

SURPRISED 691

Chapter 691 Completely Lost

“Alright.”

Because of her clothes, the salesperson did not question if she could afford those products.

Linda had a great time shopping. The salesperson took out some samples and taught her how to do skin care.

So, Linda bought the two most expensive sets without hesitation.

On the street with bright lights, amid the bustling city, Catherine was taking a walk in a dark long dress, with her bag on her shoulder. Her hair was swinging in the wind.

She couldn't help remembering that on her 18th birthday, she and Ivan took a walk, talking about work along the way. The night was beautiful, and the wind was similar.

They could never go back in time ... never.

She felt sad.

She received a notification at this time.

It was from the bank, saying that there was an outcome of more than 10,0000 dollars from her bank account that went to a store.

Catherine stopped, looked up, and saw this skincare shop on the message not far away.

Not long after, she saw Linda, who was in a fancy dress, coming out of the store, carrying two bags, with a happy and satisfied smile on her face.

After coming out, Linda grabbed a taxi.

Catherine didn't catch up. She watched Linda get into the taxi from afar. Her face became cold as she stared at the car quietly until it was out of sight.

She would buy a car next, right?

She had gotten used to this luxurious life so soon. Even Catherine had never used such expensive skin care products.

However, she wished that Linda would spend all the money quickly. Catherine had her plan and everything was under her control.

Sitting in the taxi, Linda looked at the beautiful night view of the city, wishing that she could buy a house here one day.

Thinking of Finnley staring at her in the elevator today, she felt warm.

Finally, she managed to get his attention.

"Do you live in Olson Community?" The driver asked enviously as he looked at Linda, "You are young, you must work in the office, right?"

"Yes." She answered.

The driver said, "It is said that people living in Olson Community all have a prestigious background. It's not something money can buy."

Linda smiled without answering more. Of course, she wouldn't say her apartment was merely rented.

She was enjoying the feeling of being envied. She would never forget the contempt of the salesperson last night at the clothing shop.

At night, in the Marsh Group.

Jennifer had been working overtime recently for True Love.

She needed to communicate with the CAD designer and draw the CAD together. She kept an eye on the process of waxing, learning from it.

At the door, Ivan came over at some point. He looked at Jennifer, feeling distressed seeing her working all the time. He had seen all her hard work these days.

After a while, Ivan walked inside.

"Mr. Marsh." Everyone in the production room greeted him respectfully.

Jennifer turned to him, too. "Why are you here?"

Ivan's eyes were gentle. He said to everyone, "Guys, I appreciate your hard work during this period.

When the project is over, everybody will get a bonus."

"Thank you, Mr. Marsh! Thank you, Ms. Brooks! "

Everyone was motivated. With this speed, the Marsh Group's True Love would be released very soon.

At this time, Mya had arrived home. Paula, the maid, had cooked a table of dishes.

Clarence got off work quite early, and Shirley sat at the dining table. The family of three enjoyed their dinner.

"Mya, move back from today. Have you left anything else at Finnley's place? I'll get it for you. " Shirley's

voice was gentle, but her meaning was clear.

"I have nothing there." Mya said, "Everything I used was provided by him."

"What about clothes? Not even clothes?"

The girl looked up and blurted out, "He bought the clothes, too."

Mya and Shirley look at each other, and time seemed to be still.

Mya saw the smile on Shirley's face stiffen a little bit. Then, Shirley asked with excitement, "And you

said there's nothing between you guys? Even your clothes were bought by him!"

Her sudden raised voice frightened Mya.

Chapter 692 Keep Distance from Him

Clarence quickly put down the knife and fork and held Shirley's shoulder, persuading, "Didn't you

agree? Don't be angry. Let's have a peaceful conversation."

Mya lowered her face and went on eating as if nothing had happened.

Shirley stared at her daughter, kind of pissed off. It took a long while for her to calm down.

After dinner, Mya got up and said, "Dad, Mom, I'm 20 years old, I won't live at home forever. I can move

out from Finnley's and live at school, or I can get an apartment."

Then she turned and left.

"What's that attitude?" Shirley stood up anxiously. "We are doing it for your good! Do you know that

Finnley has a fiancée?"

"What does it matter to me if he has a fiancée?" Mya stopped at the door and turned around.

Shirley's eyes widened. "So, it's true?"

"What is?" Mya was also a little mad, "I've grown up! Can I have some privacy? Don't I even have the right to make friends?"

With that, she went into the living room and quickly went upstairs.

Shirley was so angry that her chest hurt, "Honey, look at her, she doesn't admit it! She doesn't admit it when she is even living with him."

"All right, all right." Clarence put his arm around her shoulder. "Calm down. I should have talked to her alone. Maybe she would have told me something."

...

Upstairs, Mya found that her bedroom had been tidied up, and the bed was neatly made.

The white carpet was very cozy. Paula had sterilized it.

The glass cabinet was filled with her favorite snacks, all neatly placed there. She was touched by this detail.

"Ms. Saunders."

Mya turned around and saw Paula standing at the door, who seemed hesitant to speak, "Ms.

Saunders, this is specially prepared by your mother, she really loves you."

"Please tell my mother." Her tone calmed down quite a bit, "I'll say it for the last time, Finnley and I are

just friends, if she doesn't believe me, there's nothing I can do about it."

"Okay, have a good night, I will convey your words."

After Paula left, Mya locked the bedroom door from the inside, feeling empty.

She took off her shoes and sat on the sofa in front of the window, holding her knees, staring at the night sky.

In an apartment in Skyhigh Apartment Complex.

Finnley, who came home from work, cooked some noodles for himself and ate alone in the dining room.

It was very quiet all around. He had been used to Mya's chattering voice. Now without it, he lost much of his appetite, feeling lonely.

Finishing the noodles, Finnley got up and went into the master bedroom.

Mya was no longer to be found there.

In the bright light, he came to the bed and stood still. He reached out and unplugged the charger,

thinking, "Does this girl have any common sense of safety?"

If a child put the other end of the cable into his mouth, he could be killed.

He then found a long hair on the white pillow. He looked at it. After a while, he picked it up and threw it

in the trash can.

His phone rang. It was Mya. His dull eyes lit up, and he quickly answered, "Mya." His mood was

cheered up as well.

"I forgot to unplug the charger. Please do it for me." Mya's voice was gentle. It seemed she was in a

bad mood.

"Are you okay?" Finnley was alert, "Where are you?"

"I'm at home." Mya sighed, "My mother misunderstood our relationship. From today on, we have to

keep our distance. She is very unhappy. She thought I was dating you but didn't tell her."

Keep distance? What did that mean?

Sadness flashed across Finnley's eyes. "I see."

"My mother slandered you, saying that you have a fiancée." Mya complained, "If we stay close, according to my mother's personality, she would slander you much more than that."

Fiancée?

Something flashed in Finnley's eyes. Did Mya's mother investigate him?

Mya then said, "Anyway, thank you for taking me in. Please help me pack my things, I'll go get them when I have time!"

"Alright."

Just as Finnley wanted to say something, Mya hung up.

Hearing the beeping sound, Finnley could only put down the phone and then walked towards the wine cabinet...

Chapter 693 She Is Anxious

The next morning, at R-Alan Group.

In a light gray shirt and white pants, Catherine looked tall and confident.

As soon as she came to the company, she went into the design department.

It was almost eight o'clock, and half of the desks were still empty.

Catherine's face darkened. She thought, "Do these people always get here at the last moment? That's

so slack!

The working atmosphere here was so much worse than that of the Marsh Group!"

Having been in R-Alan for a while, Catherine found that the people here had little enthusiasm about work. They were undisciplined like retired people who were working for fun. No vigor of youth could be seen on them.

As a workaholic, Catherine hated this kind of atmosphere.

During the ten minutes she waited, she raised her wrist to check the time countless times. At the last minute, the designers rushed in!

"Ms. Collins."

"Ms. Collins, good morning."

Although they didn't like Catherine, on the surface, they had to be respectful to her. After all, she was the vice president.

Catherine didn't lose her temper because she couldn't change these people.

When everyone arrived, Catherine put down her arm around her chest, stood up straight, and said, "If

anyone can submit the manuscript within 24 hours, I will personally award them 100,000!"

Her tone was firm and her voice was clear. Everybody quieted down upon hearing this.

They all looked at Catherine in astonishment.

"Don't worry, everybody hears me." She went on saying, "I never broke my promises. I said 100, 000. I

just want you guys to do your best, I won't ask for too much. I know very well about your abilities.

Whoever wants to fool around will be fired at once."

After saying that, she turned and left. She didn't want to hear people's nonsense.

The sound of her footsteps gradually disappeared. Yet people in the design department were still

stunned there.

"Did I hear it right?"

"100,000? Is she crazy?" Someone couldn't believe it, "We got so many people here. Does she want to

be bankrupt?"

"She must be out of her mind!" Someone analyzed calmly. "She's gotten anxious. She's here for

revenge. Have you forgotten?"

"Yes, the Marsh Group is about to release the products. How can she wait? We haven't even finished

the draft."

Someone complained, "She is really annoying. She insisted on a four-piece set. Before she got here, we only need to design three or four pieces of work each season."

"How far have you guys going?" Someone looked around, "How many pieces have you designed?"

"I've made three."

"Same here."

"I've got two but I think I know what to do with the earrings and necklace. I'm making the draft today."

"So, we'll definitely get the money, right? Can we hand in four pieces?"

"Sure, if we work a little bit more after work. But who knows if she would admit what she's said by that time."

"She will." "She has to!" "We all heard it!" "We are not fools!"

"But this is our job." Someone was timid.

"She made the promise!" "If she breaks it, how is she going to stay in the group?"

"Hurry up! "Let's get started!" "Our boss won't reward us every day."

In the large office of the design department, everyone put themselves to work.

In the morning, at the Marsh Group.

Finnley had insomnia last night. After having some wine, he finally got some sleep.

When he passed by Jennifer's office, he peered inside and saw Mya, in a yellow skirt, sitting at her desk, typing something on the computer.

Looking at her from afar, Finnley felt relieved. He couldn't help smiling.

He entered his office. His smile deepened when he saw a bottle of banana milk and a cake on his desk.

Did Mya send him this breakfast?

Chapter 694 Unveiled Fear

Everything between them started from banana milk.

Although he had breakfast, the food still made him hungry. He sat down at the desk, opened the milk, and took a sip. It tasted like happiness.

In the early morning, in Bright Star Kindergarten, the kids were playing under the sunshine.

On the playground, three teachers were playing games with the kids.

Alfie stood on the green grass with his hands behind his back, his delicate face slightly raised as he

bathed under the sun, watching the changes in the clouds.

"Alfie, what are you thinking?" Diana came over and looked at him curiously.

Behind them, groups of children with the same IQ were enjoying their games, which the sibling never joined.

"Looking for a breakthrough." Alfie kept the posture and said with a little sadness, "The phone has been repaired, but there are no valuable clues in it. Ingrid is such a stupid woman."

"Then why don't you show it to Uncle Finnley?" Diana suggested.

"Later. Maybe I can find some breakthrough. He's gotten a lot to handle too." Alfie said, "Ingrid is simple-minded. I don't think she had collected evidence against Leslie's crimes."

Diana didn't understand much about such things. "Alfie, do you want a lollipop?" All she knew was that

Alfie had been working on this matter days and nights.

"Thank you."

"You're welcome!"

At the tall buildings of the R-Alan Group.

"I'd like to work from home today." Catherine walked into Leslie's office, "We'll get the manuscript within

24 hours."

Leslie, leaning on his chair, looked up at her. "I heard you promised a 100,000 reward to those who finish their job within 24 hours, did you?"

"Yes." Her voice was cold.

Leslie lit a cigar, took a puff, and exhaled the smoke, "I'll pay the money."

"No." Catherine coldly refused, "It is my promise. Please stay out of this. I'm just here to tell you that I'm going home now."

Catherine turned and walked outside without waiting for Leslie's response.

Was she in a bad mood?

Leslie's eyes fell on her booty and found it so sexy. The colder she acted, the more he wanted her.

After returning home, Catherine took a hot shower. She was indeed in a bad mood. She hated this kind of working atmosphere.

She changed into a comfortable nightdress, took a glass of Lafitte 1982, and two packs of cigarettes.

Then she went to the study and opened the computer.

After leaving Ivan, she started to smoke. She had been deeply addicted to it.

A few hours later, the study room was filled with smoke.

Catherine was concentrating on drawing. She had turned off her phone, isolating herself from any noise.

All she wanted was to defeat Ivan!

After seven hours, she was finally satisfied with her work. Catherine leaned back in her chair and breathed a sigh of relief. She looked at the ceiling and felt beads of sweat on her forehead.

She got up and went to the living room to get some water. Yet then, she heard the doorbell ring, which surprised her greatly. Who would it be?

Holding the cup, she walked towards the door. She didn't open the door when she realized that her dress was a bit too sexy. So, instead, she glanced out through the peephole.

She was stunned by what she saw.

Leslie was standing outside alone, with a bag in his hand.

Behind the door, Catherine's exhaustion was gone. She frowned slightly, holding her breath, and was

instantly on guard.

What was he doing here?

"Catherine!"

"Catherine, are you there?!" Leslie pressed the doorbell for a long time but no one answered. So, he

started to knock on the door, "Catherine! Open the door! "

Frightened, Catherine took two steps back. She clutched her chest, trying to cool it.

She comforted herself that the door was firm and Leslie wouldn't break in, but she couldn't hide her

fear.

Chapter 695 Couldn't Prevent

Turning around, she walked lightly towards the bedroom, leaving Leslie's voice behind.

Catherine would never let Leslie in. Never!

She locked the door of her bedroom and lay down tiredly. After working for several hours, she was

exhausted.

As soon as she closed her eyes, Ivan's figure showed up in her mind.

Outside the door.

Leslie had a feeling that Catherine was at home.

As her boss, he visited her with fruit, why wouldn't she open the door?

The doorbell rang so loudly that it was impossible not to hear it.

Leslie thought of Catherine's state after she came back from Roxy Waterfall. She seemed to avoid him.

"Catherine!" He knocked harder on the door, "I got you some fruit! Open the door!" He knocked so hard as if he was going to break the door.

In the bedroom, on the bed, Catherine's tears soaked the pillow.

Whenever she thought of Ivan, that painful feeling would sweep over her. And the memories came back to her like a tidal wave.

They were so close, why couldn't they get together?

Catherine devoted her entire youth to Ivan. She spent every second making herself better. Why didn't he ever look at her?

Why was work the only thing between them?

At this age, it was normal for her to feel lonely because she had no lover, no family, and no friends.

This kind of loneliness often swallowed her up ... made her lose her mind, and made her cry for no

reason.

Outside the door.

Leslie had no choice but to put down the fruit and return in vain... His mood was nothing better.

After about two hours, Catherine came out of the bedroom.

She didn't hear the doorbell or the knock on the door. She looked out through the peephole again.

Leslie wasn't there anymore.

Catherine opened the door with caution and picked up the bag on the ground. There were durians,

blueberries, lychees, jack fruit, as well as two packs of cigarettes she had never seen before.

She looked at the entrance of the corridor and found no one there.

She closed the door and put the bag on the table.

She had no interest in fruits, but she loved cigarettes. She took out a cigarette from the bag and put it

in her mouth. She didn't need to take a deep breath to know that she enjoyed it very much.

"That's a good thing." Catherine said softly with a smile, "Leslie, Leslie, we are not the same people."

So, no matter how courteous Leslie was, Catherine would keep a distance from him.

Leslie was a murderer, a madman, a devil.

The next morning, at R-Alan Group, the design department was filled with excitement! For the first time, everybody got there early.

"Have you finished your design?"

"Yup!"

"Me too!"

"I stayed up late yesterday, and finally got the inspiration after midnight."

"Same here. I didn't go to bed until three o'clock."

To get the 100,000 dollars from Catherine, everyone finished their work within 24 hours.

Catherine kept her promise, transferring 100,000 to the person after checking the design.

"Thank you, Ms. Collins!"

"Thanks, Ms. Collins."

People who didn't like her all thanked her with smiles. That was human nature.

After paying every designer, Catherine took the design and walked into the president's office next door.

Hearing the footsteps, Leslie, who was working, raised his eyes and greeted Catherine nicely. "Have a

seat."

Catherine, who was very feminine, stood before Leslie's desk and said, "I had a rough look at these design drafts, your designers have tried their best."

What a tone... What an attitude...

Leslie frowned, then smiled and looked up at her. "I will pay the money back to you."

"No."

Leslie looked at her, "Have you got the fruit and cigarettes outside your door? How did they taste?"

"The fruit was okay. But the cigarettes were nice." Her tone was light.

Nice?

So, she tried it.

Leslie smiled and didn't ask any more questions. He was relieved to know that she had tried the

cigarettes.

Chapter 696 You Can Trust Me

"Are you in a bad mood recently?" Leslie asked like a friend. He had guessed the answer actually.

Catherine stared at him, and said directly, "I don't like this kind of atmosphere. They are not doing their

job. They put off the deadline again and again. They are not taking their work seriously. They don't care at all."

Leslie was not very happy when he heard this. He said kind of gloomily. "No matter if you like it, you are part of it now." Although it was true.

But he was the president. Maybe he had set a bad example.

Catherine meant to say that Leslie was a bad leader.

Men had strong self-esteem.

"I will resign after True Love is over. I hope you can approve it." After careful consideration, Catherine said, "I'm telling you now so that you can plan ahead."

Leslie's heart skipped a beat. Was he losing his prey? His face suddenly darkened.

Catherine glanced at the design draft on the desk, "Okay, I got to go now." Then she turned to leave, not wanting to stay for one more second.

"Wait!"

Catherine stood still and asked without turning back, "Anything else?"

Leslie was more convinced now that Catherine was avoiding him. The project had just begun, why

would she tell him about her resignation? Wasn't she in high spirits when she got here?

"Now that the drafts are all done, let's go to the Royal Nightclub and celebrate." He had made up his mind. "We must keep the momentum. So why not today? We'll have dinner there. Come with us!"

Catherine thought he was boring.

Before she could refuse, Leslie added, "Aren't you going to imitate the Marsh Group? Then let's do it thoroughly. We should make Ivan know it! We should show him that our team is no worse than his."

Royal Nightclub was Ivan's territory. Catherine had only one idea in her mind at the moment. Maybe she could meet Ivan there by chance.

"Alright." She didn't refuse. Then she left.

Leslie's gaze fell on her back. After knowing that Ingrid's death was related to him, Catherine changed.

She had become much distant and vigilant toward him.

But Leslie would never let go of the woman he liked before owing her.

Catherine was in a bad mood because the people in the design department were scumbags!

Their attitude sucked. Their abilities sucked too.

So, she didn't have much confidence in winning this battle. At present, Linda was her only hope.

Linda had been spending her money. But she had never called her.

Catherine had been waiting for Linda to completely submit to her.

In a bad mood, Catherine decided to do something to make herself happy.

So, she called someone and said to the other person in a deep voice, "Austin, I need you to kidnap someone, make her suffer in all kinds of ways, ruin her face, then take pictures and put them on the Internet. I want her to become a laughing stock in front of all her classmates and colleagues."

"Ms. Collins, who offended you?" The man was puzzled yet he said firmly, "Give me the name, and I'll handle it!"

A cold light flashed in Catherine's eyes. "Mya Saunders."

"Got it."

"You must be careful." Catherine reminded, "She is the mayor's daughter, but she has no bodyguards with her normally. She works in the Marsh Group, find her yourself."

"I understand." The man snorted, "I don't care about the mayor. I only listen to you!"

Catherine hung up the call. She had full trust in Austin's loyalty. Because Catherine was his savior.

Chapter 697 What a Bitch!

In the morning, tall buildings of the Marsh Group were shining under the morning beam.

In the office area, everyone was in high spirits.

Finnley once again found a bottle of banana milk and a piece of cake on his desk, which made him

wonder. Didn't Mya tell him in the call last night that they should keep a distance?

Why did she buy him breakfast?

However, he felt warm and happy.

At this time, Linda came over with a document. She was in high-heeled shoes, her back straight,

looking full of vigor. "Mr. Russell, good morning, here are the documents for the meeting. The PDF

version has been sent to your mail."

Even her voice was different now. It seemed that she had trained it.

Finnley came back to his sense and took over the document. "OK, thank you."

Linda didn't leave. Her eyes fell on his table, "Is the cake still warm?" Smiling at him again, she added,

"Today's taste is different from before. Why don't you try it?"

Finnley looked at her in a daze. She was smiling brightly.

Linda's makeup was very delicate. Her complexion looked brighter. Her smile was full of confidence,

"Mr. Russell, I noticed that you have finished the cake these days, so I suppose that you like the breakfast I prepared for you."

Outside the door, Mya instinctively stepped back and leaned against the wall when she heard this.

"You bought it?" Finnley suppressed his astonishment.

The eyes of the two met, Linda knew that he would be shocked, yet she replied with a bright smile,

"Yes. Otherwise, who do you think it is? Mya?"

Finnley didn't know what to say.

Linda saw the disappointment in his eyes, but she didn't care at all. She smiled once again and said,

"Oh, no matter who bought it, if you like it, enjoy it!"

"Linda." Finnley put down the document but didn't sit down. She looked at her seriously. "You don't have to bring me breakfast in the future. I'll come after having breakfast."

Her love couldn't be more obvious. He had to reject her openly to prevent more trouble.

"Okay, I promise you that I won't do it again!" She agreed readily. She was in a good mood, smiling all this time. "So, how about finishing the milk and cake now?"

Finnley sighed, speechless.

"I'll be sad if you refuse." She persuaded with a smile, "In order to get the freshest cake, I always get up early."

To be honest, Finnley felt his chest blocked by something.

But Linda had agreed never to do it again, so he couldn't say no now.

Mya poked her head out cautiously and saw Finnley sitting down on his seat, took the banana milk on the table, unscrewed the cap, and took a sip reluctantly.

Was it poison?? Mya couldn't help laughing.

"Try the cake too, please." Linda stood beside him, staring at him, "It's more delicately made today, it might taste better."

Finnley had a headache. To make her leave, he sped up eating, thinking this was the last time anyway.

So, he reached out for the cake on the table. Linda bit her sexy lips when she saw him open up the bag with his delicate fingers.

He was charming even when he ate.

"Is it tasty?" She asked excitedly.

Finnley raised his eyes and said seriously, "You can go back to your work now." There was no light in his eyes.

Linda was a little shocked, her smile froze, "Okay, then I won't bother you." A bright smile appeared on her face again.

Turning around and walking out happily, she saw Mya hiding aside. She was shocked, and when she passed by, she glanced at Mya with a proud, provocative smile.

Chapter 698 Guess Who This Girl Is

Mya felt baffled!

Looking at Linda's back, she muttered, "What are you proud about? Are you showing off in front of me?"

She watched Linda haughtily disappearing from sight.

Mya walked into the president's office with the documents.

Finnley was eating the cake. He looked blankly at her. The banana milk was on the table, almost untouched.

Mya heard their conversation just now.

"When did you need her to feed you?" Putting the file on his desk, Mya teased, "Didn't you have breakfast?"

"I don't need her to feed me, but don't misunderstand!" Finnley threw the cake and banana milk into the

trash can, and said with a slightly helpless tone, "There is nothing between me and her!"

"I didn't misunderstand!" She laughed, "What could I have misunderstood? You guys are both single anyway. It's normal to like each other."

Finnley looked up, staring at her impassively.

Mya's smile froze slightly. She was embarrassed, realizing that she seemed to have said something wrong.

As their eyesight converged, his face eased and he said frankly, "I thought the breakfast was from you."

"What?" Mya was surprised, but she felt good hearing that.

She smiled, "So if it was from me, you would enjoy it. But now it's from her, and you hate it?"

"Right." Finnley said seriously, "It's simple."

"You don't like her?"

"No."

The girl thought for a while, then tilted her head and asked deliberately, "Then do you like me?"

"Yes." He once again answered without hesitation.

Their eyes converge. The air seemed to be still.

"Have you packed my luggage?" She looked away and changed the subject, "I'll go get them in the afternoon."

"It's just some clothes, you can pack it yourself, it won't take long." Finnley just found it awkward to pack her clothes.

"All right, then." Mya had an indifferent smile on her face. "I'll go back with you this afternoon." She looked at the document she had just put down, then at the trash can. After that, she left.

Looking at her back, Finnley had a lot to say, but he didn't know how.

Didn't she say that she preferred to live with a bot friend than with her parents?

But now it seemed she would never live with him again.

Finnley felt a little lost.

The breakfast became tasteless once he knew that it was not from her.

Finnley knew very well that he had fallen in love with Mya.

In Arkpool City, an important event was taking place. Several photos of Mya and Finnley were in the headlines.

The results of the "Seasons of Mountains" photography contest had finally been announced.

The first prize winner, John Sevon, was a man in his 40s. He was low-key. But at the moment, he was being interviewed.

In an elegant courtyard, more than a dozen reporters surrounded John, who had a strong artistic aura, asking him questions.

John answered very calmly and briefly.

"I was there taking pictures of waterfalls. I didn't expect to capture such a good-looking couple." His voice is thick and magnetic, "Their eyes were full of pure love. It was so beautiful. I couldn't help wanting to capture that scene."

"In fact, I don't know them. They are not my models. I don't even know them. All I can say is that they made me who I am."

At the elegant courtyard gate.

A young girl in a fancy customized dress looked at the man being interviewed with a smile. "My uncle has always kept a low profile. Yet he won the prize again."

"Lady Eloise." The middle-aged woman beside was also very happy. "Mr. Sevon must be even happier if he knows that you came to congratulate him."

"Let's go." Eloise walked towards the man.

The man sent the reporter away with a few words.

"Uncle!" The girl smiled, "Congratulations!"

"Eloise! When do you arrive at Arkpool City? Come on in!" John said happily, "Come and have a look at my photography. This time, I captured a couple by luck!"

Eloise followed John into the living room. John introduced the photos on the walls, as well as the

history of Roxy Waterfall to Eloise...

When Eloise's eyes fell on the boy in the photo, her smile froze. Her voice trembled with excitement as

she called out, "Finnley?"

Chapter 699 A Strong Rival in Love

"Who is Finnley?" John asked, puzzled.

Eloise's beautiful eyes were filled with astonishment. She stared at the photo for a long time, but couldn't get over it. She felt the blood in her body start to coagulate.

She didn't want to believe her eyes. But at the same time, she was happy to finally get some news about him. She had been looking for him for half a year!

God! Finnley

Holly, Eloise's servant, was also shocked. She had never seen Finnley, but she had heard of his name.

"Is it your fiancé? Why is he with a woman?"

John froze for a moment, "Is he your fiancé who disappeared?"

"Uncle." Eloise came back to her senses, and quickly asked with a glimmer of hope, "What's going on with them? Are they lovers? Or... was it just the angle of your camera?"

There was no need to lie about this kind of thing, and there it was pointless deceiving her.

So, John said honestly, "According to my judgment, they are lovers."

Eloise asked again, "Is it true, as you said in the interview, that you don't know them?"

"Nope. It was the first time and the last time that I'd seen them."

As if hit by something, Eloise staggered a few steps back. "Lady Eloise!" Holly held her.

"Finnley is in Arkpool City..." Eloise felt sad. She smiled wryly, "I searched every inch of Jacksonville looking for him, but he wasn't even there!"

"Lady Eloise..."

"Does he hate me so much?!" Eloise lost control of her emotions and clenched her fists, "To avoid me, he even abandoned his parents!"

"Lady Eloise, calm down." Holly was worried that Eloise would have an asthma attack. So, she kept a close watch on her breathing rate.

John also supported her, "Sit down first." Then he poured her a glass of water.

Eloise's brain worked fast. She immediately took out her phone. This contest was so influential so there must be something on the Internet.

This photography competition was held every three years in Arkpool City. Due to the big awards, it had been very famous.

Sure enough, she found the information she wanted in the comment section!

The netizens were strong.

"Hey, isn't that Mr. Russell and Mya?" Someone saw the photos on the news and quickly left a comment.

Many people in the Marsh Group paid attention to this competition. They zoomed out the photos to have a better look at them.

"It's Mya and Mr. Russell!"

"Ms. Brooks' assistant? "It looks like her, yeah!"

"Looks like? It is her!"

"Did they go to Roxy Waterfall? Is that a secret relationship? Now, it's no longer a secret!"

"They are obviously seeing each other!"

"Actually, they look like a good match."

Eloise got the information as well. "I finally find you, Finnley." But she was not happy at all.

Not only did she find Finnley, but also find he was with another girl.

The girl looked like a strong enemy! Eloise was suddenly at a loss.

In the elevator, Mya also saw the news, which made her speechless!

Staring at these photos, she thought to herself, "The photos are nice. But Finnley and I are just friends.

We are not in a secret relationship or anything. What the hell? We are not even dating!"

"Shit! I am done. How am I supposed to explain to my parents now? They'll never believe a word I

said!" She was very depressed.

Soon, the elevator stopped and the door opened.

Finnley walked in. Mya, holding her phone, raised her eyes. She was stunned for a moment, then they

look at each other in the eye.

He had read the news too, but he didn't expect to meet her immediately. For a moment, he didn't know

how to comfort her.

Their pictures in the mountain were beautiful scenery. Which made them the spokespersons of Roxy

Waterfall. Many people wanted to go on a trip.

The elevator door behind Finnley was closed, and the elevator went down. Neither of them spoke.

Finnley couldn't bear looking at her sad face, so he said, "Mya, be my girlfriend!"

Chapter 700 So What Are You Nervous About?

Mya's chest shrank heavily. She looked at him in astonishment.

"Are you happy with me?" Finnley suddenly got the courage to ask her.

Mya forced herself to come back to her senses, and said with a smile, "Are you kidding?" Yet in the meanwhile, she felt her heartbeat out of order.

Finnley stared at her seriously, waiting for her answer.

Under his gaze, Mya's scalp became numb, "I..."

"Don't refuse in a hurry." Finnley's tone was gentle. "You can take it as a joke, or you can think seriously and tell me the answer later."

"A joke?" She had no idea what was he thinking about.

The elevator stopped on the 22nd floor and the door opened.

Finnley said, "If you are to say 'no', take it as a joke. It won't affect our friendship." After saying that, he walked out.

Mya stood in the elevator in a daze for a long time...

She didn't go out until the elevator door closed automatically. She immediately pressed the button to open the door and then got out.

Finnley was no longer outside, but his words still lingered in her ears.

Was it his confession? Was he kidding?

He was such an exquisite man. Mya would feel glad if he didn't despise her. How could he like her?

But why was her heart beating so violently?

Mya covered her chest. Her heart was racing like never before.

At Jennifer's office, Linda was very upset after seeing the photos! She felt that there were thousands of ants crawling and gnawing at her heart!

Hearing the footsteps, Linda raised her eyes and saw Mya coming in. Their eyesight converged briefly.

Thinking of Linda's cocky appearance recently, Mya ignored her.

So, she looked away and sat in her seat.

"You guys are not together at all." Linda stared at her and asked, "Why didn't you clarify?"

Mya raised her eyes, "You are so weird. Why should I clarify?"

Linda felt unfair.

Mya observed her expression, smiled, and said, "How do you know we are not together? He has just confessed to me, and I still thinking about whether to accept him."

"You are lying!" Linda clenched her fist, "You're not his type at all!"

Mya asked with a smile, "Why are you so nervous?"

Linda didn't know what to answer.

"Linda, stop deceiving yourself." Mya put away her smile and said, "He doesn't like you. And you know that."

Linda's face turned pale.

Mya went on asking, "Have you heard a saying? "It goes like that, whatever isn't yours shall never be yours no matter how much you want it."

"It's none of your business." Linda said firmly, "Everyone has the right to pursue their love!"

"I don't give a shit about your business." Mya said, "Leave me alone, too! It's my business whether to clarify!"

...

Meanwhile, at Saunders' Villa.

Clarence also saw the first prize work of the photography contest, which had been reposted by many media.

In the photos, Finnley and her daughter were standing in the mountains! They looked like a perfect match made in heaven.

After zooming in on the photos one by one, she gasped, "Oh my God, what could they be if not a couple? How dare she deny it? Mya is so dishonest!"

She looked up at her husband, who was changing clothes, and shouted, "Honey! They are dating!"

"So?" Clarence was open-minded, "Mya is a big girl now. As long as the boy is reliable, just let them be. Stop thinking about if she was honest with us."

"But she refused to admit it! This is a serious problem! " Shirley was angry because of this. "How can she hide such a big thing from us? You don't know Finnley, how do you know he is reliable? Maybe he has a fiancée! Many married men cheat! "

"I'll check this matter." To reassure his wife, Clarence said, "I'll bring you back all the information of Finnley."