

Surprised Wife With Twins (Ivan and Jennifer) Chapter 141

Ivan's hand suddenly froze when he was taking the file, then he turned and stared at the woman who was making the medication but he could only see her from behind.

He saw Rowan wiping the back of her hand with a handkerchief. Was anything spilled on her hand?

This scene was...irritating to look at.

Catherine looked in the same direction and what she saw confused her. What was happening?

When Catherine looked back at Ivan, he had already withdrawn his gaze.

He looked down to review the file she gave him. Ivan was so handsome and charming that he looked perfect from every angle.

He knew that this kind of file could be handled by Finnley and there was no need to bother him. So he certainly understood what Catherine was up to.

"What are they doing here?" Catherine asked curiously as she looked at the other two who seemed like doctors.

Ivan answered, "They are here to treat my mum's injuries."

Catherine then walked toward Rowan and Darcie, and she spoke in a way like she was the hostess here, "I appreciate your hard work, thank you."

Jennifer had a disdainful look on her face under the mask and said, "Who are you? What position are you in to say thank you? Are you his wife?"

"..." Catherine was speechless and embarrassed.

Rowan then stopped working on the medication and turn around, "Ms. Collins, Mr. Marsh has already expressed his gratitude. And we are paid to do this so there's no need to say thanks again. Just, we really need to focus on our work."

His words made Catherine even more embarrassed but she had to maintain that smile on her face.

Then she walked back to Ivan's desk and waited for him to finish reviewing the file.

Catherine knew Rowan, but who was the woman next to him? And why she had that mask on? Catherine had many doubts in her head.

She finally asked, "Doctor Watson, who is she?"

"She's my mentor," Rowan answered while working, "Her name's Darcie."

Catherine was taken aback by his words. His mentor was so young!

Because Rowan himself was incredibly famous in the medical community.

He was the youngest talented doctor and had made numerous medications for humanity.

Even his own students must have been some extraordinary figures. It was surprising that he had a mentor. Then how awesome could this mentor be?

Darcie? Catherine planned to google her when she got back.

Catherine was intimidated by this woman by her black suit, black high heels, and black mask.

But soon she came to her senses and looked at the man sitting in the office with a bright smile, "Ivan, auntie asked me to have lunch here. Come join us!"

"Sure." He answered.

He said he would have lunch with her?

Jennifer's hands paused. She didn't know that Ivan was doing this on purpose to upset her, as a revenge on her staying with Rowan.

Catherine was thrilled that he would have lunch with her.

"It's done. You can go keep my mom company first." Ivan passed the files to her and said gently, "I have some emails to deal with."

"Okay!" She was delighted and soon left.

It was lunchtime about half an hour later.

Catherine got upstairs to ask Ivan to have lunch, "Ivan, have you finished? It's lunchtime." She sounded sweet and gentle.

Her voice bugged Jennifer.

"Just got my nutrition injection so I don't need to eat." Ivan closed his laptop, "But we can chat. Let's go."

He was so nice that Catherine couldn't believe it. Had he finished with Jennifer?

It was transparent and bright in the dining room downstairs with glass walls.

A feast was laid out on the long white dining table. And the Indonesian bird's nest was intentionally put in front of Catherine by Aubree.

"Thank you, auntie." Catherine was flattered.

There was all exquisite dishes on the table, thousands worth of wild ginseng, fresh salmon with great taste, a plate of crab and caviar, sirloin steaks, and reindeer ribs.

Ivan sat by the table and glanced over those sumptuous dishes which showed how much Catherine meant to his mother.

“Miss, could you move?” Alfie and Diana walked toward Catherine while holding hands, “Could you sit somewhere else?”