

SURPRISED 621

Chapter 621 Mya Was Scared

Tim kept drinking wine, and the alcohol numbed his senses.

After the grim failure, Tim, who was driven away by the security guard of the Marsh Group, stood up with resentment and anger.

He said to his friends, "It's that guy. He took away my girl!"

His friends followed his gaze and also saw Finnley and Mya.

"Tim, we should take revenge." A young punk said to Tim.

"Of course, we should!" Tim stood up, took an empty bottle from the table, and walked towards Mya.

His friends also followed him.

Finnley had just shelled a shrimp for Mya, but he didn't know his action made Tim even more furious!

Tim had been pursuing Mya for years since high school!

"Thank you." Mya also shelled one for Finnley and put it in his mouth. "Open your mouth."

Finnley opened his mouth and took the shrimp.

Soon several shadows were cast on the table.

The two of them were slightly stunned. Then they looked up together and saw four men standing next

to them. One of them looked familiar.

"Mya, my girl. It has been a long time." Tim looked at Mya with a bottle in his hand. There was still love in his eyes. "Have you made up your mind? When are you going to marry me?"

Mya stood up and asked, "Don't you have money?"

Finnley stood up too. He turned around and stood beside the girl.

"I have! I have a lot of money!" Tim thought she was going to agree, "I've bought a house. I can even buy a car for you."

"If you have money, you should go to the hospital to see a mental doctor." Mya had lost her interest in the shrimp.

Tim was irritated and lost his mind. He raised his hand and threw the bottle at the two!

Finnley turned around and held Mya in his arms!

Bang!

The glass bottle broke into pieces on his back! With a groan of pain, Finnley kept bleeding on his back.

Mya was scared!

Finnley let go of Mya who was in his arms, turned around, pulled Tim's arm, and kicked him hard in the belly, forcing him to step back!

Those friends of Tim were scared. They didn't dare to confront Finnley and stepped back. No one dared to help Tim.

Mya was completely shocked! She covered her mouth with her eyes wide open.

Finnley put his arm around her shoulder, took the plate of shrimps, and took her away quickly!

"How are you?" she asked worriedly as she walked. "You are injured. Let's take a taxi to the hospital. I can't drive."

Finnley was in so much pain that sweat appeared on his forehead. He took her to the entrance of the alley and opened the door to the passenger seat. "Get in the car."

"No!"

"Listen to me!" He said in a low voice.

Mya had no choice but to get in the car. She was extremely nervous.

Finnley quickly sat in the driver's seat, put the shrimps in a bag, and handed it to her. Then he quickly started the car.

Mya was confused. "Why do you still take the shrimps?"

"You like it." this was his answer.

"Let's go to the hospital!" she turned to look at his back and pleaded, "please!"

However, he drove the car to his home. "It's just a small wound. I don't need to go to the hospital. I will be fine when the bleeding stops."

"But you are bleeding now!"

"I just need to apply some hemostatic on the wound," Finnley insisted. He hated to go to the hospital.

He was behind the steering wheel, so Mya could do nothing.

She looked down at the bag of shrimp on her knees and wanted to cry.

She had been nervous and worried all the way. The distance didn't take so long. It only took about a few minutes. But for Mya, it seemed to be a hundred years.

When they finally got back to the apartment, Mya put down the bag and hurriedly took out the medical kit. "Let's stop the bleeding."

Finnley sat down on the sofa in the living room. He was still angry. What Tim said was so disgusting.

He really wanted to tear his mouth.

Mya put the medical kit on the table and looked at him with sorry. "Take off your shirt." Then she could help him bandage the wound.

Finnley looked up at her and saw the tears in her eyes. He immediately felt less pain.

Chapter 622 Heart Beat Fast

They met each other's eyes.

Mya asked with worry, "Why don't we go to the hospital? We are not doctors." She was afraid of any danger.

The man didn't reply. He just looked away and unbutton his shirt.

Mya endured the embarrassment and tried to regard herself as a doctor and him as a patient.

Finally, she helped him take off his shirt stained with blood. Then she saw the wound on his back. It was cut by glass, not too deep, but it was as long as a finger.

There should be no need for stitches. The blood had already clotted.

She took out the anti-inflammatories from the medical kit and poured them on the cotton ball. She tried her best to clean his wound and the bloodstain carefully.

"Hiss!" although Finnley tried hard to bear the pain, he could not help hissing in pain.

This girl didn't know how to do this at all!

Mya was not careful. She had been taken care of since she was a child, so she was not good at doing such things.

She was not a careful person. Besides, it was the first time that she had encountered such a thing. She was not experienced at all and was very flustered. Now, she was still in a state of shock. It's said that this piece was hand knitted by a dozens of craftsmen and costs over five million dollars.

But she was also an adult and tried her best to do it well.

She knew the basic process of treating wounds. She had seen it in TV dramas.

After disinfecting his wound, she sprinkled some hemostatic powder on the wound and put a large band-aid on his wound.

She didn't even have time to clean up the medical kit. She turned around and walked towards the bedroom.

Finnley looked at her back and asked, "Are you leaving?"

"No!" After a while, she came back with a clean shirt. "You can wear it later." Then she fetched the hot

water and put a towel into it.

She wrung the towel and wiped his back. "Don't take a shower today. You haven't sweated anyway."

Finnley kept silent and enjoyed her service.

In fact, Mya was a little nervous. When she touched him, she felt hot, and her heart beat very fast.

After all, this was too intimate for them.

But he was injured because of her. She should help him. He was so good and took her in for so long.

She thought she shouldn't feel embarrassed because she was just repaying him.

Finnley didn't expect her to be so considerate. Although she was not experienced, he somehow felt comfortable.

"Why did you protect me? What if the bottle hit your head? Do you know how dangerous it was?"

"But I can't let him hit you," Finnley said. That was exactly what he thought.

Mya said, "He likes me. He wouldn't hit me so hard."

Finnley frowned and corrected her, "It doesn't make sense. He was drunk. He couldn't even recognize you!"

She pouted and stopped arguing with him.

He was right!

After all, she was moved by his protection.

"Let me cook noodles for you." Then she began to pack up the medical kit.

Finnley was a little surprised. "Can you?"

"Why not?" She looked at him and said, "Perhaps I don't know how to cook, but I have seen others do it." After cleaning up the medical kit, she went into the kitchen.

When she saw these pots and pans, Mya, who had been served well since childhood, was still stunned for a few seconds.

She thought the noodles must be cooked with water, so she put some water in the pot and turned on the gas.

She took out the noodles from the cabinet and put some into the water. She didn't know if they were enough.

So she put more into the water, but she still felt it was not enough, so she added even more.

She had put a lot of noodles in the water, but she still felt it was not enough before the water boiled.

As time went by, the cold water began to boil.

Gradually, she found that there were more and more noodles in the pot!

She widened her eyes in surprise. "Why?" The pot was full and the noodles almost spilled out!

Why did the noodles become more and more?

Chapter 623 She Didn't Know

Mya didn't know how long it would take. She watched the noodles rolling in the pot. When she tried to

stir them, she almost scalded her hand.

She guessed the time and observed it from time to time. When she felt it was about time, she picked

them up for Finnley.

She put the plate on the table and said, "Taste it."

Finnley looked at the plain noodles. It smelt tasteless. He took the plate helplessly and tried his best to

keep calm.

"Eat them. There are more in the pot!" She happily took off her apron, turned around and took out

another plate, and then sat down opposite him.

Mya looked at him and asked in confusion, "What are you waiting for? Eat it."

Finnley tasted the noodles. To his surprise, he even thought it was sweet. He was moved.

"Ah!" Mya spat out the noodles, "I didn't add salt!"

Finnley couldn't help laughing. "You didn't add salt, oil, or any ingredients. Why didn't you add an egg?"

Mya didn't know how to answer his questions. She said, "I didn't know how to cook noodles."

Finnley looked at her apologetic face and said in a relaxed tone, "It doesn't matter. Let me add something to it." Then he took the noodles into the kitchen.

"Hey, are you okay?" Mya stood up and followed him in. "You are injured. You should have more rest."

Finnley wanted to say he wouldn't be affected by the small wound.

But when he saw the noodles in the pot, he was stunned. What was it? Was she preparing some feast?

"What's wrong?" Mya stood beside him, looked at him, and asked cautiously, "are you feeling uncomfortable? Do you want to go to the hospital?"

"Why do you cook so much?" He looked at her and asked, "Can we finish them?"

"I didn't know." She answered carefully, "I was afraid it would not be enough. I didn't put so many in the pot, but it got more and more when I cooked, just like magic."

Finnley was speechless. After a long while, he said, "Get out."

"You..."

"Get out." He said, "If you don't want to get oily or get this weird smell in the kitchen."

Mya didn't feel that he was angry, but his tone was firm. She didn't want him to say the same words again and again, so she turned around and left silently.

She sat in the chair. The latest episode of Love in Violet Gold Bay was just out, but she was not in the mood to watch it.

She thought about what had happened in the snack street just now. She still had a bad feeling and felt sorry for Finnley.

Damn Tim! He must pay for it!

Mya picked up her phone and dialed a number.

"Miss, what can I do for you?"

Mya said to the man, "At about eight o'clock tonight in Moonlight Street, that fat man, Tim Towns, provoked me and hurt a friend of mine with a beer bottle. Go to get the surveillance video. He must stay in jail for some days."

"Yes, miss. I'll report to you when things are done."

After hanging up the phone, Mya was still annoyed. As the daughter of the mayor, she had never used her father's power. But today, she just couldn't stand that guy anymore.

After a while, the aroma of the noodles pervaded the air and came into her nose.

She looked at the kitchen.

Finnley came out with two plates of noodles. The noodles smelled delicious. There were ribs and mushrooms, and her favorite coriander in it.

Definitely, Finnley had added oil and salt.

Finnley put the plate in front of her and handed her the fork.

"Thank you." Mya took it over with a little embarrassment. "Sorry that you have to cook yourself."

"It doesn't matter," Finnley said in a calm tone and sat down opposite her. "We have packed up shrimps. You can also eat them."

"I'm not in the mood to eat." She was thinking if the accident would still have happened if she hadn't gone to eat shrimp.

"Don't blame yourself." Finnley guessed.

"Of course not!" She didn't want to admit it. "It's not my fault. Why should I blame myself?"

Chapter 624 Her Fragrance

Finnley smiled gently and didn't argue with her.

The two finished the noodles in silence.

Then Mya said, "you should sleep on the bed tonight, and I sleep on the sofa." She just cared about him.

Finnley didn't refuse, "okay." After all, this was his home. He thought that this girl was sometimes considerate.

Then Mya cleaned up the dishes and took the initiative to wash them.

This was the first time that Mya had washed dishes. Surprisingly, she didn't break any of them. After that, she wiped them carefully and put them into the disinfection cabinet.

She was not stupid, and she had watched the housekeeper wash the dishes in this way at home.

Finnley stood up and walked into the bedroom. It had been a long time since he slept on the bed last time.

Standing in front of the bed, he looked at the smooth quilt without any wrinkles.

She had made the same bed messy on the first day. Now, she had made great progress.

Finnley was satisfied. The girl still remembered his words.

"It's not dirty." Mya came in and explained, "We don't have time to wash it now. Turn it over, and it will be okay. It's not dirty at all. I take a shower every day, and I clean the hair on the bed every day. I promise there's no hair on it."

"I will sleep here tonight, and you should go out. It's late." Finnley said, "I'm going to bed."

In fact, they could use their own quilt.

The silly girl didn't think of this, but he wouldn't remind her.

"Okay." The girl walked towards the door. Then she looked back. "Don't lock the door. I will come in to check on you tonight."

"For what?" Finnley turned to look at her. His face was so gentle in the light.

"You are injured. I should see if you need water or something, or if you are feeling uncomfortable. Or... if you want to go to the hospital." It was the first time that she had encountered such a thing, so she was very worried. After all, she was the source of trouble.

Finnley felt warm when he heard her words, but he didn't show it. "I know. You can leave now."

"By the way, you have to sleep on your side!" She added, "put a pillow under your arm so that your arm won't feel numb."

"Okay." Finnley was moved.

When she was about to close the door, Mya suddenly turned around and asked, "by the way, do you want to ask for a leave tomorrow?"

How could she be so nervous?

Finnley looked at her gently and said, "no, it's not a big deal."

"You need to take care of yourself. Think about it." She said, "anyway, don't force yourself. The company won't go bankrupt without you."

Finnley watched her leave and heard the door closing.

The girl completely disappeared from his view. He smiled gently with light in his eyes.

Finnley got on the bed and lay on his side.

There was a faint fragrance of her body in the bed, which made him feel at ease.

Mya, on the other hand, lay on the sofa and pulled his quilt. She also smelled the familiar and light fragrance of his body. She was reminded of the day when Tim proposed with a banner outside the

company. She got into Finnley's arms that day.

She smelled the same fragrance that day. It was light, unique and so clear. She would never forget it all her life.

In the middle of the night, the two of them lay on the bed, but they didn't fall asleep. They were both thinking about something in the past.

At night, the deputy general manager's office of the R-Alan group was brightly lit.

Catherine had just finished the meeting brief. According to what Linda had said, she had temporarily adjusted the True Love series.

When Catherine heard footsteps, she looked up and saw Leslie come in.

Chapter 625 Unconditionally

"Mrs. Collins, are you still working? It's so late." The man asked with concern.

"I just finished my work and was about to leave." Catherine's tone was calm. She said to him as she

turned off the computer, "the True Love series of the Marsh Group will make four pieces of a set. The

earrings, bracelets, and necklaces are all limited edition. Each designer will draw a picture. Everyone

has his or her own favorite. Each product can be sold at a very high price."

Leslie thought for a while and said, "it seems to be good. It's different from your previous plan. They have changed it. Where did you hear that?"

"Ivan revised it later." She said, "It's not important where I heard it, but it has indeed been changed.

They only planned to make wedding rings before."

"Shall we do the same?" Leslie was interested. "In this way, the designers will be more interested and can devote themselves to the design with the best state."

"Yes, that's what I'm thinking now." Catherine smiled coldly. "Since we will steal their ideas, then we should steal everything. This is a more attractive stunt. Perhaps all our protects of both sides will be sold well. We don't have to surpass the Marsh Group. It's good to be on par with them."

"Sure." Leslie was very happy and asked with a smile, "where did you get the news? Can you get more and more news in the future?"

"It's none of your business." Catherine frowned slightly. She took her bag and stood up. "You just need to believe the news."

Leslie was surprised by this woman. He kept looking at her with a smile. "You still have spies even after you left the Marsh Group. You have good connections."

She had no interest in his flattery at all.

"By the way, there is one more thing that needs your approval." Catherine said to him, "you'd better be mentally prepared. I need a sum of money. I'll explain it in detail at the meeting tomorrow."

"As long as you ask, no matter what you wanna do, I will unconditionally obey. If you want money, just tell me the price." Leslie said with a smile. His eyes were full of affection for her.

But Catherine said in a serious tone, "Jennifer took the design team out to look for inspiration. They are in Roxy Fall. I've checked it. It's a natural oxygen bar. The environment there is very good, and it's suitable for resting brains."

"So what?"

"So let's do the same." Catherine had made up her mind. She said, "go to say hello to them and make them unhappy. Let's go to relax ourselves. But we have to live in the guesthouses. It's a little far from the center of the oxygen bar, but the environment is also good. It's also in the mountain and close to the waterfall. We can go to the waterfall every morning."

"Okay, make a detailed plan." Leslie said to her, "what do you need? Make a list of funds or resources

you need. I'll obey it unconditionally."

"Okay." Catherine just waited for his answer. "Then I'll get off work first." Then she walked out.

Leslie didn't even have time to express his concern.

"Mr. Eastwood." Josh's voice came from the door. "It's time to get off work." Catherine had left for a few minutes. Why was Mr. Eastwood still standing in front of her desk?

Leslie came to his senses and walked out.

Before he came back home, Ingrid had been fidgeting for a long time. Countless guesses came into her mind, and she even suspected that they were sleeping together at a hotel.

He didn't even have to work overtime because he had Josh to do everything!

Finally, she heard the car engine in the yard.

In the driver's seat, Leslie sat there with a dark face. He was in a terrible mood now.

Chapter 626 Never Fire Her

Ingrid hurried to greet him. When Leslie got out of the car, she rushed to him and hugged him. She buried her head in his arms and took a deep breath to smell his body. Ha? There was no smell of a woman's perfume.

"What are you doing?" The man's face turned sullen. He pushed her away and said, "let me go!" His

tone was full of disgust.

Ingrid was forced to release her hands and was pushed back a few steps. She almost cried when she looked at him, "Leslie, you come back late recently. I can't fall asleep alone. I miss you."

Leslie was not interested in her at all and walked inside.

"Leslie, have you finished the soup?" She turned around and caught up with him. "Do you like it?"

"Don't send me anything again." The man said in a cold voice, "I gave it to Josh."

Ingrid was sad to hear this.

After Leslie entered the living room, he went upstairs, followed by Ingrid.

"Leslie, don't be angry. I just care about you."

The man ignored her, took off his clothes, and went straight into the bathroom.

Then she heard he was taking a shower inside.

She stood in the bedroom, staring at the door blankly for a while.

After a while, she looked at the pile of clothes on the sofa. It seemed to be a good opportunity. Ingrid

took a few steps forward and carefully checked his clothes under the light, only to find that there was

no lipstick mark or woman's hair on them.

She smelt it again and was sure that there was no perfume smell.

Did she think too much?

But her husband didn't work overtime in the past. Since Catherine came to the company, he began to work overtime.

There must be something wrong with it.

The woman's intuition also told her that there was a crisis.

After a while, the sound of water in the bathroom stopped.

Ingrid hurriedly put Leslie's clothes back where they were and adjusted her mood.

When Leslie walked out of the bathroom, she stood not far away and looked at him quietly. There was sadness and grievance in her eyes. "Leslie..."

The man's face was always gloomy. He frowned and did not look at her.

"Do you like her?" Ingrid finally asked the question.

"Who?" Leslie straightened his nightgown and tied the belt slowly.

Ingrid looked at him and asked seriously, "the new vice president."

"Excellent people are naturally attractive and can bring benefits to the company. I think every boss will like such an employee, right?" He answered naturally.

Ingrid admired his eloquence, but she emphasized, "I mean the love between a man and a woman."

Leslie stopped what he was doing and raised his head to look at her. "That's normal. Excellent people always attract each other."

Jealousy filled the woman's heart. She clenched her hands, and the anger kept attacking her brain.

"Can you fire her?" She was very dissatisfied.

Leslie frowned and asked, "what did you just say?" How dare she make a request to him?

Ingrid looked into his cold eyes. She was inexplicably nervous, and her tone was softer. "Can you find a new vice president?"

"I can change my wife, but never a vice president." This was Leslie's answer. He was a jerk, but he was also an honest man.

Ingrid's heart sank!

Catherine had completely taken her husband away!

Then Leslie said to her, "don't sleep in my bedroom tonight. Go out and think about your mistakes."

...

"Get out."

Feeling his rejection and anger, Ingrid didn't fight against him. Instead, she left with grievance and anger.

She just brought him some soup.

She was just jealous of that woman.

That was because she loved him too much.

Catherine! What a smart woman! Ingrid decided to take some action.

That night, Mya didn't sleep well in the apartment. She lay on the sofa under Finnley's quilt. Scenes of Finnley protecting her flashed through her mind.

She didn't know what kind of feeling she had for him. It was a little complicated and warm.

Chapter 627 Good Learner

She got up five times and walked gently into the bedroom to see if he was fine.

She wanted to see if he was lying on his side if he had pressed the wound and if he had covered the quilt well and if he felt pain and couldn't sleep.

But every time she went in, with the moonlight outside the window, she saw Finnley lying quietly.

Mya also noticed that the neat freak didn't mind the quilt she had used.

She was both surprised and moved.

She lay back on the sofa and covered herself with his quilt. Smelling the faint smell of his body, she also fell asleep.

Early in the morning, the sun rose from the clouds and shone brightly again.

When Finnley opened the door of the bedroom, he saw Mya standing in front of him. He was slightly stunned. The two of them looked at each other, and time seemed to have stopped.

"Thank you for helping me last night." The girl bowed to him and thanked him seriously.

Finnley didn't say anything. Maybe he was still in a daze. Did she stand there the whole night?

"Don't you really need to ask for a day off?" She was still worried.

The man looked away and said gently, "no need."

"I have cooked the noodles for you." She made a gesture of welcome and said like a maid, "please have a taste!"

Noodles again?

Finnley followed her to the dining chair and sat down. Soon, she came out of the kitchen with the noodles, which looked much better than the noodles she had cooked last night.

"I put oil, salt, and sparerib soup in it." She was very careful today as if this was her full-time job to take care of an injured person.

Finnley was relieved, with tenderness in his deep eyes. "Well, not bad. You are a good learner." It seemed that she had really tried her best.

Finnley ate the noodles, which made Mya very happy.

After breakfast, she helped him disinfect the wound on his back, apply medicine again, and change a new big band-aid. She asked him, "does it still hurt?"

"It doesn't hurt." Finnley said in a relaxed tone, "the anti-inflammatory drugs can relieve pain. Besides, I'm a man, and men always bear the pain."

Looking at the longer wound, Mya still felt sorry. What if it hit her head? She really didn't dare to think about it.

The two went downstairs to the company.

"Can you drive?" Finnley asked.

Mya shook her head, "I don't even have a driver's license."

He opened the door of the passenger seat for her and said, "get in the car."

Mya thought it would not be a problem for him to drive since he had driven back last night.

So she got in the car at ease, and Finnley also got in the driver's seat.

This morning, the R-Alan group held a senior executives' meeting at eight o'clock on time.

Catherine explained her idea to make a set of four pieces for the True Love series. Then she would

take the designers out to find inspirations, so that they could freely perform and design the most

satisfactory works, and then make a limited edition.

The mode was exactly the same as that of the Marsh Group.

Leslie agreed with him.

The executives had no objection. After all, it wouldn't be a wrong decision to follow the Marsh Group.

In the vice president's office, Ingrid, who was sleepless all night, came in. She hid behind the bookshelf

and waited for Catherine.

There were some things she needed to make clear to this woman. She had to give this woman a warning. It would be best if Catherine took the initiative to resign!

On the way here, Ingrid had arranged the meeting in her mind more than ten times.

She had already figured out Catherine's character according to the information she had. She also googled what kind of method she should use to deal with such a woman.

She just needed to wait for Catherine.

Chapter 628 Make Trouble

About an hour later, she finally heard footsteps.

When Ingrid was about to come out, she saw her husband following behind Catherine. She quickly squatted down.

She noticed her husband's smiling face, which was an expression she hadn't seen for a long time. It was in sharp contrast to his attitude towards her last night, which made Ingrid jealous.

"Catherine, I think it's a good decision." Leslie praised, "it's true that you can't have good ideas when you always stay in the office."

"Don't call my name in the company." Catherine wanted to keep a distance from him.

"Yes, Ms. Collins." He quickly changed his tone and was still in a good mood. "As long as you like it, no

matter how much it will cost, the company will reimburse you in full!"

Catherine replied indifferently, "thank you for your generosity, Mr. Eastwood."

Ingrid found that her husband was trying his best to please this woman.

She saw Catherine sitting in the chair. This woman was not as humble and respectful as ordinary employees should be when they saw the boss. She didn't even look at him, as if she was in a higher position and more powerful.

Who made her so confident?

It was definitely Leslie.

Her husband was trying to please the woman. He smiled all the time and said, "thank you for your hard work."

"You're welcome." She raised her eyes and said in an indifferent tone, "it's what I should do. Is there anything else, Mr. Eastwood?" She meant that he should get out if there was nothing else.

"Nothing else." Leslie felt a little embarrassed.

"If you have nothing else to do, please go back to your own office." Catherine looked away and said,

"I'm going to work."

Looking at her attitude and her husband's obedience, Ingrid was a little angry and jealous. This woman was so cunning!

How long had he been here? How could she get her husband so fast!

After Leslie left, Ingrid stood out. Her eyes were as cold as ice. How she wished she could slap

Catherine just on her face!

Catherine looked at the strange woman who suddenly appeared in the office and had a feeling that she had bad intentions.

Catherine was very calm. She just stopped working and looked into Ingrid's eyes, without any emotional change.

Catherine was so calm that Ingrid was stunned for a while.

"Catherine Collins!" She stood in front of the desk arrogantly. "I'm Leslie's wife!"

According to the advice she got on the internet, she had to behave arrogantly, so that the mistress would be afraid of her.

The tenth wife?

Catherine looked her up and down and thought that Leslie didn't find a good wife though he had spent so much time to find one.

"He promised me that he wouldn't divorce me." Ingrid said to her, "this is his promise at the wedding, witnessed by countless relatives and friends."

It was so strange. Why did she say that?

Catherine looked at her curiously, as if she was watching a clown's performance.

Ingrid warned, "so don't try to get close to him. You're still so young. If you stay with an old man, you'll only suffer losses."

Catherine thought about the fear and uneasiness in Ingrid's heart and couldn't help laughing.

Ingrid stared at her aggressively! She hoped that Catherine could give in. "Catherine, leave. It's more decent to write a resignation letter!"

After a while, there was a short silence in the office.

The two women's eyes met. The silence made Ingrid a little scared.

Catherine smiled.

"What are you laughing at?" Ingrid was angry, ashamed, and annoyed. "I'm talking to you!"

Josh happened to pass by the door and happened to see what was happening inside. He was shocked

and hurried into the president's office next door.

Chapter 629 Divorce Agreement

At this time, Leslie was on the phone. Seeing Josh come in in a hurry, he hung up the phone.

"What happened?" Leslie asked.

Josh reported in a low voice, "Mrs. Eastwood is in the vice president's office."

Leslie's eyes darkened. "Why is she looking for Catherine?" Then he gritted his teeth, stood up, and

left.

In the vice president's office, Ingrid said to Catherine in a hostess tone, "as long as you are willing to

leave, I can give you a lot of money!"

When Leslie came in, Catherine saw the coldness in Leslie's eyes. Definitely, he hated this woman very

much.

Just as Ingrid sneered and thought Catherine would agree, Leslie grabbed her shoulder and slapped

her in the face!

"Ahhh!"

Caught off guard, Ingrid spun and fell to the ground.

Catherine was surprised when she watched the scene indifferently.

The woman raised her head dizzily, with blood seeping from the corner of her mouth. She was totally confused.

Nobody could imagine how hard the slap was.

Leslie stared at his wife with his cold eyes!

"Leslie..." Ingrid held her body with one hand and covered her face with the other. She was surprised.

At the same time, Josh also came in. He was in a dilemma.

"Josh!" Leslie was furious. "Give me the divorce agreement!"

Both Josh and Catherine were shocked.

"What are you waiting for? Hurry up!" Leslie couldn't stand it anymore.

"Leslie..." Ingrid's eyes were full of panic and confusion. "Are you crazy?"

Seeing Josh turn around and leave, Ingrid covered her face with her hands and was dumbfounded.

Divorce agreement?

He had already prepared the divorce agreement?

With her eyes wide open, she crawled to the man and held his leg. "Leslie! Leslie! You can't do this to me! You can't divorce me! Have you forgotten your promise to me at the wedding?"

Leslie didn't want to talk to her anymore. He said coldly, "you've crossed my line. I told you not to come to the company. You're here again!"

"Is she your line?" With blood at the corner of her mouth, Ingrid angrily pointed at Catherine.

Catherine looked into her eyes again.

Then Josh came over.

Leslie snatched the divorce agreement and pen from his hand, squatted down in front of the woman, and said decisively, "sign it now and get out!"

"No..." Ingrid couldn't accept it and she cried.

Catherine was still sitting in the chair. She took a sip of tea leisurely and watched the scene as if nothing had happened. She didn't have any idea or feel happy.

Ingrid knew that Leslie was not a merciful man.

He put the pen in her hand and said coldly, "I'm impatient. Sign it now, or you won't get a penny."

"Leslie..." tears welled up in her eyes. "I do this because I care about you. I love you. I won't come here again. Can we not get divorced?"

"Sign it," Leslie said in a colder tone, trying to hold back his anger.

Ingrid trembled. To get the money, she had to sign her name on the divorce agreement.

Then she was dragged away by the security guards.

She was dragged away in front of Catherine.

It was like a dream. Catherine didn't say a word from beginning to end.

Leslie finally looked at her, then turned around and left, followed by Josh.

There was only Catherine left in the vice president's office. The office returned to silence. She took up the glass and drank some water, frowning.

Chapter 630 Shocking News

Two hours later.

It was time for lunch. Catherine and Leslie met outside the elevator.

At this time, Leslie was obviously in a better mood. He took the initiative to say, "I'm sorry."

Catherine rolled her eyes and said indifferently, "is it necessary for you to make such a big noise? We

are publishing the True Love series. I reminded you yesterday to show off our love in public, but today you get divorced."

"As long as we have good designs and use the best diamond, what does it have to do with me?" Leslie didn't regret it at all. "I've been tolerating her for a long time. We have been separated for months."

Catherine was speechless. She looked away and walked into the elevator when the elevator door opened.

Leslie and Josh followed.

Now Ingrid wouldn't make trouble, and Leslie turned to look at Catherine again.

After leaving the company, Ingrid couldn't hold back her anger. She burst into tears by the river and felt like she was a clown today, making Catherine laugh at her.

Ingrid felt annoyed at the thought of Catherine's indifferent response!

Therefore...

She called the media and planned this scene.

In a cafe, Mrs. Ingrid Eastwood was besieged by reporters. She lost control of her emotions and cried.

"Mrs. Eastwood, what's wrong with you?" The reporter who seemed to encounter her asked, "what

happened?"

"The president of the R-Alan group, Leslie Eastwood, has an affair with the new vice president!" She cried, "I saw them having sex in the office!"

"What? Is that true?" The reporters were surprised.

All kinds of close-up photos of this poor woman showed that she was dispirited and her eyes were red and swollen.

"Catherine, that b*tch, stepped into my marriage with Leslie and asked him to divorce me!" The woman blurted out.

Mr. Eastwood, who had been married ten times, got divorced again!

The news shocked the whole internet.

When Catherine saw the news, she almost spat out water in her mouth!

The woman said she had seen her having sex with Leslie in the office!

What was wrong with that woman!

She picked up the newspaper, walked into the president's office, and threw it at Leslie!

Leslie was startled. He picked it up and read it quickly. His face suddenly darkened. The storm was coming.

"Look at what you have done!" Catherine said angrily, "You have two hours to deal with it! Tell that woman to shut up!"

After saying that, she turned around and left domineeringly.

Leslie picked up his phone, dialed a number, and said something in a low voice. He was in a very bad mood.

Catherine returned to her office and was still depressed!

That woman had a mental problem!

They had no affair, but the woman forced Leslie to get divorced.

After a while, Leslie came in.

Catherine was still angry and didn't give him even a glance.

He sincerely apologized, "I'm sorry. Don't be angry. As a celebrity, it's normal for us to have negative news. We have to bear pressure. The truth will always be the truth. We didn't do that, so we are not guilty at all."

"Get out." She had a headache and just wanted to be alone for a while.

Leslie apologized sincerely, "I'm sorry. I didn't expect that."

"Get out!" She suddenly looked up.

Leslie didn't get angry at all. He was very upset that they had been alienated before they got close.

But at this time, he could only leave obediently and could not irritate her anymore.

In the Marsh Group, the president's office was simple and luxurious.

When Ivan saw the news, he looked very calm. He knew that Catherine was in a bad situation, but he

didn't worry. She asked for it, and he had especially reminded her.

She had all kinds of advantages, but she still messed everything up.