

SURPRISED 671

Chapter 671 Shirley Was Disappointed

The girls sounded jealous but envious, and they told the truth.

That was what the current era was like.

Linda recalled Catherine's words the previous night and her bank card. She doubted if she should choose a different way of life hesitantly.

"Life only bullies the poor, and so does love." Catherine's words reechoed in her mind.

After seven or eight stops, the bus arrived at the Marsh Group. Linda adjusted her mood and got down from the bus.

When she entered the lobby for the first time, she studied other female coworkers. They all wore wristwatches and sparkling earrings, which looked costly.

They wore high heels, standing upright, looking confident and calm.

Linda could tell their clothes were high quality, and they all had beautiful figures, as if they practiced yoga often.

When the elevator doors slid open, Linda entered with other female coworkers from another department.

They held cups of takeout coffee, which made their wrists look fair. They wore brand watches with the same design. Their hair was carefully done, and its curls gave them unique womanish charms.

“Are you getting married soon, Ruth?” one woman asked.

“Yep.” The other woman wore a happy and confident smile. “Please come to my wedding. We reserved the hall in the biggest hotel in Arkpool City. Our wedding photos have been taken.”

The elevator stopped.

While chatting, the two women walked out of the elevator. The faint fragrance of their perfumes remained.

Linda bowed her head to check herself. She wore flat cloth shoes and a suit that she bought when it was on sale. Her handbag only cost her twenty bucks, and her hairband was only forty cents.

Even if she couldn’t marry Finnley, she must change her appearance.

Linda didn’t want to lead a life like her mother or stay mediocre and marry an ordinary man.

Therefore, she decided to go shopping and use Catherine’s card after work.

Meanwhile, a Lamborghini left Emerald Bay. Ivan and Jennifer were sitting in the backseat. They

encountered Clarence's vehicle on the way to work, so the driver pulled over.

So did Clarence's car.

In excitement, Shirley quickly got down from the car and strode toward the Lamborghini. However, after peeking into the window, she didn't see Mya.

"Ehn?" Shirley looked at Ivan. "Morning, Mr. Marsh. Where is Mya?"

Ivan was slightly taken aback as he didn't expect them to come here.

"You told me Mya stayed in your house. Why didn't she go to work with you?" asked Shirley. She

looked in the direction of Emerald Bay, wondering if Mya had slept in.

Right then, Clarence also got down from the car. Standing outside the Lamborghini, he greeted Ivan and Jennifer.

"Good morning, Mayor Saunders and Mrs. Saunders," Ivan responded to them with a smile. Then he opened the door and got off with Jennifer.

"Morning, Mrs. Marsh," Shirley greeted Jennifer politely, thinking she was a gentle, charming woman.

"Good morning, Mrs. Saunders." Jennifer beamed at her. "Mya has gone to work already. Ivan and I won't have a morning meeting, so we've slept in."

Shirley didn't suspect and replied, "I see. Thank you so much for taking care of Mya."

"You are welcome. She's my best friend."

Clarence propped his hand on Shirley's shoulder, squeezed her aside, and said to Ivan, "Mr. Marsh, we

won't hold you too long. Let's gather the other day."

"OK."

The two couples returned to their cars. The Lamborghini roared away fast.

"Honey, let's drop by Mya's workplace and send her those snacks," Shirley suggested. "I haven't seen

her for weeks. I miss her."

"Sure. Let's go to see her. The Marsh Group isn't far from here." Clarence also had a good mood, so he

drove toward the Marsh Group.

Mya was their only daughter, so they spoiled her since she was born.

It took them less than 20 minutes to arrive.

Clarence parked his car in front of the Marsh Group and unbuckled his seat belt. Before getting off, he

and Shirley saw Mya get off from a white Maybach nearby.

Chapter 672 Mya's Parents Suspected

A young man got down from the driver's seat.

Shirley's heart tightened. She widened her eyes and asked, "Who is he? Why is he with Mya?"

Finnley and Mya walked into the lobby while chatting, looking intimate.

"Should be her coworker." Clarence was calm, gazing at the young man's receding back. "I recalled. He is Ivan's special assistant, Finnley Russell. I talked to him several times."

"So what? Where did they go? What did they do? Mya was still holding her handbag. That means she hasn't been to her office yet. Did she get up so early to date this man?" Shirley felt shocked and worried, her heart in her mouth.

"Probably, he only gave her a ride. They might not be dating." Clarence looked calmer. "Before learning the details, we cannot jump to the conclusion so fast."

Shirley thought about it. "No... I must figure it out in secret."

"Shall we go upstairs?"

"No," she refused. "Let's go home."

Clarence nodded his agreement and restarted the engine. "I'll send you home before going to work."

Shirley dialed Mya's number. "Sweetheart, have you got up?" Her voice sounds dear, full of a mother's

gentleness.

“Mom, I’ve arrived at my office. No worries. I’ll go home tonight.”

“No, no,” Shirley chuckled, “You need to stay out another night. Your father and I won’t be home tonight.”

In the driver’s seat, Clarence looked at her in confusion. Shirley continued, “We’ll go to your aunt’s this evening. You can come home tomorrow.”

“No problem,” Mya agreed without hesitation.

After exchanging a few words, Shirley ended the call with the excuse of not interrupting her work.

“What do you plan to do?” Clarence darted at her while driving. “May I know your plan, Honey?”

“I’ll stalk her.” Shirley trusted her intuition. “I must ensure where she stays at night.” Her hunch told her

Mya didn’t stay in Emerald Bay.

Shaking his head, Clarence didn’t stop her but disagreed with her, “Mya is a grownup. Let her be. She has the freedom to make friends.”

“She’s still young and inexperienced in life. I’m afraid she’ll get hurt,” Shirley retorted, “I must take good

care of my daughter.”

They headed home.

Something happened in the R-Alan Group that day.

Catherine’s design team returned from Roxy Fall. However, they still hadn’t finished the design draft.

Other employees discussed and complained about it.

In the luxurious president’s office, Leslie looked at Catherine unhappily. “Have you finished the design draft? Why did you come back so soon?” he asked, though he had already known the answer.

“The draft is still ongoing,” Catherine answered indifferently.

“Why did you return, then?” Leslie lit a cigar, crossed his legs, and leaned against the back of his seat.

“Didn’t you tell me there would be more inspiration in Roxy Fall?”

“It depends,” Catherine answered calmly, looking into his eyes. “Our designers have been used to working in the office, so they are more efficient here.”

Leslie couldn’t find a word to retort. “Three days. You only have three more days. Show me a pleasant design draft. The Marsh Group has already celebrated it. Their products will launch in the market soon.”

Catherine knew he had told the truth and was also anxious. However, her team didn't work hard, so that she couldn't do anything.

Leslie took a drag of the cigar, narrowing his eyes. "We must hurry," he reminded her instead of blaming her.

"Yes, Mr. Eastwood." When Catherine looked at him again, her eyes became steely. "However, Mr. Eastwood, you must pay more attention in the recent weeks."

"What do you mean?" Leslie was confused.

They locked eyes. Catherine answered bluntly, "Your ex-wife has just passed away. It's your freedom to make a new girlfriend, but you'd better keep lowkey. If the reporters shot your photos, I'm afraid it would negatively impact the sales of the True Love series."

Chapter 673 Linda's Choice

Leslie's gaze was fixed on her. Looking at her up and down, he wondered how Catherine knew about his new girlfriend.

"It doesn't matter how I learned it. You'd better pay attention." With those words, Catherine turned away.

Leslie stared at her receding figure. He had to admit he loved her figure and temperament.

Incredibly, her aloofness and proud look aroused him.

He fooled around with other women for fun. However, Catherine was his cup of tea, and he wished to occupy her fully.

At least Leslie was interested in her for the time being, although he didn't know how long it would last.

A coffee shop.

"Uncle Finnley." Alfie sipped a cup of iced latte with a straw. His features looked like Ivan's. "Why did you ask me out?"

Finnley passed a phone to him. "This phone has been soaked in the water. I got it from the police station this morning. Its owner is the late ex-wife of the R-Alan Group's president. You might not have watched the news. It's alright. Anyway, can you help me recover its memory card? There might be some important evidence inside."

"I'm not interested in news, but I pay attention to the R-Alan Group, especially Leslie Eastwood. That cunning old man!" Alfie blurted out, "He's Daddy's enemy, a bad egg. He wants to produce the True Love series. Catherine Collins is working for him."

“Ehn.” Finnley nodded. “Alfie, can you help me?”

“No problem.” Alfie put down the coffee mug, took over the phone, and shoved it into his school bag.

“I’ll recover it ASAP and send you the files.”

“Thanks, Alfie.”

“You are welcome. We both want to help Daddy. We’re on the same side.” Alfie smiled at him, looking

adorable. “Uncle Finnley, just between you and me, I’ve been checking Leslie Eastwood recently.”

Finnley picked up his coffee mug. “What have you found?”

“He’s in touch with a drug smuggler named Blake Palmer.” Alfie frowned in depression. “However, I

haven’t found their transaction records yet.”

Finnley was surprised that Alfie was checking on Blake Palmer.

He said, “Alfie, we’re also checking him. As long as we find evidence that Leslie Eastwood has

something to do with the drug smuggling, he’ll be so dead.”

“I heard Leslie Eastwood was pretty evil, and his exposed deeds are just the tip of an iceberg.” Alfie

sipped the latte. “Uncle Finnley, you must be careful.”

“Ehn. You too.”

Outside the coffee shop, the three bodyguards who had sent Alfie overlooked around alertly to guarantee their safety.

The Marsh Group.

Jennifer had seldom worked in the vice president’s office recently. She kept an eye on the jewelry series. Each department involved in the production was concentrated, and all the employees devoted themselves to work.

Sometimes, Jennifer also participated in the job with the employees. Her behaviors gained others’ respect.

Footsteps sounded outside the vice president’s office, which brought Linda back to her senses. Then she saw Mya at the door.

“Morning, Linda,” Mya greeted her.

Linda looked at her foot. “Are you getting better?”

“I’m fully recovered. Dr. Watson’s medicine works well.”

Linda wired 10,000 dollars to her. “Mya, check your bank account. I returned the money to you. Thank

you so much.”

Mya heard the message tone of her phone and tabbed to read the message. She asked, “Have you resolved your trouble?” Usually, it took time for someone to return the money. However, Linda paid her back before the wage day.

“Ehn,” Linda answered without telling her any details.

She also returned 40,000 dollars to Jennifer. When Jennifer walked out of the elevator, she heard the message tone of her phone, so she pulled out her phone to check. She was taken aback.

‘Linda has returned the 40,000 dollars?’

Chapter 674 Linda’s Test.

After making up her mind, Linda would follow Catherine’s steps and be responsible for her future.

Whether she delivered files to Finnley or encountered him in the corridor or the elevator, Linda couldn’t help looking at him.

The more she saw him, the more deeply she liked him.

His gentle and handsome face, slightly raised lips, and cello-sound-like voice made her more and more obsessed.

Jennifer entered the vice president's office and asked with concern, "Linda, are you OK with your finance? Why did you return the money so soon?"

"I always feel uneasy about owing others. I don't have any problem. Thank you, Ms. Brooks," Linda answered sincerely.

Jennifer didn't ask her more.

In the office next door, Finnley received a table from Mya. Gazing at the sender's name, he recalled Mya would go home, feeling disappointed. He was in a daze.

"Hey!"

A girl's voice suddenly shocked and brought him back to his senses.

Mya walked toward him. "Do you still have the milk with the banana flavor? I want a bottle."

Last time, Finnley bought her a dozen, and he also liked drinking it. There was the only last one in the box. He bent over to pick it up for her.

"Thank you." Mya was about to turn away.

"Wait a minute!"

Mya stopped mid-step and looked back. "Yes?" She opened the lid and took a sip, the pleasant smell spreading in the air.

"Are you going home tonight?" Finnley asked calmly, but his heart fluctuated slightly.

Mya felt weird, staring at him. "Why?"

Finnley felt his question sounded too abrupt. Therefore, he couldn't find a proper answer to her question.

However, Mya tilted her head with a smile and answered immediately, "I won't go home tonight. My parents will go to my aunt's. Can you please take me in for another night?"

'Take you in?' Finnley wished her to stay in his apartment.

However, he nodded expressionlessly. "All right. I see." He tried to repress his joy.

"What did you see?" Mya joked.

"I can cook dinner for you tonight. What would you like to have?" asked Finnley. "You had noodle bowls all the time. I should cook some dishes for you."

"The Last Supper?" Mya recalled the painting.

Finnley was wordless.

She giggled. "No problem. I need to go back to work. Let's go shopping for the ingredients after work."

Watching her leave in joy, Finnley felt less frustrated, but sorrow filled his heart. Somehow, he realized he had a crush on her.

Mya held the milk back to her seat and finished it quickly.

Linda gazed at her without blinking, her eyes full of jealousy.

She knew the milk was from Finnley's office and couldn't believe Mya had asked him for the milk during working hours. Inwardly, Linda cursed her.

She believed a girl should be reserved to pursue a man.

Linda once saw the whole box of this kind of milk behind Finnley's chair.

Therefore she plucked up her courage and left the office.

While Finnley was reviewing the data, he heard footsteps and thought it was Mya. However, it was

Linda.

"Yes, Ms. Chambers?" He didn't see any file in her hands.

Linda stood before him with a smile and asked sweetly, "Mr. Russell, may I have a bottle of milk with

the banana flavor as well? I went to the supermarket but failed to buy it several times. The supermarket was short of supply, but it's my favorite flavor."

Chapter 675 Stalking

"Sorry, but I gave her the last bottle." Finnley showed her the empty box. "I'm also out of it."

Linda felt disappointed but didn't show it on her face. With a smile, she said, "It's alright. Sorry for interrupting, Mr. Russell." Then she turned away.

She guessed Finnley would give a bottle to her if he still had one.

As she thought affirmatively, she believed she must take the initiatives to gain his heart.

Dusk.

Finnley went to the vice president's office and knocked on the door. "Mya, time to go home." He had been waiting for this moment for a whole day.

Mya darted at the door with a lollipop in her mouth. "All right. A moment, please." Then she hurriedly packed her desk and left.

'Where are they going? What are they going to do?' Linda wondered, watching Mya trot to Finnley.

Then they exchanged a smile and went toward the elevator together.

Linda tossed her pen away, bowing her head, feeling frustrated.

“Are you sure you can cook?” Mya asked expectantly in the elevator.

Finnley looked proud with his hands in the pocket of his trousers. “Why don’t you have a try?”

“I look forward to your dishes, Chef Russell. It’s my pleasure.”

Amused, Finnley laughed.

The entrance of the Marsh Group.

Shirley was sitting in a car that wasn’t eye-catching. Wearing sunglasses, she gazed at the company entrance and waited for Mya.

Shortly after, a man and a woman appeared in her sight.

Shirley recognized it was the young man who came to work with Mya this morning.

She took off the sunglasses, gazing at them without blinking.

Then Shirley watched Mya sit in the white Maybach with Finnley, who opened the door of the passenger’s seat for her and protectively let her sit in. They looked like love birds indeed.

Soon, the Maybach moved, heading to Shirley’s car. Shirley dodged in the shadow and told the driver in a low voice, “Follow that car. Don’t get lost or attract their attention.”

“Yes, Mrs. Saunders.” The driver started the engine.

After the white Maybach left the company, so did Shirley’s car.

Shirley put the sunglasses on her nose, holding her breath gingerly. She gazed at the car ahead, her mind jumbled.

‘Where are they going? They dated before going to work and will date after work as well. Didn’t Mya tell me she stayed in Emerald Bay? Why does she seem to head to another place? The direction is utterly different...’

In the Maybach, Finnley didn’t notice the stalking behind.

“Is tonight the last night you stay in my apartment?” he asked to ensure, but he didn’t know why he did it.

“I can’t tell you certainly,” Mya answered randomly. “I feel too stressed when staying home. Youngsters don’t like staying so close to their parents nowadays. So, I’ll stay out from time to time.”

“I can buy a bed and make my study the guest room.” Finnley had this idea for a long time but didn’t tell her before.

Mya looked at him in surprise. “Do you mean... you are willing to take me in?”

“It’s better than staying at the college dorm, isn’t it?” Finnley was driving carefully. “It’s inconvenient for you to rent an apartment and stay there alone. Even if you bought an apartment, you would stay there by yourself. It wouldn’t be safe, either.”

Mya nodded and echoed, “That’s a good idea. It’s really nice of you, Finnley. You are my reliable best male friend. Girls are sometimes too petty and troublesome. I like being with guys.”

‘Best male friend?’

Finnley realized he was just a friend to her, feeling a little bit upset.

“By the way, what would you like to have for dinner?” Finnley changed the topic. “Shall we go to the wet

market or the supermarket?”

Mya thought for a moment and asked, “Are you good at making soup? I want to have mushroom and lobster.”

“I cannot make it, but I can learn from videos on YouTube. I can cook whatever you want for tonight.”

“It’s super nice of you!” Mya laughed joyfully. “I envy myself. Haha!”

In the car stalking them, Shirley was anxious, wondering where they were going.

When the Maybach stopped in front of a supermarket, Shirley's driver stepped on the brake gently.

Then the two front doors of the Maybach were opened. Finnley got off with Mya. Over a thousand guesses flashed through Shirley's mind.

'Are they living together?'

Chapter 676 Caught Red-handed

Finnley and Mya went shopping after work. What other relationship could it be between them?

"Hurry. Get down to follow them," Shirley prompted the driver, "Take some photos of them. You can't let

them see you."

"Yes, Mrs. Saunders."

The driver followed the two into the supermarket.

Shirley waited in the car. Holding her phone, she waited uneasily.

She wanted to see the photos expectantly but was afraid of seeing them.

If Mya held that young man's hand, it would be sure they were dating.

Shirley wouldn't accept if Mya didn't return to Emerald Bay but followed him home.

She couldn't allow her daughter to date a man in secret and even move into his house.

Mya was the mayor's daughter, and she must behave herself more.

Suddenly, she heard the message tone of her phone.

Shirley hurriedly tabbed to read it. The driver sent her a video clip.

Finnley and Mya went to the seafood area in the supermarket and picked up two lobsters. Then they bought some ingredients.

"You can pick up more cilantro. Asparagus tasted delicious with the lobsters. Have you tried before?"

Mya asked Finnley in an upbeat tone.

Shirley saw that young man answer calmly, "Let's buy some." He would buy everything she liked.

"The fish today is pretty fresh." The young man put the asparagus into the shopping cart and asked,

"Mya, do you want to have fish? I can cook it."

"We have lobsters today. Cooking fish needs a lot of time."

"Ehn. You are right."

The smile on the young man's face made Shirley believe the two were intimate. They reminded her of a young couple who had gotten married.

Shirley studied every detail of the video and listened to their conversation carefully.

The driver followed them everywhere. However, they seemed to focus on each other too much to discover the driver.

After watching the videos three times, Shirley felt her blood pressure going high.

Trying to remain rational, she dialed Clarence's phone. "Hello, Honey. Bad news!"

"What's the matter, Shirley?" Clarence's heart tightened. He immediately asked, "Where are you? Are you all right?"

"Mya probably is dating a man and staying with him together."

Upon hearing her trembling and sad tone, Clarence thought about her words and asked, "Where are you now?"

"I'll message the address to you. I saw them. In person."

Ten minutes later.

Shirley's car followed the white Maybach into Skyhigh Apartment Complex, and so did Clarence.

Outside the closed door of an apartment on the 28th floor

, Shirley stood there hesitantly as she watched her daughter enter with that young man.

When she plucked her courage to knock on the door, Clarence happened to arrive in the elevator. He rushed to her and seized her wrist. "Wait, Shirley." Then he took her back to the elevator and pressed the number one."

"What are you doing?" Shirley returned to her senses and pulled her wrist out from his hand. "Our daughter stays with a man. In that apartment. They went shopping and cooked together. They were alone. No one else."

"So?" Clarence asked calmly. "Is she committing a crime?"

His question shocked Shirley.

She glanced at the number above, widening her eyes. "Clarence, she's not committing a crime, but she's our daughter. She hasn't married him but has moved into his house. She'll suffer a loss. A girl should be reserved. If she were too open, the man wouldn't cherish her. Why don't you understand it?"

The elevator reached the first floor, and its doors slid open.

Shirley panicked and promoted, "Are you listening to me?" As she spoke, she wanted to press the number 28 again, but Clarence stopped her.

Chapter 677 We Shall Introspection

Clarence propped his arm on her shoulders and took her out of the apartment building. "What if she was invited to dinner at a friend's house? Would you still make a fuss?"

"It's not just a simple dinner," Shirley anxiously emphasized, "I believe my tuition."

"What's the time now? Are you sure she won't go home tonight?" Clarence trusted his daughter and knew she wasn't an open girl.

Shirley couldn't be confident, so she kept silent.

Clarence added, "Didn't Mr. Marsh tell us Mya stayed in Emerald Bay?" He didn't think Ivan would have lied to them.

Shirley calmed down slightly.

"So, we must trust Mr. Marsh," Clarence emphasized.

Shirley couldn't utter a retort but was unwilling to leave. She insisted on waiting downstairs.

"OK, OK, OK." Clarence couldn't change her mind, so he decided to accompany her. "Shall we wait in the car?"

Shirley didn't answer, gazing at the elevator.

Clarence squeezed her aside, taking her to his car parked nearby, but Shirley still looked at the

elevator.

“I don’t think she’ll come downstairs so soon. They bought ingredients, didn’t they?” Clarence opened the door of the passenger’s seat. “Sit in. At least she’ll finish dinner first.”

Shirley had to sit in the car and muttered, “Back your car into the shadow. Let me see the entrance, but you cannot let them see you.”

“All right.”

Therefore, Clarence waited with his wife and called the takeout for dinner.

Although hungry, Shirley had no appetite.

“What if Mya really has a boyfriend? Why didn’t she tell us? She even moved into his house...” Shirley was distraught.

“Let’s have dinner, Honey. Probably, they are also eating.”

The night was out.

In the apartment on the 28th floor, Mya helped Finnley in the kitchen. They cooked the lobster together.

“You are doing a good job.” Finnley was in a good mood, smiling at her. “I didn’t expect the mayor’s

daughter could chop vegetables.”

“The mayor’s daughter is also a human, all right?” While chopping the asparagus, Mya answered, “A human needs to learn how to survive. Besides, my father won’t be a mayor forever. You know I’ve never been proud of my identity.”

After being with her for a few weeks, Finnley thought Mya was honest, generous, and easygoing.

Although young, she was still pure-minded, which was rare.

Downstairs.

Mya’s parents were having dinner in the car. Shirley couldn’t enjoy the food taste, checking at the entrance all the time.

She was waiting for an answer and a confirmation.

“Honey...” Clarence finished eating and wiped his mouth with a handkerchief. “What would we do if

Mya didn’t come out tonight?” He thought maybe Mya wouldn’t leave the apartment tonight. Nothing was impossible.

“I would rush upstairs to take her away,” Shirley blurted out.

“No. You can’t do it.” Clarence shook his head and said gently, “I think we should have introspection.”

Frowning, Shirley looked at him in disbelief. “Are you used to serving the civilians so much that you always push all the blame on yourself? She does things without a principle. Why do I need to have introspection?”

“Nah,” Clarence explained, “Having a boyfriend is important. But Mya is unwilling to tell us. What does it mean? It means she has distanced herself from us.”

Shirley couldn’t utter a word.

Stressed silence blanketed the car.

“Mya is always considerate and cares about us. She has a boyfriend, but why is she hiding from us?”

Clarence started to reflect on himself. Then he concluded, “We’ve ignored her. We were always absent during her growth.”

His words hit Shirley’s nerves, and she finally calmed down. Then she thought about this matter rationally.

“Her current boyfriend might not be her husband in the future.” Clarence realized something further. “In

the current era, her requirements for her future husband will change while she becomes maturer.”

Then he added, “If you made a fuss, she would hide from you after she had another boyfriend in the

future. In that case, if she encountered a scumbag, her whole life would be ruined.”

Chapter 678 Linda Started to Change

Thinking that her daughter had grown up and would marry a man, Shirley felt a sharp pang in her heart.

Mya’s face when she was little flashed through Shirley’s mind. They were so clear and close.

She still couldn’t believe her baby girl had grown up and would love a man.

She had to admit time flew too fast.

Clarence heaved a sigh and continued, “We’re her parents, so we shall not stop her. Instead, we need

to help her filter the boys. Finnley is decent. After all, he works for Ivan.”

Shirley wondered if he was calm because it was Finnley.

If it were another man, Clarence would skin him alive.

“He’s decent, but it doesn’t mean he’ll be a good husband or a perfect match for Mya.” Shirley has a

different point of view. “Think it’s like doing business? Anyway, we cannot allow them to be together so

easily. Mya shouldn’t have hidden it from us.”

“They haven’t been to register in the City Council secretly, have they? They are still dating.”

Shirley looked at his wrinkled face in confusion. "You..." Her gaze became harsher and harsher.

"What's wrong? What did I say wrong?" Clarence asked patiently.

"Honey, to be honest, have you known this long ago?" The more Shirley wondered, the fishier it seemed to her. "You're close to Ivan, so you know his special assistant well. Did you know they were together long ago?"

"No way! You wronged me." Clarence stood upright. "Absolutely not."

They locked eyes. Clarence didn't feel guilty, so he calmly looked into Shirley's eyes.

Shirley stopped suspecting him and continued to wait, wishing to see if Mya would leave the man's apartment this evening.

The dust in Arkpool City was gorgeous today. The sunset glory was like burning flames.

After leaving the Marsh Group, Linda didn't go home directly. With Catherine's bank card in her handbag, she went to Arkpool City's biggest shopping mall.

Instead of taking a bus, she hailed a taxi.

After getting off the bus, she watched the sparkling lights inside the mall, feeling dizzy.

Linda sucked in her breath, stood upright, and strode into the shopping mall.

It was her first time coming here. In the past, she often bypassed the mall and watched things in the showcase window in envy.

Patrons in this mall were mainly fashionable from affluent families.

Couples in polished outfits bypassed her. Pretty girls held wealthy men's arms, looking shy and sweet.

Watching them, Linda was envious, wishing she could have such beautiful love.

Then she decided to look for some clothes.

She went to a woman's clothing store. A tall saleswoman walked up to her warmly. "Good evening,

Ma'am. What can I do for you?"

When she saw Linda's outfits, she looked embarrassed, wondering if such a poor girl in shabby clothes could afford their branded outfits.

"Ma'am, are you window shopping here?" the saleswoman asked kindly. Then she whispered to Linda,

"We're a luxury shop. Each piece costs over one thousand dollars."

Suddenly, a mid-aged man entered with a young woman. Another saleswoman walked up to them attentively.

Anger surged in Linda's heart. "I know you are a luxury shop, but so what? Think I cannot afford things here? You are too snobbish!"

The saleswoman smiled at her awkwardly in response. She reminded Linda to show her kindness so Linda wouldn't be embarrassed.

"Don't worry. I have money. Just do your job." Linda looked around and browsed the styles she liked.

The saleswoman followed her gingerly. Seeing the leather shoes on her feet and their broken heels, she was still uncertain if Linda could afford anything in the store.

Another two saleswomen served the mid-aged man and the young woman enthusiastically.

"Miss, you are so beautiful. Do you want to find shoes or dresses? We have new arrivals in our store.

You have a perfect figure. Everything fits you well."

"Darling, choose whatever you like," the mid-aged man said generously.

The young woman holding his arm was overjoyed. "OK. I will buy a lot today."

Her words caused pain in Linda's ear. Linda looked back and noticed the mid-aged man was at least thirty years older than the young woman.

"Life only bullies the poor, and so does love." Catherine's words reechoed in her ears again.

Chapter 679 Don't Touch It

"Darling, I want this dress," said the young woman sweetly. "An that one. Can you buy them for me?"

"Sure. Sure. As long as you are happy." The mid-aged man was short and chubby with a big belly. Gray

hair was seen on his head. "You can have whatever you like, baby."

Linda watched them through the corner of her eyes, seeing the girl obtain things she wanted after a few

sweet talks.

'What a sickening society!' she thought to herself.

However, since the girl did it, people around her envied her, for she had led a good life.

Therefore, Linda utterly changed her mind. Since Catherine insisted on giving her 400 thousand

dollars, she didn't mind spending them.

She didn't ask Catherine for the money, but Catherine insisted on asking her to keep it.

Linda thought it was much better than selling her soul to a mid-aged man. She had been living in a big

city for a long time and wished to lead a good life.

However, she wouldn't accept sleeping with an old man. Their wrinkled faces sickened her.

The two shopped fast. After paying the bill, they quickly left. Linda calmed down.

She walked forward and liked a pink dress. Therefore, she took it off the rack.

“Don’t!” A saleswoman rushed over and snapped, “Don’t touch it! The martial is expensive. This dress is a limited edition. If you touched it, others wouldn’t buy it.”

Linda was slightly taken aback. With a sneer, she realized the saleswoman looked down on her because of her outfit.

Anyway, poverty wasn’t written on her face.

Staring at her calmly, Linda pulled out a card and flicked at the saleswoman. “I have 400 thousand dollars on this card. How much is this dress?”

The saleswoman looked at her up and down with inquisitive eyes, wondering if she had hooked up with a wealthy man so she could have money.

Instantly, she wore a smile. “The dress is 2,800 dollars. Would you like to try it on, Ma’am?” If Linda bought it, she would have a sales commission.

“Sure,” Linda admitted it.

However, when the saleswoman took it off the rack, Lind refused, “Well, I’m afraid I won’t take it.”

“What?”

Before the saleswoman asked, she added with a smile, “You touched the dress. It’s filthy.” Then she turned away.

“You!” The saleswoman shouted abuse at her, “You poor bitch! How dare you humiliate me!”

“What a lunatic!” Another saleswoman approached, gazing at Linda’s receding figure in disgust. “I knew she couldn’t afford anything here. Look what she’s wearing! All shabby things from the night market stalls.”

“She entered here by mistake but still looked arrogant. Bah!” The saleswoman put the dress back angrily. “I’m so impressed.”

Upon hearing their insults, Linda became more determined to become affluent.

In her opinion, a high-end dress could make others respect her more.

While walking out of this clothing store, she remembered the feeling when others looked down on her and understood money meant everything.

Then she entered another clothing store next door with self-confidence. “Excuse me. I want to try this dress. Is it size M?” She didn’t check the style but focused on the brand.

Since she sounded confident, the saleswoman dared not to question her if she could afford it by only

looking at her outfits. Instead, she hurriedly took off the dress for Linda.

Without trying it on, Linda said, "Pack it, please. Find me a pair of shoes to match this dress. Size 6."

The saleswoman hurriedly followed her order.

After all, she had met a lot of people as a saleswoman.

Once, a homeless woman bought some dresses and paid more than 50,000 dollars by card.

Chapter 680 Catherine Had Everything in Control

Linda bought two dresses and three pairs of shoes in this store and spent 15,000 dollars.

"Ms. Chambers, we'd love to invite you to apply for our brand's membership," the store manager

reminded her with a smile, "When you shop here on your birthday, you'll get 20% off."

"Sure." Linda filled up an application form.

"See you around, Ms. Chambers."

Their attentive service made Linda confident and delighted.

She returned to her rented apartment with all the shopping bags.

Looking at her shabby furniture, she didn't think it fits her dresses. Therefore, she decided to move into

a better apartment. Even if it were a one-bedroom apartment, she wouldn't mind.

Catherine would help her and financially support her. Linda believed that she would change utterly.

After getting rich and pretty, she could gain Finnley's heart.

She reminded herself to learn from Mya to be active.

Only by doing so could she have the possibility.

The night was out, and the moon rose.

The night breeze was warm and gentle tonight.

The downstairs of an apartment building in Skyhigh Apartment Complex.

The car hiding in the shadow was silent. No light was on.

Clarence and Shirley were still waiting.

Clarence's intuition told him Mya wouldn't return home tonight.

However, Shirley still felt reluctant and became more anxious. "How could this be possible? What are

they doing? Why does it take them such a long time to have dinner?"

As she asked, she opened the door. However, Clarence pinched her shoulders. "Don't go."

"Why not? Mya is only 20. How could he have the heart to do it to her?" Shirley was highly anxious.

“She’s still a child. I’m afraid Mya will be deceived.”

“If Mya is dating him, you’ll make her ashamed after rushing upstairs recklessly. In the future, she will hide everything from you.” Clarence was calm, but he also felt anxious. “Shirley, let’s go home, shall we?”

“Ivan Marsh is a liar! We shouldn’t have trusted him,” Shirley complained, “Your men always united.

None of you is trustworthy.”

“What does it have to do with Ivan?”

“Why did he lie to cover Finnley Russell?” Shirley was confused. “He lied to us.”

In fact, Clarence was also puzzled and couldn’t believe the president of the Marsh Group had lied to them.

“All right. All right. Let’s go home. You cannot solve any problem by rushing upstairs recklessly,”

Clarence reminded her, “Let’s go home and discuss it.”

Then he buckled her seat belt and started the engine.

Finnley’s apartment.

Mya was full, helping Finnley clean up the dining room and kitchen. “Thank you so much. Or my nail paintings would be ruined.”

Finnley helped Mya shell the lobsters and took care of her during dinner. It was the first time he did so, but the satisfaction delighted him.

Finnley beamed at her without replying.

Later that night, Mya slept soundly on his big, soft bed.

Finnley sat on the couch in the living room and spent a sleepless night.

Linda found an apartment with pleasant interior decoration on Craig's List. The rental was costly, but she decided to move in.

Then she tried her new dresses and shoes, circling in front of the mirror. “Right. I look so different now.”

She took some selfies but dared not to share them on Facebook.

Meanwhile, Catherine was still working in her office at the R-Alan Group. The True Love series had met a bottleneck as her design team hadn't finished a draft.

It was a massive project, and she was trapped in the first phase.

After an urgent meeting, Catherine sat in her chair while staring at the transaction records from her

bank. A meaningful smile played on her lips.

Linda had spent her money to buy dresses and shoes. Also, she planned to move.

After she had enjoyed such a good life, but her wage couldn't afford it, Catherine would give her more

support. In that case, Linda would be loyal to her.