

SURPRISED 631

Chapter 631 Dead

In the VP's office next door, Mya received a phone call.

She answered it and was told that the surveillance video of Tim attacking Finnley had been found and that he had been arrested by the police.

"Warn him to stay away from me from now on." Mya fiddled with the pen and said coldly, "Or I will send him into jail."

Linda, who was sitting there, was stunned. She looked over and saw the anger on Mya's face that she had never seen before.

Who offended her?

How?

Mya felt sorry and guilty that Finnley got hurt because of her.

Ivan didn't know that Finnley had been attacked.

Mya had been distracted at work, but she knew that it wouldn't do any help even if she appeared to be overly worried about Finnley, there might even be rumors.

Therefore, she had a rough day.

In the afternoon, Catherine, who was in a gloomy mood, set out with the designers of the R-Alan Group.

They were also going to the Roxy Fall. Since there was no cabins left, they had to book rooms on Airbnb.

They took the bus and didn't hide the fact that they were heading towards the Roxy Fall at all. And the media reported this.

Ivan And Finnley soon read the news.

"Mr. Marsh..." Finnley wanted to say something.

Ivan handed him a document and interrupted him. "Send this back, there's an error with the data."

Finnley took it over. "Yes, sir." Then, he left.

It seemed that Ivan didn't intend to do anything about it. R-Alan could keep going against the Marsh Group, they would lose anyway.

In the afternoon.

In the VP's Office, Mya screamed upon reading a news.

"Geez! They have just gotten divorced and she died in the afternoon?"

Linda was startled by her and asked in confusion, "What happened?"

"Leslie divorced his wife, it's been reported in the morning news. What a freak! He divorced his tenth wife!"

"It's normal," Linda said, "I'm surprised it lasted for two years."

"It's not the point," Mya said in disbelief, "The news reported that a body was found in the river and it has been identified. It's Leslie's ex-wife's!"

"Did she kill herself?" Linda murmured, "She should have known Leslie would divorce her since the day she married him."

Mya shook her head, "I don't think she killed herself. Maybe Leslie killed her because of what she had said to the reporters. After all, he is a heartless man."

Mya's guess was bold.

Linda dared not say anything, for she might be sued for slandering.

The news had also got to Ivan and Finnley. It had been hit the headlines.

Meanwhile, Catherine and the designers had just arrived in the Roxy Fall. The bus stopped in front of

the place they rented on Airbnb.

It had been a bumpy ride and some threw up right after getting off the bus.

"How are you feeling?" Catherine was concerned about them.

"You must be sick!" a designer finally couldn't help it anymore and rolled his eyes at her, "Why did you have to make us suffer just so you could take revenge on the Marsh Group?"

Catherine was stunned and frowned.

He continued, "I don't see there any fun about being here. There is literally nothing here."

Catherine didn't know this was how they felt.

She glanced at everyone and saw their listless faces. Although the rest of them didn't say anything, it was obvious they were unhappy about being here.

For a moment, Catherine didn't know what to say.

"Ms. Collins, you think we couldn't be inspired sitting at our desks, but that's the way we work," another designer said, "A trip doesn't help anything and we have to spend time on adapting to the environment here."

"Yeah. There are mosquitoes everywhere here at night, we can't even fall asleep at night, let alone being inspired." Some people here grew up in remote villages and hated it here.

Chapter 632 Ingrid's Death

But Catherine soon came to herself. She had been a VP for years and dealt with a lot of emergencies.

She knew that the designers were also unhappy about the rumors about Leslie and her. After all, there had indeed been nasty rumors that she was the reason Leslie divorced his wife.

The designers were all upright youngsters.

"I know I don't have to, but I thought I should explain some things to you," Catherine said, "There's nothing between Mr. Eastwood and me. I believe that you can see it with your own judgement."

"We're not talking about the rumors here," someone frowned and said with disdain, "besides, what happens between the two of you doesn't affect us at all."

"Yeah," another agreed, "You made the decision with the senior executives, why should we suffer the trip?"

"You didn't even ask for our opinions."

"I'm sorry, everyone," Catherine compromised, after all, she needed everyone's cooperation, "I'm sorry

I didn't ask for your opinions. I should have."

"Ms. Collins, we just need you to respect us," someone finally said in a nicer manner, "The designers of the Marsh Group discussed and agreed to it before they set out."

"I'm sorry," Catherine bowed to everyone in a sincere manner, "But since we are already here, I wish you could bring out your best and adapt to the environment here soon."

"Alright now. Let's move our luggage!" a male designer shouted, "Just cut the crap!"

Then, everyone carried their luggage into their rooms.

The rooms here were transformed B&Bs. They used to be just private rooms.

Although the house was built by the river, it was not as good as the cabins specially built for visitors.

The house was about two miles away from the cabin district.

Catherine chose this place out of her selfish motive.

She wanted to haunt Ivan, to help R-Alan defeat the Marsh Group and to make Ivan regret what he had done!

But she didn't know that the moment she stepped into the R-Alan Group, there was no turning back.

And Ivan didn't care what she had been doesn't at all.

It was at dinner when Catherine read the news that Ingrid had died.

The designers saw it too and were all shocked.

Someone couldn't help saying, "Mrs. Eastwood's dead?"

"It was just a divorce, why did she kill herself?" someone asked, "Couldn't she live without a man?"

There are billions of men in the world."

"How silly was she! Alas!"

"She killed herself for a man who doesn't even love her," another sighed, "It's simply not worth it."

"Men always fail women."

Catherine listened to their words and stared at the photos in the news of Ingrid's body being discovered

and felt stuffy in her chest.

She didn't say anything to anyone and went back to her room.

Meanwhile, in the president's office in the R-Alan Group.

Leslie stood by the window with his hands behind his back, looking out with his sharp eyes. He had just

read the news.

Suddenly, his phone rang.

He checked the Caller ID and answered it. "Hello, Ms. Collins." The look in his eyes became gentle and he avoided calling her Catherine.

"Was your wife's death an accident?" Catherine had a bad feeling.

Leslie smiled and corrected her, "I'm single, I don't have a wife."

"Your ex-wife. Does her death have anything to do with you?" Catherine changed her words and asked.

Chapter 633 Leslie's Secret

Leslie frowned, and after a moment of silence, he finally replied, "You told me to shut her mouth and I did."

So, he admitted he killed Ingrid?

Catherine held the phone and had a heavy heart.

"You do not have to worry about it," Leslie put one hand in his pocket and said in a relaxed tone, "it has nothing to do with you."

"You killed her?" Catherine still couldn't believe it.

Leslie looked back and confessed to her, "I have killed more than one person over the years, but I always managed to do it clean, which is why I escaped all of the murders."

"Don't you feel guilty at all? Don't you have nightmares at night?" Catherine was frightened by his words. "Why did you tell me this?"

"We're partners. I think it's okay to tell you," Leslie said frankly.

Catherine felt that she had been dragged down by Leslie, if she didn't turn him in to the police, it would be covering up his murders for him.

"You don't need to be afraid," Leslie noticed her silence and smiled, "Forgive Ingrid for her ignorance. You don't have to feel guilty at all for what has dawned upon her."

Catherine slowly put down her phone. She knew Leslie wasn't a good person, but she didn't expect him to be a murderer.

Since she had known Leslie's secret, which meant her life might be in danger.

This frightened Catherine, and she couldn't fall asleep the night.

In the cabin district in Roxy Fall.

The designers were working and the chef left quietly after delivering them cut fruits.

After a few days of relaxation, everyone had found his inspiration.

Jennifer had been getting along with everyone. After a few days, they had become familiar with each

other. She was designing too.

At twelve o'clock in the evening.

"Gee, have you read the news?" suddenly, someone said, "Leslie divorced his tenth wife, and his ex-wife's body was found in the river. How miserable was that! She lost her life over a divorce."

"And Leslie Eastwood wants to make a True Love series?" someone joked, "After this, who would buy his products?"

"Some men, I guess. Some men who wants to marry ten times like Leslie did."

Someone turned off the computer, eating the fruit and saying.

Jennifer had also read the news and couldn't help feeling sorry for Ingrid.

She thought Ingrid made a big mistake killing herself. She should have taken the money and walked away.

Did she really expect love from someone like Leslie?

"Mrs. Marsh, I heard Catherine Collins is also in the Roxy Fall with R-Alan's designers," someone said to her, "Do you know that?"

"That is really childish," Jennifer didn't seem to care at all. "We just need to focus on our designs, ignore her."

"Okay."

The Marsh Group's designers were ambitious and united, while R-Alan's designers had been complaining since they got here.

Because of the rumors about Leslie and Catherine and the death of Ingrid Eastwood, the designers all despised Catherine and thought she should be responsible for it.

At night, in an apartment downtown.

"You should take the bed tonight." Mya seemed very considerate, helping Finnley with his wounds,

"You are recovering well."

"Rowan gave me the medicine, of course it heals my wounds fast."

This made Mya admire Rowan even more, "I'd like to meet him someday, he seems to be a really good doctor. It's late, you should rest now."

Why did Finnley feel a bit jealousy hearing her words?

When he went back to the bedroom, he felt a little thirsty but didn't want to disturb Mya, so he walked

out of the room again, only to find Mya watching Love in Violet Gold Bay again.

Chapter 634 Jealous

This reminded Finnley of Spencer's face again.

He stepped back, closed the door, returned to bed and shouted, "Mya, I'm thirsty!"

Sitting on the sofa and wearing headphones, Mya vaguely heard his voice, she took off the

headphones, looked back at the door, "Were you calling me?"

"Who else would I be calling?" Finnley asked, "Do you see anyone else here?"

Mya stood up. "What do you need?"

"I'm thirsty, and I want some water!"

"Okay!" Mya quickly put down her phone and got up to pour a glass of water for him.

Holding the glass of water and pushing the door open, Mya turned on the lights. "Here's your water."

Finnley sat up, took the water glass from her hand, and drank it slowly... 'Would she keep watching that

boring play?' he thought.

"Why haven't you gone to bed?" after drinking the water, Finnley asked, "You have to make breakfast

for me tomorrow morning."

"Don't worry, I can get up early," Mya said with a smile. "Love in Violet Gold Bay has just updated and I am about to finish watching the updated episodes soon."

Finnley felt unhappy, but he had no reason to stop her from watching it.

Mya blinked, "Don't stare at me like that, I... I know you got hurt because of me, but it has nothing to do with the show." Mya could vaguely feel his unhappiness.

Then she smiled, "By the way, Tim has been arrested by the police. I have avenged you."

"No soap operas before I recover," Finnley said to her in a serious manner.

Mya was rendered speechless and had wanted to ask him the connection of the show and his recovery.

But at the thought of the fact that he was an injured person now, she compromised, "Okay. I promise."

Then, she turned around and left, leaving Finnley wondering why she didn't say goodnight to him.

As he was about to lie down in bed, she came in with her phone, "Here." She said, putting her phone on his bedside table. "Good night."

"Good night." Finnley watched her leave.

Somehow, he didn't want to see her obsessed with Spencer at all. The giggling on her face when she

was watching the show made him jealous.

The next morning, at dawn.

Catherine took the designers to the Roxy Fall, they walked along the steps and then to a wooden plank

road built around the mountain. They could see water flowing down the waterfall all the way to the river

below.

The scenery was spectacular.

They hadn't been in contact with nature for a long time.

They had had a two-hour ride here, but they had gained their spirits after a night's rest.

Breathing the fresh air and walking on the mountain road made everyone's mood much lighter.

Catherine felt no longer troubled by the rumors.

As they reached the top of the fall, they held the iron chains to steady themselves. Looking down from

up here, they felt like they owned the world.

The naturally formed rock formations were incredible.

Feeling the breeze, they saw a group of people playing in the river below.

Catherine recognized that those people were designers of the Marsh Group, she also saw Jennifer among them.

"Mrs. Marsh, Catherine and her designers," someone whispered in Jennifer's ear.

Jennifer turned around and looked up. When her eyes met Catherine's, Catherine smiled and walked down.

After so long, Catherine's hatred for her did not decrease at all.

Jennifer was very calm and met her eyes.

"Mrs. Marsh," Catherine said with a provocative smile.

Chapter 635 Why Hide

Jennifer couldn't help smiling all of a sudden, looking gentle.

This left Catherine confused standing in front of her, she wondered what was on Jennifer's mind.

"Mrs. Marsh, look at this! I've found these mushrooms!"

A girl ran over from behind Catherine and said to Jennifer, raising a mushroom in her hand.

Catherine looked at the girl's back, and found that Jennifer's eyes had been fixed on her.

Jennifer put her arm around the girl's shoulder and they walked away. "Let's make soup today."

"Great! I bet it will smell really good!"

Looking at them leaving, Catherine's smile froze on her face. She was ignored by Jennifer!

"Shall we go back to the cabin? We have been here for a long time, I'm hungry." someone proposed to leave.

"Okay. Let's go!"

They had been here for a long time since five o'clock in the morning.

Everyone came ashore and was turning back.

They passed by Catherine one by one and no one even looked at her, completely ignoring her as well as R-Alan's designers.

Catherine felt humiliated.

These people used to respectfully call her Ms. Collins in the Marsh Group and now...

Jennifer and the designers soon went down the mountain, helping each other.

"Why are they here?" someone finally couldn't help asking after they left the river, "They think they could design works as great as ours by coming here?"

Everyone laughed disdainfully upon hearing this.

However, Jennifer was thinking about one thing. Who told Catherine they were here? It couldn't be a coincidence.

In front of the cabins, the two chefs had made a nutritious and delicious breakfast for everyone. There were many dishes.

Everyone had come back, washed their hands and were having breakfast around the big table in the courtyard.

After a while, they saw a group of people walking over on the pebble road.

"Mrs. Marsh, Catherine is here," someone whispered to Jennifer and was on guard.

Jennifer looked up at her but did not immediately look back. She was still with her back to Catherine as the footsteps were getting nearer and nearer.

It seemed she couldn't hide from her at all.

However, why should she hide?

Jennifer turned around, smiled and drank up her milk.

Catherine stood in front of her and asked indifferently, "You came here for inspiration, have you got it?"

Although R-Alan's designers didn't like Catherine, they had looked up to the designers in the Marsh Group because they were the best of the best.

Therefore, none of them helped Catherine provoke them.

However, a designer of the Marsh Group refuted, "Inspiration? We are about to finish the designs here.

But what does it have to do with you, you traitor?"

The word "traitor" felt like a slap on Catherine's face.

Looking at him, Catherine's face was a little pale. They had met in the Marsh Group before, and he had politely called her Ms. Collins.

"Be careful with your words." Catherine warned, "Everyone has their own choice. Can you guarantee that you will work for the Marsh Group for the rest of your life?"

The designer was speechless.

Catherine rolled her eyes at him and looked back at Jennifer. "Don't you have anything to say to me?"

Or are you going to hide from me forever? Ignoring me?"

Jennifer chuckled. She was really calm inside.

After a while, she replied with a smile, "Catherine, I just hope you can cut your loss sooner."

Chapter 636 Failed

Catherine's face clouded with anger upon hearing her words. Just as she was about to snap, Jennifer turned around and walked into the cabin.

Catherine wanted to stop her but was stopped by two bodyguards who warned her with a gaze.

Catherine had to step back awkwardly. But since Jennifer had disappeared from her sight, she had to turn around and leave.

No one from R-Alan helped her.

After all, it was personal feud.

More importantly, R-Alan's designers despised her, thinking that she stole someone's husband.

But there was no easy way to explain it. Catherine thought that they would see the truth with their own eyes with time.

In the Marsh Group downtown.

In the president's office, Ivan was on the phone with one hand in his pocket, standing by the window. It was a bodyguard he had sent to the Roxy Fall.

The bodyguard told him about what Catherine had done.

After the phone call, a look of annoyance crossed Ivan's face.

"What's wrong, sir?" Finnley noticed it as he came in.

It happened that Linda was at the door, holding a document.

Ivan sighed and said, "Catherine took R-Alan's designers to the the Roxy Fall, and she tried to embarrass Jennie."

Outside the door, Linda's heart beat fast.

"Is it really just a coincidence?" Finnley said, "Or does she have someone who gave her the news working for her here?"

Linda's heart skipped a beat.

She did not keep listening, took the documents and returned to the vice president's office. After a long while, she was still in a trance.

She thought of her birthday night. Was Catherine prying news from her?

Linda was angry. How could Catherine use her? She had put her in a terrible position.

In the whole afternoon, Linda couldn't concentrate at all.

In the Kelsington Bay.

In the mansion, Alfie and Diana had played for an hour in the playground Aubree had built for them and had just gone back to their room.

Diana locked the door while Alfie turned on his laptop, sitting cross-legged on the bed and typing codes.

"Dad and Mom don't come to see us anymore." Alfie complained and sighed. "They must be too busy with work or maybe they have ran into some troubles."

"Dad has just visited us." Diana grabbed a lollipop that was apple-flavored and put it into her mouth.

"Mommy is working on her designs and won't come back until a long time later."

Diana sat down next to Alfie. "Is it so hard to hack into R-Alan's system? You've been busy for a week.

Do you think you are not as good as before?"

Alfie looked at her. "You are still young, you don't understand."

"Huh! You are only an hour older than me." Diana pouted, "I'm young?"

"Leslie's a cunning man. I get it now," Alfie complained.

"What's wrong, Alfie?" Diana blinked her eyes.

Alfie was a bit annoyed. "I suppose he has really good tech men protecting R-Alan's system, those men should be even better than Daddy's men."

"That shouldn't be hard for you. I mean, you have hacked into Daddy's company's system." Diana touched his curly hair, "Alfie, I believe it you!"

Chapter 637 The Kids' Help

"I will!" Alfie had confidence in himself, "But it will take some time!"

"Alfie, what should we do after hacking into their system?" Diana asked curiously. "Will you steal anything?"

"I just thought that maybe we can find something on him. If we got evidence of his crimes, we could bring him down!"

"But can you really find it? He's a scheming man, Daddy must have tried already," Diana said, "Bad guys are tough to deal with."

"Where there is a crime, there's evidence," Alfie was confident, "We could steal some of their designs if there wasn't any evidence. Anyway, we have to help Daddy and Mommy out."

Upon finishing his words, Alfie suddenly widened his eyes.

"What's wrong, Alfie?" Diana approached him.

"I've found it!" Alfie was excited, "I have found the evidence of him in contact with Blake Palmer! In his e-mails!"

Diana was confused, "Who's Blake Palmer?"

"A drug dealer. He's been wanted by the Interpols." Alfie typed on the keyboard and his eyes lit up, "I found them exchanging e-mails, but I couldn't hack into his e-mail."

"Alfie, you are doing Daddy a huge favor!" Diana sat next to him and massaged his shoulder, "You are amazing!"

"Massage my right shoulder for me."

"You got it!"

Alfie enjoyed it.

In the VP's office in the Marsh Group.

Linda hadn't been herself all day ever since she found that Catherine took R-Alan's designers to the Roxy Fall. After all, she had leaked confidential information, although unintentionally.

"Linda."

Finnley called her, startling her.

Linda suddenly met his sight and her heart skipped a beat.

“Finnley...” she stood up and said.

Finnley didn’t say anything about her mind being absent during work since this was the first time he had seen it in her.

“I will come and get the sheet later after you checked it. I have a meeting now.”

“Okay.” Linda took it over.

Finnley then stared at Mya’s desk. She wasn’t there. “Where’s Mya?”

Linda was in a daze, she hadn’t paid attention to Mya at all. “I... I have no idea.”

Linda didn’t even notice when Mya left?

“Focus on work,” Finnley reminded her kindly, “And get off work early today, you seem to be in need of some rest.” After that, he walked out.

Mya happened to enter the office and they bumped into each other.

“Ah!”

Finnley held her waist and Mya didn’t fall.

The two locked eyes and Mya stared at her in a daze, wearing her headphones, "How have you recovered?" She steadied herself.

Finnley let go of her. "Good."

"Can I take the bed tonight?" Mya blurted out. Her waist ached from all these days of sleeping on the couch.

Finnley frowned and asked in a low voice, "Are you heartless?" Then he walked away.

Mya sighed and shook her head, "Being heartless is a bless." She walked into the VP's office.

A while later, Linda got up with her phone and left.

She could not help it anymore and walked to the balcony where people rarely visited.

There were a lot of green plants, Linda looked around and made sure no one was here.

She called Catherine.

At this time, Catherine was listening to the sound of the running river, depressed. Suddenly, the phone rang and interrupted her thoughts. She looked at the Caller ID and was stunned when she saw it was

Linda.

After a while, she answered it but didn't initiate the conversation.

"Ms. Collins," Linda said in a questioning tone, "Why did you go to the Roxy Fall?"

It had been reported on the news, Catherine didn't intend to hide it. "Why couldn't I come?"

Chapter 638 Being Set Up

"Did you set me up?" Linda's hands were clenched. "Did you buy me the birthday cake just so you

could pry information from me? Is that why you are at the Roxy Fall now, going after Mrs. Marsh?"

"Linda, don't be so excited," Catherine smiled and seemed relaxed, "It's not as complicated as you

think, the Roxy Fall is now a tourist attraction that receives a lot of tourists every year. We are just here

on a trip."

Linda was speechless, but she believed in her intuition. She felt hurt being used.

In the silence, Catherine spoke, "Do you have anything else? I have to go now."

Linda hung up the phone and stood there still for a long time.

Catherine had changed into someone she didn't recognize anymore.

She took her as a friend, because she had helped her, both at work and in life.

But... Linda didn't want to be caught in between the fight.

Linda reminded herself to stay away from Catherine from now on.

She had to pay Catherine the money back as soon as possible.

Returning to the vice president's office, she was still in sadness as she walked to Mya.

"What's Wrong?" Mya looked up at her calmly.

Linda wanted to speak but there seemed to be something stuck in her throat.

"Just say it," Mya said straightforwardly. "What's wrong?"

"Can you borrow me fifty thousand dollars?" Linda didn't think much, "I will pay you back in installments." She felt very embarrassed.

Mya was stunned for a moment. This was the first time someone had asked to borrow money from her!

"Sure." She did not refuse and asked, "Shall I transfer it to you through Venmo?"

Linda was surprised. She said yes without even asking why?

"That will be great."

Then Mya transferred 50,000 dollars to Linda's account through Venmo, she asked, "Is 50,000 enough?"

She seemed to be really rich and concerned about her. Linda felt there a huge gap between the two of

them again.

"It's enough, thank you."

After she got the money, she transferred 250,000 dollars to Catherine's account.

Catherine, who received the notification, stared at it for a long time before she sneered, put her phone back into her pocket and walked back.

How naive was Linda?

She wanted to draw a clear line with her?

How funny! She had once said she would never forget her help to find her mother a doctor.

In the afternoon.

Mya left for a while to buy banana milk. Since she hadn't got her driver's license, she had to take a taxi.

"Thank you for messaging me!" She thanked the shop assistant.

"You are welcome," the shop assistant smiled, "We only fill the stock once a week and it's really popular. But I remember you always come here, so I saved you a box of banana milk."

"Thanks!" Mya was delighted.

Taking a taxi back to the Marsh Group group, she carried the box of banana milk into the elevator.

After going upstairs, she went to the president's office and put the box on the Finnley desk. "Thank you for saving my life! This is my thank-you gift to you."

Finnley looked at her and the box of banana milk. "That's it?"

"What do you mean?" Mya put her hands on her hip, "Consider this a little compensation from me."

"Oh, this is what your life's worth?" Finnley smiled. "I saved your life!"

"What else do you want? Don't push your luck."

Finnley was interested. "I haven't decided exactly what I want in return. Give me some time to think about it."

"Fine!" Mya turned and returned to her desk to keep watching the show.

In the Roxy Fall, the sunlight fell through the leaves, leaving shadows on everything below.

The sound of gurgling water was always a comfort.

All the designers of the Marsh Group group were in one cabin, making it a little crowded. Some sat on the ground with a mat, some stood against the wall, and the door was closed.

The warm sunshine passed through the window, bringing warmth to the cabin.

They were having a meeting.

Chapter 639 Alerted

The designer were all in the cabin, and so were the chefs and bodyguards.

"First of all, we must protect our manuscripts from being leaked," Jennifer said to everyone, "Be careful with your computers. Keep them inside the cabin."

The designers nodded in approval.

"We need two men to guard the cabin," Jennifer looked over at the bodyguards, and her voice was very calm. "If someone from R-Alan comes anywhere near, report it to everyone. We need to stay alert."

"Yes, Mrs. Marsh," the security guards said.

Jennifer then looked at the chef. "And we can't leave the food and tableware unattended."

Before Catherine and her people came, the food and tableware were usually placed outside.

Jennifer said, "We have to be wary, they might poison us. Anyway, we have to be on guard 24 hours."

The designers were a bit nervous. "Will she really poison us?"

"We have to be prepared for anything that might happen," Jennifer said, "After all, she has come for us."

"Yes, we need to be on guard against her," someone agreed.

Someone said, "We will head back in two days and the designs are about to be finished."

"I have done my designs and I love them," someone raised his hand with a happy face.

Everyone looked over at him and gave him a thumbs-up.

Jennifer praised him, " That's great. But I know that some of us have not finished the drafts yet, let's wait for them. But we have to speed up now and leave here as soon as possible."

"Yes, Mrs. Marsh."

In the meeting, Jennifer also put forward some of her own ideas about designing, which everyone agreed with.

After these days, the designers had come to realize that Jennifer was really a talented designer. No wonder Ivan would fall in love with her. She was indeed more than just her looks.

The designers were united.

On the other hand, Catherine's team was divided. Because the designers all had problems with her.

They had adapted to the environment. Since they didn't need to compete with each other and each of them would have their own designs, they were going all out.

“This is a nice place, isn’t it?” Catherine said to everyone, “I heard a famous writer had been here before and gained much inspiration. His work later won an international award.”

Everyone smiled but didn’t answer.

Catherine continued, “And now, I’m sure we can gain inspiration from the same place. Our designs will be better than theirs, won’t they?”

There was a silence.

Finally, a female designer spoke. “Since we are here already, let’s give it our best.”

They didn’t do it for Catherine, but for themselves.

Even so, Catherine felt much better. They didn’t complain anymore, at least.

Thinking of the rumors about her and Leslie and Ingrid’s death, Catherine had a heavy heart. Moreover, it was pretty obvious Linda had done being friends with her.

But Catherine didn’t feel guilty at all. In her opinion, Linda was too simple and naive.

At midnight.

Finnley drank a bottle of the banana milk and felt it sweeter than any drink he had had before.

He wanted to give Mya something in return.

After work, on their way back to the apartment, Finnley said to Mya, who was sitting in the passenger seat, while driving, "I will take you to the Roxy Fall a few days later."

"Really?" Mya became excited, "When?"

Chapter 640 Wash His Cloth

"The day before everyone comes back," Finnley had already thought about it, "We can go in the morning, climb up the hill to watch the sunset by the waterfall at dusk, and the next day we can have a barbecue, anyway, they have grills and everything."

"Why are you suddenly so nice?" Mya was happy.

"I have always been nice," Finnley smiled. "You just didn't find it."

Mya smiled, she was really happy. "I can finally spend a night in the wooden cabin. By the way, will Linda go with us?"

"Why should we take her?" Finnley said, "I wasn't going to take her with us. This is not a bonus trip from the company, but from me."

"Good." Hearing this, Mya felt delighted somehow. She withdrew her gaze and kept watching the show.

When they were about to arrive at the apartment building, Finnley said to her, "You should go back first."

I have something I need to do. It won't take long."

"What is it?" Mya asked subconsciously.

"It's work," answered Finnley.

"Oh. I see."

Finnley didn't leave until he saw Mya enter the apartment building.

Back into the apartment, Mya stood by the window but dared not look down. She was scared of heights.

She walked into the master bedroom and saw Finnley's clothes left on the couch. It seemed he forgot to put them into the washing machine.

Since he was an injured person now, she decided to help him out.

She plugged the washing machine in and threw the clothes into it. Hitting the button, she found that the machine didn't work at all.

"Is it broken?" Mya was confused and checked it, although she didn't know much about it. She hit the button again but still, it didn't work.

Mya thought for a while, put the clothes into a basin and was about to hand-wash them for Finnley.

But she wasn't familiar with washing clothes. She had always had a housekeeper doing this for her.

She hadn't even hung any clothes before.

She used too much soap and there were bubbles everywhere.

She cleaned the clothes with water over and over again until her fingertips wrinkled in the water.

She wrung the clothes dry and hung them,

The door was opened. Finnley was home.

Mya felt a bit pain in her fingers and looked down, "Ah!"

"What's wrong?" Finnley walked quickly over and saw one of her fingers bruised.

He spotted the wet clothes on the hanger, grabbed her wrist and led her to the couch.

Mya saw him take out the medical kit and grabbed a band-aid out.

She had been fixing her eyes on Finnley, who hadn't said a word but was obviously nervous.

She stared as he put on the band-aid for her. He had such beautiful hands with slender fingers. Her

heart couldn't help beating fast and she felt moved.

"Does it hurt?" Finnley asked after he was done, "You hand-washed my clothes?"

“The washing machine broke down.” Mya curled her lips upon seeing his frown.

“How many times did you clean them?” Finnley was curious.

“Maybe... A dozen times?” Mya took back her hand and sighed, “I used too much soap. It was my first time washing clothes.”

Finnley felt both amused and sorry for her. But seeing her pitiful face, he didn't say anything more.

He straightened the clothes on the hanger so that they wouldn't wrinkle after they were dried.

Mya felt somewhat frustrated. She couldn't even hang the clothes well.

Then Finnley went into the study and did not come out again. Mya thought he should be busy with his work.

She sat down on the sofa, picked up her phone to watch the show, without wearing headphones.

Finnley, sitting in front of the desk, vaguely heard the sound of the play, he frowned, stood up and looked out. She was watching it again?

He hated to see her giggling watching Spencer.