance.” She ended the call willfully.

Ivan was lost in thought, realizing Emily wasn't as simple as he had thought. At least, she was indeed

babyish.

He thought about the scene in her bedroom yesterday. Since her vocal cords were injured, he had to sit on her bed edge to listen to her. Bad hunch raised in his chest.

Ivan sensed something fishy. He was always alert. However, to see the notebook, he had already ignored his own safety.

Later, Emily's move made Ivan understand that he had fallen into her trap.