

Surprised Wife With Twins (Ivan and Jennifer) Chapter 32

“What is it?” Ivan did not look at her.

Catherine didn't care about his attitude, smiling and standing before him, “You've attached great importance to the Royal New Year's Collection, and so do I. I decided to complete a full set of design, clothing plus jewelry.”

“Unnecessary.” Ivan signed his name on a document, his voice husky and clear, “There is no need to make yourself so tired.”

“It doesn't matter. I'm okay.”

“We're not short of talents.” He said, “The division of labor is the only way to ensure quality and quantity.”

Catherine maintained a smile on her face the whole time. “A full set can come in handy if there's an emergency. You can't guarantee that everyone is cautious enough. Besides, good works are never redundant.”

Ivan stopped talking.

He didn't think it was necessary, but he didn't bother to talk to her if she insisted on doing it. In any case, he wouldn't appreciate her, let alone be moved.

Ivan began to reply to emails.

Catherine was a little embarrassed. Ivan's ascetic aura used to attract her, but now it made her feel so hurt.

Did he not consider her a friend any more because of Jennifer?

“What else?” Ivan gave her a look.

Catherine smiled, “Nothing. I'll go.” She left in her high heels.

Ivan did not ask her to stay.

Ivan had just finished replying to an email when Finnley entered, “It was the R-Alan who attacked our system, and their target was the design department.”

Ivan had already guessed it, so he was not very surprised.

“I know.”

“We are their only rival in the jewelry industry, especially after we surpassed them in recent years. They have been foolishly trying to beat us. They also want to get their hands on the Royal New Year's Collection.”

“It's not that easy.” Ivan snickered, “Keep a close eye on their movement.”

“Yes.”

...

The sun shone warmly on the Bright Star kindergarten, giving it a golden edge.

The children played games on the grass with their teachers, full of laughter.

Alfie was sitting alone on a small stone by the slide, holding an iPad. The little guy sometimes frowned and smiled, and the screen was full of long strings of codes.

Finally, the screen popped up with the word: OK.

He showed a bright sun-like smile.

Meanwhile, the staff in the R-Alan headquarters found the servers popped up a set of messy code, flashing for a few seconds and then the screen blackout. It didn't help, no matter how they restarted it.

“Damn! It got hacked!”

“How is this possible?”

Miss Amy asked Alfie in kindergarten, “Why not do the game? You don't like it?”

“No, I'll go now.” He put the iPad back into the school bag and put the baseball cap on.

Not far away, two young boys blocked Diana's way.

One of them asked mockingly, “I heard you're from the village?”

Diana blinked her big watery eyes, “None of your business.”

“You're a pheasant falling into a phoenix's nest. Do you know what we all are?” The other boy smiled proudly, “I'm just curious. How did you get here?”

Diana was introverted and not good at arguing. She blushed as she clenched her little fist.

The boy found it funny and grabbed her hand, asking jokingly, “Hey, tell me about your countryside! Is it true that people there don't bathe for a month? They stink!”

“Let go!” Diana struggled and saw Alfie not far away, “Alfie! Help!”