

Surprised Wife With Twins (Ivan and Jennifer) Chapter 242

Before the director said anything, she got in the van not far away.

“What’s going on with them?” Someone seemed to have noticed something.

At this time, a young staff said bluntly, “Everyone can see it. There is no need to ask. They met each other every day. It’s normal to have sparks.”

“Ms. Clarke finally gets interested in a man?”

“I suppose.”

“But I don’t think Spencer like her. They don’t even talk.”

“Who knows? Maybe they just try to cover it. We’ll never know what they do in private.”

Ten minutes later, the black Volvo drove into the courtyard of the villa.

The car door opened, Spencer got out of the car, and the girl sitting on the couch, hugging her knees.

Was she still looking at the clouds?

At this time, Tammy just came out of the living room, “Mr. Lawrence, dinner is ready.”

“I’m going to call her.” Spencer stopped Tammy and walked toward Jennifer himself.

Closer and closer to her, Spencer felt her as holy as an angel.

Spencer stood beside Jennifer, his shadows hovering over her.

“Let’s go in and have dinner.” His tone was calm, “Tammy said that you didn’t have lunch. You’ll get sick.”

“I don’t have any appetite.” Jennifer said lightly, still looking at the clouds in the sky, “Go and eat.”

Spencer’s eyes darkened, “Even if you’re not hungry, you should eat with me. I saved him. Shouldn’t you thank me? I just want to eat with you. This isn’t too much, is it?”

Jennifer put on her shoes and stood up in front of him.

At a short distance, their gaze converged.

She passed by him and walked alone toward the dining room without a word.

Spencer couldn’t understand what she was thinking.

When he walked into the dining room, Jennifer had sat down in the white dining chair, her expression calm and indifferent.

Tammy prepared dishes for her.

The dinner was sumptuous, and strictly followed the dietitian's recipe.

There was honey, egg stewed in milk, porridge, fish soup, meat patty...

Spencer sat down across from her.

During dinner, they had no eye contact, let alone communication.

VIP suite, hospital, New York.

Ivan hadn't woken up yet. His oxygen mask had been removed. He was out of danger.

Catherine couldn't eat. She only had a small bowl of porridge. She sat beside to keep an eye on Ivan all this time.

She was worried that Ivan wouldn't wake up, but also worried that he would wake up and go to Jennifer.

Her heart was full of contradictions. She was destined to be far away from happiness.

Aubree had lost a lot of weight. Her eyes were always red and swollen, and all her happiness had gone since the day she knew her son had a car accident.

Rowan was still in New York. He was talking to experts in the office at the moment.

"He is very likely to fall into a vegetative state." The expert sighed and shook his head regretfully, "His head is injured. It's already a miracle for him to be alive."

Rowan was also very solemn, "We can do nothing but let time decide, but I'll do my best. Being in a vegetative state is not much different from being dead."

"It's not your specialty. You can't do much." The expert hit the nail on the head, "But you can try."

"He is my friend." Rowan said, "And he is my master's husband. I have the responsibility and obligation to save him."

"Good luck with that."

In fact, Rowan didn't have much confidence.

At a large villa in Arkpool City.

The lights of the bedroom on the second floor were all on. Georgia, dressed in her home clothes, sat down on the sofa in front of the window and took out her phone to make a call.

Someone knocked on the door, or, it might better be described as "pounding" instead of "knocking".

Georgia frowned and looked toward the closed door in disgust.

The noise was getting louder and louder.