

Surprised Wife With Twins (Ivan and Jennifer) Chapter 78

After the incident caused by R-Alan.

Catherine was on pins and needles, having even sacrificed much mealtime for work. She not only did her own designs, but also supervised the quality of others. The Queen's taste certainly would not be worse than their own.

"It is said that R-Alan is deliberately targeting us for this Royal New Year's Collection, but Mr. Marsh took care of it. Miss Collins, is that true?"

Catherine was the Group Deputy General Manager and she never gossiped.

But since someone asked, she needed to soothe them first, "If you want to make your international breakthrough as a designer, you must devote yourself to the design. Your work speaks for you."

The man was tongue-tied for a moment before he replied, "Yes, Miss Collins."

Catherine looked at everyone and spoke again, "You have to seize the day. The design is due soon and the Queen will come over to hear our design ideas in person."

"What? So soon?"

"She'll be here in person?"

"Miss Collins, when is she coming?"

Compared to their anticipation and slight panic, Catherine looked calm, although she also just learned the news.

She said, "It's just a few days, no more than five."

Everyone gasped, but at the same time they were all looking forward to it!

After all, it's the Queen. What an honor it is to meet her once.

Catherine stood by the glass door with her arms crossed in front of her chest, "The Queen is coming over for a trip, but she'll stop by the company to see our work, so that means she is taking this collection quite seriously."

"Got it!"

"I'm afraid we'll all be working overtime from tonight onwards."

Everyone was engaged in work with nervousness but also anticipation, hoping that the Queen would lay eyes on their work at first glance.

Emerald Bay, evening.

After finishing IV, Ivan took a hot shower and stood in front of the master bedroom floor-to-ceiling window in his pajamas with a glass of wine.

His eyes staring at the yard, no headlights shining in, no car sounds, dead silence all around...

Alfie and Diana were lying outside the door, the two little heads filled with curiosity.

"Brother, do you think Daddy is thinking about Mommy?" Diana asked in a hushed voice.

Alfie, however, mumbled to himself in confusion, "Did Daddy have a fight with Mommy? Is that why Mommy left?"

"It's possible."

Ivan took a sip of his wine, slightly zoning out.

The two little ones quietly entered the children's room. Diana uttered her analysis, "Mommy knows we miss Daddy, so even if she had a fight with him, she wouldn't tell us."

Alfie nodded in agreement.

Diana felt aggrieved and suddenly had the urge to cry, "I miss mommy... brother."

"There, there." Alfie, like a little adult, rushed to hold his sister in the arms, "I promised mommy to protect you. Don't cry. Any problems can be solved in the end."

"Will Daddy compromise? Will he give in to Mommy?" In Diana's eyes, he was a god on high and everyone was afraid of him.

"He will." Alfie reassured her, "I'll talk to Dad tomorrow! And I have a way to get them back together."

"What way?"

"Didn't I tell you already in the company today?" Alfie said, "It's definitely gonna work."

"But..."

"No buts." Alfie was serious, "You have to keep it a secret."

"OK."

In the master bedroom.

Ivan put down the empty glass, picked up his tablet and clicked on Darcie's personal page...

Related stories popped up.

This person was actually Jennifer.

Obviously, she had got fame and fortune, but she was helping the poor in the village.

Now it made sense why she was rich. She gave Alfie and Diana the best, like their school bags which were priced nearly 2000 dollars each, but she herself lived an austere life.

No matter how much she suffered, she would strive to provide her kids with a comfortable life.

Ivan changed his opinion of her a bit— a bit more admiration.

His phone rang and he picked it up to look at the caller.

“Are you asleep?” Catherine’s gentle voice came through.

He didn’t answer, because the fact that he had picked up the call meant that he was still awake.

But to Catherine, it was already a win when Ivan didn’t decline her call. She said in a businesslike tone, “All the works of the design department have been sent to your email. Review the drafts when you have time. After all, the Queen is coming.”

“Good.”

Just one simple word, that magnetic voice had warmed her heart.