

Surprised Wife With Twins (Ivan and Jennifer) Chapter 439

Aubree also reminded him of his mother.

Spencer wondered whether his life would be different if his mother still lived.

She passed away when he was five, so he didn't have many memories of her. However, she was the most important person in his life.

"Get some sleep, will you?" Jennifer reminded Ivan after feeding him. "Don't overthink. Finnley is taking care of the company for you. Lay on your side. I'll add another pillow. You must get better soon."

"Ehn. Thanks." Ivan nodded in agreement, feeling secure when Jennifer was beside him.

Jennifer put down the empty bowl and got him a basin of warm water. Then she wiped his face with a towel.

After helping him lie down, Jennifer got another basin of water for Spencer, who had also finished the soup.

Squatting in front of him, Jennifer passed the towel to him.

Spencer looked into her eyes while sitting in the chair. He didn't take over the towel until several seconds later.

Jennifer could tell he was in a bad mood but didn't know how to console him.

Spencer wiped his face with the towel.

Seeing the red and swollen palm print on his cheek, Jennifer knew he must feel wronged.

"Spencer," she whispered, "I apologize to you on her behalf."

"Why?" Spencer rolled his eyes at her in disdain. "I'll never forgive her."

"I don't mean to ask you to forgive her. Just chill." Jennifer also felt aggrieved, but she inwardly asked herself to let go of it. "You can't push yourself because of others' mistakes."

Spencer didn't reply, seething with rage whenever thinking of Aubree.

In fact, all people knew that Ivan had defended Spencer earlier.

Lying on his side, Ivan listened to them while closing his eyes. His thin lips were pressed together as if he had fallen asleep.

"Spencer..."

"Stop it." Spencer felt sorry for Jennifer, wondering if she had been aggrieved after becoming Aubree's daughter-in-law.

"I'll try my best to improve the relationship with her. There are plenty of years ahead. Only letting the by-gones be by-gones could make everyone happy."

Spencer wasn't intrigued. "I don't care, Jennie. She gave me a hard time, and I returned it to her. We're even."

Jennifer knew he was upset. "Why don't you take a rest?"

On the way back to her apartment, Catherine drove slowly. She shed tears in silence.

While waiting for the green light, she wiped off her tears and gradually calmed down.

Finally, she pulled up to her apartment building.

When she returned to her senses and got off, four men and two women in suits walked to her with smiles. One of them held a file folder.

Catherine stopped mid-step, watching them peacefully. In fact, her mood was terrible.

"Good day, Ms. Collins. Can we talk for five minutes? Let's find a cafe, shall we?" a mid-aged woman asked, pointing at a cafe nearby.

"What do you want to talk about?" Catherine asked bluntly.

"Ms. Collins, you must be super busy, but you may make time for a cup of coffee, right?"

"Ms. Collins, we came to you with our faith today and waited for you for an hour. All we need is five minutes. It's an inconvenience to talk here while standing. We can sit down and talk."

Catherine didn't have the mood to talk to them as they had a group. If she replied to everyone, five minutes would pass soon.

"Let's go." She locked the door, heading for the cafe.

When a breeze blew, she sobered.

The group of people followed her, feeling excited.

The cafe in the community was quiet. It was a workday, so there were only a few patrons, so it was suitable for them to talk shop.

They sat at a round table and ordered drinks.

"Here is a drafted contract. Ms. Collins, we invite you to become the vice president of Stella Media. You may fill it out with your ideal salary."

Catherine stared at the contract expressionlessly.

"Ms. Collins, you can tell us about your conditions. We can add them to the contract."

“Sorry.” Catherine raised her head. “Please don’t waste time. If it’s about a job offer, I won’t accept it.”