

## Surprised Wife With Twins (Ivan and Jennifer) Chapter 236

She had mixed emotions at the thought of Spencer spending half an hour in the operation room. She guessed he must have donated with an irregular amount.

Spencer had been sitting with her the whole time before landing. He didn't rest and also didn't say a single word.

It was a grand beach villa with pleasant views.

Later that afternoon a black Volvo went into the yard and stopped in front of the villa.

Spencer got off the car after the driver opened the door. He then held Jennifer up and walked toward the living room.

Jennifer looked at his face in the darkness and felt his suppressed rage. What was he mad at?

"Mr. Lawrence." Tammy was happy to see him.

Spencer carried her straight upstairs through the living room. He walked into the master bedroom and the sensor light was automatically on.

He laid her gently on the bed, took her shoes off, and put her legs under the quilt. She then sat against the headboard after he tucked her in.

Jennifer raised her head at him, "Where am I?"

"At my house." He stood near the bed and looked down at her softly, "I give you one day to accept your new identity. I don't wanna hear his name or see anything about him at my house!"

Jennifer watched him walking away in frustration and distress.

His revenge against the Marsh family was on. And it seemed like the grudge he held was rather deep.

Outside the master bedroom, Spencer felt dizzy so he subconsciously held the wall to support himself.

He hadn't rested after donating that much blood.

He practically saved Ivan with his own life.

Spencer struggled walking downstairs with the help of the handrail. Tammy walked forward and asked worriedly, "Mr. Lawrence, are you alright? You look terrible."

Spencer stopped in front of her and took a deep breath, "I'm fine."

Then he headed to the couch, "Take care of her from this day forward. Just keep an eye on everything in her daily life. Talk to her and hopefully help lighten up her mood. If she wants to go out, you need to tell me first."

"Okay. I'll keep it in mind."

“She just had a miscarriage and a surgery, so she’s still weak.” Spencer sat on the couch, “And she’s been in a bad mood lately. You need to pay more attention to her diet, try to make it healthy and nutritious.”

“Okay.” Tammy listened carefully, “I’ll make a recipe and send it to you for review first.”

“OK.” Spencer frowned slightly, “I need to go.” He stood up and it seemed like he had something on his mind.

“Aren’t you gonna take a rest?”

He walked away without answering.

After a while, a knocking sound came from the partly opened door of the master bedroom door upstairs. But there was no reply.

Tammy gently pushed the door open and went in with a bowl of soup in her hand.

The lights in the room were on. And Jennifer was sitting on the bed miserably, eyes fixed.

Tammy walked toward her, “Ms. Brooks, you can call me Tammy. I’ll take care of you from now on. I just made this soup. Please have some.”

“I don’t want it.” Jennifer turned around at her, and asked in a low voice, “Where is Spencer?”

“He just left.” Tammy answered politely and then passed the soup in front of Jennifer, “You wanna have it yourself or let me feed you?”

“I said I don’t want it.” She did not like this, “Just leave me alone.”

Seeing her weak and alone, Tammy hesitated for a while, “Ms. Brooks, Mr. Lawrence has told me about your condition. You have to rest in bed and need nourishment to recover.”

Jennifer lapsed into silence.

She then grabbed the bag nearby and handed Tammy the tea cup, “Fill this up with water, please.”