

Surprised Wife With Twins (Ivan and Jennifer) Chapter 331

“Mr. Lawrence.” Tammy came up and reminded him concernedly, “The floor is cold, and please don’t drink too much.”

“Leave me,” Spencer said lightly, “I want some peace.” Only the sound of rain could give him a moment of peace.

Tammy went downstairs, worrying both about Ivan and Spencer.

More than a decade ago, Ivan sent Tammy to take care of Spencer.

Spencer didn’t know about it until now. Otherwise, he wouldn’t agree.

Others may not know, but Tammy knew Ivan cared about Spencer.

When Tammy came to take care of Spencer, Ivan would call every night to ask about Spencer’s situation, mainly asking about his mood and mental state.

So, Ivan knew Spencer very well, including his temperament.

Family was important to Ivan. There weren’t many people left in the world sharing the same bloodline with him.

The heavy rain was still pouring outside the window, mixed with wind and thunder.

God seemed to be sad.

After a long while.

Footsteps come from behind, Spencer glanced back with the liquor bottle in his hand and saw the still handsome Ivan.

There was no trace of morbidity in Ivan. He was tall, his back straight. He carried some prestige.

Spencer closed his eyes, raised his head, and took a sip of whisky.

Ivan went down, walked up to Spencer, and sat down too on the cold steps, which was very out of character for him.

Even Spencer found it incredible.

After a while.

Spencer raised his head and drank a mouthful of whisky. “Actually, there is nothing between me and her.” He laughed at himself. “Look, we live in two rooms.”

Ivan was also a little shocked. He deliberately observed the rooms just now.

It was a bedroom that belonged only to women, without the slightest masculine scent.

He believed in his own insight.

“If you still love her.” Spencer turned his eyes, endured the pain in his heart, and said to him, “Please break up with Catherine. It hurts everyone, including yourself.”

“I’m not with Catherine,” Ivan said. “I never was.”

“But now the whole world knows you’re going to marry her,” Spencer reminded in a deep voice, then raised his head and took a drag from the bottle. “I don’t know if you remember this, but I want to tell you that Jennifer deserves to be loved.”

Ivan didn’t speak, his eyes darkened.

“Do you know what she took with her before your accident?” Spencer wanted to tell him.

Ivan didn’t know. He turned to Spencer and listened carefully to him.

“A cup that you’ve used.”

“A keychain of a mini-doll that looks like you, which you gave to her. That thing is worth no more than twenty dollars, but she treats it like a treasure.”

“A jade pendant may have nothing to do with you. There is also a photo album full of photos you took in New York. She would browse through it from time to time.”

Photo album?

Were there two of them?

Spencer’s words fell on Ivan’s heart, making him dazed and sad.

“These four things have been kept in a bag that had almost been stolen that day,” Spencer recalled the scene that day, still frightened. “She fought with the thief for this bag, and thus lost her unborn child.”

Ivan’s heart was tightly bound by his blood vessels, tighter and tighter. He was about to be suffocated.

His heart was broken.

She left while she was pregnant... The surveillance mentioned the child, but he didn’t expect this to be the reason for the miscarriage.