

Surprised Wife With Twins (Ivan and Jennifer) Chapter 438

Life is always unpredictable. Catherine felt helpless to fight against her fate.

Her chest was full of her love for Ivan and all the grievances, which were too heavy for her. Tears blurred her eyes, trickling down.

She wasn't a strong woman, but no one knew her.

"Why, Ivan?"

"Why did you refuse me to care about you?" she muttered to herself.

Bitterness was filled in her tears. Catherine knew how miserable she looked at the present, but she failed to hold back her tears.

After sitting in the driver's seat, she started the engine, blubbing like a baby.

She was extremely frustrated.

She also disdained herself for still caring about Ivan.

Whether he lived or died, it had nothing to do with her.

Ivan had been heartless to her at his wedding, and so did he just now...

The Marsh Group. High-rises surrounded the Marsh's building, which was the famous landmark in this city.

It was also a place dreamed of by countless youngsters.

Since Ivan wasn't in, Finnley executed everything on his behalf. He became busier than usual.

The vice president's position was still vacant, so Linda was in charge of relevant jobs.

Currently, only Finnley and Linda were working at the president's and the vice president's offices. In other words, they could frequently meet.

Linda was indeed joyful. She sorted out the files, picked up her mirror, and wiped the lip gloss off.

With a self-confident smile, she held the files and left the office.

Men with a taste all preferred innocent-looking girls. If she looked too enchanting, she was afraid Finnley would dislike her.

The president's office.

Wearing a suit, Finnley sat at the desk under the bright light, typing on the keyboard. His clinical look made Linda feel peaceful.

"Excuse me, Mr. Russell. The files have been sorted out. I need your review and signatures." Linda stood before his desk, gazing at his lovely face.

"Please put them here," Finnley replied gently without looking at her or stopping typing.

He was indeed busy.

With a smile, Linda put the files next to the mouse. "Let me know if you need my help."

"Sure."

Linda turned away, her heart still thumping.

At the door, she looked back at him.

Although Finnley didn't look at her, she felt warm in her chest.

Since she could meet her crush every day, Linda was spirited at work. She looked forward to the dawn, getting up, going to work, and seeing Finnley.

Sometimes, she became absentminded at work.

'Does he really have a fiancée? What does she look like? Why has she never come to see him? Is she living in a different city?'

The thoughts always sent Linda into a daze.

Rowan's villa.

Carla held a bowl of chicken soup to Spencer and said lovingly, "Mr. Lawrence, have some soup. I can feed you." She put a spoon with soup to his lips.

"Please put it on the table, Carla. I can drink myself." Spencer decided to have it with his left hand.

Carla darted at Rowan and put down the bowl. "Call me if you need any help. I'm waiting at the door." She left.

Shortly after, Jennifer also entered with a bowl of chicken soup.

Sitting in the chair beside Ivan's bed, she picked up a spoon of soup and blew it carefully. Worried that his wound might be stretched, she fed him.

Ivan's hands could move, but he enjoyed being fed by Jennifer.

Although they didn't do PDA on purpose, the scene was more harmonious than that of Spencer, who was drinking the soup himself.

Spencer was in a bad mood, indeed. Aubree slapped him, so he was still angry with her and Ivan.