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.



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.



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





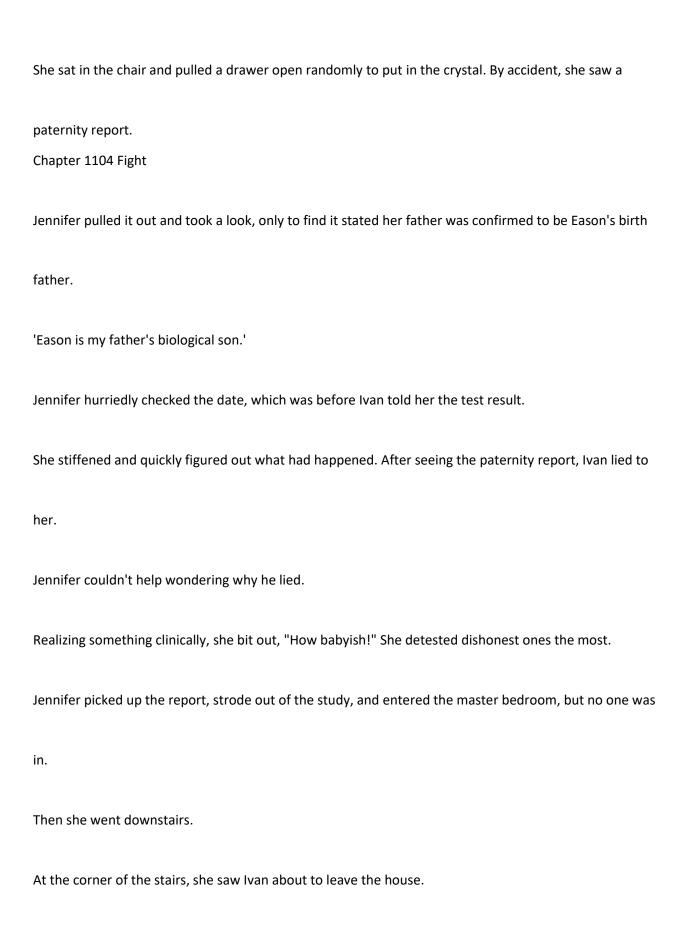


"You..." Jennifer was shocked by the overloaded information. Ivan added overbearingly, "Come back to the Marsh Group as soon as you finish the project. Don't show up on his face again." He didn't want another man to covet his wife. "You are too impossible!" Jennifer burst into anger. "You need to calm 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.



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.







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

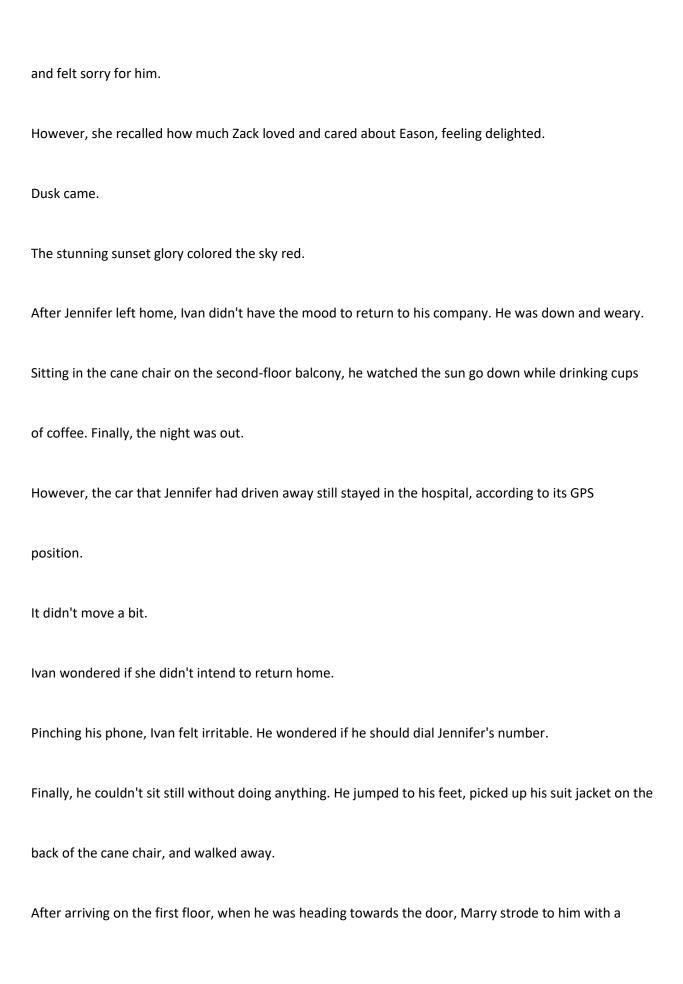
left home too suddenly to bring them some chicken soup. Chapter 1105 Interrupted "I'm not hungry, Michelle." Zack cared about Tristan a lot, always watching him with concern. "What would you like to have, Tristan?" Tristan shook his head. "I want nothing. I'm well, Mr. Clarke. Don't worry." He beamed 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



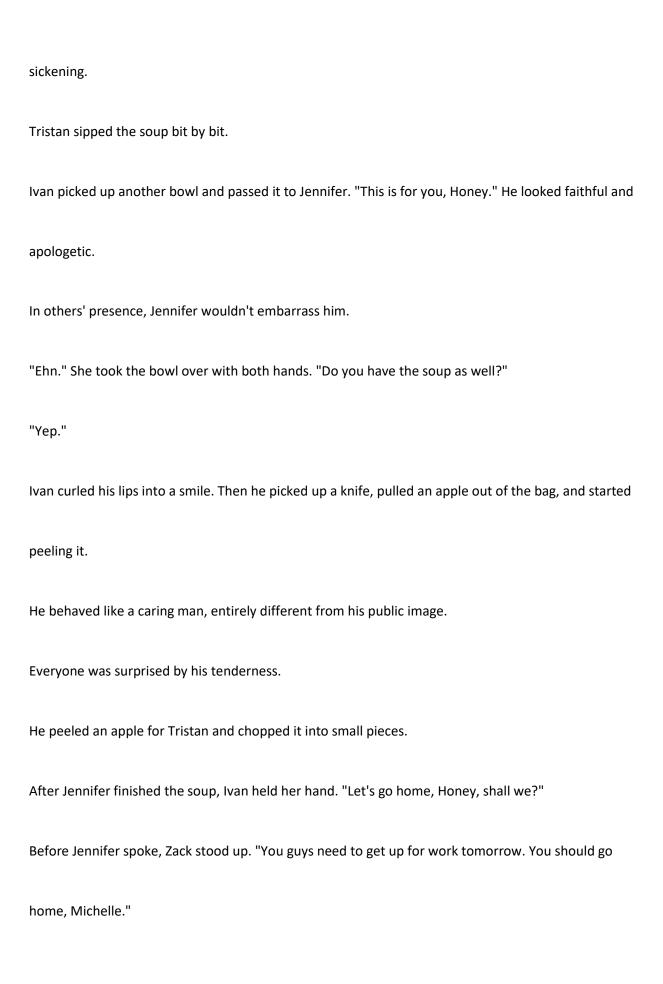






Shortly after, he passed a bowl to Zack. "Here you go, Dad. It's still warm." "Tristan, have it." Zack took the bowl, looking at Tristan worriedly. He was about to pass the bowl to Tristan. "This one is for him." Ivan passed Zack a spoon. "We all will drink it. Please go ahead, Dad." He turned around 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



"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 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.



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."

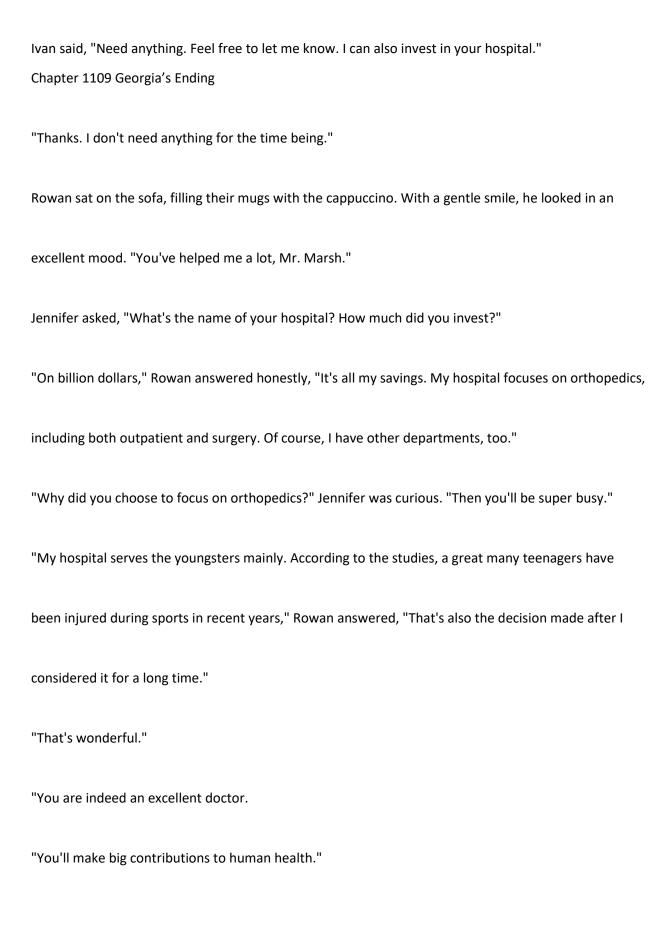
She added, "However, you cannot hide such a critical matter from me in the future. Do you know how
upset I was for my dad?"
"I know. My bad. It won't happen again."
Looking into his faithful eyes, Jennifer pinched his face, her heart soft. "OK. OK. Also, stop being
jealous of Tristan. Can't you feel 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
entered



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 him. 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."





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.





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



"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.