

Surprised Wife With Twins (Ivan and Jennifer) Chapter 436

"You have no right to make him stay or send him away," Jennifer reminded Aubree.

"I do have the right," Aubree retorted aggressively, wishing everyone could listen to her.

Jennifer didn't want to argue with her at this moment. She said gently, "Please don't worry, Aunt Aubree. Ivan's back was stabbed, but his life isn't in danger."

Aubree stared daggers at her and snapped, "You ask me to rest assured. How am I supposed to be not worried? My son was stabbed, and his wound was stitched. He bled a lot. Why don't you feel sorry for him? I wonder if you love him or not. You even don't care about him now."

"I do feel sorry for him, but I won't push the blame onto others. Spencer was also wounded. No one wanted the incident to happen. It was an accident."

"Who do you think you are to yell at me?" Aubree's expression changed. "You'd better mind your attitude."

"I'm not yelling. I'm explaining to you," Jennifer lowered her voice and explained, "I might be too agitated."

Aubree rolled her eyes at Jennifer. "I don't need you to explain."

Jennifer was rendered wordless.

Aubree didn't want to stay in the room long as Ivan didn't want her to do so.

Neither did she want to fall out with her son in Spencer's presence. Or she would feel disgraced.

She must maintain the dignity of an elder from the Marsh family.

Ivan protected Spencer and was injured because of him. Aubree didn't think her son would take her side.

Hence, Aubree snorted and left after gazing at Jennifer coldly for a while.

Jennifer watched her leave.

Aubree didn't drive to the villa, so she left on foot.

Jennifer sighed after her figure vanished from her sight. At least, they didn't need to fight here for the time being.

As if to send Spencer away, it would be considered in the future.

When Jennifer turned around and was about to return to the room to check on Ivan and Spencer, a red Bentley rushed into the yard and stopped abruptly.

Jennifer stopped mid-step, watching Catherine hop from the car and run into the living room in slippers. She panicked in fear.

Her hair hadn't dried or been combed. It looked messy.

"Ivan! Ivan.." Ignoring Jennifer, Catherine staggered into the room.

She saw Ivan standing there and Spencer sitting nearby with a single glimpse.

Spencer's right arm was in a cast, hanging over his chest with a bandage. Evidently, he was injured.

However, Catherine couldn't tell where Ivan's wound was.

Her gaze was fixed on Ivan, and she asked gingerly, "Where did you get injured? Is it severe?"

"Why are you here?" Ivan gazed at her icily, unconcealed impatience written on his face.

Aubree made a fuss in the room, so the air was still tense. However, Catherine was too worried to sense that she had arrived at the wrong time.

"I saw the news and was worried about you, so I rushed here..." Catherine looked at him up and down, her heart in her mouth. "Where is your wound?"

"Get out." Ivan didn't want to see her or let her get involved.

Tears sprung to Catherine's eyes. She ran the red light all the way to the house as she was too afraid.

She could tell Ivan looked pale, wondering if he had lost too much blood.

Sitting in the chair nearby, Spencer gazed at Catherine calmly. He could tell how much she cared about Ivan. Since she arrived, she repeatedly asked Ivan how he was doing, although he wasn't the only injured person in the room.

Seeing Catherine stay, Ivan gazed at her sharply. "Can't you understand human language? Get out of here!"

Catherine looked at him tearfully, shaking her head, feeling too heartbroken to utter a word.

Ivan looked away in anger. Although he disgusted her, he was as gorgeous as Apollo in her eyes.