

Surprised Wife With Twins Chapter 490

Mya hurriedly sat up, lifted the quilt, put on the slippers, and went to open the door.

As soon as it was open, Finnley saw her sleepy and messy look after getting up. Instead of feeling surprised, he asked indifferently, "Do you want to sleep in?"

Mya could hardly keep her eyes open. She turned around and returned to the bed, tucking herself into the quilt. She muffled, "I don't need to work. Why would I get up so early?"

Standing at the door, Finnley checked on her but didn't urge her to get up.

He fetched his car key. "I'm going to work now. When you leave, remember to lock my door. Put my bedding into the washing machine."

Then he left. However, Mya didn't listen to him at all. After answering him perfunctorily, she fell asleep again.

Finnley drove to his office. He didn't sleep well the previous night as the couch was too hard. His waist hurt.

On the bus, Linda sat by the window. She recalled Catherine's words to her earlier and suddenly sensed something wrong.

"Linda, you should stop coming over in the future. I'll move out." Catherine sipped water and continued, "I'll go abroad for a while. I've sold my apartment."

'Go abroad? Does Catherine have any family or friends overseas?'

Linda couldn't think of any.

When she recalled, she felt that Catherine was bidding her farewell.

'Gosh, will Catherine commit suicide?'

In a hurry, Linda dialed Catherine's number but couldn't get through.

She was worried about Catherine, her mind jumbled.

The bus stopped at an intersection, waiting for the green light. When Linda peered out the window leisurely, she saw a white Maybach next to the bus.

She saw Finnley in the driver's seat with a single glimpse.

His side face was gentle, making her heart race. Although she had seen a girl sitting in his car the previous night, Linda couldn't help falling for him.

Her heart was hammering, and she was joyful and slightly disappointed.

She wondered if that girl was his fiancée or just his friend.

The green light was on. The Maybach started fast. In a blink, Finnley was gone.

On the way to the office, Linda wondered if she should add Finnley on her WhatsApp and Twitter when Mr. Marsh still hadn't returned to work.

According to his shares and posts, probably, she could know him more.

Linda was persistent in finding out whether Finnley had a fiancée.

Morning. The R-Alan Group.

The president's office was luxurious, decorated in golden and silver colors, shining brightly.

Leslie, in his fifties, sat in his chair. He couldn't help grinning at all. His men forced Catherine to sign the contract the previous night, which was the best news in the R-Alan Group in recent months.

He was too excited to sleep.

Soon, the five men knocked on the door and entered his office with the signed agreement.

"Morning, Mr. Eastwood."

They stood before his desk, and one passed the agreement to him.

Leslie took it over with a smile. He quickly opened the folder, pulled out the agreement, and turned the page to check. However, his expression froze when his gaze fell on it. He looked sullen.

The five men were confused to see him in a bad mood.

Gazing at the blank space, Leslie asked, "What do you mean? How dare you lie to me!"

"Wh-What's wrong, Mr. Eastwood?" the man in the lead asked in confusion, feeling uneasy.

"What's wrong? Are you blind?" Leslie pounded the table, jumped to his feet and smashed the agreement on him. "Where is her signature?"

The man caught the smashed agreement and turned the pages with trembling fingers. The other four also checked on it. However, they only saw a blank in the place where Catherine had signed.

