

SURPRISED 611

Chapter 611 Unspeakably Touched

In the office, Josh looked at Leslie anxiously. "I just called Mrs. Eastwood and said you would work overtime. Now Ms. Collins has left. Are you still working overtime?"

"Of course not!" Leslie stood up and said in a bad mood, "We should go too." Then he walked out.

Josh quickly packed up their things and followed.

Catherine walked into a mall after work and picked out two M-sized dresses, one black and the other white, both in classic style with excellent quality.

After leaving the mall, she entered a cake shop.

The birthday cake she ordered in the morning was ready. She paid the final rest of the money and said,

"Thank you."

"You're welcome. Take your time. Welcome to visit us next time."

Opening the door of the red Bentley, Catherine put the cake into the co-pilot, then went around the car and got into the driver's side, and drove the car away quickly.

The buildings of the Marsh Group stood on the busiest area in the city where cars were toing and froing.

The lights in the building were gradually on.

Finnley had to work late tonight, and there was an urgent meeting to be held later.

Mya stayed too since it wouldn't make much of a difference whether she finished her series in the office, or at home.

Linda had nowhere to go. She didn't have anyone waiting for her at home. So, she also decided to work overtime.

It was almost the end of the month. There were some materials to be sorted out. Things would be easier next month.

She knew that Mya was a student and could not work here for long. In the end, Linda would have to handle all these jobs, so she didn't expect Mya to do much.

Time passed quickly. It was eight o'clock in the evening soon.

"I'm off now," Linda said politely as she cleared the desk. She then picked up her bag and got up.

Mya looked up at her. "Okay."

Linda left the office, took the elevator downstairs alone, and walked out of the company. The cool

evening breeze blew her hair but couldn't blow away her faint sorrow.

She got on the last bus home and looked out the window.

Linda's phone rang. She was slightly taken aback while staring at the reminder. It turned out that today was her birthday.

After a busy day, she forgot about it.

But so, what differences would it make even if she remembered it?

It was just a birthday. Growing up in a poor family, she rarely celebrated her birthdays so she had no idea what it was really like.

Thinking about her childhood and her parent's hard work, Linda was quite sad.

She had no way to fly higher, she could only work hard to change her fate little by little.

After an unknown amount of time, the bus got her destination and she got off along with the crowd.

She walked towards her rented apartment under the street lights. The location was not too remote, but it was still a bit lonely compared to the downtown.

The dim street lamp shone on her, stretching her long shadow.

As she walked, Linda saw a familiar figure standing at the entrance of the building. She couldn't help

but stop.

"Catherine?" She quickened her pace.

Catherine held a delicate paper bag in one hand and a cake in the other. "Happy birthday."

...

Linda was stunned and touched by her smiling face.

"Silly girl, let's go upstairs!" With that, Catherine turned and took a step toward the stairs. It was not the first time that she had been here.

But the last time she went here was a long time ago.

Linda followed behind her, looking at her tall figure, the cake and bag in her hand, feeling warm.

Catherine remembered her birthday when her parents and even Linda herself forgot it.

How could she not be moved? The heart was always so fragile.

After going upstairs, Linda opened the door with the key.

"Do you have noodles at home?" Catherine went in and put down the things in her hands. Then she

walked towards the kitchen, "Let me cook some special noodles for you."

Chapter 612 Knowing Her Identity for the First Time

"Don't bother, Catherine." Linda felt embarrassed, "I've already had dinner."

But Catherine took out the cake. "Whether you have dinner or not, you must have some cake. Sit down, it'll be ready soon."

Catherine said with a smile while cutting the cake, "The cake tastes very good, don't worry."

"Linda, how old are you? 24 or 25? "

"24."

"You are so young. You are ten years younger than me." Catherine sighed softly and suddenly felt that she was old but she hadn't dated anyone yet. She wasted all her youth on Ivan.

She felt pitiful but had no regrets.

Catherine took the cake to the living room, gently put it on the table, and sang the birthday song.

"Linda, let's start to celebrate your birthday!"

"Thanks." Linda was emotional. Her nose was sour, and her eyes were a little moist.

After washing her hands, Catherine took out the clothes from the bag. "I picked them for you after work, do you like them? I tried to find something that fit your style."

Linda's heart gently thudded as she looked at the fabric. She raised her eyes and asked, "This is very

expensive, right?"

"It's OK. It was not expensive. Have a look and see if you like it."

For Catherine, it was not expensive, but for Linda, it could be sky-high.

"You don't have to buy me clothes." She felt guilty. "You have been good enough to me."

"Let's make a wish and cut the cake. I bought it. So just accept it. Birthdays only happen once a year."

Catherine was in a good mood tonight. She was more like a big sister than a previous boss.

"How are you doing with Finnley recently?" She asked about relationships, just like a friend.

Linda smiled helplessly. "I'm not with him at all, so it's still the same. We say hello when we meet. And

we only have contacts during work."

"Are you sad?" Catherine asked softly, "Can you let it go?"

Linda was silent for a while.

"It's normal to be sad." With a smile on her face, Catherine laughed at herself, "Even I could be sad. I

know it's impossible, but I still can't help thinking about it, especially at night."

"But he and Mya don't look possible either." Linda had been secretly observing for the past few days.

"Their relationship seems to be a bit stiff."

"That's normal." Catherine smiled.

Linda raised her eyes and asked with interest, "What's normal?"

"It's normal that things won't work between them." Catherine analyzed, "The personalities don't match.

What do you think marriage is? It isn't all about interests. Couples have to fit in, Finnley is older than you and Mya is only 20."

"She's still a student, right?"

"I suppose." Catherine was not very clear, "Do you know? Her father is the mayor."

Linda's eyes widened. It was the first time that she heard it.

"What? Don't you know?" Catherine was a little curious, "How can you not know after getting along with her for so long?"

Linda came back to her senses, feeling as if she was facing a formidable enemy, "She didn't tell me, how am I supposed to know?" So, Mya and Finnley were a good match.

Mya was not an ordinary assistant. She was born noble.

No wonder no one cared when Mya watched dramas during working hours. Even Mr. Marsh spoiled

her, right?

"Linda." Catherine was a little embarrassed, feeling that she had messed up the atmosphere, "Don't

think so much. She is the mayor's daughter but so what? You've said it just now. "They are not

possible. Their relationship seems to be a bit stiff. Finnley likes mature women, but Mya certainly isn't."

Chapter 613 Linda's Reminder

Linda ate the cake, feeling a little disturbed.

Mya was indeed not a mature woman; she was like a child.

"Finnley knows who she is." Catherine said, "But they didn't get together, did they? So don't worry, her

existence is not Jennifer. Jennifer wins because she has two children."

"Say no more," Linda said with smiling eyes. She didn't want to remind Catherine of the past, "Don't

mention them, let's talk about you, are you doing well in the new company?"

Catherine thought that the atmosphere must be well controlled when talking about work. She must not

go there in vain.

"I'm okay." She replied with a relaxed tone, "We've just signed the contract with Georgia. She has been

very popular recently, and she agreed to endorse True Love."

Linda listened carefully, eating the cake.

Catherine added, "Designers are also working overtime day and night. I sometimes stay with them so I am busier than usual. I am occupied by work so I don't have time to think about relationships."

"That's good." She answered.

After a while, Catherine asked, "You must be busy too. Ivan attaches great importance to this project.

In the past, as long as he attached importance to something, no one could relax."

"I'm fine, I'm freer than before." Linda said without thinking, "I don't work overtime today for work, I could get off earlier."

"Are you so free?"

"That's right, Ms. Brooks personally watches the project. She recently took the designers out to look for inspiration. She is not in the company so I don't even need to make coffee for her." After Linda finished speaking, she took two bites of the cake, "It tastes really good."

Catherine was slightly dazed and asked quietly, "The whole team is not there? They all went out for inspiration?"

"Yea, I don't know how long it will take."

Yes, they could go out for inspiration. Why didn't she think of that? They wouldn't have many ideas if they stayed indoors all the time.

Catherine seemed to have found a breakthrough, the corners of her lips rose.

Sometimes, the small things that happened during travel could be inspiring.

Catherine watched Linda eat noodles and they about Linda's mother's condition. Catherine dared not to make her purpose too obvious.

On the same night, the office of the President of the Marsh Group was brightly lit.

Finnley went to a meeting, and Ivan had already left work. After returning from the waterfall, he went back to Kelsington Bay to see the children.

Mya had nothing to do. She sat at Finnley's desk, waiting for him while watching the drama.

After watching another episode, her eyes hurt a little.

She took off the earphones and stretched, looked around, and opened his drawer with curiosity, hoping to find something fun.

Several familiar comic manuscripts came into sight, with her signature in the lower right corner, which

made her slightly stunned.

The scene of that day came to mind, and mya was surprised.

He still kept these random manuscripts?

She took out the manuscripts and found the paper didn't even crumple. It was so well preserved after so long.

Mya carefully looked at the pattern on it. She did a good job that day. The drawing was very smooth.

As she watched, she heard footsteps. When she raised her eyes, Finnley had come to her.

And Finnley also saw the comic manuscript in her hand.

"Why do you still keep them?" She was curious, so she asked.

Finnley looked at her, and then at the manuscript, "I put them in there casually, I didn't keep them on purpose, let's get off work."

"Then...then should I put it away now or throw it away?" Mya stood up.

Finnley took the manuscripts from her hand, put them in the drawer, and closed it. Then he put down the laptop and turned to leave.

"Hey! Wait for me! " She took the phone and chased after him. "What's wrong with you recently? In a

bad mood? Why are you so cold? Can we still chat?"

Finnley pressed the elevator door without answering.

Mya followed him and stopped questioning. He may be worried about his work. The higher he stood,

the more pressure he would bear.

Chapter 614 Saying Something Wrong

"Right." Catherine asked Linda, "What wish did you make?"

"I wish my parents to be healthy." That was her wish for this year.

Catherine was touched by this wish.

If birthday wishes could really come true, Catherine would wish to marry the person she loved, and

then live happily ever after. For her, love came first.

So, the person who would be with her for her whole life was more important than the health of her

parents.

Linda cut another cake for her. "Catherine, thank you for accompanying me on my birthday."

"It's nothing. We are friends."

Linda was very touched. She had almost no friends in this big city. She had never been very confident.

Catherine took a bite of the cake and seemed to feel the pressure. "The names are both called True

Love, why doesn't Ivan change the name? I didn't think so much before. But it's embarrassing now in retrospect."

"There are many things with the same names in this world." Linda comforted her, "People sometimes even wear the same dress at banquets. So, let's take it as a coincidence since it has been decided."

"I guess that's all we can do." Catherine looked very innocent, "I love jewelry, and I always hope to make some achievements."

"Do it if you like it, while you are young." Linda said, "Actually, it's not totally the same. Your company only makes wedding rings."

"Yup."

"We changed." She said, "We are now doing four-piece sets, necklaces, bracelets, earrings, and rings together."

Catherine was slightly taken aback. Four-piece sets? They'd changed plan?

"Mr. Marsh went to South Africa in person to order the best diamond. It is said that this time all the products are limited edition, and every designer has a task, so everyone is excited. There is no

competition this time." Linda said to her, "You only make wedding rings, and you will mass-produce them, so it's really different. Don't think too much about it. I don't think there is any competition."

Catherine was distracted by her words.

Why didn't she think of making a four-piece? In this way, the profit will be higher, and the limited edition

would also make the designer more motivated.

No one only bought rings for weddings. Young people were willing to spend money on the wedding.

A limited edition was just what modern women liked. It made them feel different.

At this moment, a thought came to Catherine. It was not yet too late to remedy it.

Tonight, Catherine got a lot of information. So, she didn't go any further. She didn't want to arouse

Linda's suspicion.

On the same night, at Leslie's villa.

Leslie took a shower and came out of the bathroom. His wife, Ingrid, who was ten years younger than

him, was still pestering him, "You said you will work overtime, but why didn't you?"

"I just didn't. Why do you have so many questions?" The man didn't want to explain.

Ingrid asked again, "You never worked overtime before, why did you suddenly work overtime recently?"

Is there a problem with the company? "

"Where do you have so many questions?" The man was putting on his belt with a cold face. "Couldn't you have better wishes?"

But the woman's intuition told her that something was wrong with her husband.

When Ingrid came out of the shower, Leslie, who had gone to bed a long time ago, was snoring.

"Leslie? Leslie?"

Ingrid called twice, but he ignored it. He had probably fallen asleep.

The woman couldn't help feeling a little disappointed. She looked down at her lace dress. They hadn't made love for a long time.

Had he cheated on her?

Ingrid trusted her husband. But when she thought of his ten marriages, she had a sense of crisis.

Would she become his ex-wife too?

Chapter 615 She Has to Ask

With a trace of doubt and uneasiness, the woman lay sideways beside him, unable to fall asleep for a

long time...

She was once Leslie's mistress, then his wife. To this day, she was happy, although they had no child.

He gave her money every month, so she could hang out with her friends every day without worries.

Ingrid was not very well educated. She had no understanding of the company and had never participated in its management.

Were there any women in the company who wanted to seduce Leslie?

Or women that wanted his money?

All could happen in such a society. As soon as this thought flashed through her mind, Ingrid became very insecure.

That night, she had insomnia.

Why did he start working overtime? He never worked overtime before. It shouldn't be because of work.

He used to hand over everything to Josh, he really didn't work overtime.

The next morning.

Ingrid and Leslie got up together. She carefully tied his tie for him.

She hugged his waist, as usual, raised her eyes, and said coquettishly, "Honey, can you not work

overtime today? There is a party tonight, and I want you to go with me. "

"No." Leslie replied seriously, "I have to keep an eye on the company as there is a lot going on these days."

But weren't there many things going on before?

They went downstairs together. He left in a hurry without even having breakfast at home.

Ingrid stood at the door of the living room and watched him get into the car, then watched the car drive away, feeling that this man was getting farther and farther away from her.

"Madam, there are eggs, sandwiches, and milk for breakfast today."

She turned to look at the maid behind her, and murmured, "Mr. Eastwood has changed, can you feel it?"

Meeting her gaze, the maid shook her head, "Isn't he always like this?"

Ingrid sighed softly and entered the dining room.

He was different. She had a strong premonition.

After breakfast, Ingrid put on her makeup and changed into a beautiful dress. Then she came to the

yard.

The driver opened the door for her, and she got into the car. "Go to Mrs. Huston's."

"Yes, madam."

Without a job, what she did most every day was play cards.

She spent most of her time with those rich women who didn't need to work too.

Mrs. Huston's villa is very beautiful. There was even a cat booth in the yard.

Ingrid was the last to arrive.

In her early forties, she was a little chubby, and very feminine. She had no education or brain, but she

was very beautiful and straightforward.

As soon as she arrived, the game began.

"Mrs. Eastwood, the genius Mr. Eastwood recently recruited must have brought a lot of benefits to the

company, right?" A lady opened her mouth.

Another person said, "It is said that the person used to be the vice president of the Marsh Group, I

suppose it's not only about benefits. Some company decisions can certainly be used for reference. "

The ladies chatted, but Ingrid was confused.

A genius?

Why didn't she know?

The former vice president of the Marsh Group? Whom? Why would such a big shot join the R-Alan?

Why?

"I don't care much about the company, Leslie is very good at reading people." Ingrid said with a smile,

"The people who work under him are all very good."

Seeing her careless look, one of the women reminded her, "Mr. Eastwood, you should care about something."

"That's right, after all, Mr. Eastwood is not so dedicated. They stay together all day, what if something happens? It's also hard to say."

Ingrid was slightly startled, something happens. Was the new vice president a woman?

Can a woman hold such a high position in the company? How good must she be? Or... scheming!

Women's sixth sense was accurate!

Ingrid was not in the mood to play cars. After losing thousands of dollars playing cards, she made an

excuse and went home.

Chapter 616 A Woman Losing Sense of Security

On the way home, Ingrid had a cold face. She looked at the scenery flashing by outside the window, feeling very depressed.

Was there really something?

Otherwise, they wouldn't be talking about the gossip. They wanted to remind her.

Back home, Ingrid went upstairs.

"Madam, why are you back so early today?" The maid asked with concern.

Without answering, she quickly went upstairs and entered the study.

Turning on the computer, she googled the Vice President of R-Alan.

A young woman appeared on the screen. She was wearing a black suit, her hands were folded around her chest, her red lips were arched, and her eyes were firm.

Her name was Catherine...

Through the Internet, Ingrid learned that this woman was once Ivan's crazy admirer, the vice president of the Marsh Group, and she even appeared at Ivan's grand wedding in a wedding dress. It is said that she was brought up by Aubree.

God!

What a strong woman! And she was brave!

Ingrid felt a sense of crisis when she realized that Catharine was not a silly young girl.

She then checked Catherine's educational background and found it was countless times better than

Leslie's!

She had such an excellent resume, but why did she come to R-Alan?

Ingrid couldn't figure it out, and the more she thought about it, the more she felt threatened.

In the photos on the Internet, Catherine was tall and slender. She was a sexy mature woman.

And that kind of charm came not only from wearing but also from her work experience and knowledge.

Ingrid also found a video of Catherine and Leslie attending a press conference. A large group of

reporters surrounded them but they looked at ease. Ingrid could never be like that.

In the video footage, Leslie and Catherine actually looked like a match.

The more Ingrid watched, the more jealous she became. She had been married to him for two years

and hadn't attended any public occasions with him. She had been hidden in his villa.

She married him, but she had no chance to claim him.

Ingrid stared at Catherine's photo coldly, and angrily closed the computer!

She was pissed off and she decided that Catherine must not stay in R-Alan! She must not stay beside Leslie.

The Marsh Group carried the dreams of countless young people.

Mya took the takeaway at the entrance of the lobby, "Thank you." Carrying the big bag, she turned and went upstairs.

For some reason, she suddenly had a craving for dessert, she couldn't help it.

So, she bought a lot online.

After going upstairs and entering the vice president's office, she put the bag on Linda's desk and took some out. "Linda, have a try."

Linda looked up and saw Mya taking out some desserts... There were three servings of tiramisu.

And she also ordered some bubble tea.

Linda was stunned, "Can you finish so much?"

"Try it all, take what you like." Mya took a chair over and sat opposite her, "I've been craving sweets

recently. I don't know why."

Linda looked at her enviously, remembering that she was the mayor's daughter.

How much confidence she must be? She should have no fear, right?

No one would say anything about her even if she ate in the Marsh Group's office during working hours.

"Why are you looking at me?" Mya was eating tiramisu, blinking her eyes, "Hurry up, girls like these, right?"

"Thanks." Linda was actually hungry too, she took a cup of the tea, inserted the straw, and didn't say anything more.

She felt that they were born unequal. Nothing could change that.

Mya ate one after another as if she hadn't eaten for a long time, and the way she ate was not elegant.

Linda also ate a piece of tiramisu, which tasted so good.

Twenty minutes later, there was only one piece of cake left on the table.

Mya put the garbage into the bag, "Eat it." As she spoke, she burped.

Linda waved her hand repeatedly, "I really can't eat anymore, thank you."

Mya thought for a while, "Then send it to Finnley." She wiped her mouth with a tissue, got up, and left with the cake.

Chapter 617 Inspired

Linda was shocked. Sending leftovers?

Wasn't that too disrespectful?

Next door, at Ivan's office, only Finnley was there.

Mya entered after knocking on the door.

Finnley looked up and saw her come in with a piece of cake.

"Here you are." The girl said to him, "You're welcome." She put down the cake and turned to leave.

Finnley looked at her back and had a strange feeling.

When her back disappeared from sight, his eyes fell on the cake. Men rarely eat desserts. Only girls would.

But because she delivered it, Finnley tasted it and found it sweet but not greasy. It tasted great.

He finished the whole cake without realizing it. Looking at the empty plate, Finnley was shocked.

Would he be angry if he knew that it was a leftover?

At least he wouldn't be as touched now, right?

At Roxy Fall, far from downtown.

It was a natural oxygen bar which was all green. The temperature was significantly lower than that in the city.

Standing in the valley in broad daylight, one would feel cool even when the sun was shining.

Exquisite log cabins were side by side, extending backward in a ladder shape, and there was an open space in front of each log cabin.

There was a barbecue grill in front of the cabin on the left, where two women were grilling food.

In front of the cabin on the right was green grass and a stone table and stone bench, Jennifer was checking the trend of jewelry in the international market in recent years.

As well as the preferences of young people, and their purchasing power.

She found that young people nowadays preferred simple styles and minimalism.

Gently sliding the mouse with her right hand, Jennifer analyzed page by page. Sometimes, she took notes.

There was a cup of tea beside her left hand.

Beside the water, a male designer stood with his hands behind his back. He raised his head and closed his eyes to listen to the sound of the running water, bathed in the sunshine of the mountains, letting his thoughts wander wantonly.

The picture of rings and earrings in his mind was getting clearer...

When they were all formed, he turned around and went up the steps, walked into the wooden house, and started drawing on his computer.

Gradually, everyone got inspiration, triggered by different things.

Some people entered the house while eating the barbecue.

Some people got inspired while picking wild grass.

They found something pretty and thought if they were designed as earrings and jewelry, they must be unique.

The wildflowers everywhere were beautiful scenery in the valley. Two female designers couldn't help picking some back and putting them in empty bottles with water.

"Ms. Brooks, this flower is for you." They took a bunch and put it on the stone table.

"Wow." Jennifer looked up at them, and then her eyes fell on the wildflowers. "What beautiful flowers!"

"Do you know it?" The designers were surprised.

Jennifer smiled and said, "This is a kind of herb, which has a protective effect on immune liver damage.

Its chemical component, German lactone, has anti-cancer effects. The roots, stems, and leaves can detoxify and treat wounds."

The designers gave her a thumbs up, "Excellent."

This reminded Jennifer of the days in Sunshine Village, and the unpretentious villagers...She should go back to the village and have a look when they finish True Love.

"Ms. Brooks, we are going inside to work! We found our inspiration!"

"OK."

Jennifer watched them enter the house with a smile.

In fact, she had gotten some inspiration too, but she didn't want to start yet.

She wanted to finish everything all at once when she got all the ideas, even if she had to stay up for two nights.

The aroma of roasted sweet potatoes permeated the air, mixed with the aroma of corn. People eat from

time to time.

It was like a paradise here.

Chapter 618 Going to the Company

Downtown, in the evening.

In Leslie's huge villa, Ingrid urged three times in the kitchen, "How long does the soup take?"

"Madam, the chicken soup for Mr. Eastwood must be cooked for two hours, or he won't like it." The

servant was helpless, "I can't control the time. You said it too late."

"Okay, okay, call me when you're done." Ingrid turned away angrily. She didn't make things difficult for

the servant.

She suddenly thought of cooking some chicken soup for Leslie so she would have an excuse to go to

the company.

While waiting, she paced back and forth in the living room, thinking of Catherine.

She raised her wrist to check the time from time to time. Soon it would be past dinner time.

When the moon and stars appeared in the sky, and the whole city was lit up by lights, she finally

smelled the aroma of chicken soup.

He should be working overtime today because he didn't come home.

"Mrs. Eastwood, the chicken soup is ready."

Ingrid took the thermos from the maid and hurried to the yard.

The driver opened the car door for her, and she quickly got into the car holding the thermos carefully,

"Go to the company, hurry up!"

"Yes, Mrs. Eastwood." The driver closed the door for her and quickly returned to his seat.

About ten minutes later, the car stopped in front of the R-Alan.

Ingrid opened the car door, quickly got out of the car with the thermos, and rushed towards the
company.

Upstairs.

Leslie was in a good mood, and he walked into the vice president's office with two cups of freshly
brewed coffee.

Hearing the footsteps, Catherine, who was busy working, looked up and saw the middle-aged man
smiling.

"Come, have a cup of coffee, I made it myself."

"Thanks."

Leslie put one of the cups beside her right hand, then put one hand on the desk, looked at her

computer screen, and said, "What is this?"

"I'll report to you when I'm done." She picked up the coffee and gently stirred it with a silver spoon.

Leslie's eyes fell on her thin face again, "I heard from Josh that you ate bread here in the afternoon, are

you hungry? Shall I order some food for you?"

"No, I am good." She was embarrassed, "I can't eat much. I'm a little hungry occasionally, it's okay."

But Leslie was very concerned about her.

The elevator door opened.

Ingrid, carefully dressed, walked towards the president's office with a thermal.

When passing by the vice president's office, she inadvertently looked inside.

She saw her husband propped one hand on the desk, and leaned slightly, with a coffee cup in the other

hand.

The woman sitting in the office chair looked up, the two were talking about something.

Although she couldn't hear what he was saying, they looked very intimate.

Ingrid didn't stop but slowed down. She saw it clearly.

When she walked into the CEO's office with a restless heart, Josh got up quickly, "Mrs. Eastwood."

"Hi, Josh." She put the soup gently on Leslie's desk, smiled, and asked, "Where is Leslie? I brought

him chicken soup. "

Josh was a little worried. She passed Catherine's office just now. Didn't she see Leslie?

But she'd better not have seen it.

"In the conference room I suppose, wait a moment, I'll call him now." With that said, Josh left quickly.

He hurried into the vice president's office and whispered to Leslie's ear, "Mr. Eastwood, your wife is

here."

Chapter 619 Being Expelled

The smile on Leslie's face faded away, and there was a cold light in his eyes. He went out without even

saying goodbye to Catherine.

Josh frowned and followed.

Catherine didn't hear what Josh said, but she could feel that Leslie was angry. His back was a little

cold.

Was something wrong?

The president's office next door was magnificent. It was the first time that Ingrid had been here. She had to ask where it was along the way.

She felt a sense of extravagance standing in front of the desk. When she saw Leslie coming in, she quickly greeted him with a smile, "Leslie, I made you your favorite chicken soup, it's boiled for two hours, try it!" Then she stepped forward and took his arm.

"Who asked you to come?" Leslie's face was full of displeasure, he shook off her hand, and asked sternly, "Didn't I tell you not to come to the company?"

"Why can't I?" She suppressed her dissatisfaction and asked innocently, "I am your wife."

Leslie said to her, "Go back, right now."

With tears in her eyes, the woman said aggrievedly, "You have been working overtime recently. I am worried about you. So, I brought you some chicken soup. Why are you so angry?"

Leslie's face was still cold, "Because you ignored my words, women should stay behind men!"

Josh was embarrassed by the side. He wished that they wouldn't argue because there were people next door.

"Leslie, try the chicken soup first, it won't taste good when it's cold." As she spoke, she was about to open the thermos.

"Just leave it alone!" Leslie took a sip of coffee and kept the cup in his hand, "Go back!"

"No, I'll wait for you to get off work." Ingrid began to act coquetry, "I told the driver to go back first."

Leslie looked at her coldly, and said impatiently, "Then take a taxi back, I don't when I finish."

"I am not doing it!" She felt wronged.

"Get out!" Leslie freaked her out.

Then he said to Josh, "Send Mrs. Eastwood downstairs! Get her a cab!"

"Yes, Mr. Eastwood." Josh had to do it.

Ingrid could clearly see the loathing and disgust in the man's cold and dangerous black eyes. Her heart went cold.

"Mrs. Eastwood, please."

The woman endured it.

To not embarrass herself more, she had to leave.

But she had got a judgment on some things.

When passing by Catherine's office, she couldn't help slowing down, took another look inside, and saw the woman working hard at the desk.

She was already sure that Leslie worked overtime because of Catherine.

She checked the time when Catherine started working, and found it was exactly the same time as when Leslie started working overtime.

Downstairs, Josh called her a taxi and then told the driver the address.

Ingrid hated it, but she couldn't walk home.

She thought of what she saw just now. Leslie and Catherine talked happily in the same office, only the two of them were there.

A strong sense of crisis invaded her, and for a moment, she didn't know what to do.

After all, Leslie had been married ten times. His loyalty to marriage was only temporary.

Thinking about it, she wanted to cry.

She didn't want to be abandoned; she didn't want to give up this extravagant life.

The cool night wind dazzled her eyes.

At this time, the white Maybach left the Marsh Group.

Mya was sitting beside Finnley while he was driving. During the five-minute drive, he looked at her ten times. In the end, he asked in confusion, "Why aren't you watching your series?"

"It hasn't been updated yet." The girl leaned back in her chair and answered listlessly.

Finnley couldn't quite accept this reason, wasn't it because he was tired of Spencer's face? Wasn't it because she didn't like it anymore?

Chapter 620 She May Cause Trouble

Mya looked out the car window, and said with some emotion, "We have been working overtime like forever! I haven't even gotten to try the lobsters of this summer."

There was silence in the car for a few seconds.

Mya didn't expect anything. She just kind of missed lobsters.

"Then let's do it now." Finnley thought of how she sent him the cake and felt warm.

Mya looked at him in astonishment!

He held the steering wheel and looked ahead calmly as if he didn't say anything just now.

But she did hear it. "Sure!" She was happy and looking forward to it.

Finnley drove on, the corners of his lips raised.

The night was peaceful and beautiful.

After a while, he parked the car at the entrance of an alley, "Get out of the car, we're here."

Mya looks around the window, unbuckles her seat belt, and gets out of the car. "Are you sure? Are we going to eat in such a small restaurant, beside the road?"

"This is a famous alley in the city." Finnley locked the car door and introduced her. "Let's go."

He said, "It doesn't look fancy, but every store here is special, especially when it comes to lobsters."

There are five or six restaurants serving lobsters, which are all very popular. We'll have to wait in line."

"How do you know it so well?" Mya put her hands in the pockets of her yellow jacket, walked away from him, and turned to look at him, "It seems that you are very familiar with this place."

"Sometimes I met clients here. Do you believe it?" Finnley asked with a smile.

She shook her head, "I don't. Shouldn't you meet your clients in fancy restaurants? You know, to show that you respect them. "

"Sometimes they ask to be here." Finnley smiled, "Actually, I don't believe it either, but it's the truth."

The two walked into the alley.

It felt like the street in the 90s, but it looked clean.

There was is a barbecue stand at the entrance, and then there were shops selling various snacks...

They headed inside

Every store was full of customers.

The store owners were all busy. There was almost no empty seat.

Mya was good at observing. As she walked, she looked around again, and finally came to a conclusion,

"There are all kinds of people."

"Yeah, even the mayor's daughter is here," Finnley answered.

Mya added, "As well as the special assistant of the president of the Marsh Group."

Finnley smiled, and then said to her, "But there are basically no alcoholics, so it's safe. People come

here, fill their stomachs, and leave."

Mya saw several shirtless men with creepy tattoos.

As she walked, she saw several lobster shops, "Did you mean these ones?" She pointed at them.

The neon lights on the signboard looked like those in a 1980s salon. Finnley said, "Yes! Nice, the

guests at that table are leaving."

Finnley took her forward, "We are lucky, the food here tastes very good."

They came to the empty table. The owner of the restaurant was a chubby woman, who quickly cleaned

the table with a cloth and said happily, "Please sit down. What would you like?"

Mya sat down. Her easygoing was a virtue in Finnley's eyes. She was not at all arrogant.

"What are you waiting for?" She raised her eyes and urged him, "Sit down."

Finnley sat down and said gently, "Ma'am, we would like to have some lobsters that are slightly spicy.

And two beers, thank you."

"Alright! At once!" The woman answered in a loud voice. She was naturally in a good mood when she

had customers.

"Slightly spicy?" Mya looked at him and asked calmly, "Aren't you even going to ask me what I like? I

am the guest!"

Finnley met her gaze and explained, "Although you are a young girl, you should take good care of your

stomach. Slight spicy tastes good. Too much chili will get you acne."

"Acne is cool, come on!" Mya joked, waiting happily.

Soon, a large plate of spicy lobsters was served, it looked and smelled delicious!

Finnley took over the beers, "Thank you." He opened one and put it in front of Mya.

At the table not far away, Tim looked around randomly. Then, his eyes froze. Was it Mya and that nosy

man?