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



"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





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"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 inspiriting.

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



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

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.

edition

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

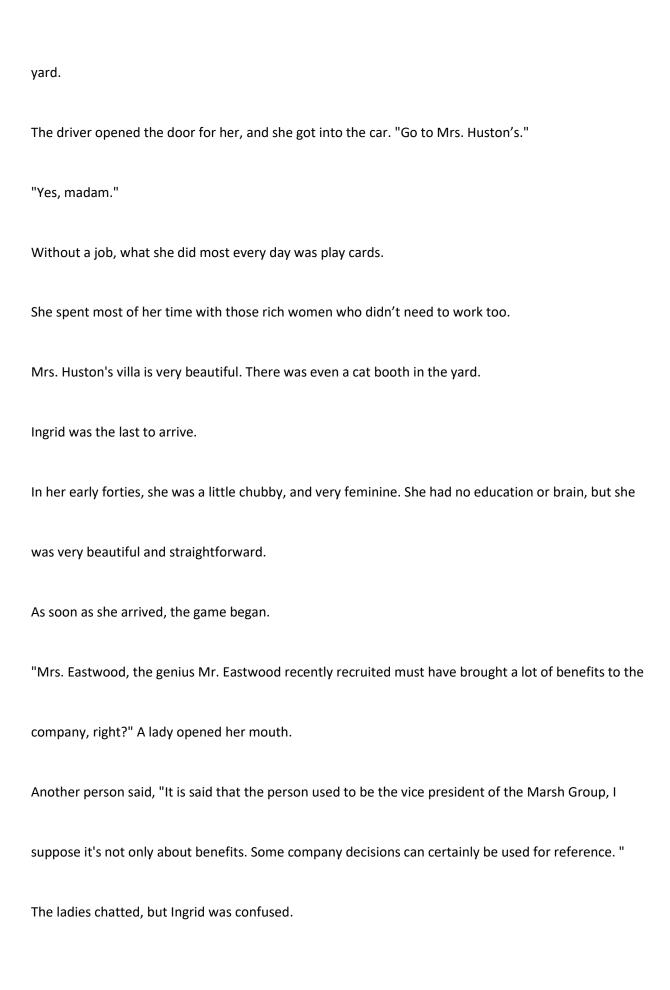
him, was still pestering him, "You said you will work overtime, but why didn't you?"

"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



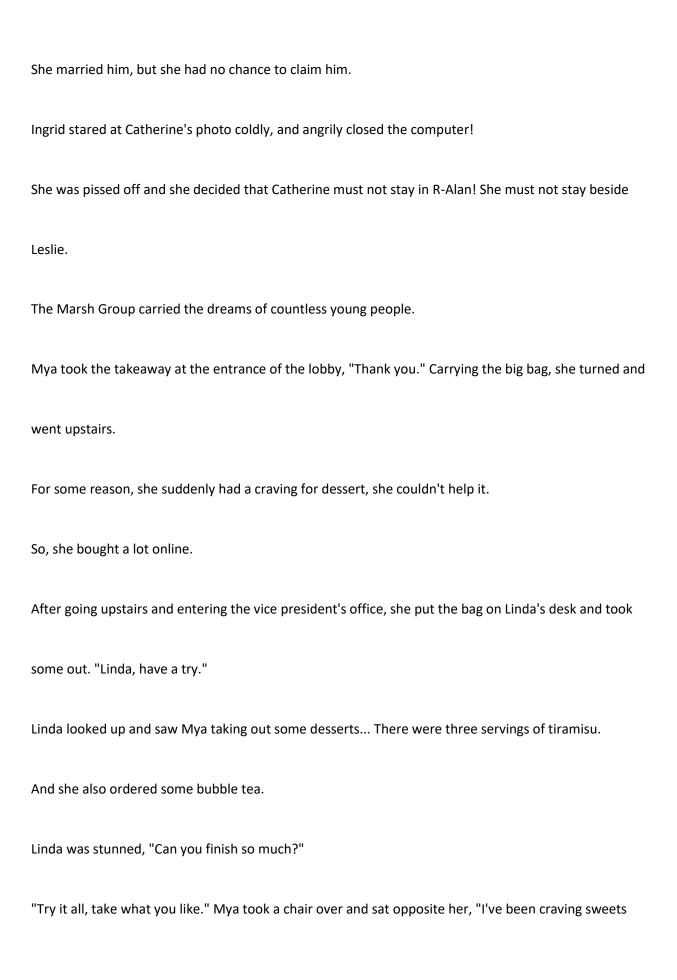




excuse and went home.
Chapter 616 A Woman Losing Sense of Security
On the way home, Ingrid had a cold face. She looked at the scenery flashing by outside the window,
feeling very depressed.
Was there really something?
Otherwise, they wouldn't be talking about the gossip. They wanted to remind her.
Back 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 arced, 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.







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.

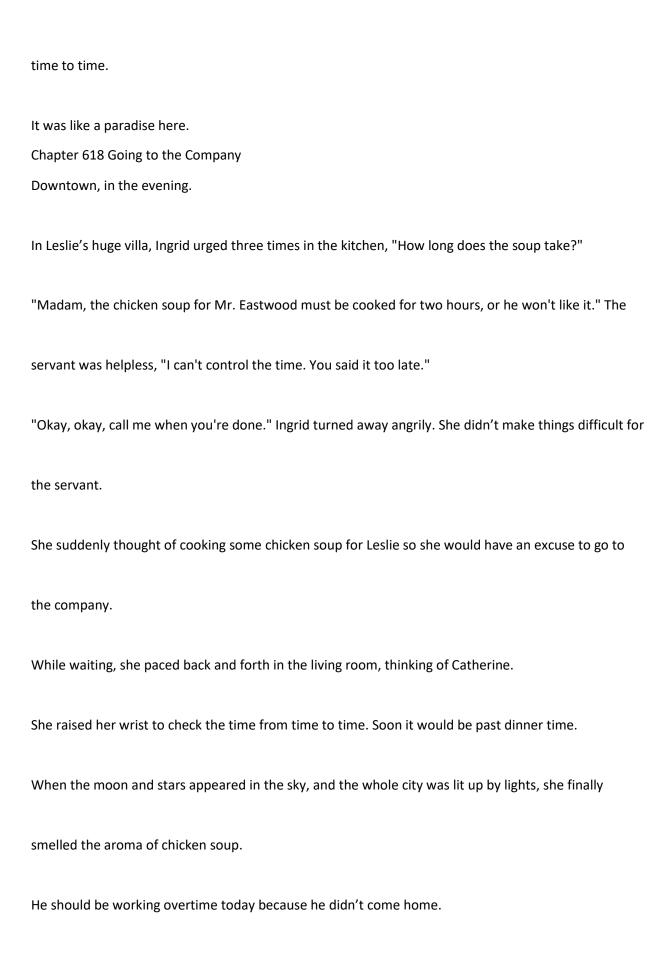
They found something pretty and thought if they were designed as earrings and jewelry, they must be unique.

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.

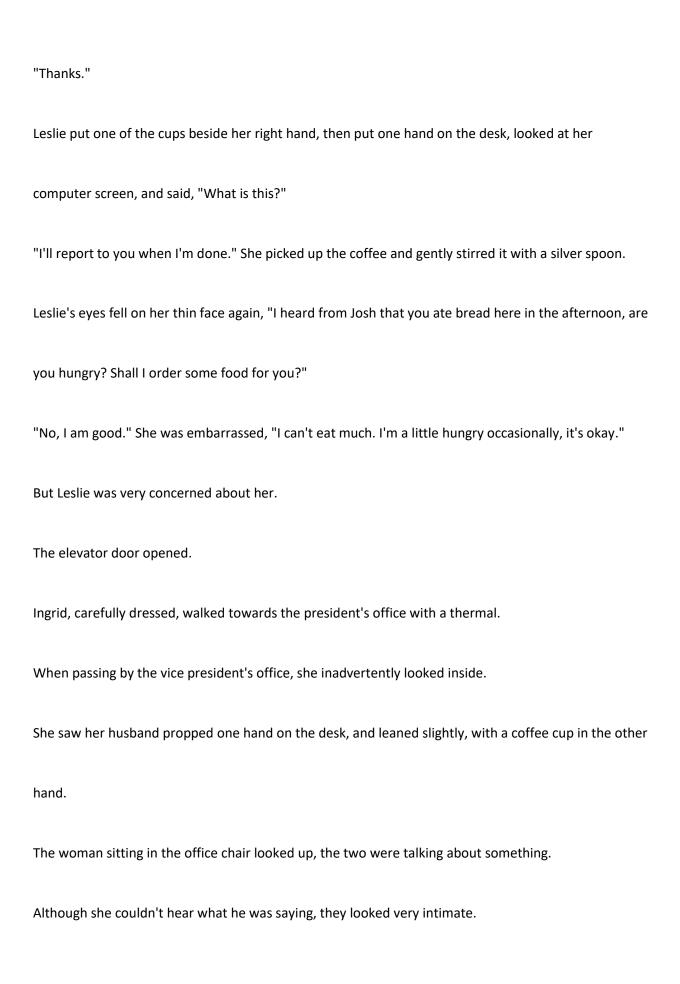
"Ms. Brooks, this flower is for you." They took a bunch and put it on the stone table.

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









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.



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.

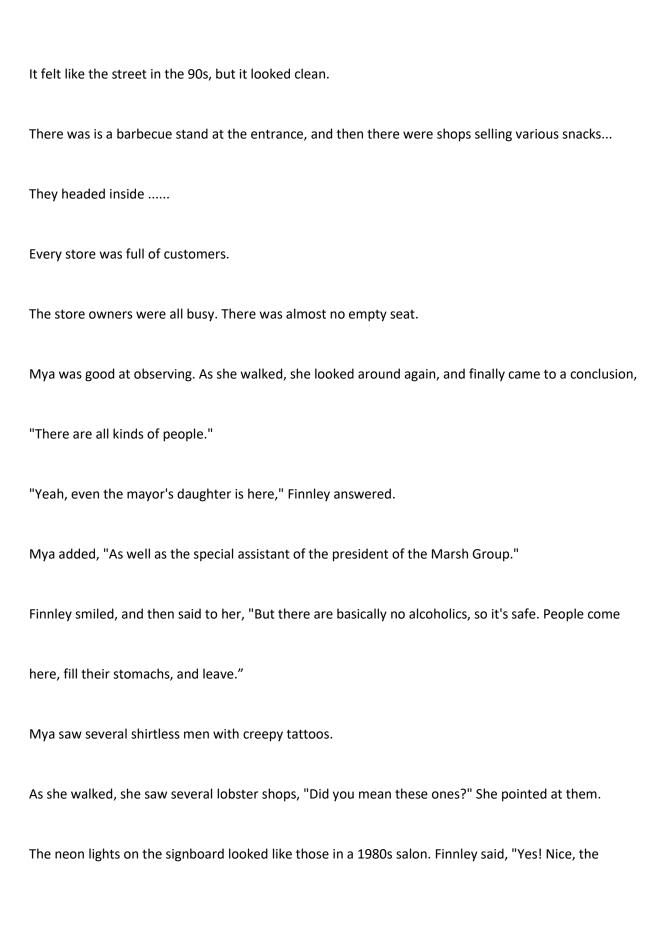
Mya looked at him in astonishment!

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.



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?