

Surprised Wife With Twins (Ivan and Jennifer) Chapter 135

They looked at each other and couldn't waste any more time.

So, one of them touched her arm lightly, bent down, and asked very gently, "Miss Clarke? Are you asleep? We're going to do your eye makeup."

"Don't disturb me." Georgia kept lying on her back, "Leave eye makeup to the end. Do other parts first."

But eye makeup was the hardest and the most time-consuming part.

"Miss Clarke, the opening ceremony will begin soon, and the other actors have already done their makeup."

"I'm not the others." She opened her eyes and her red lips sneered. "I'm the leading actor. If you can't do high-quality make-up at a fast speed, what qualifications do you have to do make-up for me? I can ask the crew to fire you."

The two makeup artists were speechless, and even their breathing became cautious.

Not far away, Spencer leaned behind a pillar with his arms crossed in front of his chest and stared at this woman coldly.

So Georgia Clarke was like this?

A Good Girl?

An Innocent Princess?

Pure and Naive?

Behind the scenes, she was completely unreasonable and arrogant.

Why didn't the media ever reveal this but she managed to be popular for years?

"Spencer!"

Someone shouted and Georgia sat upright in shock and saw Spencer leaning against the pillar. Spencer turned his eyes and saw a boy running toward him.

She was shocked. Why was he here?

So... he saw her attitude towards the staff just now?

Soon, Spencer left with that boy.

Georgia was very angry and asked them through gritted teeth, "Why didn't you tell me there was someone here?"

"..."

"Miss Clarke, we're all about making up for you. We didn't know he was there."

The opening ceremony is scheduled for 9:18 in the morning.

"Miss Clarke, can I do your eye makeup now?" the makeup artist asked weakly.

She was holding down her anger and said, "Okay. Do it lighter and make me look gentle and beautiful."

The president's office of the Marsh Group was on the 22nd floor, with an interior space of 300 square meters. It was painted light gray with a simple and fashionable decoration style.

Finnley walked into the office and said, "Mr. Marsh, are you really not going to the opening ceremony of "Love in Violet Gold Bay"? The director has called three times and said that you had promised to go when you invested in this show."

"No." Ivan's tone was firm. He sat in the office chair and tapped his fingers on the keyboard.

Finnley also knew it was because of Spencer.

But he never broke his promise.

When Finnley left with the documents, Ivan closed the laptop.

He leaned back in his chair and found himself restless.

He couldn't concentrate on work. Where did Jennifer go?

She got up early and left, disappeared for a day, and never returned.

He couldn't help but picked up his phone and dialed the number at home. It was Jordan who answered the phone, saying that Mrs. Marsh hadn't come back, and the phone couldn't get through.

"Okay, I see." He hung up the phone.

Ivan was so confused. A living person disappeared out of thin air? Was she in danger?

Finally, it was afternoon.

In the vice president's office next door, there were dozens of long clothes racks by the wall. Each rack was hanging with the latest fashion collections from major brands. The design department of the Marsh Group had always been excellent because the vice president always kept her eyes on the development of fashion business.

Catherine was very puzzled, "Linda, is there anything wrong with Mr. Marsh today? I feel... he is a little lost."

"Really?" Linda replied while sorting out the documents, "I didn't pay attention to him. Hasn't he been so serious all the time? He never smiles."

Only Catherine knew that he was absent-minded, not serious.

She saw him in the meeting and she noticed that he was in a bad mood.

In the president's office next door, Ivan stood with his hands behind his back in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows, looking out at the distant scenery.

He suddenly thought of a possibility, picked up his phone, and dialed Pippa's private number.

At this moment, Pippa, who was busy in the kitchen, looked at the caller on the screen, she was stunned!

God! Mr. Marsh called her?

She quickly wiped her hands with a towel, and carefully answered the phone, "Hello, Mr. Marsh."

"Pippa, is my wife in Kelsington Bay?" Ivan asked calmly.

Pippa answered truthfully, "No, she is not here, but Mr. Marsh, I have good news. Dr. Watson brought his master here, a famous pharmacist. They live here and Madam is willing to receive treatment!"