

## **Surprised Wife With Twins (Ivan and Jennifer) Chapter 81**

“Okay.” The driver started the car and left. Seemed like Mr. Marsh was getting inseparable from the lady.

In front of the floor-to-ceiling windows of the second-floor conference room, Catherine finally saw the Lamborghini stop, and she was inwardly leaping for joy.

But the car door remained closed, and in the end it drove away. The woman’s pretty eyes instantly lost focus.

Is he not coming to the meeting?

Where’s he going?

Everyone’s waiting.

Ivan sent Finnley and Catherine the Level A designs that he had reviewed and picked overnight last night. His meaning was clear—let them carry on by themselves.

When Finnley found Catherine, she was speechless!

The Lamborghini left the urban area and headed to Sunshine Village.

In fact, even Ivan himself could not understand why he had to go to the village to look for Jennifer.

What should he say when he saw her?

He didn’t know. All he knew was that he wanted to see her.

Jennifer, who was petite and cute in a blue casual co-ord sets and a cap, appeared in front of the children like a little angel.

Rows and rows of children sat in front of their easels, listening carefully to her talking about how to draw the white swan.

“You are free to go with the color of the background. Just leave the blank there.”

“The dark color of the swan is something that needs special attention, and the brush strokes should line up the shape of the swan at all...”

Everyone was absorbed in listening to her.

Spencer, who was sitting at the position to the side, stood out among the group of children. Jennifer also prepared a drawing board for him.

He was a student today who had put away his old unruly ways and become particularly humble and studious.

He had taken a long time to persuade Jennifer to agree to bring him over.

Edward stood a short distance away staring at him with exasperation. He just felt that Spencer came here with a purpose!

Edward had told Jennifer about his, but she thought he was overthinking it.

This Spencer was deliberately approaching his Master!

“Mr. Marsh,” the driver whispered, “Mrs. Marsh is teaching the kids to draw under the tree.”

Ivan looked up, and saw at a glance the girl with the clear eyes, who was lecturing in a riveting way.

He opened the door and got out of the car, deeply attracted by her simple appearance. Just by looking at her, he gradually lost his concentration.

“Okay, let’s try to draw first. I believe you can do a good job!”

The children picked up their paintbrushes.

She walked among them, whispering reminders to and patiently coaching them one by one.

The white swan she drawn on the board as the example had very beautiful lines.

As the breeze blew and Ivan took a step toward her, he spotted a distinctive figure in the group of children.

He was taller than all those kids, and his back looked so familiar.

Jennifer passed by Spencer, and Ivan felt like his eyes were stung for a moment when Spencer grabbed Jennifer by the wrist.

Ivan stopped in his tracks.

Jennifer turned to look at Spencer and then at his hand, “What’s wrong?”

That “big kid” had a grin on his face, his phone resting on the easel, the screen reflecting Ivan’s figure and the Lamborghini parked on the side of the road.

That was to say, all his movements were intentional.

“Miss Brooks, could you teach me how to paint?” With his other hand, he handed her the brush, “How about helping me draw an outline and I’ll fill in the colors myself?”

Jennifer’s face was calm, “Do you want to learn or not? Let go.”

Instead, he gave a mischievous tug, and Jennifer, unprepared, was pulled into her arms!

Spencer fell off the small bench, while Jennifer lost her balance and tumbled with him to the ground.

Ivan took a quick step towards her!

A slender hand appeared in front of her eyes. Jennifer was stunned. When she looked up, she saw a pair of eyes exuding natural self-assurance and dignity.

He's here?

Spencer, half propped up, was also startled by Ivan's strong presence for the moment.

Jennifer withdrew her gaze and gently rested her paint-stained hand on his broad, thick palm.

Ivan gripped her hand gently and pulled her up, "Did you get hurt?" He was elegant and handsome, with a low magnetic and mellow voice.