

Surprised 1101

Chapter 1101 Punishing Hugh

Almost 20 black SUVs rushed over.

Ivan had sent a large group to capture Hugh and his gang, who were surrounded seamlessly.

Turning around, Ivan peered out the hall, his eyes icy.

The black SUVs were pulled over quickly.

Hugh peered out of the window, his jaw slacking. He had been shocked earlier, but much to his surprise, more vehicles were parked.

He realized Ivan was indeed serious and used considerable force this time.

When he was pushed out, he looked miserable.

While struggling for his life earlier, his clothes were torn, a big hole exposing his skin.

His gangsters had wet their pants. Hugh looked around while laughing. "It's indeed a great honor. You

even didn't use so many people to capture Leslie Eastwood, did you?"

"Move!" a man snapped at him coldly and pushed him towards Ivan.

Hugh staggered forward.

"Slow down! I can walk myself," Hugh glared back at him and roared.

Ivan's men gripped him tightly, almost breaking his arms.

Ivan watched him nearby, his eyes full of anger. If it weren't for Hugh, Tristan wouldn't have any chance

to save Jennifer. Hugh even planned to do something to his twins.

Ivan snorted.

"Release him," he said flatly, watching Hugh be pushed over.

His men let go of Hugh.

Finnley and others got down the cars, following Ivan.

"Mr. Marsh, how many people have you sent to capture me?"

Hugh scanned around and burst into laughter. "Just for a crystal. You made it like a battle to capture a

drug smuggler. Too exaggerating."

His cheeky smile riled up Ivan.

He threw a punch at Hugh's chest.

Off guard, Hugh flinched in pain and almost burst into a cry.

Before he kept his balance, Ivan kicked his chest again.

Compared to his combating skills, Hugh was too lame. In a few seconds, Hugh failed to defend himself.

However, Ivan still didn't intend to stop.

In anger, his every punch and kick was full of strength. Evidently, he was a professional fighter.

Shortly after, Hugh lay prone on the ground, blood oozing from his mouth. He groaned in pain, feeling dizzy.

"Mr. Marsh..." Ivan's man passed a wet tissue to Ivan, feeling sorry, as Ivan's knuckles had reddened and swollen up.

Ivan took the tissue over and wiped his fingers. "Send him to the police."

"OK."

Ivan turned away and sat in his Lamborghini. Soon, the car roared away.

While speeding up the car, Ivan felt his head was about to explode.

The more he thought about it, the angrier he became. He still hadn't vented his anger by beating Hugh up.

Meanwhile. The hospital.

The wound on Tristan's arm was deep. The doctor said, "The patient needs a blood transfusion, mister."

"Use my blood," Zack blurted out, rolling up his sleeves anxiously.

Jennifer asked, "Does your blood type match, Dad?"

"Yes, it does."

"Use my blood, then." Jennifer also rolled up her sleeves and said to the doctor affirmatively, "Doc, my blood type is the same as my father's. I had a health check earlier. I'm healthy."

"OK. Please follow me."

"Michelle..."

"Please, Dad," Jennifer said as a doctor, "You are old, so I can't let you transfuse the blood. I'm young and healthy. No worries."

Then she followed the doctor into the operating room.

Shortly after, Ivan walked out of the elevator, heading towards the operating room with mixed feelings.

In the elevator, he wondered why he went to the hospital.

After the elevator doors slid open, he strode out.

Seeing Zack standing at the door of the operating room, he quickened his pace. "Where's Jennie,

Dad?"

"In the operating room." Zack gazed at the scene inside the room from the glass window, feeling too

worried to spare a glance at his son-in-law.

"Was she injured?" Ivan asked anxiously, following his gaze.

Then he saw his wife was transfusing her blood to Tristan.

Chapter 1102 Ivan Was Jealous

A long needle was stabbed into her arm. Feeling sorry for Jennifer, Ivan felt jealous.

His expression changed. Frowning at Zack, he could tell his father-in-law was worried more than a

father worrying for his son.

Zack muttered, "Can I transfuse my blood to Tristan? I'm not sick." He cared for his daughter's health.

However, he seemed to worry about Tristan more.

The door of the operating room was shut, so the two men had to peer in through the glass window.

Several doctors were surrounding Tristan, stitching his wound.

Ivan consoled himself that Jennifer had done so to avoid worrying about her father instead of caring

about Tristan. His thought made him feel much better.

Suddenly, he found Tristan's gaze glued to Jennifer all the time.

Although the doctors were dealing with his wound, Tristan looked happy instead of suffering.

Ivan sucked in his breath and couldn't continue watching any longer.

The next second, he pushed the door and entered the operating room, emanating cold stress.

Everyone in the room looked up at him.

Jennifer was shocked. "Why are you here?"

Ivan looked into her eyes with a gentle smile. Standing before her, he seamlessly blocked Tristan's

gaze.

His butt was facing Tristan.

Therefore, the latter had to withdraw his gaze and return to the present.

Soon, the blood transfusion ended.

After a doctor pulled the needle out, Ivan pressed a cotton ball against the pinprick in her arm. Feeling

sorry for her, he didn't remark on it.

Then he helped Jennifer stand up and squeezed her closer. "Shall we go home?"

Jennifer looked up at him. "I..."

Ivan interrupted, "There are doctors. You've lost much blood. You should take a rest." Then he gently pulled her towards the door.

When Jennifer realized what was happening, Ivan took her out of the operating room.

"Dad," Ivan nodded at Zack and said, "We'll go home now." Then he quickly took Jennifer away.

Jennifer didn't have a chance to speak to her father but only looked back at him worriedly. Then Ivan squeezed her into the elevator.

"Ouch! It hurts," she grumbled.

Ivan removed the cotton ball. "The blood has been stopped. Make sure to put a hot towel on the wound later."

After reaching the first floor, Ivan strode out of the lobby with her in his arms.

Then he pulled the passenger side door of his Lamborghini and prompted, "Sit in." He was too anxious, unwilling to let her stay in the hospital any longer.

Jennifer got in and buckled the seat belt. Then she watched him start the engine.

She could tell he looked upset. For a moment, she was tongue-tied.

"Did the blood bank lack blood?" Ivan looked ahead icily. "What's wrong with this hospital?" he asked unhappily.

Jennifer knew he was angry and explained, "I don't know. Dad wanted to transfuse his blood for Tristan. I was worried about him, so I asked the doctor to use my blood."

"When will you transfuse your blood to me?" Ivan was still jealous.

Jennifer wanted to heave a sigh. She coaxed him, "Our blood type doesn't match. I cannot. Why are you jealous? As I explained, I was worried about Dad."

"Tristan was the man injured."

Jennifer couldn't find a word to retort.

"I am not jealous," Ivan added. However, he was fuming. "I'm only worried about you."

"Donating the blood isn't a big deal. I donate blood every year." Jennifer emphasized, "Besides, Tristan was injured for saving my life."

"Do you feel sorry for him?"

Jennifer looked at him again. "Enough is enough!" She could feel the air in the car was full of his jealousy.

Chapter 1103 Ivan's Lie

Jennifer asked, "What if Finnley were injured today? Would you still ask me such a question?"

"Of course not," Ivan replied without hesitation, "But they are different. Don't you know what I mean?"

"How different? Finnley is your special assistant, and Tristan is my father's. They both are men, young and brave."

Ivan stepped on the brake and pulled the car over on the roadside.

Jennifer's heart tightened. She looked at him in surprise.

Ivan looked into her eyes and asked affirmatively, "Tristan has a crush on you. Can't you feel it?" His eyes turned intense and cold as he almost lost control.

Jennifer sighed, shaking her head. "I didn't have such a feeling."

"It's because I've warned him. He's repressing." Ivan burst into anger while recalling the scene earlier.

"Just now, he was watching you all the time. Your existence in the operating room almost made him forget the pain."

"You..." Jennifer was shocked by the overloaded information.

Ivan added overbearingly, "Come back to the Marsh Group as soon as you finish the project. Don't show up on his face again." He didn't want another man to covet his wife.

"You are too impossible!" Jennifer burst into anger. "You need to calm down."

Then she tried to push the door open and get off, but the passenger side door was locked.

Ivan restarted the engine and tossed the crystal back to her.

Jennifer almost missed it. "Hey!" She hurriedly caught it and glared at him in anger.

Ivan looked ahead, his eyes dark.

Silence blanketed the car.

Jennifer leaned backward, peering out the flashing views outside the window. She felt frustrated and depressed. On the one hand, she was worried about her father and Tristan. On the other hand, she was bothered by her jealous husband.

Five minutes later, she turned to stare at Ivan and asked, trying to reconcile, "What about Hugh Johnson?"

Ivan proudly pressed his thin lips together without answering.

Jennifer thought he was too babyish and stopped talking.

They no longer talked, and the Lamborghini pulled up to Emerald Bay.

"Mrs. Marsh, you are back. Take the chicken soup. The temperature is just fine." Marry greeted her

while smiling. "You've lost some blood. It's good for you to recover."

Jennifer was slightly taken back, darting back at Ivan.

However, he went upstairs without looking at her, ignoring her.

Marry didn't mutter to her until his back appeared from the corner, "Mr. Marsh cares about you very much. When he messaged me, I knew you were beside him, and he didn't want to express it verbally."

Jennifer seemed to understand something.

Holding the bowl of chicken soup, Marry smiled dearly. "Come on. Have it. It'll go cold."

"Thank you, Marry."

Jennifer took the bowl over with both hands, moving towards the sofa.

The hospital.

In the brightly lit operating room, Tristan's wound had been stitched and bandaged.

The anesthetic was still effective, so he didn't feel the pain.

"We suggest you stay in the hospital for a few days. Your fasciae have been injured, so you need to be on the drip." The doctor pushed up his glasses.

Before Tristan answered, Zack hurriedly replied, "No problem. We'll take your advice, Doc."

"Mr. Clarke?" Tristan looked up at him.

"Don't worry. Rest well," Zack said, "Health always comes first. I'll deal with the company's matters."

Tristan checked into a ward later. Zack insisted on watching him, unwilling to leave.

Emerald Bay.

Jennifer finished the chicken soup and went upstairs. Ivan was in the master bedroom, so she entered the study.

She wanted to call Zack and ask about Tristan. Although he wasn't severely injured, she wanted to show her politeness.

However, Jennifer worried Ivan would misunderstand.

He had been jealous. Jennifer wondered if she should console him.

Heaving a sigh, she recalled Ivan's aggressiveness and thought he was childish and hilarious.

She sat in the chair and pulled a drawer open randomly to put in the crystal. By accident, she saw a paternity report.

Chapter 1104 Fight

Jennifer pulled it out and took a look, only to find it stated her father was confirmed to be Eason's birth father.

'Eason is my father's biological son.'

Jennifer hurriedly checked the date, which was before Ivan told her the test result.

She stiffened and quickly figured out what had happened. After seeing the paternity report, Ivan lied to her.

Jennifer couldn't help wondering why he lied.

Realizing something clinically, she bit out, "How babyish!" She detested dishonest ones the most.

Jennifer picked up the report, strode out of the study, and entered the master bedroom, but no one was in.

Then she went downstairs.

At the corner of the stairs, she saw Ivan about to leave the house.

"Stop!"

Ivan stopped mid-step and looked back, only to find Jennifer stride towards him with a piece of paper.

Standing before him, Jennifer tossed the report into his hand. "What do you mean? Why did you lie to me?"

Ivan picked it up in confusion as the report was supposed to be in his office.

He wondered why Jennifer had it.

Ivan frowned and was tongue-tied.

"You knew the truth, but why did you make up a story to lie to me?" Jennifer was boiled up with anger.

"Don't you know how important the result is to me?"

Marry trotted out of the kitchen after hearing them argue.

"If you had known the boy was the son of Joan Houghton and your father, what would you have done?"

Ivan asked solemnly, "Would you have let go of Joan Houghton to give the boy a complete family and forgive her for the evil deeds she had done to you?"

"Of course not. I wouldn't have let go of her." Jennifer also failed to repress her anger. "Why do you

think I would have done that? You are too conceited. You didn't respect me."

"Do you know how I felt back then? When you told me Eason wasn't his biological son, do you know how upset I was for my father?"

"It's such a critical matter. I can't believe you've lied to me. I trusted you wholeheartedly, Ivan."

"If I hadn't found the report today, you would have hidden the truth from me for the rest of your life, huh?"

"How hateful!"

Jennifer was fuming. She bypassed him, sat in a car in the yard, and drove away.

Ivan couldn't utter a word to retort as the evidence was solid.

He stood lonely at the door, watching the car vanish from his sight.

Marry watched the fight nearby. She didn't know what to do for a moment, wondering why they suddenly fought.

She could tell they both were furious.

The twins had gone abroad, so no one could bring them together and make them reconcile.

"Mr. Marsh..." Marry gingerly approached Ivan and asked, "Don't you chase Mrs. Marsh?"

Ivan was brought back to his senses, looking back at her in silence while holding the paternity report.

Then he turned around and went upstairs, looking lonely and heartbroken.

He didn't know how to explain after catching up with Jennifer.

Therefore, he decided to let her swallow the information first.

Jennifer parked the car downstairs of the hospital and called Zack. The latter was still in Tristan's ward, insisting on watching him.

Also, he told Jennifer Tristan's hand fasciae were cut off.

Jennifer was shocked.

She strode out of the elevator and trotted into the ward. "How are you feeling, Tristan? What did the doctor say exactly?"

Tristan didn't expect her to return, looking shocked while sitting on the bed.

Zack told her more details. "He needs to stay in the hospital for a few days. The doctor will put him on a drip. It's no big deal, but we must take good care of him."

"I see." Jennifer nodded. "Are you hungry? What would you like to have?" She was in chagrin as she

left home too suddenly to bring them some chicken soup.

Chapter 1105 Interrupted

"I'm not hungry, Michelle." Zack cared about Tristan a lot, always watching him with concern. "What would you like to have, Tristan?"

Tristan shook his head. "I want nothing. I'm well, Mr. Clarke. Don't worry." He beamed at Zack.

"It must hurt a lot." Zack wished he were the one who had been injured instead of Tristan. "Thank you so much, Tristan." Zack had a lingering fear, feeling lucky that only Tristan's arm was wounded.

"Just a minor wound." Tristan chuckled, looking relaxed, "It's nothing. Fortunately, you and Ms. Brooks are both fine."

Jennifer thought she also should thank him.

However, Tristan spoke to her, "Ms. Brooks, thank you for transfusing your blood to me."

"Please don't mention it." Jennifer said apologetically, "We dragged you into the mere. Thank you for your help. Really."

They exchanged a smile. The atmosphere in the ward was relaxing.

Jennifer stayed in the ward to watch Tristan and her father. She noticed more gray hair on Zack's head

and felt sorry for him.

However, she recalled how much Zack loved and cared about Eason, feeling delighted.

Dusk came.

The stunning sunset glory colored the sky red.

After Jennifer left home, Ivan didn't have the mood to return to his company. He was down and weary.

Sitting in the cane chair on the second-floor balcony, he watched the sun go down while drinking cups of coffee. Finally, the night was out.

However, the car that Jennifer had driven away still stayed in the hospital, according to its GPS position.

It didn't move a bit.

Ivan wondered if she didn't intend to return home.

Pinching his phone, Ivan felt irritable. He wondered if he should dial Jennifer's number.

Finally, he couldn't sit still without doing anything. He jumped to his feet, picked up his suit jacket on the back of the cane chair, and walked away.

After arriving on the first floor, when he was heading towards the door, Marry strode to him with a

thermos container filled with chicken soup.

Ivan stopped mid-step, looking at her in surprise.

Marry smiled at him dearly. "Do you want to check on Mrs. Marsh in the hospital? Please take this with you."

Ivan felt embarrassed.

Marry passed the bag to him. "Go ahead. Mr. Clarke should also be there. Let them all drink the soup and pick up Mrs. Marsh. You should have a good talk to avoid misunderstandings."

Ivan beamed at her, took the bag, and strode into the yard.

Marry watched him sit in the Lamborghini. The car was pulled away quickly.

"Alas... You should have gone long ago."

Marry was an onlooker, feeling anxious for them. Ivan and Jennifer were always harmonious, but they fought too fiercely this time. This was the first time she saw Jennifer so angry.

The Lamborghini headed for the hospital. Holding the steering wheel with one hand, Ivan leisurely rested the other on the window.

The night breeze disheveled his hair. He stared ahead intensely with an indescribable feeling.

In the ward, the anesthetic's effect had faded. Piercing pain raised in Tristan's arm. However, he repressed it expressionlessly.

Jennifer returned after buying dinner for Tristan and Zack downstairs, pushed the door open, and entered.

Under the bright light, she saw the gray hair sparkling among Zack's black hair. Her father was aged.

She reminded herself to be filial to him.

After considering it for a long time, Zack thought it was a perfect time as both Tristan and Michelle were in their presence.

He wanted to tell them something.

"Michelle," Zack called, "Come here."

Jennifer put the takeout boxes on the table. Upon hearing his words, she hurriedly stopped and strode towards the bed.

"Yes, Dad?"

Zack held her hand, looking at Tristan, who was leaning against the bedhead. "It's time to tell you guys

something."

The two youngsters gazed at him, waiting for him to continue.

Before Zack continued, the ward door was pushed open again.

They all looked back, only to find Ivan entering while holding a big bag.

Chapter 1106 Georgia Became Crazy

"Good evening, Dad," Ivan greeted Zack politely with a gentle smile.

Jennifer darted at him. She didn't want to fight with him in Zack's presence, looking at him

expressionlessly.

Ivan shifted his gaze from her. "I'm brought you some chicken soup. You shouldn't have had dinner

yet."

"Not yet." Zack was touched. "Thank you for sending the soup over."

"Of course."

Ivan put down the bag, pulled a few bowls, opened the thermos container lid, and started filling each

bowl.

He looked like a loving househusband, unlike the famous CEO.

Shortly after, he passed a bowl to Zack. "Here you go, Dad. It's still warm."

"Tristan, have it." Zack took the bowl, looking at Tristan worriedly. He was about to pass the bowl to Tristan.

"This one is for him." Ivan passed Zack a spoon. "We all will drink it. Please go ahead, Dad." He turned around and picked up another bowl.

This was the first time Ivan confronted Tristan today. When he met Tristan earlier, he used his butt.

The two men's gazes met in mid-air. With a faint smile, Ivan bent over and passed the bowl to Tristan.

"Tristan, thank you for saving my wife and my father-in-law. You must drink this soup. Shall I feed you?"

Jennifer gaped at him.

Ivan sat on the bed edge while holding the bowl. He picked up the spoon and pressed it next to

Tristan's lips. "Come on. Open your mouth."

"No, thanks. I can drink it myself." Tristan hurriedly took the bowl over.

Zack was also agape at the scene.

Ivan was too considerate. However, the scene of a man feeding another man food was way too

sickening.

Tristan sipped the soup bit by bit.

Ivan picked up another bowl and passed it to Jennifer. "This is for you, Honey." He looked faithful and

apologetic.

In others' presence, Jennifer wouldn't embarrass him.

"Ehn." She took the bowl over with both hands. "Do you have the soup as well?"

"Yep."

Ivan curled his lips into a smile. Then he picked up a knife, pulled an apple out of the bag, and started

peeling it.

He behaved like a caring man, entirely different from his public image.

Everyone was surprised by his tenderness.

He peeled an apple for Tristan and chopped it into small pieces.

After Jennifer finished the soup, Ivan held her hand. "Let's go home, Honey, shall we?"

Before Jennifer spoke, Zack stood up. "You guys need to get up for work tomorrow. You should go

home, Michelle."

"What about you, Dad?" Jennifer was worried about him. "You'll be super busy in the company tomorrow."

"How about this?" Tristan chimed in, "I'll go home as well. I'll return to the hospital tomorrow if I need to

be put on a drip. Then all of us could rest well tonight."

The decision was agreed upon. Jennifer and Ivan left, and Zack and Tristan returned home afterward.

They needed to inform the doctor about the decision.

Georgia held a pillow in a ward next door and got off the bed, her hair messy. The doctor removed her bandage at noon today, so her skin could breathe.

"My little baby, don't cry. Mommy is here..." she coaxed the pillow while holding it tightly.

"Be good, my baby. I love you..." After she walked out of the ward, she accidentally bumped into Zack.

"Oops! Does it hurt, baby?" She panicked, gazing at Zack on alert as if he was a stranger.

They used to be a father and a daughter for years, but they looked into each other's eyes. Zack couldn't believe his eyes and almost failed to recognize her.

Georgia's hair was untidy, her eyes spiritless. She looked mentally ill.

Chapter 1107 An Apology Would Work

"Who are you?" Georgia held the pillow protectively while gazing at Zack on alert. "Do you want to steal my baby?"

She hurriedly turned around, ran back into her ward, and locked from inside.

Zack stared at the door in a daze, feeling shocked and upset, although she was harmed by Joan, her birth mother.

"Mr. Clarke?"

The voice of Tristan's doctor brought him back to the present. "Doc, can we go home tonight? He'll return for the infusion tomorrow."

"Yeah. It works. Don't touch his wound or let water get into it."

"OK. Thanks, Doc."

On the other side, neither talked in the Lamborghini heading for Emerald Bay.

Ivan gripped the steering wheel with both hands while looking ahead. Although he didn't look gentle, his face wasn't covered with irritation, either.

Jennifer turned to study his expression several times, trying to read his mind.

Thinking he took the initiative to deliver the chicken soup and cared for others, Jennifer calmed down.

"What about Hugh Johnson?" she asked the question again. "Did you capture him?"

"Yes, him and his men," answered Ivan, "All of them. There won't be any danger in the future."

Jennifer was moved. "Thank you."

"Don't you think you distance yourself from me by saying so?" He parted his lips. "We're a couple. You shouldn't have mentioned it."

Jennifer thought he was oversensitive, falling into silence.

Then they didn't talk again on the way.

Ivan focused on driving. Jennifer peered out of the window. Neither knew what was in the other's mind.

The Lamborghini returned to Emerald Bay.

Marry saw the headlights out, the door open, and Ivan and Jennifer get down. She was overjoyed.

"Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. Marsh," she bowed at them respectfully at the door.

Jennifer walked fast.

Ivan strode behind her, held her hand, and took her to the second floor.

On the stairs, Jennifer checked on his expression, only to find him furrowing his eyebrows. Evidently, he was bothered by something.

Then Ivan took her into the master bedroom.

After closing the door, he let go of her hand, gripped her shoulders, and said, "I'm sorry, Jennie."

He apologized sincerely, "I didn't mean to hide Eason's background purposely. Under that circumstance, I didn't hope you to show any mercy."

Jennifer looked into his eyes. Her lips parted, but she didn't utter a word.

"It's my fault, Honey." Ivan had made up his mind to forget his dignity, wishing she could forgive him.

"Please forgive me. I promise I'll never lie to you in the future."

"Please, Honey."

"You have wished to have a complete home since childhood. I feared you would let go of Joan

Houghton as you didn't want Eason to lose his mother. I didn't want you to be soft-hearted to that vicious woman. After all, you are always kind-hearted."

Jennifer cast down her eyes, clenched her fingers, and nodded her agreement. "I'll forgive you on this matter. I'm not mad. You can stop apologizing."

She added, "However, you cannot hide such a critical matter from me in the future. Do you know how upset I was for my dad?"

"I know. My bad. It won't happen again."

Looking into his faithful eyes, Jennifer pinched his face, her heart soft. "OK. OK. Also, stop being jealous of Tristan. Can't you feel if I love you or not?"

"I can, certainly." Ivan breathed a sigh of relief. With a bright smile, he hugged her tightly. "I'm afraid he doesn't give up."

They embraced each other tightly and reconciled.

Tristan followed Zack back home. He sat in the passenger's seat, and Zack drove.

"Mr. Clarke," Tristan looked at him and asked after hesitating for a long time, "Before Mr. Marsh entered

the ward, what were you planning to tell Ms. Brooks and me?"

He could tell Zack had been interrupted.

Tristan was interested in finding out what it was.

Chapter 1108 The Clarke Family Had No Treasure

While driving, Zack answered, "When you guys meet some other day again, I'll tell you." Evidently, he didn't want to talk about it now.

Tristan understood what he meant from his expression, so he answered, "OK."

"Does your arm hurt a lot?"

"It's alright. I don't feel much pain."

Tristan's hunch told him the words Zack wanted to speak must have something to do with him and Jennifer.

The car headed for Clarke Villa. Tristan stopped overthinking.

If Zack didn't disclose something to him, Tristan would never mention it.

Tristan cared about Zack deeply. Over the years, Zack was like his father, and Tristan greatly respected him.

The night was deep.

The balcony that was decorated with green plants. The second floor, Emerald Bay.

A dim light was on. The night breeze was gentle.

A bright moon shone in the sky, coloring everything with a silver outline.

It was a peaceful, beautiful night.

Ivan and Jennifer sat at the coffee table on the balcony while enjoying red wine.

"I didn't mean to avoid you at that moment." Jennifer carefully chose her wording and explained, "The situation was too urgent, and Tristan happened to be with us."

"I know, my dear." Ivan looked up at her. The night breeze disheveled her long hair. Staring at her enchanting smile, he thought she was gorgeous at this moment.

He added, "This matter has also ended. You don't need to explain."

Jennifer stared at him. They exchanged a smile and clinked their glass.

"From tomorrow on, I'll try my best to cure Eason."

Jennifer said confidently, "I'll discuss the solution with Rowan. Do you have time to go to his house with me together?" She didn't want him to misunderstand her.

From how he disliked Tristan, she finally realized Ivan was easy to get jealous.

"Of course." Ivan said, "It's about my brother-in-law, so it's also my business. If you need anything, let me know."

Jennifer was relieved after hearing his words. "So you are on my side, huh?"

"I dislike his mother, but I can accept her son." Ivan sipped his wine. "Love me, love my dog. I guess you are the same."

"Exactly."

Jennifer loved Eason because Zack loved him.

Zack and Tristan got home.

They had had dinner, so they played chess after arriving home. After all, Tristan can move another arm.

"In fact, our Clark family doesn't have a treasure," said Zack. "I wonder why Hugh Johnson has thought so."

Tristan was surprised to hear him mention such a topic. After all, it was sensitive, and he was an outsider.

He looked up at Zack in silence, wondering how to respond.

Zack continued, "I found a designer to design the two half pieces of crystals. It's not a key at all. I don't know why the netizens spread such a rumor online."

Tristan listened to him without remarking on it. "Now Hugh Johnson has been sent to the police. It's ended."

"I wish so."

However, Zack was still bothered by something, and he decided to find a chance and pluck his courage before mentioning it.

Many things had happened in the past few weeks, and he needed time to calm down.

The following morning, the Lamborghini was parked in the yard of Rowan's villa after breakfast time.

Rowan wore white casual clothes, looking spirited. He made coffee and chirped, "Good news, guys. I invested in a hospital and would see patients there. Then I can do something to help the ordinary people."

"That's awesome," Jennifer praised. "In that case, you won't be so idle and won't have weekends or holidays, either."

"Life is so short. I decided to make it more meaningful." Rowan looked forward to his new job. "I'll start working next Monday."

Ivan said, "Need anything. Feel free to let me know. I can also invest in your hospital."

Chapter 1109 Georgia's Ending

"Thanks. I don't need anything for the time being."

Rowan sat on the sofa, filling their mugs with the cappuccino. With a gentle smile, he looked in an

excellent mood. "You've helped me a lot, Mr. Marsh."

Jennifer asked, "What's the name of your hospital? How much did you invest?"

"On billion dollars," Rowan answered honestly, "It's all my savings. My hospital focuses on orthopedics,

including both outpatient and surgery. Of course, I have other departments, too."

"Why did you choose to focus on orthopedics?" Jennifer was curious. "Then you'll be super busy."

"My hospital serves the youngsters mainly. According to the studies, a great many teenagers have

been injured during sports in recent years," Rowan answered, "That's also the decision made after I

considered it for a long time."

"That's wonderful."

"You are indeed an excellent doctor."

"You'll make big contributions to human health."

While they chitchatted, Jennifer mentioned her purpose for visiting him.

"You must have paid attention to my father's son that day."

"He suffers from autism, right?" Rowan nodded as he observed Eason that day.

"Ehn." Jennifer explained, "He's 12 or 13 but looks like a seven or eight-year-old. That's not only autism symptoms. I want to cure him at all costs."

"Has he seen any doctors before?" asked Rowan, "Has he gone through any overall checkups? What is his medical history?"

"I want to take him to your hospital. You can measure his bone age before giving him an overall check."

Jennifer said, "I'm afraid his former checkups might not be professional."

Rowan nodded his agreement. "No problem. He'll be our hospital's patient alpha. Master, I'll try my best."

"By the way, do you have any effective medicine to cure a knife wound?" Jennifer asked in Ivan's presence. "My father's special assistant was injured. His arm fasciae were cut. The doctor stitched his wound."

"Sure." Rowan stood up, pulled a drawer open, and pulled out an ointment for her. "This one is the

most effective. If his blood stops, apply it to the wound once daily. He'll recover soon."

"All right. Thanks a lot." Jennifer took it over and put it into her handbag.

"You are welcome, Master."

Jennifer stared at him with a smile.

The Marsh couple didn't stay in Rowan's house long. After finishing the discussion, they bid him

farewell. "We won't hold you up any longer. See you around."

"Be careful when driving." Rowan walked them into the yard.

The Marsh couple sat in the car and left.

Morning.

The hospital.

Zack sent Tristan back. The doctor said Tristan needed to be put on a drip today, and the dressing on

his arm needed to be changed.

After they got off the car, they saw a minivan sent by a mental hospital.

All the passersby glanced at it curiously.

When the two men entered the lobby, they saw Georgia forcibly taken by two doctors.

"Don't touch me! Let go!" she screamed. Her hair was messy, and her clothes were improperly put on.

Hugging her pillow tightly, she looked panicked.

"Don't do this to my child! Stop it! Please don't hurt my baby! Don't touch me. Go away!"

Zack and Tristan subconsciously stopped mid-step, gaping at the scene.

Two doctors dragged her on either side, but she forcibly broke free. "None of you can lay a finger on my baby."

Georgia crazily struggled.

She pointed at them and exclaimed, "My baby's father is a general. He'll kill you."

"Is she nuts? She's so young. How pitiful."

"She's Georgia Clare, right? That movie star."

"Her face has been crashed. I didn't recognize her. Seemingly she is that movie star, but she doesn't look like her."

"Pitiful!"

"It's said her mother had made her like this. Alas!"

The onlookers discussed with each other. Upon hearing their voices, Tristan and Zack felt heavy in their heart. They watched the scene solemnly in silence.

Chapter 1110 Jennifer's Worry

Holding the pillow, Georgia was too agitated. While she repeatedly struggled and resisted, the doctors dragged her out of the lobby.

"Let go of me! Don't hurt my baby!"

After she was pushed into the minivan, a doctor injected tranquilizer into her arm and pressed her limbs.

The tranquilizer took effect immediately. She calmed down and stopped shouting.

Then she sat obediently in the minivan. The door was closed, and the vehicle left.

Tristan and Zack realized it was Georgia's ending. She would spend the rest of her life in the mental hospital.

Her mother had directed everything and fully showed others what it meant by "Harm set, harm get."

If Jennifer hadn't been lucky, she would have been the one taken away today.

Zack could hardly imagine that possibility.

Ivan and Jennifer left Rowan's house. Instead of going to the company, he sent Jennifer to Clarke Villa.

"Now you can go to work." Jennifer unbuckled her seat belt while staring at him. "I plan to be with Eason for a half day, so I'll know his situation better."

Ivan knew the fashion design project would end soon. Now, Eason had become Jennifer's worry.

He asked, "Shall I pick you up at noon?"

"No, thanks." Jennifer pushed the door open. "I'll go home myself. No worries."

"OK. Call me if you need anything."

"All right."

She got off, waved him goodbye, and watched the Lamborghini leave.

"Morning, Lady Michelle," Aiden greeted her. "Why didn't Mr. Marsh come in with you?"

"He needs to go to work." Jennifer entered the living room.

Aiden said, "Mr. Clarke and Tristan have just left."

"I'm not seeing them." Jennifer asked, "Where's Eason? Has he got up?"

As soon as she finished speaking, the boy's figure appeared in her sight. Eason held the handrail at the

corner of the stairs.

"Hi there, Eason."

Jennifer beamed at him, striding towards the boy.

Eason was excited to see his older sister, and his eyes lit up."

Jennifer stopped before him, bent over, and took his hand. "I'm here to see you, Eason. Shall we play games together?"

Eason didn't react but stared up at her expressionlessly as if he didn't hear her words.

Jennifer propped her arm on his shoulder and gently took him to the living room.

Then they went to the yard. Under the warm sunshine in the autumn, Jennifer and Easton drifted towards the pavilion nearby.

Aiden served them fruit teas and desserts.

"Aiden, has Eason seen any doctors in the past?" Jennifer bluntly asked.

"Yes, he has." Aiden glanced at the obediently sitting boy, feeling sorry. "He has seen many doctors.

They prescribed a lot of medicine but made no progress in curing him. He has also tried acupuncture before."

"Does he have a medical record book?"

"I don't know, Lady Michelle." Aiden shook her head. "I've never kept such a thing, but I feed him with pills."

"I see. Thanks. You can go back to your work now."

"OK. I'll be in the living room. If you need anything, please call me."

"Ehn."

Jennifer sat opposite Eason. As a professional doctor, she studied his expression.

She stayed with Eason for a half day. Occasionally, she recorded her judgments on her phone while studying him.

Before leaving Clarke Villa, she went to the third floor, where her father's forbidden zone was.

Feeling solemn, she pushed the door open.