

Surprised Wife With Twins (Ivan and Jennifer) Chapter 69

Rowan studied her expression after answering, taking in her surprise and sorrow.

He wished that Jennifer would lead a happy life.

Therefore, he would try to make Catherine give up. He didn't want her to ruin the marriage of Jennifer and Ivan.

In the past, all people thought Catherine and Ivan were a perfect match.

"Mr. Marsh isn't close to women, but he's a decent, responsible man," Rowan praised while smiling. "I didn't know him before. Now, I've changed my impression of him."

Catherine asked, "Is Jennifer Brooks sick?" She raised her head and gulped down the wine.

"No, she isn't. She's doing great," Rowan continued to lie, "She has given birth to two kids, so Mr. Marsh is worried about her health. Actually, it's been seven years, and she's recovered well. Mr. Mars insisted on asking me to give her an overall checkup."

This was the first time when Ivan cared about a woman THAT much. Catherine felt frustrated.

She refilled her goblet and gulped down the wine.

"To make up for the woman who has given birth to his children, he should spend the rest of his life with her." Rowan studied her expression and spoke gently, "Finally, I don't need to worry that he'll end up lonely."

"I don't agree." Disdain appeared in Catherine's eyes. "Can Jennifer Brooks match him? Think they can make it long? They were from utterly different classes and family backgrounds. They couldn't match in the spiritual level at all."

"Do you know Jennifer Brooks well?" Rowan was unhappy but didn't show it on his face. He added, "You should trust Mr. Marsh's decision."

However, Catherine insisted on believing that they were bound by their children.

Also, she thought Ivan had probably done it to fight against Aubree.

In the Lamborghini that was entering Emerald Bay, Ivan peered out of the window. He was shocked by the news that she was Darcie, and also, he felt sorry for her due to her life in the past seven years.

He believed she must have felt helpless and desperate on countless nights.

Taking care of the children could easily wear her out.

His intuition was correct—Jennifer wasn't a simple woman.

After the Lamborghini was parked in the yard, Jordan, holding a coat while waiting at the door, hurriedly walked up to Ivan.

He draped the coat on Ivan's shoulders. "Mrs. Marsh prepared dinner in person tonight, Mr. Marsh. She cooked a table of dishes waiting for you."

Ivan stopped mid-step, looking at Jordan in silence.

"You didn't come home on time. They have finished dinner and gone upstairs."

"Why didn't you call me?"

"Mrs. Marsh didn't want me to disturb you."

Ivan walked into the dining room after entering the house. Marry took the leftover dishes from the microwave oven and gave him the knife and forks.

"Mrs. Marsh spent the whole afternoon cooking the dishes. Mr. Marsh, please have a try."

"Hm."

Ivan sat in the white chair and started eating.

Although they were homemade dishes, they looked appealing, smelt nice, and tasted yummy. Ivan enjoyed them immensely.

He tried to have a few bites but didn't feel sick at all. Then he continued to eat.

Ivan hadn't eaten in such a relaxed mood for a long time. He finished all the leftovers.

Jordan was delighted. However, when he thought of Jennifer's agreement, he felt sorry for Ivan.

Before Ivan went upstairs, Jordan called to him hesitantly, "Excuse me, Mr. Marsh."

Ivan paused his pace, noticing Jordan was hesitant. "What do you want to tell me, Jordan? Go ahead."

"Mrs. Marsh asked me to print an agreement for her this afternoon. She wants you to sign it after returning home."

Ivan wondered if Jennifer wanted to leave or divorce.

After a moment of silence, he replied, "I got it."

Watching him go upstairs, Jordan heaved a sigh.

Outside the living room, on the second floor.

Once Ivan arrived, he saw Jennifer sitting beside the window with her legs crossed on the sofa.

Their eyes locked. He could tell she was waiting for him.

Ivan walked toward her, and Jennifer lifted her mouth corner.

Then he saw the two copies of the agreement and a pen on the coffee table.

“I’ve made up my mind. I can cure your mother’s fire burns.” Jennifer stared at his expressionless handsome face. “However, you must sign the agreement.”