

Surprised Wife With Twins (Ivan and Jennifer) Chapter 209

“Go home,” he said to Finnley indifferently. “Leave me in peace.”

“Will you... go to work tomorrow?” Finnley asked tentatively, “Shall I adjust your schedules? You need a good rest.”

Ivan didn't answer, feeling as if the next day was too far away from him. He didn't have the energy to think about it.

Finnley could understand how he felt. “Ok, I know what to do. Please take care, Mr. Marsh. I'll keep you updated.”

Ivan didn't reply, and Finnley left.

He closed the door. Ivan stood up and locked it from the inside. Then he pulled out two bottles of whisky from the wine cabinet, sitting in front of the window.

His eyes were full of anger. Recalling every moment he spent with Jennifer in the past few days, he felt his heart was torn apart by grief, which he had never felt so in his life before.

Probably, since he encountered Jennifer for the first time seven years ago, he had loved her to the core.

He wanted to spend the rest of his life with her.

Instead of pouring the whisky into a cup, Ivan opened the lid, lifted the bottle, and gulped it down.

The liquid brought the burning sensation from his throat all the way to his stomach. The scenes where they were together became clearer and clearer in his mind.

“You've accepted my gift. Can you answer my question now? Have you got the answer, Mrs. Marsh?”

“I love you. I don't know when it started. Probably from the moment that I wished you could be happy, that I could cure the wounds on your back as well as your stomach problem, that I could cure your mother, and I also hope...”

She was always gentle and kind-hearted. All her wishes were about him and for his own good.

Sitting in front of the window, Ivan heard the wind blowing outside. He gulped down the whisky in frustration, wondering where she was and what she was doing.

Whenever he closed his eyes, his pain kept hitting his jumbled mind. Each second seemed to be a year to him.

“How could it be so difficult to find a person...”

Ivan sat while drinking the alcohol for a whole night, waiting for Finnley's call. He had no intention of going to bed.

When he missed her greatly, Ivan picked up the stomach medicine from Jennifer. Staring at the small bottle in his hand, he had mixed feelings.

The dawn broke the day. Ivan's heart was occupied by his love, worry, and hate toward her.

He couldn't believe that she had gone without telling him, which he couldn't accept.

He pinched the medicine bottle. Her kindly reminders reechoed in his ears.

However, she wasn't beside him anymore. What was the point even if his stomach trouble was cured?

Ivan's eyes were full of ice. He pinched the bottle with all his strength and crushed it, which he had been holding for a whole night.

Countless white pills scattered. Some rolled under the sofa, some rolled between the mats, and some rolled to the window. All were gone.

About eight empty bottles were placed on the coffee table. However, Ivan didn't think he was drunk. He felt sobered.

He knew how much he loved Jennifer.

Although the next day had come, he still hadn't seen any hope as his phone remained silent.

The villa of Kelsington Bay was engulfed by mist.

Aubree got up early as she had a sleepless night as well.

"Morning, Madam Aubree. Why did you get up so early?" Pippa was surprised to see her. "You..."

"Pippa, go to Emerald Bay and check on Ivan," Aubree interrupted her, "I'm worried about him."

"Why don't you go there in person?" Pippa asked. "If you go there, probably..."

Aubree's cold gaze shot at her. Pippa buttoned her lip.

A moment later, she lowered her eyes obediently. "OK, Madam. I'll go there right now." She had a lot of things to tell Ivan as she could hardly repress them anymore.